

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.

MARCH 12, 1926

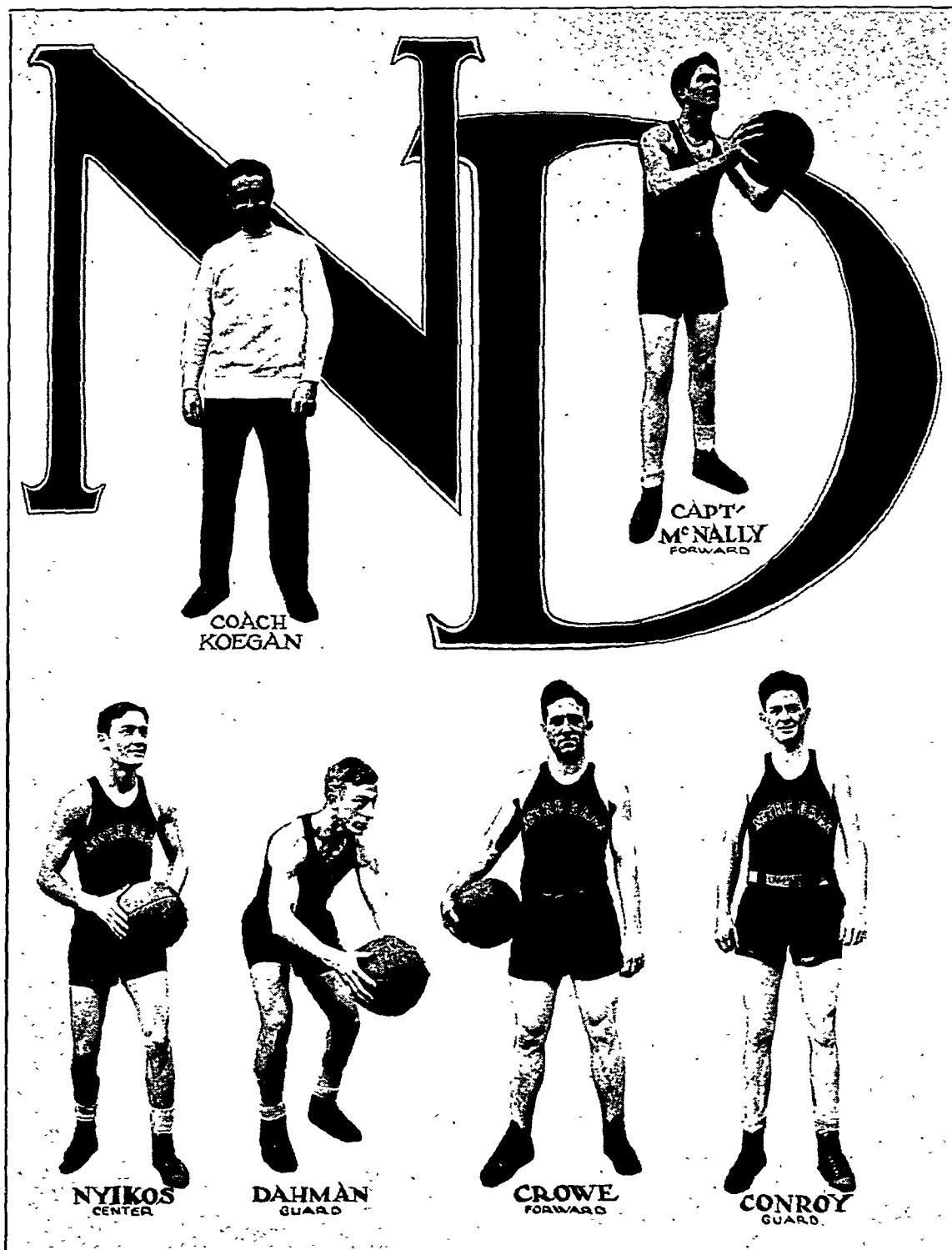
No. 21

INDEX

	PAGE
Frontispiece	644
The Week <i>J. A. Withey</i>	645
Edward N. Hurley, Laetare Medalist	646
Musical and Theatrical Notes <i>A. L. Meyers</i>	648
Campus Opinion	649
The College Parade <i>J. T. Cullinan</i>	654
Editorial	655
Conquest of Tragedy <i>Harold W. Ruppel, '28</i>	656
Tara's Harp (<i>A Poem</i>) <i>P. J. C.</i>	659
Little Gods <i>Francis Collins Miller, '27</i>	660
Consolation (<i>A Poem</i>) <i>William J. Reid, '26</i>	663
Sport News <i>J. P. McNamara</i>	664
The Safety Valve	672

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

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



Champions of the West

These are the men whose sensational showing against Creighton rounded out the most successful basketball season ever known at Notre Dame. Due to their efforts a new basketball spirit has grown up beside the twin lakes; their record of nineteen victories out of twenty games will long live on in the minds of Notre Dame men. The season's books were closed last Saturday night but they will often be thumbed over by those who will be here in years to come.

THE WEEK

This week has justified the sayings of the sages. Many a mickle makes a muckle: Confucius or Queen Elizabeth or somebody famous is guilty of that pithy remark. And it really does mean something! Now there has been nothing outstanding among the events of this last week. We cannot point to a single stirring thing and say proudly "That occurred last week." And yet the week has trickled by, bearing with it a herd of small and sometimes mildly interesting events. Note, we say "sometimes": this may not be the precise occasion.

The Seniors opened up their overflowing treasury, dug down deeply, and handed over a sackful of gold in exchange for a number of cards. That, as far as official records are concerned, is all the story. But there is more. Have you seen the cards? Who could miss them? They are red,—redder than a fresh-painted barn, redder than blood spots, redder than fire. The soul-shattering shade of red may be traced to the fact that one member of the committee made an Oriental Cruise last summer. He has never forgotten the sight which once greeted him as he came up on deck after stoking for three straight weeks. Stretched against the evening sky was a hurrying flamingo: the flamingo had a neck; and the neck was burnished copper in the rays of the setting sun. Here is the inspiration of the senior cards. Flamingo pink judiciously combined with copper explodes into the shade which is used, here and now, on all the senior bulletins.

Aside from their gorgeous color, the bulletins are otherwise instructive. They announce to interested parties the imminence of the Senior Ball and the need of ordering invitations. No doubt the respective committees have been besieged during this week. If they have not, it is not because no one has read their signs: the trick is to read them without going blind. Ball tickets and invi-

tations offer an attractive method of disposing of the spare cash which must have by this time collected in the pockets of the self-denying Seniors.

The Juniors, not to be outdone, have opened up a pin shop. We understand the argument for ordering your pin early is extremely effective. For, after all, why should I order a pin now, asks the Junior. Then Mr. Fiehrer lowers his voice confidentially and murmurs, "Well, you know, buddy: the *workmanship* on the first pins is bound to be better." We picture the world sneaking around with a magnifying glass and examining the workmanship of the pins of '27. . . . Even the Freshmen are attempting to separate money from owner: for the modest sum of a quarter they supply a lovely class picture in which tiny white specks represent faces of members. The Sophomores seem to be so busy about other things that they need not launch any money-making schemes.

Mr. Jack Doyle has put up his Rexford and Kelder signs in queer places. An exquisite group of French songs was enjoyed by a carefully segregated audience at St. Mary's last Sunday night. Seniors who intend to go to the Ball might raise the necessary cash by writing an essay on Mr. Kosciuszko; see Director of Studies for particulars. Seniors who are interested in jobs may consult the list in the P. O.

Any one who wants money might win the *Juggler* prizes for humor for the Big Business number. The Rochester, the Grand Rapids, and the Connecticut Valley clubs have held modest and secretive meetings during the week: they seek no publicity, apparently. Father Carroll and Father Healy were entertained by the K. C.'s and the Scribblers—or should it be the other way around? St. Patrick's Day is coming and one student has already re-reserved his room.—J.A.W.

Edward N. Hurley

Laetare Medalist, 1926

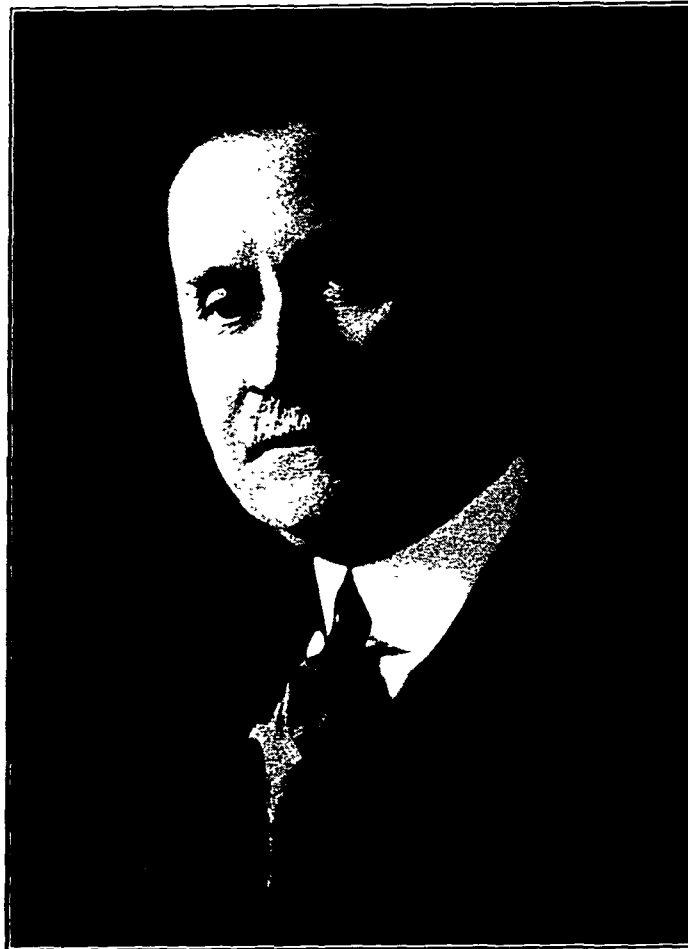
THE Laetare Medal committee, of which the Rev. Matthew J. Walsh, C.S.C., President of the University, is chairman, has chosen Edward N. Hurley, of Chicago, to be the recipient of the honor for this year. The award is an annual one, bestowed by the University of Notre Dame on some layman whose accomplishments place him among the most prominent Americans in his field. It is the highest honor given a Catholic layman by an educational institution. Like the Papal Order of the Golden Rose, after which it is modelled, the Laetare Medal carries with it the papal blessing.

For more than a decade, Mr. Hurley, who is the forty-third to receive the Medal, has been a leader among the successful men who now devote their time and energy to public service. He first came into prominence in 1914, when he was appointed chairman of the Federal Trade Commission by President Wilson. Later, the war-time President made him chairman of the United States Shipping Board, and president of the Emergency Fleet Corporation. At present, he is a member of the American Debt Funding Commission, one of the most important advisory boards in the national government.

In the Catholic world, Mr. Hurley has been a prominent figure. He has always been a devout adherent to the Faith, not only in the religious observances which mark every true

Catholic, but also in the actual accomplishment of good through his various contributions to charitable organizations and institutions.

Edward Nash Hurley was born at Galesburg, Illinois, July 31, 1864, the sixth child of Jeremiah and Ellen Hurley, two natives of Ireland. Until he was seventeen years old, he lived in Galesburg, finishing a grammar and a high school education. He then entered the employ of a railroad company at Galesburg, and moved successively through the positions of shopman, fireman, and finally engineer. For some years, he drove a locomotive but, being put out of work by the strike of 1888, he became secretary to P. M. Arthur, president of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers. In 1889 he



EDWARD N. HURLEY

was appointed deputy collector of revenue, and the following year became chief engineer of the public institutions of Cook County, Illinois. Resigning this position, he went to Philadelphia, where for seven years he was connected with a supply house as salesman, and later as manager.

In 1897 Mr. Hurley originated the manufacture of pneumatic tools in the United States and in Europe. For five years he was president of the leading pneumatic tool corporations of the two continents, but he disposed of his rights in these corporations in 1902, in order to retire to private life in Wheaton, Illinois.

Mr. Hurley's retirement was only temporary. By 1907 he had again entered active business life as president of the National Bank of Wheaton. He founded the Hurley Machine Company of Chicago, which was the first to manufacture an electrical cylinder washing machine, and continued at the head of this corporation until he was called to public service by the President.

His first mission was a trip to South America as an investigator of financial conditions on that continent. On his return, he was appointed to the Federal Trade Commission. While on the commission, Mr. Hurley rendered invaluable service to the government, a service which was greatly appreciated by President Wilson. The chief executive expressed his deepest regret when Mr. Hurley resigned, early in 1917.

Almost immediately after the declaration of war upon Germany, Mr. Hurley was appointed to the Red Cross War Council for a period covering the fevered early days of the conflict, when great sums were necessary for the support of our hospitals over-seas. He was successively made a member of the War Trade Board, and chairman of the all-important United States Shipping Board, a position which he held until July 31, 1919.

During the War, Mr. Hurley, in his various capacities, was one of the most important cogs in the vast machine which eventually brought success to the Allied forces. Each of the positions which he held was one of great responsibility; positions which could not have been filled by a man of any but extraordinary ability. When peace came, he was instrumental in bringing about the early return of the million of men we had sent over-seas. In recognition of his efforts in behalf of the Allies, Mr. Hurley received the Distinguished Service Medal from General Pershing; was made Commander of the French Legion of Honor; and a Grand Officer of the Crown of Italy.

Mr. Hurley is the author of two books: "The Awakening of Business" (1917), a treatise on modern business, and "The New Merchant Marine" (1920), a volume in which he states his views on the problems confronting the infant American merchant marine,

and suggests solutions for these problems, which he had formulated after observing for some time the operation of our maritime commerce. Both of these works have been widely praised as the ripened fruit of Mr. Hurley's wide experience in business, both private and public. At present, he is writing a third volume which will treat of the work of his associates during the World War.

On September 30, 1890, Mr. Hurley was married to Julia Keeley who died October 18, 1899, leaving two sons, Edward N., Jr., and Raymond J. He was married for the second time to Florence A. Amberg, on July 24, 1905. Mr. and Mrs. Hurley have two children, Helen H. and John Richard Hurley. Their home is in Wheaton.—J.A.M.

NO CHANGE IN VACATIONS

Spring is almost here. The weather man has not discovered it yet, but it is the truth, nevertheless. The one infallible sign of its proximity has appeared. Someone well versed in the traditions held nearest and dearest to the hearts of all true Notre Dame men has started the annual rumor of early dismissal in June. When it was born, the rumor was probably small enough, but "it grewed," and "growed" rapidly, like the new lake on the future site of the shelter station. Before long it had many trimmings, in the nature of a shortened Easter vacation, the necessity of room for visitors to the Eucharistic Congress, and an early rest for tired Freshman commerce men. By constant retelling, hopes were converted into suppositions, suppositions into deductions, deductions into facts, and facts into announcements from the Director of Studies' Office.

Your representative heard this rumor with a somewhat jaundiced ear (if ears are subject to jaundice). Vaguely, he hoped it was true. If unanimity of campus opinion meant anything, it certainly was true. But then, there had been so many rumors....

So he consulted the Authorities, and the Authorities killed the rumor with one fell blow. The official calendar will be strictly adhered to, at least until June 13, 1926, and what happens thereafter will not matter.

SENIOR BALL MAY 14

The Senior Ball, most important social event of the Notre Dame year, will be held on May 14 in the Palais Royale, it was announced at a meeting of the Senior Class, held in the Library, Tuesday, March 9. This date was definitely fixed by the Faculty Dance Committee.

Tickets for the Ball will cost \$12.50. This sum may be paid in full, or in three installments of four dollars and a fraction each. The first payment must be made between March 10 and March 17 to any one of the following: Ed. Fallon in Corby, Gerald Timmins in Walsh, Jack Adams in Badin, Gerald McGinley in Sorin or to a committeeman who will be in the Day Students' office from 12 to 1 each day.

The only other matter of the meeting concerned the commencement invitations. These will be leather bound, and will cost fifty cents apiece. All orders must be given by March 22 to one of the following: Paul Fleming in Corby, Paul Broderick in Walsh, and Maurice McNulty and James Maher in Sorin.

NEED MORE LOCAL PLAYS

"The class in dramatic production is progressing nicely" reports Les Lovier, publicity manager. "Last week's SCHOLASTIC issued a call for amateur plays with local plots by student authors. A few plays have been handed in. Professor Kelly is pleased with this response but believes that the Notre Dame campus of 2500 should yield a few more. He urges all those who have ever attempted to write a play to discard their modesty. Professor Phillips has contributed his play, "The Fool of God," the plot of which deals with the life of St. Francis."

On Monday nights the class listens to a lecture by Professor Kelly and on Tuesday nights engages in laboratory work. Last Thursday "The Zone Police" by Richard Harding Davis was enacted by a cast under the direction of John Cavanaugh. The class is now studying characterization and plots. The entire organization will make a trip sometime within the next two weeks to the Oliver Theatre to study "back stage" action first hand.

MUSICAL AND THEATRICAL NOTES

The outstanding concert of the season will be given in Washington Hall, Monday evening, March 22 when the Chicago Operatic Trio will be presented in a recital.

The trio is composed of Forrest Lamont, tenor; Margery Maxwell, soprano; and Virgilio Lazzari, bass, all of the Chicago Opera Company.

Notre Dame is fortunate to be able to hear these three world-famous artists in joint program; such concerts are few and far between any place.

The moving picture to be shown in Washington Hall Saturday night, March 13, is Marshall Neilan's "Mike" with Sally O'Neill. This picture was shown at the Oliver a week ago.

Lon Chaney and Renee Adoree in "The Blackbird" will be shown Saturday night, March 20.

Fritz Kreisler, the violinist, appears in concert at the Palais Royale tonight. Mr. Kreisler is possibly the greatest violinist in the country today and his programs are always masterpieces of selection and arrangement.

Robert Mantell and his wife, Genevieve Hamper, will present three plays in the Oliver Theater on March 19 and 20. There will be a matinee on Saturday as well as the evening performance.

The three plays to be given are: "The Merchant of Venice," "Richelieu" and "Macbeth."

"Abie's Irish Rose" will inhabit the Oliver during the week commencing Sunday, March 21. *Judge*, the weekly humorous magazine, in listing the ten worst plays, gives "Abie" the first nine places. Forewarned is forearmed.—A.L.M.

There is no use in looking for a horsefly in a garage.—J.A.R.

Being broadminded generally means having no convictions.—W.F.R.

Campus Opinion

QUESTION: *What do you think of Indiana weather?*

WHERE ASKED: *Indiana.*

JOE BREIG, '28

Indiana weather? When that subject is broached I turn purple and execute vocal contortions. Indiana has more mixed breeds of unmentionable weather oftener than any other ten states. My heartfelt opinion could be expressed adequately only by Demos-thenes in a fit of rabies.

WILLIAM CARTER, '27

It doesn't stay the same long enough to allow one to form an opinion of it. I might dryly remark that it's "all wet" right now. Come around next week and I'll give you a hot one.

JAMES E. GRAY, '28

I can see only one side to the question: mild, sunlight days, little rain, no snow?—there ain't no such animal in Indiana.

RUPERT WENTWORTH, '27

The climate here is terrible to everyone except the natives. According to most students the climate in the home state is most ideal. So I suppose the Hoosiers have a right to this opinion, but I'm from Mississippi.

WILLIAM CRAIG, '29

Weather—I don't know whether I should or whether I shouldn't give my candid opinion on Indiana weather. I don't care much about old man winter, but when spring is sprung upon us, the robins return, and cuckoos gaze upon the golden-hued Indiana moon—well—a word to the wise is enough—or as the lunatic said "I'm wild about it."

Michael Needham '25, of Monterey, Mexico, has accepted a position with the British and American Tobacco Company at Mexico City. He had recently recovered from a serious illness.

MORRISSEY HALL RESERVATIONS

Father McBride, Registrar, announces that first choice for rooms in the new Morrissey Hall will be given to those members of the class of '28, whose names were placed on the waiting list last spring for Corby Annex. Choosing of rooms by these students began this morning, at the office of the Registrar. Those on the list should visit the office as soon as possible so that rooms may be assigned to them to be occupied when the hall is completed. The rooms thus obtained can be reserved for next year.

There will be approximately 350 rooms in the two new halls, Morrissey and Lyons. No Freshmen are to be admitted next year to either of them. The new men entering in September, will be confined to Brownson, Carroll, Freshman and Howard.

The period of re-reservation of rooms began Monday and will last until April 17. Students wishing to hold for next year the rooms which they now occupy may do so by making a deposit of twenty-five dollars in the Registrar's office. Rooms in Corby, Badin, Walsh, and Sorin Subway only can be re-reserved.

JUGGLER DUE MARCH 23

The "Big Business Number" of the *Juggler* is scheduled to appear for the spring trade on March 23, two days after the arrival (calendar) of spring. This number is to be centered about the various professions and trades: doctors, lawyers, merchants, chiefs, as the nursery rhyme has it.

Those "in the know" say that McElroy is doing a poster cover for the issue. The spring trade in *Jugglers* will, therefore, be brisk. And right at this moment, Walter Layne, the Funny Fellow's dramatic critic, is in Chicago seeing shows and writing reviews of them.

But three issues of the *Juggler* remain for this year: The "Big Business Number;" the "Girls' Number;" and the final, or "Senior Number." Readers are herewith reminded that contributions for the "Girl's Number" must be submitted by April 3.

SUMMER COURSES ANNOUNCED

The catalog for the University's summer session was issued this week. According to the announcement, registration will take place on June 23, and classes will open the following day at 8:10 a. m. Final examinations will be held August 4 and 5.

This year's summer session will be the ninth to be conducted at Notre Dame. Since their inception in 1918, the sessions have grown steadily from an original enrollment of 207 students to a total of 795, which was reached last summer. The coming one will probably be the most ably conducted, as well as the largest, in the history of the University. About 800 students are expected to attend, and as there will be 101 instructors the ratio of instructors to students will be very high. There will be eighty-three members of the University's faculty on the staff of instructors, and eighteen visiting professors. Among the latter are some of the country's leading authorities in their respective fields, including Dr. Cesar Barja, of the University of California, Southern Branch; Arleigh M. Darby, A. M., Litt. D., West Virginia University; Rev. Paul Glenn, A. M., D. D., Sacred Heart Seminary, Detroit; J. Hobart Hoskins, University of Cincinnati; Wilhelm Middelschulte, LL. D., of the American Conservatory of Music, Chicago; Fred. I. Myers, United States Naval Academy, Annapolis; and Cortlandt Van Winkle, University of Minnesota. Reverend Michael L. Moriarity, '10, Litt. B., of Wooster, Ohio, Honorary President of the Alumni Association, will be an instructor in Latin.

A number of courses will be offered for the first time this year. Among them, Mr. Meyers, of the Naval Academy, will conduct classes in the History and Technique of the Short Story, and in the History of Sea Power, an especially interesting course; Father Cousineau will instruct in French-Canadian Literature; Mr. Darby, in French Literature; Mr. Barja, in Nineteenth Century Spanish Literature, and in Contemporary Spanish Novelists; Mr. Mahin in Chemical and in Physical Metallurgy.

A comparatively large number of graduate

students have attended the past sessions. In order to provide for these students, the number of graduate courses is being greatly increased. Nine graduate courses are offered by the Department of English alone, and some such courses will be conducted in practically every other department.

Of all the departments, those of English and of Education have been found to be the most popular during the summer session. This year there will be twenty courses offered by the School of Education, both graduate and undergraduate, a very high number for a University of this size.

Full programs are offered only by the College of Arts and Letters and the College of Science. Certain departments in the colleges of Engineering, Law, and Commerce, offer courses accepted for elective credit toward the degrees in Arts and Sciences. In addition, those colleges make private provision for such of their regular students as have courses to repeat or extra credits to earn. New students are not admitted, however, during the summer session.

Last year there were 240 graduate students in attendance and 555 undergraduates. Of the total, 344 were men and 451 were women. These last figures show a more evenly balanced division than has generally been thought to exist.

TALKS ON HENRY V.

For the purpose of arousing an interest in the more obscure works of Shakespeare and in order to bring his hearers to a fuller understanding of the great bard, Father Kerndt Healy, C. S. C., Professor of Shakespeare here, lectured on Henry V to the Scribblers Monday night in the Library.

Father Healy, whose study of Shakespeare and his works has been exhaustive, touched upon many usually hidden phases of the life and letters of the poet. In discussing Henry V, Father Healy showed clearly the beauty and greatness of the play, and deplored the fact that many of the great poet's works are hidden in an obscurity from which they are seldom withdrawn.

THE SEVENTEENTH OF MARCH

Notre Dame has long been called the home of the "Fighting Irish," and glories in the title. From coast to coast and up and down, in the big city dailies as well as in the humbler country weeklies, "Notre Dame" and "Irish" have become synonymous with each other. Everyone who reads knows of Notre Dame, and everyone who knows of Notre Dame knows it is Irish.

This is "interesting, if true." Once each year, however, something happens which causes us to doubt the truth of it. In the course of events, March 17 rolls around. Let us hasten to inform the sons of Erin, as well as the world generally, that March 17 is St. Patrick's Day. But does a holiday come with it? It does not. Other persons and events are honored by the mark of esteem so dear to the student heart,—a free day, but St. Patrick, in that regard, goes unsung.

This state of affairs is deplorable, to say the least. For an Irish school to disown its patron in this way—well, we won't say it in so many words, but Benedict Arnold immediately comes to mind. Emphatically, something should be done about it.

And that something should be the emancipation of St. Patrick's Day. It should be divorced from toil and labor. In the good old days, no Irishman worthy of the name would think of swinging a pick or laying a rail on that day. Instead, he gaily bedecked himself with emerald and paid homage where homage was due. Alas, those days, with their robust heartiness are gone forever. But need the tradition perish with it? Can't the newer Irishman lay aside his textbooks and his fountain-pen, and celebrate likewise?

We see no good reason why it can't be so. True, the Hanouseks and the Poliskis would share in the fun as well as the O'Boyles and the Sullivans, but what of that? We all fight,—and we're all Irishmen on St. Patrick's Day!

A prayer a day will keep Satan away.—
J.O.T.

An ounce of discretion is worth a pound of alibi.—F.J.B.

DEBATERS LOSE TWO

Speaking on the question, "Resolved, that the proposed child labor amendment to the national constitution should be adopted," the DePauw University debating team took both sides from the Notre Dame controversialists in a dual meet Friday night.

The debates both here and at Greencastle were hotly contested, and the decisions were given on small points. The single judge system of deciding the winners was followed.

Victor Lemmer, John Griffin and David Stanton composed the Notre Dame affirmative team which spoke in Washington Hall. They were opposed by Bernard Kilgore, James A. Campbell and James Obear, of DePauw, who defended the negative. Professor Floyd W. Moore, of Western State Normal, Kalamazoo, Michigan, judged the debate and Dean Konop, of the Hoynes College of Law, acted as chairman.

The work of Miss Jeanette Jenkins, a former Indiana Oratorical Champion, featured the debate at Greencastle, where John Daily, James Roy and William Coyne, of the Notre Dame negative team, met the DePauw affirmative trio, composed of Miss Jenkins, R. S. Smith and J. D. O'Brien. Professor Leen, of Wooster College, Ohio, gave the verdict.

Yesterday evening the Irish affirmative met Dayton University at Dayton, Ohio, and meets Earham at Richmond, Indiana, tonight. Franklin College will invade Washington Hall this evening at 8 o'clock. Creighton will meet Notre Dame's negative here on St. Patrick's Day.

DOAN ADDED TO STAFF.

The name of Frank E. Doan, of Freshman Hall, is added to the SCHOLASTIC news staff with this issue. Mr. Doan has, consistently since last September, done excellent work in writing sports.

BEG YOUR PARDON

The SCHOLASTIC spoke last week of "Father Stephen Badin, C.S.C." Father Badin was not a member of the Congregation of Holy Cross, but a secular priest.

S. A. C. NOTES

The Students Activities Council met Wednesday, March 1, in the Library. President John Tuohy, who had been elected at the last meeting to replace former president Dan J. Brady, who has left the University, presided.

At this meeting President Tuohy presented a report on the Mid-West Student Conference held at Tulane University in New Orleans, February 24 to 27, which he and Secretary Thomas Green attended as representatives of Notre Dame. Some of the questions discussed at this conference were: the systems of student elections, student publications, and the advisability of allowing monogram men an annual pass to all games.

Paul Johnson was appointed by President Tuohy to serve on the Elections Committee to replace President Tuohy himself, whose election to head the Council caused the vacancy.

Tuesday, March 9, was decided upon as the date for the selection of another senior member to the S. A. C. to replace Dan Brady.

A petition to form a Kansas Club by students who are residents of that state, was granted.

At this meeting a suggestion was made that the annual election for the editorship of the *Dome* be held earlier in the year, for the purpose of allowing the new editor a greater margin of time for acquaintance with his duties, and also to enable him to cover the outdoor athletic activities which close the present year, and which, necessarily, the *Dome* of '26 can not mention.

All campus clubs are requested to send in the names of their officers to President Tuohy or to Secretary Green for approval by the S. A. C. Failure to do so will result in loss of recognition.

SENIOR ELECTION HELD

Andrew Conlin, a Senior in the College of Commerce, was elected to the Students Activities Council, to replace Dan J. Brady, at the class meeting held in the Library, Tuesday, March 9. Conlin defeated Oswald Geniesse, the other nominee, by four votes, the final count being 40 to 36. Paul Johnson, chairman of the S.A.C. Elections Committee, was in charge of the election. He and President John Tuohy counted the votes in the presence of an adherent of each of the candidates.

ABSURDITIES NEARLY READY

The Absurdities of 1926, featuring Harry Denny and his Collegians, will be presented in Washington Hall by the Monogram Club on March 18, 19 and 20. Tickets at fifty and seventy-five cents will be placed on sale soon.

In return for the money invested, patrons of the show will hear, among other things, compositions of Charley Reitz, who has done nearly all the musical numbers. Reitz the composer is also Reitz the orchestra leader. He will have charge of the ten piece pit orchestra. Joe Breig has furnished the words for the Reitz ballads. A chorus trained for the Absurdities will be another attraction. This chorus has been under the tutelage of a dancing teacher and it is intended to demonstrate that not all good shows start on New York's Broadway.

To name the stars of the Absurdities would be to name the entire cast. Everyone makes of his role a "lead." And the Monogram Club has been found to contain such talent that it has been hardly necessary to engage talent from without. There will be, however, a few members of the cast who are not members of the Monogram Club.

Providing that the necessary arrangements can be made, a special performance of the Absurdities will be given on March 17 for the members of the Community.

Mr. Felix Boyle, instructor in French, and Mr. Carey, instructor in Commerce, have been able to resume classes after a week's illness in the infirmary.

DR. CRAMP EXPOSES FAKES

"Ninety per cent of the so-called 'patent medicines,' are not patented at all, but are proprietary medicines," said Dr. Cramp, chief investigator for the American Medical Association, in an illustrated lecture on "Patent Medicines and Quacks," in Washington Hall, Monday night. "To be patented, it must be new and useful. The great majority of these medicines have neither of these qualities. The manufacturers do not want their medicines patented, for their contents must then be made public, and mystery is the backbone of these so-called 'patent medicines.' The maker mixes drugs, and gets a trademark name. This name is what people really buy, the drug content being changed at will." As an example of this, Dr. Cramp told how morphine, the basic drug in "Winslow's Soothing Syrup," was taken out, and the mixture continued to be sold.

In 1906 the Food and Drug Act was passed by Congress, stating that the presence of eleven poisonous drugs in medicines must be posted on the label of the bottle. This allowed the continued use of numerous other poisons in these remedies, unknown to the public. Thus, *Nuga-Tone*, a pseudo-health restorer put on the market, was found to contain a compound of bichloride of mercury, strychnine, and arsenic. This law also permitted the use of deceitful advertising, which, according to modern methods, created a demand for "patent medicines," and induced persons to take drugs.

Dr. Cramp used a number of slides, showing successive labels used on some of these medicines, as the government enforced the Drug Act. A "consumption cure" claimed successively "to cure," "to correct," and finally "is recommended for use" for this disease. An analysis of some of these "patent medicines" gave the following results. *Beto*, a fake diabetes cure, which cost \$3.50 a pound, contained 97% epsom salts, in which latter form it could be bought for 15c a pound. *Nikola*, a fat reducer, was scented washing-soda. *Sweet Little Castor-Oil Pills* contained no castor-oil, and so the name was changed to *Casca-Royal Pills*. Many of these

medicines contained from 18% to 25% alcohol, and were sold in cases, and in lots of twenty dozen pint.

Years ago, noted people made a practice of giving testimonials for "patent medicines." Famous opera singers like Sarah Bernhardt recommended the compounds. Recently an ad for *Nuxated Iron* used Jack Dempsey's testimonial, claiming that this tonic helped him beat late ring opponents. Much deceit was used in testimonials by some companies. Recommendations of persons who had been dead for more than two years were used. One paper contained the endorsement of a man, saying that the medicine had cured him, and in another column appeared his death notice.

Dr. Cramp said that the desire to prevent this kind of fraudulent practice resulted in the formation of the American Medical Association. This organization is composed of ninety thousand physicians of the United States. It has raised the standard of medical education in the United States, so that now it is equal to that of any other country. It has also obtained medical class regulation legislation for the protection of the public from quacks. Home remedies are good, but the public should be shielded against fakes.

SCHOLARSHIPS TO BE GIVEN SOON

Father De Wulf, Chairman of the Committee on Prizes and Scholarships, announced Monday that the Roger C. Sullivan scholarships for the current year will be awarded within the next two weeks. Applicants must have been students during 1924-25, and must have entered the Sophomore, Junior, or Senior year unconditioned. All applications must be in this week.

Those applicants who handed in their names last spring or summer will have to make new applications because of the delay in awarding the scholarships for this year.

The scholarships are three in number and are for two hundred and fifty dollars each. They will be awarded to the student in each class whose marks show the greatest improvement over those of last year.

THE COLLEGE PARADE

"It should be a cardinal principle of colleges not to hamper student publications with faculty censorship," declared Professor A. Daehler of Colorado College, before the annual conclave of the Rocky Mountain Intercollegiate Press association held in Colorado Springs. Professor Daehler failed to draw the fine distinction between censorship and advice which is a welcome feature in any university. Without advice, there are unnecessary errors, but with it these become minimized.

Wherever he went, during the past week, the Northwestern University student carried a notebook. If he stepped out after dinner to witness "The Miracle," the event was recorded. When the fraternity brother mumbled a "S'long" at the sorority house door, his notebook received an entry. For a week, Northwestern was a university of Pepys. Three thousand students kept account of time consumed in eating, sleeping, studying, and playing. At the end of the week the reports were gathered by the undergraduate Survey Committee. The attempt is to determine with scientific precision average distribution of time between social activities and studies. Shades of the Religious Survey. Although an accurate account of time spent can not be kept for the entire year, still the idea was introduced here by Father O'Hara. Again, Notre Dame sets the pace for Northwestern.

Thoughts while strolling:—The faculty at the University of Washington advocates that grades are an evil, but a necessary one. The ideal system would be not to give grades or even to pass or "flunk" pupils, but to permit the student to obtain what he wishes from the course.—The Ohio State University in its effort to enforce the traffic rule for parking cars has made an ordinance affecting the violators' work at the university. The penalties to be used are:—One hour added to graduation requirements for failure to report after the first offense, five hours added to

graduation requirements for failure to report after the second offense, and dismissal from the university for failure to report after the third offense. Shades of the Prefect of Discipline and his frequent bulletins—Seventeen states were represented on the Notre Dame University football team last fall—All students in each college at Oxford University live together in a dormitory like a large fraternity. A servant is assigned to each five or six students, who shines their shoes, makes their beds, runs errands, and does odd jobs for them. An echo of James Crisberry and his implied conception of an ideal university. No he-men for Jimmie.

Yale following in the make of Harvard will allow members of the Senior class to attend or absent themselves from lectures as they see fit.

Bertrand Ellis explains "Why I Left College," in this terse manner: "I left college because from nine to ten o'clock every Monday, Wednesday and Friday I was supposed to be intensely interested in poetry of the time of Queen Elizabeth; but at the ringing of a bell that interest was to cease, and I should throw myself wholeheartedly into the dissection of a frog, for an hour's time only, after which I was expected to deliver with bubbling enthusiasm the conjugation of a Greek verb. Is it great wonder that I, with hundreds of other students went to the movies that afternoon?" No; Bertrand we do it at Notre Dame. But we don't set down our criticisms of the system. You and Mencken would have a glorious time together. He needs talent for that green-covered monster, "The American Mercury."

Hamilton College, Clinton, New York, has marked itself as an exponent of sportsmanship. In a football game with Worcester Tech, an error of judgment was made by which Hamilton won the game by a score of 12-6. Later they sent a letter to the Tech authorities and informed them that a supposed touchback was in reality a touchdown and the final score now stands 12-12.—J.T.C.



THE LAETARE MEDALIST

The selection of Edward N. Hurley as the recipient of the Laetare medal for this year will meet with general approval. Mr. Hurley presents just such qualities as made the consideration of him as a Laetare medal candidate inevitable. And once his name was presented the decision to set him apart for the honor followed as a matter of course.

The University is to be congratulated in thus finding for this highest honor in its power to confer a man whose worthiness no one will question, whose native modesty is his most peculiar adornment, whose philanthropy is as great as it is unheralded, whose capacity for service to his country has been sought for and given without stint or limit. Mr. Hurley is a splendid type of American, reserved and resourceful, born out of a sturdy stock in which were found the virtues of sterling honesty, simplicity and sincere religious faith.

As an American Mr. Hurley has added to America's good name here at home and overseas. As a Catholic he gives a shining example of the kind of faith that is not backward or timid, sentimental or noisy, but sincere and stern and practical. Mr. Hurley is not religious for political purposes, nor for business purposes, nor for social purposes, nor for any other purpose that is unworthy. He is an American and has no apologies to

offer for his Americanism. He is a Catholic and has no apologies to offer for his Catholicism.

Again we congratulate the University on the discovery of a modest, reserved and singularly worthy Laetare Medalist for 1926.

THE CLASS IN DRAMATIC ART

With the second semester came the formation of a class in dramatic art at Notre Dame. This move was a laudable one. There should be striking results.

The class has been placed in charge of Professor Kelly, one of the most active and energetic faculty members. He has put his heart in the work. He is interested, and confident. In addition to being a capable executive, he is an ambitious executive. And the energy generated by the man should be directed to proper channels.

It is the intention of the director to produce a series of one-act plays. Also, he will instruct in stage management, scenery and costume designing, and the intricate details of theatrical control and finance. Surely there is something here for every student. For the artist there is art; for the dramatist there is drama, for the business man there is business; and for the author there is a market for his productions. Drama at Notre Dame is entering upon the threshold of renewed activity. Little fruit may be borne this year; but the seed has been planted.

Conquest of Tragedy

HAROLD W. RUPPEL, '28

A BRIEF moment after the bell for the dismissal of classes had sounded, the portals of Bartley Hall were hurled open, and a stream of laughing, shouting young men burst forth like a herd of liberated sheep. After gaining the open air, many of the boys stood idly about, uncertain as to what to do next, while others hurried busily on their way toward the main entrance of the University, or strolled leisurely towards the various residence halls, singly or in groups.

Coming from the Senior Hall, a tall youth, with a yellow envelope in his hand, hastily approached a group of fellows who were chatting and smoking as they wandered aimlessly down the main driveway.

"Hi Bruce!" shouted the tall youth when he was close enough to the group of students to be heard without attracting undue attention, "come here a minute—look!" and he held the yellow envelope aloft.

"See you later, fellows," remarked Bruce to his friends, as he wheeled about and started towards the approaching boy. "I've got to see what my roommate's got for me." he added as the others paused.

"What's the difficulty, Dan?" he queried as he drew near his friend. For reply the other held forth a telegram, and added, as Bruce tore it open, "That just came a few minutes ago, and I thought I'd better meet you and give it to you because it might be important."

Then followed a brief silence while Bruce read the message,—and re-read it. As his cheeks paled, he crumpled the bit of paper in his fist.

"Dan,—I've got to tear home right away! Mother's had a relapse and isn't expected to live until tomorrow morning! Call a cab for me, and find out what time the next train leaves, while I pack a bag, will you?" and without waiting for his roommate, Bruce sprinted towards Senior Hall.

Several minutes later, Dan burst open the

door just as Bruce closed a hastily packed valise, and was preparing to don his topcoat.

"Too late, Bruce!" he panted, "I got a cab for you, but the train for Kansas City left just ten minutes ago, and there won't be another until twelve tonight."

"Heavens!" exclaimed Bruce, "I can't wait here nearly eight hours for another train! I've got to do something—quick!"

"Couldn't we get a car some place, and drive through?" groaned Dan, who seemed as deeply perturbed over the matter as his roommate.

"Oh, those confounded roads would be like canals, after all the rain we've had this week and besides, they've closed the Washington highway for repairs, and that's the only decent road out there!"

The two youths heatedly discussed plan after plan for making the trip, but they all proved impossible or lacked the necessary speed. Finally Dan, who had been sitting on the arm of the easy-chair, leaped to his feet, and started for the door.

"I've got it!" he shouted,—*"The Aviation Field! I'm going to see if I can get you a plane. That will get you there faster than any train ever could!"*—And he slammed the door behind him.

"Hey!—wait!" shouted Bruce, but his friend did not reappear. "Goodness! an airplane!" he muttered, as he slumped into a chair.

Bruce had always had a terrible hatred of the winged marvels of the sky, and the very sight of one made him shudder. His brother, Lieutenant Richard Wainwright, A. E. F., had entered the war with the Aviation Forces and met a heroic but horrible death when his plane had crashed behind the enemy lines. Ever since then, Bruce had had a bitter fear of all aircraft, which had probably been greatly influenced by the blow which this great tragedy had dealt his mother, and from which she had never quite recovered.

While he was pondering over all this, completely lost for the moment in his thoughts, Dan reappeared.

"Hurray, Bruce!" he shouted, "Everything all set—the plane will be waiting for you when you get out to the field, and will take you there about eight hours faster than the fastest train in the country. Isn't that great—Why what's the matter, Bruce,—you aren't sick are you? You're as pale as a ghost!"

"Dan!—can't you see,—I can't do that,—I—I—"

"Say, look here, Bruce, your mother is dying; that's plain, cold fact that you must face, and you want to see her, don't you?—Why you don't mean to tell me that you're afraid to —!"

Bruce's cheeks colored, and he snatched up his grip.

"Don't be a fool, Dan!—Give me that hat will you?—Thanks,—and much obliged for all the trouble. I'll wire you when I get home. There's the cab out there now! So long!"

Twenty minutes later, Bruce stepped from the taxi at the field office of the Inter-City Airways Corporation, and was met by a handsome young man attired in leather coat, helmet, and goggles, and who held similar paraphernalia on his arm.

"Mr. Wainwright?" inquired the man whom Bruce thought must be a pilot, and added, "The plane is waiting,—if you'll slip into these?" and he helped Bruce into the huge fur-lined coat, fastened the helmet, and adjusted the goggles. "That's our plane over there" he remarked, indicating a huge white ship near the hangers, whose propeller was spinning leisurely, to the purr of the idling engine. "If you'll go on over, I'll report, and get a couple of chutes, for the weather looks bad this afternoon, and then we'll start."

As Bruce walked to the airplane with a quickening heart, he noticed to his increasing discomfiture that the sky to the westward was sullen and dark, and when the pilot reappeared bearing two parachutes, and proceeded to fasten one upon each of them, and after he had finished a detailed instruction of their use, Bruce could not help

inquiring in as brave a tone as he could muster, "You don't think there's any danger—over there, do you?" indicating the darkened western horizon.

"Never can tell!" replied the other as he took his seat in the rear cockpit, stowed the valise away, and motioned to Bruce to climb into the front compartment. Then with a twinkle in his eyes, he added, "You aren't afraid, are you, Mr. Wainwright?"

For reply, Bruce laughed—a queer, forced, unnatural laugh, that startled him, but was cut short by the sudden roar of the engine as the pilot made his final test of the motor-controls. Then, as the mechanics wheeled the plane into position, and released her, beads of perspiration formed on Bruce's brow, and he unconsciously gripped the sides of the ship with both hands. As the plane taxied across the field and gracefully took the air, he experienced a strange, nauseating feeling, and his head suddenly seemed exceedingly light, but otherwise, he almost enjoyed the thrill of it.

When they were several hundred feet in the air, they circled about, and headed straight into the West, gaining altitude and speed with each passing moment, until they were two thousand feet in the air, and were roaring along at one hundred and twenty miles per hour,—as Bruce was able to notice by the instruments in the fore-part of his compartment.

Now he was impressed more than ever, by the ominous blackness of the sky ahead of them, and he saw with alarm that it was intermittently illuminated by fitful flashes of lightning—a sight that under ordinary circumstances would scarcely have attracted his attention. But now he looked excitedly at the pilot, and pointed his arm at the oncoming tempest, and the pilot nodded his head, and—smiled! Bruce saw the flash of white teeth, and was horrified. How any man could smile in the face of such grave danger was more than he could see.

However, when his excitement had somewhat subsided, he noticed that they were ascending higher into the heavens. Higher and higher they soared, passing through heavy mists that left a cold, clammy damp-

ness on his cheeks, and covered his garments with tiny drops of moisture. And then—the wonder occurred! When they again straightened out to an even keel, he beheld a marvelous sight. All the storm clouds lay before and below them,—and over these they sped quite peacefully, in the glorious sunlight, while Bruce noticed with satisfaction and delight that the tempest was raging far below.

After about an hour's journey, they passed over the last of the storm clouds, and the plane proceeded to descend until the altimeter showed about three thousand feet. At this level, they straightened out and raced on, and Bruce began to feel more at ease. At times, when he was not thinking of the ever-present possibility of an accident, or of his dying mother, he actually enjoyed his new experiences. Once he looked at the pilot, and smiled,—and the other nodded his head again and grinned his approval.

They had been in the air four hours, when Bruce noticed that now, when he looked over the side, he could discern only the twinkling lights of the towns below, in the gathering dusk. It would not be long now until they reached Kansas City, he surmised, and his thoughts again wandered to his home and his mother.

"Gosh,—I hope nothing happens to Mother!" he muttered, "God couldn't be so cruel as to take her from us! Dad and I would never be able to get along without her. And great guns!—if she knew I were coming in an airplane she would certainly die of the shock,—and if anything should happen to me!" He pondered over these and the many other thoughts that entered his mind, until he was startled by a shout from the pilot, who was pointing out something ahead of them, with an extended arm that was scarcely discernible in the moonlight. Bruce followed the direction indicated, and saw the gleaming lights of a city in the distance.

"Kansas City at last!" he cried. "It won't be very long now—and to think that I was so scared."

He was interrupted by an explosion that jarred the ship's entire frame, and blinding flames leaped up and back from the engine,

which had ceased running, when the explosion occurred. Terror stricken, Bruce felt the sickening lurch as the plane tilted and swooped towards the earth. Although nearly paralyzed with fear, Bruce heard the cries of the pilot who was frantically shouting "Jump, you fool,—jump—quick!"

As if in a horrible nightmare, Bruce clambered upon the side of the ship, and, after an agonizing moment of hesitation,—flung himself into space! The frightful rush of wind, the sickening sensation of falling, his desperate situation,—of all these, Bruce was terribly aware; but they meant, somehow, little or nothing to him now. As he clutched frantically at the ring on his chest that would release the parachute, his thoughts were entirely upon his mother.

"I can't die!" he sobbed almost deliriously,— "It would surely kill her if I did!"

After what seemed an eternity of jerking at the ring, as he had been instructed, he had almost given up hope, when his fall was suddenly checked by the unfurling of the huge umbrella-shaped silk, above his head.

"Thank God!" he muttered, and looking upward he beheld the unfolding of a second, mushroom-like apparition, with the figure of the pilot dangling beneath it in the moonlight. Then in the distance he saw the flash, and heard the distant roar, as the wreckage of the ill-fated plane struck the earth below. Whereupon Bruce Wainwright, drifting peacefully to earth in a parachute,—fainted!

When Bruce awoke, he was being driven hastily along a road in a strange automobile, and as he sat up, a voice beside him said, "Better lie down there, son, we'll have you there in a minute!"

"What—where am I,—and where are we going?" asked Bruce, unable to comprehend the situation.

"Why you'll be in Kansas City, and in a hospital, in about five minutes. How do you feel?"

"Feel?—Why I feel fine and—Oh!"—his remark was cut short by a pain that ran up his entire left arm, and, looking down at it, he was surprised to see it swathed in bandages. "What's the matter here?" he asked puzzled.

"You broke that arm when you hit the ground, young man, and you have several nasty bruises—feel them? When we get to the hospital we'll examine you for internal injuries. I am Doctor Oster of Emergency Hospital, and Doctor Jackson, (here he indicated the driver of the car who was the only other occupant) and I were just returning to my home in the country for the night when we saw you two fellows come drifting down from Heaven like a couple of angels!"—Here the doctor laughed aloud, and Doctor Jackson, in the front seat, chuckled audibly. "Lucky the other fellow wasn't hurt!" he added.

"I can't tell you how greatly indebted I am to you both, Doctor," Bruce expostulated, "but if you really want to help me, drive me home at once, instead of to the hospital,—my mother is dying, and I must get to her as soon as possible!"

"Well,—you don't seem to be terribly hurt. Tell me where you live and we'll run you over there."

"I live at 2600 Missouri Boulevard, Doctor, and if you can only hurry—"

"2600 Missouri Boulevard! Why, Doctor Jackson and I were there all day with Mrs. Wainwright and—say!" he exclaimed as he saw the shocked and expectant look on the face of the youth, "are you the Wainwright boy?"

"Yes—Doctor! For Heaven's sake—how's Mother?"

"Calm yourself, son—," Doctor Oster's face grew grave, "your mother had a terrible day—we gave her up—but, she kept constantly moaning that she couldn't die and leave her son—and, boy, she won! She's resting peacefully now, and the danger is passed!"

Bruce's eyes were blinded with tears, and no more was said until the car stopped in front of the Wainwright home.

"Guess I'll go in with you a moment son,—just to look you over. It's you I'm worrying about,—not your mother, now," and Doctor Oster left the car and mounted the steps with Bruce.

At one o'clock in the morning Dan Hastings was rudely awakened in the midst of his uneasy slumbers by a loud knocking on his door, and the sound of a hoarse voice calling: "Telegram!—Telegram for Hastings!"

Dan stumbled out of bed and after securing the message, he turned on the light but it was some minutes before he could see clearly enough to read it. When he finally was able to make out the words on the glaring yellow sheet, he read aloud:

"Dear Dan:—Mother will live! Have a lot to tell you when I get back. Will return to school Monday, if possible, but *not* by airplane!"
"Bruce."

TARA'S HARP.

You took the harp from Tara's dust
And sang our Ireland's grief;
Each note of it a wailing gust
Of wind through Autumn leaf.
So dear to us was Malachy,
Who wore the chain of gold,
We near forgot our misery
In the brave days of old.
You set the harp below your feet
And the voice in you grew still;
For song is like the Paraclete
And breathes but where it will.
No more you dreamed of fighting men,
Of bards and ancient lore,
You struck an alien note and then—
You lost the touch, Tom Moore.—P.J.C.

Little Gods

FRANCIS COLLINS MILLER, '27

NO one, so far as I know, ever said he was handsome: yet Virginia Elizabeth Van Waterman fell for him with disturbing completeness. . . . fell for him with a clatter that sent the social cliques of Muncie chatting and gesticulating over the tea cups. *En masse* the social frumps barraged this unfortunate young man, Rupert Hamblin, with a vehemence actuated by silly class conviction; just because Miss Van Waterman—whose father owned half the town—pursued, wooed, and won him on the merits of true love.

Virginia Van Waterman ruled regally the *beau monde* of younger Muncie. Her throne was an infinitely high place . . . so lofty, so ethereal and subtle, she rarely looked much below. Wealth had coronated her and beauty fortified her position from the cormorant vassals that thronged her court. Up until the summer of 1925 she permitted no one of her fifty young admirers within the inner circle of her affection. . . . she held them all at their length. Consciously she would accept them, agree with them, be sweet to them on occasions—but love any of them—no.

There are, strangely enough, a few college graduates who return to the old home town with the avowed design of making something out of themselves and their towns—as if either were possible! Rupert Hamblin was turned out one June from the select and dignified Howden University law school after seven heartburning years of tutoring, washing dishes and sweeping out dormitories. He came back exuberant with the high resolve of courage. Hamblin was a tall young man, with just the proper amount of wavy chesnut brown hair; his face was plain and regular; yet there was a conscious radiance about his countenance that caught the fancy. Hamblin was the sort of a chap you would invite out to dinner on a short acquaintance, one that carried a clean cut, retiring diffidence now so infrequent among young upstriving intolerants.

Cherishing ideals, therefore, he hung out from a second floor window of the Alden Building, a shingle bearing this inscription:

RUPERT JAMES HAMBLIN
ATTORNEY

Clients, as he expected, came slowly. Hamblin nearly starved in the interim. Two sordid years in the police court with its drunks and petty crimes altered his personal view of life and its complexities. Those little gods that he had first held so high were shattered methodically by what he saw and felt—all but one: and that was woman. He had a "deathless faith in woman." He had that.

II.

It so happened that Hamblin got the Democratic nomination for prosecuting attorney in the election of 1925. No one thought that important politically, because the Democrats hadn't won an election in twenty years. But opinion—who reckons with it? The people were ready for a change. Hamblin and the whole Democratic ticket were swept into office by the frantic avalanche of reflex consternation from a long domination of Republicanism.

It was Hamblin's plan, as it is with all new prosecuting attorneys, to campaign for more and better convictions. Actuated by his exhortation the police made war on violators of the traffic and speed laws, on intoxicants, on disorderists, and what not.

Each morning at 8:30 Hamblin made it a practice to drop in on the police court and there read the affidavits for petty crimes committed during the preceding twenty-four hours. Speeding was most oftentimes the violation. One Thursday morning young Hamblin had but one affidavit to read. It was for speeding and it charged Miss Virginia Van Waterman with travelling at a rate of speed in excess of that which the law allows. When he saw the name Hamblin glanced curiously around the room. Miss Waterman had not yet appeared although

it was after eight-thirty. The mayor sat twiddling his thumbs and looking out the window of the city hall.

Although he did not evince it, Hamblin was secretly happy that he might be instrumental in bringing to heel one of the "privileged."

She came in soon, high-coloured and excited. She gazed thoughtfully at the bailiffs, at the mayor who sat back of the judge's desk, and at Hamblin. Her gaze rested disdainfully on him for only a moment.

"Your honour," she said with icy politeness. "Here is a ticket given me by one of your policemen. I was told I should present it here this morning."

"Yes, Miss Waterman, that is right," replied the mayor, thumbing the complaint book. "Mr. Hamblin, our prosecuting attorney, will read the affidavit and then you may plead."

Hamblin read the form. At the end the Mayor asked: "Do you wish to plead guilty and pay the fine of one dollar and costs, amounting to eleven dollars, or stand trial?"

She seemed undecided for an instant, but only for a split hesitancy.

"Your honour," she answered curtly, "I shall stand trial."

"Very well," shrugged the mayor, smiling inwardly, "you will secure an attorney and appear before this court on Monday afternoon, two o'clock. A hundred dollar bond is necessary."

Before Monday Hamblin began to entertain doubts about his original position. The task of humbling this girl, at the outset so enticing, began to dull; for after all Hamblin detested making war on women. He hated being party in their prosecution. Notwithstanding duty faced him. He wondered in the back of his head why she had chosen to contest such a paltry charge; because he guessed accurately that she had been speeding—most people did.

III.

Events materialized as Hamblin had conjectured. Miss Van Waterman came with old Eli Potter, the family lawyer, who carried a volume of the Indiana Statutes and looked

extremely sapient in his smart grey tweeds and leering eye glasses. The old lawyer appeared not a little annoyed and bored, as if it were his first case in the mayor's court. Examination on the stand showed that Miss Van Waterman had been doing forty-eight miles an hour, and the motor-cop had his speedometer record to prove it.

So that was that. Hamblin gave her a needless public lecture on obeying laws and precepts in general. While he talked Miss Van Waterman tilted her nose up acutely. With her indifference she mercilessly reviled him. Yet in the recesses of her mind she thought: "He's so handsome so much in earnest—I know I'd just *love* him." Hamblin felt afterward a bitterness in his heart, an acrid radicle in his being from which all sorts of feelings sprung, confused and incoherent. She paid the fine and left the court room without a word.

Wednesday afternoon Hamblin got a frightening, unmasking letter from Miss Van Waterman. It obligingly asked him to call *on business* that Friday evening—if he would be so kind.

The Van Waterman mansion was reminiscent, and in this it was amazingly different from other mansions in the neighbourhood—rich houses that had been piled up mushroomlike along with equally mushroom fortunes. But the Van Watermans had had their money long enough to secure an aristocracy to colour it with. Old David Van Waterman had sagaciously employed the power of culture that wealth brings.

So Hamblin felt awed, a trifle perturbed, as he approached the Van Waterman house on that Friday evening. He had other thoughts, too. For instance, he thought her forwardness disgusting—her object purely retributinal—her manner grimacing. Nevertheless he felt drawn to accept the invitation.

She received him in a sort of living room with French doors opening abruptly out upon a side garden. The doors were unclosed, for the atmosphere was peculiarly incandescent, though it was early October.

"You will wonder," she said, Hamblin thought dully, "You will wonder why I wrote that extraordinary note."

He was positive. "Yes, I found it surprising."

"Well, to be pointed,"—and she was always very pointed—"I am interested in you," she smiled. "Queerly enough, I'm beguiled by your viewpoint—by your outlook on things."

She puzzled him. What was she driving at? He said: "I am gratified."

He paused momentarily then went on: "But I can't understand that I have any exact *viewpoint*—at least no philosophical one."

She laughed shortly with a lack of concern and study that pleased Hamblin. The laugh piqued his sense of humour. He smiled.

"I want to know," she assured him after a moment, "that you don't think I'm a snob, a pretender. I'd like to correct that impression."

"That's curious, I hadn't even thought that," Hamblin lied with gallantry. "Fact is,"—now complacently—"I'd come to like you."

She turned slightly and looked out onto the darkened garden where a few yellowed leaves stirred close to the ground in the saffron patches of light from adjacent windows. Hamblin saw beauty in her pale hair—a desirable sauciness in the upturn of her nose in profile—he wanted to touch her.

"I am unhappy," she explained unexpectedly. "I am unhappy with all things—unhappy with life in general. It seems to me I have been given advantages only to have them break me in the end. You'll think I'm posing—lying—and think I'm an idiot to tell you all this. But the other morning in that horrible police court I had a brilliant thought—I felt confident that if I'd tell my troubles to you they would end there. See?"

Hamblin frowned properly. "I see—sort of, you know."

But he got to see more clearly as she continued. She talked with a detached sincerity that mocked his former distrust of her. Slowly but intensely the conviction began to clutch Hamblin—the conviction that he was falling quite hastily and disastrously in love. They talked of many things from socialism

to atavism, but mostly they studied each other's eyes. *Beaux yeux!*

IV.

That winter they were seen together, at first only occasionally, then frequently. Miss Van Waterman would drive up in her chic Stutz roadster each afternoon precisely at five-thirty to the curb beneath the young prosecuting attorney's window. He would first wave to her from the casement and five minutes later would vault into the seat beside her and they would drive mysteriously away in the winter evening mist. In Hamblin, it seems, she found the panacea for her mental ills.

She encouraged him, she cultivated him, she sought him. Finally he proposed marriage. Happy proposal! The engagement was announced by Mr. and Mrs. David Waterman after some protest, but Virginia had a way and a mind of her own, so the objections were overruled.

Then slowly gathered the storm; then surely came the thunder.

"Hamblin, when are you going to acquire the money bags?" asked the jovial and thoughtless Harry Moreland, a young attorney, one evening at the Mecca Club. "Pretty soft, eh fellows?"—Moreland turned to a group of men smoking—"pretty soft for Hamblin isn't it—Hamblin's marrying millions."

There was a good natured assent from the men. Hamblin flushed red, inarticulate with anger. "They think I'm marrying for money," flashed across his mind. "For money!—for money!"

Quickly he left the club and walked aimlessly up the boulevard in the cold air, trying to clear his brain. "They all think I'm marrying for money—they think I'm a cursed cad—they think I'm marrying for money." He felt chagrined, ashamed, hopelessly mired up in the thing.

The next week he went to Virginia.

"Dearest," he cried, "they are talking about us—saying I'm marrying you for your

money—that I'd do a thing like that—that. . . ."

She put her hand to his mouth, silencing him. "What do we care what they think? We love each other—it is enough."

But it was not enough for him. The thought irked him like a tedious pain. What to do! He became quite frenzied: should he go ahead and suffer the ignominy of it or should he give up his all and retain his miserable, self-styled honour, his principle?"

Finally, then, he decided.

V.

One quiet May evening they drove in the starlight—the smooth concreted highway stretched in silver ribbon before them—there was a serenity in nature that mocked his tumult of heart.

Suddenly Hamblin gripped her arm.

"Virginia," he said quietly. "We will have to break our engagement."

She turned and looked at him, mystified. "Don't be amusing, Rupert. Whatever do you mean?"

"I'm serious—O Lord, I'm horribly serious," he gasped doggedly.

"Why—it's impossible—you're really not thinking. Rupert—Rupert—No!"

"Yes—must be—yes, *must be*." He was almost blubbing in his despair.

"Why?—Why?"

"I can't have them think I married for money—I couldn't *bear* to live on your money or have *you* live on it—I couldn't bear it. . . . It's maddening, and I'm a fool for saying it, but I'm a stickler on that. . . . I can't have it

said I married for money—pride—pride. . . ."

"But *my* money is *your* money, dear," she assured.

"No—I could never feel it so."

They drove on in silence. Virginia Van Waterman was hurt—from out of the wound came anger—her own pride tumbled and foamed like a solution in her brain.

"If you loved me," she said coldly at last, "all that would make no difference to you."—Hamblin turned to look at her face that shone chalk-like in the gloom—"It is cold—let us go back."

"Good night," she said simply as she dropped him off at his rooms.

"Good bye," he gasped, the sound gurgling in his throat like the rasp of death.

Her car drew away from the curb with a roar.

Hamblin stood there watching the gleam of the retreating headlamps until they became but indistinct twinkles in the murk. There were tears in his eyes: he saw in his revolting imagination to-morrows like spaced head-stones stretching into eternity. Thus he sold cheaply that happiness!

A year later Miss Van Waterman wedded Ashley Beardsley.

Said Mrs. Boyd Browne at the tea club:

"Of course you *must* know Ashley Beardsley—he has literally *millions*, they say—made it all in these horrible chain grocery stores. . . . Very plebeian and droll, isn't it, my dear! . . . Quite a happy match I hear—And I'm certainly elated to know that she cast off that *terribly* poor Hamblin boy—He was really *nothing*, just impossible, really almost *no one*, don't you know!"

CONSOLATION.

A friend to walk along with me
Upon a beaten, withered road,
Toned by stark trees, seeming to retreat
Conscious of their nudity
While far above descends
A shower of cleansing snow crisps
In solemn absolution upon a tainted earth.

—WILLIAM J. REID, '26

SPORT NEWS

End Season In Glory

A final flash. A 29 to 18 score that ends the final scintillating drive for the network. The season's over. The books are closed; but we miss our guess if they aren't opened to be thumbed over many times in the years that are to come. For the final trouncing given Creighton last Saturday evening in the Notre Dame Gym marked the close of the greatest net season ever seen at the home of the wearers of the Blue and Gold. It marked the close of a playing period in which the Fighting Irish managed to win nineteen of their twenty starts, of a season that saw the birth of a basketball spirit here beside the twin lakes, of a season that saw a new tradition founded: the tradition of never having been beaten on the polished surface of the new Gym.

It was Captain Vince McNally that cavorted in this last appearance this season. While the Creighton guards were busy watching the Crowe that had been responsible for the victory of the night before the flashy McNally slipped past to count seventeen points for the Blue and Gold.

Again the allegreto pass work carried the ball down court with tireless efficiency, again the formations shifted and the ball was worked to an under-the-basket shot, again the leather was urged through the iron hoops with an uncanny co-ordinated attack that couldn't be fathomed, and when the smoke of the battle had been cleared away the record of the Notre Dame team remained as one of the best in the country. The state crown well under their belts, a strong claim, perhaps the strongest, on the mid-west championship and a string of victories calling forth national recognitions are the fruits of Coach George Keogan's labors.

Saturday night's game was a far differ-

ent one from that of Friday night. It seemed a bit more natural to see the invaders trailing far behind at the end of the initial half.

A storm of two-pointers registered early in the contest by McNally put the game on ice for the Irish. Then Mike Nyikos entered the game in the closing five minutes of the frame and cut loose with three field counters that boosted the score out of the westerners' reach. When the half was up the scoreboard broadcasted the news: Notre Dame 19, Creighton 5.

At the start of the second half the Notre Dame game suffered a relapse and Diesing broke through for two neat scorers. Captain McNally came to the fore soon with several scorers and after a streak of scoring the contest settled down and was more or less a listless affair until the closing moments of the game when Clem Crowe returned and injected some pepper into the contest. There was no doubt of the Notre Dame supremacy and a double victory over such a worthy foe as Creighton clearly points out that this year's Celtic combine stands as one of the greatest quintets in this part of the country.

It was the final game of his collegiate career for flashy Clem Crowe and the crowd gave him an ovation between the halves that is one of the greatest ever accorded a wearer of the Blue. It was also the last game of their college days for Ted Ley and Mike Nyikos and these also turned in great games to be put up on the books as the record of their last performance and the student body granted them an ovation.

The game was marked by stubborn defensive tactics. Captain McNally's shooting was the feature of the evening and the pass-

ing of Crowe and J. Nyikos was responsible for his chances. Bucky Dahman played a great floor game while Conroy was again the star in matters defensive and in inaugurating the offensive movements. For Creighton Diesing, the sophomore center, was the star.

It was the great ending of the greatest cage season Notre Dame has ever enjoyed.

The summary:

Notre Dame (29)	G.	F.	P.
McNally, f. -----	7	3	1
Crowe, f. -----	0	3	2
J. Nyikos, c. -----	1	1	1
Dahman, g. -----	0	0	3
Conroy, g. -----	0	0	3
M. Nyikos, f. -----	3	0	0
Ley, f. -----	0	0	0
Totals -----	11	7	10
Creighton (18)	G.	F.	P.
F. Ryan, f. -----	0	3	0
Brown, f. -----	0	0	1
Diesing, c. -----	5	2	1
Beha, g. -----	0	1	0
Haley, g. -----	0	0	3
Fogarty, f. -----	1	0	1
Conway, g. -----	0	0	0
Koudele, g. -----	0	0	1
Totals -----	6	6	7

Referee—Jones, Nebraska Wesleyan.

Umpire—Lohman, Wisconsin.

VENGEANCE: 23-17

Coach Schabinger and his fighting Bluejays from Creighton University nearly shattered Notre Dame's hopes for a clear title to western basketball honors here last Friday, in the opening game of a two game series with the Omaha institution. But for the uncanny eye of Clem Crowe, Creighton would probably have turned in their eighth victory in nine starts against the Irish school.

Shortly after the opening whistle Crowe sunk a long one and immediately duplicated his feat. From this period on Creighton tightened and displayed a nearly perfect five-man defense. Notre Dame found going hard but managed to score six more points before the end of the half while their opponents were garnering thirteen. Of the six points added, two came by free throws and four by

field goals by Crowe. Two baskets each by Beha, Diesing and Haley and a free throw by Diesing account for Creighton's scoring during the initial period.

Just what George Keogan said between halves is not known but his players came back on the floor in the second half with determination to win. Crowe continued his scoring streak by adding his fifth goal of the evening. J. Nyikos, Captain McNally and Dahman scored one each before the half was old. Creighton scored but a lone counter during this time, that by Haley, the Bluejay's diminutive guard who flipped in a one-hander from the side of the floor. Schabinger's men also added two free throws.

Dahman and Conroy played an air-tight defensive game in this period and would have held their opponents scoreless but for Haley's lucky toss. J. Nyikos played a great floor game but was slightly off color in the scoring column. McNally missed a number of in-and-out shots but made up the deficiency by a masterful floor game. Toward the end of the game Keogan made his only substitution, Mike Nyikos replacing Clem Crowe.

For Creighton, Diesing, the center was the most outstanding performer. This lanky Sophomore has all the qualifications for a center. Haley led in the scoring column with six points closely followed by Beha and Diesing with five each.

Summary:

Notre Dame (23)	B.	F.	P.
McNally, f. -----	1	3	2
Crowe, f. -----	5	3	1
J. Nyikos, c. -----	1	0	2
Dahman, g. -----	1	1	0
Conroy, g. -----	0	0	2
M. Nyikos, f. -----	0	0	0
Totals -----	8	7	7
Creighton (17)	B.	F.	P.
F. Ryan, f. -----	0	0	1
Brown, f. -----	0	1	4
Diesing, c. -----	1	0	2
Beha, g. -----	2	1	0
Haley, g. -----	3	0	2
Fogarty, f. -----	0	0	1
Totals -----	7	3	9

Referee—Jones, Nebraska Wesleyan.

Umpire—Lohman, Wisconsin.

RELAY DECIDES WISCONSIN MEET

The dual meet with Wisconsin was anybody's meet until the anchor man on the relay team had taken his last step in the final lap. The relay was the deciding event of the meet. Dame Fortune cast her ill luck on the Notre Dame team and Wisconsin emerged from the fray a winner by two points, the final score being 44-42. The representatives of the Gold and Blue annexed only four first places, but kept in the running by accumulating numerous seconds and thirds.

In the 40-yard dash, the first event of the evening, Notre Dame scored a slam. Riley, Della Maria, and Trombley outdistanced the Wisconsin entries and finished in the order named. Notre Dame's hopes soared even higher when the results of the shot put were announced. Another slam made the score 18-0 in favor of the Irish. Boland won the event and was followed by Moes and Mayer. Other Notre Dame men to win first places were Masterson and Captain Harrington. Masterson won the half-mile in a pretty race. Wisconsin men took second and third in the event. A leap of 12 feet 6 inches won first place for Harrington in the pole-vault. Bov of Notre Dame tied for second at 12 feet.

In the remainder of the events Notre Dame took a comparatively back seat, Wisconsin taking the first place in the 440-yard dash, the mile run, the hurdles, the two-mile, the high jump, and the relay. In the 440, Kennedy of Wisconsin broke the gym record by covering the distance in 52 2-5 seconds. Stack of Notre Dame took second and Francis of Wisconsin gathered one more point for his team. First and third places in the hurdles went to Wisconsin with Barron of Notre Dame taking second. Dolmage took third in the two-mile run after a hard race. In the high jump Carey of Notre Dame tied for second with a leap of six feet two inches.

When the lead-off men of the relay teams toed the mark the score stood 42-39 in favor of Notre Dame. The Wisconsin team outdistanced the Celts and won by about ten yards. McDonald, Lahey, Coughlin, and Stack made up the Notre Dame team and ran in the order named.

BOXERS END ODYSSEY

Notre Dame's squad of punch absorbers wound up their southern trip in devastating fashion last week when they dropped two tough matches to representatives of the University of Virginia and St. Xavier's.

The invigorating warmth of Virginia sunshine worked into the blood of the first mentioned team and after a sweet afternoon of fisticuffs the Virginians were given the grapes by a 7 to 0 score. The Irish fared a little better with St. Xavier, losing that time by a 5 to 2 count.

There was nothing morally turpitudinous about either fight since they were both hard fought exhibitions but the Celts couldn't come through with the necessary fireworks and were forced to sigh for their laurels.

After assimilating quite a few pokes at Penn State, Capt. Springer's bristling fighters moved on to Charlottesville where these tall Virginians were primed for a feud. The priming was not done in vain, either, for the Southerners did their work in impressive fashion.

Not a bout did the Irishmen win although Springer, Moran and O'Keefe put up battles that were almost good enough for the wafers; even though the judges couldn't see it that way.

Joe Maxwell, the huge Neanderthal, who had been sending not a few aspiring Firpos into the several rinks of sleep-land, drew a pass to this haven himself when he bobbed his gourd into a well-aimed blow from the right appendage of "Bigboy" Rogers, Virginia heavyweight. Joe flew about the ring wildly in the first frame and had Rogers groping for the salts but in the second he climbed into a hefty kick and suffered his first k. o. of the season.

After getting the uncooked portion of the steak at Virginia, the blacksmiths boarded the Chesapeake and Ohio or one of the other Van Sweringen follies and steamed into Cincinnati where the St. Xavier's cauliflower colony was waiting for the show.

Battler O'Keefe mussed up Eddie Hahn's facial contour sufficiently to give the Irish a lead in the first bout of the evening. The Battler had his dander aroused and Hahn

took a few punches that aren't customary in love affairs.

In the next five events the Irish lost. Billy Clines, bantam, beat Maurice Welsh to the decision while Jerry Left, Notre Dame lightweight dropped a close one to Louie Boeh. Cap Springer lost to Joe Switalski in the light heavy division and Jim Moran defaulted to Frank Sam because of illness. Al Doyle fell for the count of ten when Eddie Burns, St. Xavier's lightweight, uncorked a wild haymaker.

Joe Maxwell made up for his setback at Virginia when he chased Joe Burger about the woodshed in the heavyweight chopping contest. Burger tasted Maxwell's pile driver cuffs early in the fight and his board of strategy immediately decided to put up a defensive fight throughout.

The Xavier fight was the last of the six match schedule. Although the Irish did not win any of their combats it must be remembered that green hands fighting hard battles do not always fare so well. With only one veteran, Cap Springer, hanging up the leather, prospects for a successful 1927 season are extremely bright.

BADIN WINS CHAMPIONSHIP

Well, it's all over but the shouting, with the boys from Badin winning the pennant, silver cup, or whatever they give away to the interhall champions. Now, the hard-working interhall basketeters will be able to look a piece of pie in the face without being tempted to break training. Altogether, it was one of the best interhall seasons in the history of the hardwood sport, as everyone, even the losers, will testify. And it seems sorta hard to say good-bye to the old cowhide sphere and put the suit away in the bottom drawer of the bureau 'till next year. Of course when next year rolls around the suit will be found to have provided food and amusement for a family of moths, but what's the difference? Here! This sentimentality will have to cease. Suppose we tell you about the decisive

BADIN VS. WALSH

fray. It was a real exhibition of the great indoor sport. Both teams showed the fight and the style of game that Franklin and Creighton will long remember as Notre Dame basketball. The Badinites displayed an edge over the Walshites (or-ers, whichever it is) which gave them the victory and incidentally the championship. Andrews was their best man, covering the floor like a rug. For the losers, Hamilton did a neat job of massaging the maple. The score, lest we forget, was 30-25. Now let us turn to

BROWNSON VS. DAY-DOGS

in which the dorm-dwellers lost their third game this season. The baleful news was 37-24. Perhaps the largest reason for the Brownson downfall was a wee lad named "Red" McGary. The story as we heard it from various spectators was that said titian haired wonder contributed some twenty points to the edification of the Men-About-Town. For the losers, Holthouse and Plummer looked good. One of the Brownsonites was heard to say that Plummer forgot his tools. Probably that's only a joke, though.

The Frosh fared rather badly in the

FRESHMAN VS. HOWARD

tilt. It was a rather one sided contest, Howard being the one side. The inhabitants of the pasteboard palace have been somewhat unsuccessful this season. It was an easy matter for the lads from beyond the road to run away with the Frosh to the time of 59-22. The few points made by the Frosh were mainly gifts from the strong Howard combine. The fracas was featured by few fouls, as both teams were very good natured. Now let us conclude with the

CARROLL VS. SORIN

spree, which went to the Main Building lads by a score of 24-20. The game was a tight one, and in doubt until the umpire's alomenter gave its last clarion note ending an interesting and enjoyable class. And the curtain fell upon one of the most successful interhall basketball seasons in the annals of the sport.

We have bought ourselves a ticket to Madagascar and we intend to use it next Friday shortly before the SCHOLASTIC makes its appearance, for the Sports Editor has compelled us to select an interhall team. So, when the wrathful prefects and the angry fans descend upon the luckless Editor demanding to know why their particular star had not been included, we shall be far from their avenging hands. Just wait and see if we aren't!

INTERHALL PRELIMS HELD

Nearly a hundred oddly attired gents representing a few of the halls on the campus, went through their exercises last Sunday in the act of formally qualifying for the finals of the interhall track meet which is to be held in the Gym Sunday.

During the meet which was notable for the many new forms of hurdling and pole vaulting unearthed, Fathers Stack, Gallagan and Lavin were beaming wide smiles for the Freshman, Sophomore and Badin representatives were in the van in the matter of qualifiers.

Interhall athletic interest is heavily hinged on the finals of the meet. Sophomore Hall, with the best lineup in years is favored to win the affair, although Brownson, Freshman and Badin are rated an almost equal chance to come through. Father Mooney's Day Dogs are conceded an outside chance to break through, although a dark horse has little chance in a four way race as close as this one.

Brownson showed to strong advantage in the middle and longer distance events while in the dashes, hurdles and jumps, Freshman Hall gained an edge. Badin and Sophomore are to be well represented in a majority of the events.

Eight men qualified in each event last Sunday. Training licks for the finals, were due to be finished Thursday and Friday. One of the most colorful contests in interhall history should result Sunday, the critics say.

Coaches Knute Rockne, T. J. Lieb and John Wendland will have active charge of the meet and will be assisted by members of the faculty.

ED. WALSH TAKES HELM

The Blue and Gold diamond warriors continued action this week with real workouts in preparation for their trip into the South where they hope to annex the scalps of every nine men with whom they come in contact. The arrival of Coach Ed. Walsh, who will take care of the hurling and receiving staff, gives Coach Keogan an opportunity to test the various infield combinations and weed out the candidates for the club.

The outfit will begin the season at Atlanta, Georgia, where they are to meet Georgia Tech during the Easter holidays. The complete schedule has not been arranged as yet but will be announced as soon as pending contests are decided.

SWIMMING TEAM TO MEET PITT

At one time, now distant to the memory of man, a wise man spoke and the sum and substance of his words were this, "Wonder is involuntary praise." What called forth this gem of wisdom is a matter for the curious. We are concerned with its application alone. That it is true will be admitted when it penetrates to the inner recesses of the mind.

This eulogy was called forth by the evident wonder with which the public is regarding the Notre Dame swimming team. And it is only right that they should wonder; for any team that wins five consecutive meets with strong opponents deserves wonder and admiration.

The mermen have been hard at work ever since they trounced Indiana. Last Monday they had a practice swim in the local natatorium with the end in view of preparing for their next meet with Pittsburgh which will be held in the Engman pool at 2:15 tomorrow. Pittsburgh boasts of a fast crew of splashers, but the Celts are ready for the best of them and will attempt to run their record of victories up to six straight.

Politics is the great national game in which many players are injured.—P.J.F.

The recording angel is a stenographer that cannot be confused by speed.—W.J.R.

1001 Lyons Hall,
March the Eighth.

DEAR ATHLETES:

Now that you lads have wheeled up to the tape with broken axles, carbuncles and other defects it's about time that somebody was offering a paw to you for your fine work and thanking you for your hazardous duties of running the green higher on the Irish flag-pole.

As I was sitting on the mezzanine at the hardwood contest last Saturday I just began to think of the hot record you lads have rung up. Captain Vince McNally and his gang of cutthroats weren't slouchy at all and after winning 19 and losing one we must say that it was a helluva tough break to lose that one. I sure am glad that you broke loose so often and here's hoping that Doc Keogan and you pacers plant even more onions next year.

I was down at the *News-Times* the other night when this goofy telegraph editor from Madison rushed down a sob-story that the track jousts dropped one to Wisconsin, 44 to 42. That was a keen meet and maybe if you guys wore some clothes you'd have an easier time. All in all it was a great track season. I got to award the nabiscoes to Paul Harrington because he surely did weave his lanky form up in the ozone and he didn't care much for world's records or other incidentals.

Since I was in grammar school I've had a liking for the fight game mainly because I was always engaged in it with various degrees of success, mostly the various. After I began to get used to a perpetual bloody nose I began to like fighting and I still do. "Cap" Springer and his crew have had a stubborn row to hoe this year and they did their stuff admirably, I thought. This cauliflower industry is rated pretty low by Moody but Dun and Bradstreet say it's a good race if you get the right low-down on the other fellow. Listen, Charlie, tell "Sailor Pat" Canny and the boys who are going to fight next year that they hadn't better pull any of this fast Dempsey stuff. You know what I mean, Charlie, this fairy tale dope about having your beak fixed up

so you can rate heavy with all the tea-sippers when you step out in high society.

Well, boys, I again pass out the cigars to you winter sport yokels and if I had a say-so we'd get the refectory to throw a big boiled dinner for you some Monday but I guess you'll have to keep on munching bacon sandwiches over at O. A. Clark's.

Now some of you drug store cowboys that are going to sweat this spring had better listen to me. I direct my attack mainly at Jim Silver. When you crawl into your wire coop, Jim, and begin doing your stuff, I hope that you knock 'em all off. And I hope that you beat Michigan a couple or three times because I know a co-ed up there that writes me every once in a while. Also my roommate is from Detroit.

I suppose you hoof and hop stars will be ozzling out in the snow before long, bent on getting along outdoors without pants and shirts. I wish you luck and speed as well as plenty of liniment and winter-green.

Just one more word. They say that Jack Adams will be donning his handpainted

For the
real dope
on sporting
events read
BERT V. DUNNE'S
articles
every day
and Sunday
in

The
SOUTH BEND
NEWS-TIMES

**3 handy
packs
for 5¢**

Look for
it on the
dealer's
counter



**WRIGLEY'S
P.K.** More
for your
money
and
the best Peppermint
Chewing Sweet for
any money **G13**

panties and barber-pole sweater before long just so he can take a hooked stick and chase a little doughball down through a field of violets and dandelions. I feel for you golfers because these caddies are awful good when it comes to telling you what board to use next and what saucer to shoot for. Let's see you overcome the difficulties and pull through, anyhow.

Well, it's pretty late and you athletes probably don't want to stay up till the last signal. Anyhow I hope that you have a lot of luck this spring and that none of you finish where Boston did in the National last year or where Abe Espinosa did in the national open.

Very sincerely,

TOM CAMPUS.

Dan Bradley, tennis ace of Brownson Hall intends to organize a hall tennis team in the near future. Outside games will be scheduled in the spring. Tennis, which is becoming a major game in the sporting world, is coming into its own at Notre Dame. Last year the varsity team made a fine showing in all its matches. Interhall tennis, besides providing another realm of student activity, should aid in uncovering varsity material.

Notre Dame is the French for Our Lady and the American for football.—P.J.B.

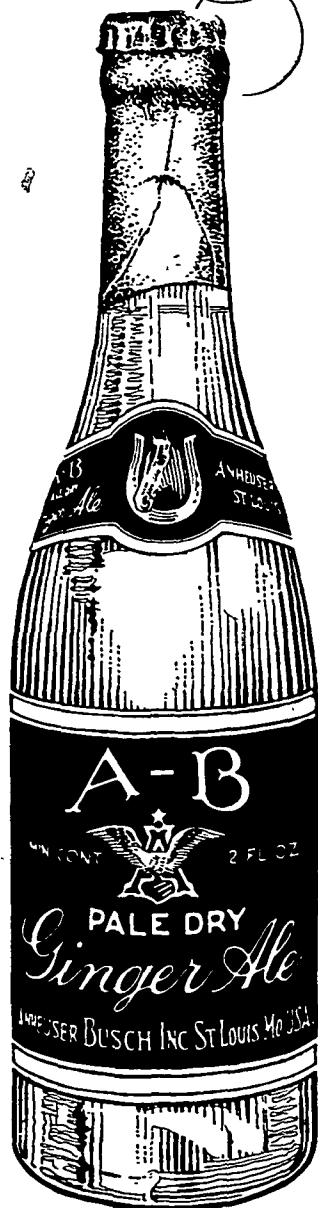
Established 1887

COSTUMES
RENTED FOR ALL OCCASIONS

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



NEW YORK COSTUME CO.
Kodak Bldg., 137 N. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.



Back in the days of Dobbin . . .
when the college sheik (then
known as the "dude") gave his
best girl a great whirl around the
campus on Sunday afternoons,
Anheuser-Busch was nationally
known among good fellows.

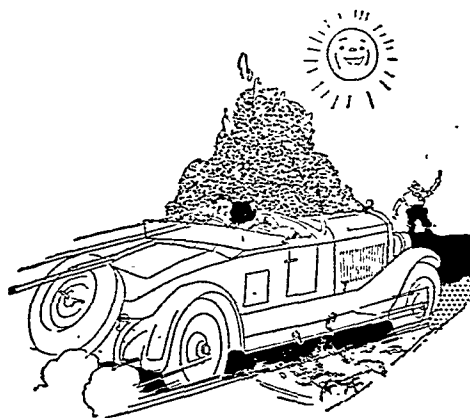
And today, when we do sixty
miles an hour without hurrying
. . . and good mixers are popular
everywhere,

BUSCH

(A-B)

PALE DRY

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



ANHEUSER-BUSCH ST. LOUIS

NATIONAL GROCER CO

Distributors

South Bend, Ind.

COMPLETE LINE OF TRACK EQUIPMENT

Shoes, Pants, Sweaters, Jerseys

Berman's Sporting Store

126 NORTH MICHIGAN STREET

S. R. EDWARDS, M. D.

Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat



209 NORTH MAIN ST., SOUTH BEND

TELEPHONE L-2122

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

Smith's Cafeteria

The House of Quality

111 EAST JEFFERSON BLVD.

Breakfast, lunch or dinner—come any meal-time and you will find foods cooked and served in such a manner that even the most discriminating taste is satisfied. We buy foods of the finest quality; then get the best available chefs—each one a specialist in some branch of cookery—to bake or broil or prepare salads. That's why all our foods are good There's no tedious waiting here, always a table in congenial surroundings.

*No Charge for a Second Cup of
Tea or Coffee*

We Do All Our Own Baking

THE SAFETY VALVE

Dear E. S. B.: Well, last Friday evening was so crowded with events that this department was at a loss which way to turn. We were debating the pros and cons, as they say, whether or not to go over to the debate in the gymnasium or to the basketball game in Washington hall, when along came Father Crumley.

"Will you come in and see the track meet with DePauw in Washington hall?" he queried.

"No, the basketball game," this department corrected.

"The basketball game is tomorrow night," Fr. C. insisted while outwardly as serene as ever.

Well, to avoid a scene, we went in and sure enough it was a basketball game. And so t. d. was right as usual.

Our opponents of the hard-wood floor, to again borrow from Mr. Dunne, were the well-known triolet of ball-tossers, Bernard Kilgore, James Allan Campbell and James Obear, all of DePauw. Coach Father William Bolger sent into action Victor Lemmer, John Griffin, David Stanton, with William Craig on the bench. Prof. F. W. Moore acted as referee, and Prof. Thomas F. Konop functioned as field judge.

Referee Moore made a brief after-contest speech, while the participants were in the showers, in which he complimented the team on their fine sportsmanship and incidentally prepared all hearts for the doleful news to follow. Besides which, he told an institutional joke about a man with a glass eye, which we had heard before from grossmutter, and so we didn't feel tickled like the rest of the E. S. B.

Well, after that we went to the gymnasium to witness the annual debate between Nostra Domina a Lacu and Creighton U. of Omaha. The home team was composed of Messrs McNally, Dahman, Crowe, Conroy, M. and J. Nyikos. The Omaha orators were Messrs Ryan, Brown, Fogarty, Haley and Conway. Good names. It was a battle royal, as they say, except that during the first part of the contest N. D. a Lacu was upholding the negative side with Omaha on the vice versa. But in the rebuttals Mr. Clem Crowe made some very telling points, which finally won the decision. The E. S. B. had a much stronger representation at the gymnasium debate than at the Washington Hall basketball game.

Several references were made during the debate to that safeguard of our morals, the 18th amendment, and how the people are trying to put an end to boot-legging, that black blot upon our civilization, as they say, by growing their own grapes and raising their own raisins. Indeed, the slogan "Grow your own grapes and raise your own raisins" seems likely to rival in popularity such inspiring captions as "Say it with flowers, but silence is cheaper," or "The Drinking Fellow Takes a Yellow."

Prepare for Leadership

Will you eventually be a leading business executive—or just a good employee?

As a college man your chances are above the average. Your academic work will serve as a solid foundation but, in addition, you should have special training that will enable you to eliminate years of apprenticeship in the business world.

Leadership requires a knowledge of fundamental business laws *plus* the ability to apply these laws to practical business life.

Babson Institute offers an intensive one year course in the study and application of the fundamental laws of *Finance, Production and Distribution*. The Institute concentrates on training for business leadership.

Babson Institute students are young men who look forward to positions of responsibility and trust. They desire to be prepared so that they can fill such positions with credit to themselves and their industries.

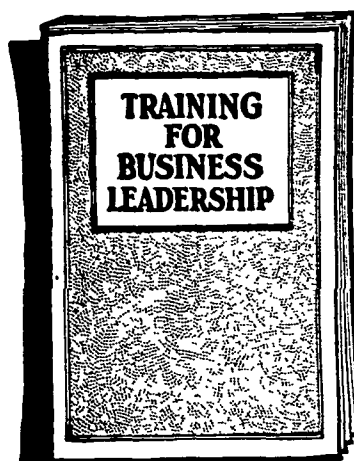
Babson Institute

A scientific Institution organized, not for profit, under the educational laws of Massachusetts.

301 Wellesley Ave., Babson Park, Mass.

Note

Students may enter **FOUR TIMES A YEAR**.
Spring term starts March 29. Summer term, June 28. Course covers nine consecutive months.



Send for Booklet

It explains the unusual methods peculiar to this institution by which men are fitted at a minimum expenditure of time for executive positions. Fill in attached coupon.

Babson Institute
301 Wellesley Avenue
Babson Park, Mass.

Send me, without obligation, "Training for Business Leadership" and complete particulars about Babson Institute.

Name

Address

City

State



O. K.'d By College Men

—our new spring clothes

THAT'S because young men from the fashionable style centers of America and the Continent dictated the styles—wide, straight shoulders, small waist, snugger hips, full, straight hanging trousers. They're here now. Beautifully tailored suits and topcoats; sturdy, smart woolens and patterns you'll like.

ONE AND TWO TROUSERS SUITS

\$35 to \$65

Sam'l Spiro & Co.

The Home of Hart Schaffner & Marx Stylish Clothes.