The Notre Dame Scholastic

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

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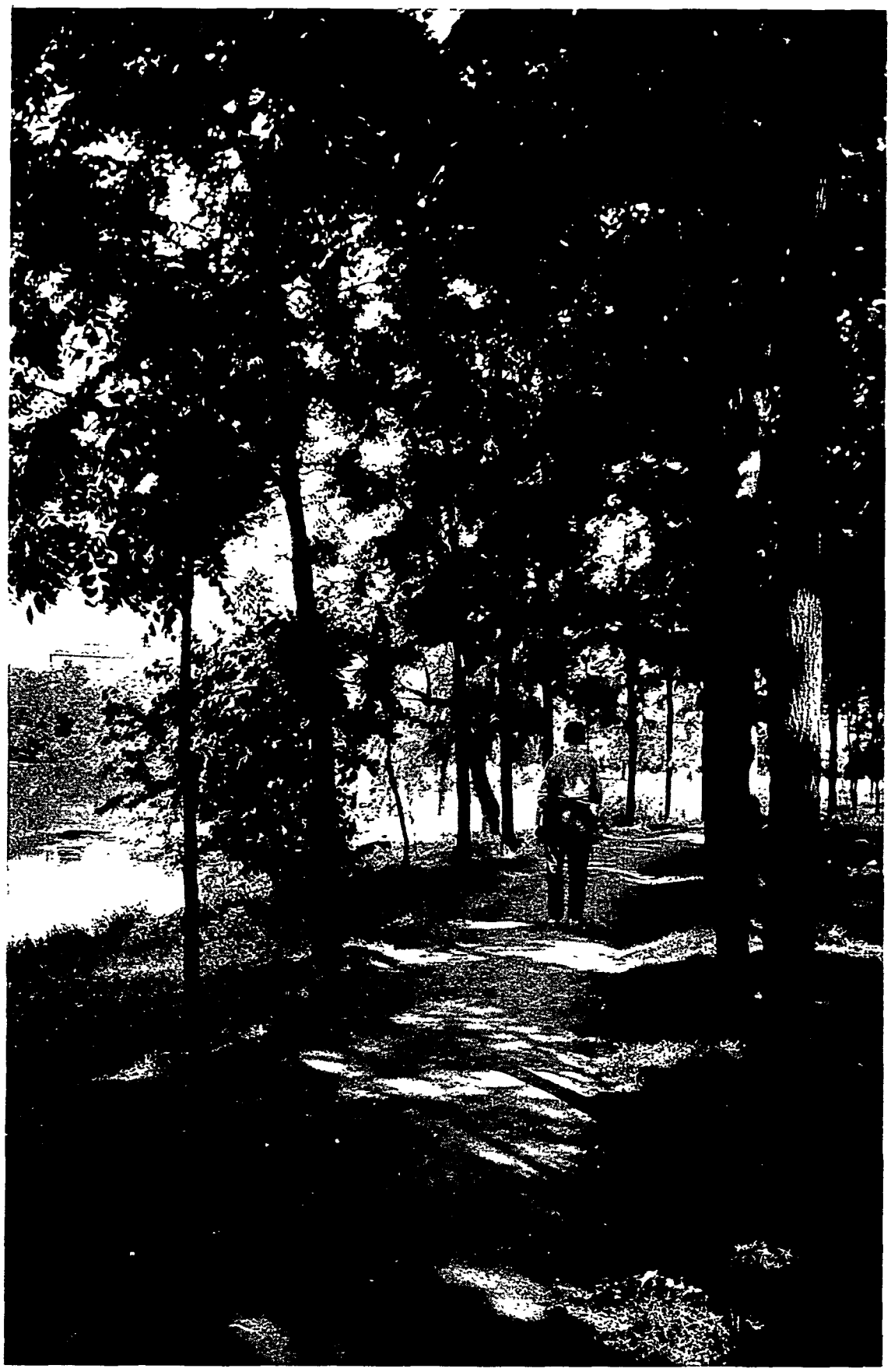

SPRING AT NOTRE DAME

THE WEEK

The melders are at work. Back in the old melding hole behind Corby Hall they ply their nefarious trade. The acrid smoke displays an uncanny ability to find the open windows of the spacious residence hall. But it is all supposed to be in a good cause, namely, baseball. It seems that the process is neecssary if what the sporting writers call "the Irish bats" are to be non-breakable. No one, consequently, may object.

Despite the encouraging weather only two men have thus far availed themselves of the opportunity to lie at full length on the grass in front of Walsh Hall. This is probably due to the fact that professors continue to insist on assigning "little papers" on fifty-seven different subjects. The rush on the Library has prevented the annual spring cleaning: even the sketching classes have discovered Lemonnier.

Publications continue to hop joyfully from the press. This last week has produced a notable number of the *Lawyer* with several full page advertisements. The principal article should be read, says the editor, by 1) everyone interested in the law, and 2) everyone not so interested. A wide reading public is thus insured. The University Catalogue, enlarged and renovated, is also available for your Five Foot Shelf of Books I Mean to Read. Half the misunderstandings which clog the student life would be eliminated if the catalogue were perused by the people for whom it is written. Even the *Juggler* is about to risk another issue in which outside contributors will have a chance to show their superiority to campus wits.

Father McBride has been handing out rooms with lavish generosity. No reasonable complaints have so far been heard and the annual problem seems to have solved at last. Universal Notre Dame night has come and gone. Its principal campus echo has been the flight of a few professors to speak before gatherings of men of other days. S. A. C. Bulls make regular appearances on the announcement boards: there is a growing conviction that the organization has a real function in Notre Dame life. The week has been notable for two things at least: the *Dome* has not pleaded for any new photographs, and not a single member of the faculty has announced the forthcoming publication of a new book.

The dance season begins tonight. For ten days the Knights of Columbus have been selling tickets for their Formal. The Ball committees made Thursday "positively that last chance for Seniors to secure favors" at the big event. St. Mary's threatens further celebrations about the middle of the month. Students who prayerfully hope to graduate continue to labor doggedly on theses. So much has been proved in the last two weeks that future opinions may be said to be fixed. No man will dare to argue on the subject of the Playful Spirit in Shakespeare's Works, without first consulting the thesis by that title. That is, if it can be found in the University archives.

One, as they say, should attend the interhall baseball games. Next to the crowd on the LaSalle mezzanine on Sunday night, they are most typically Notre Dame. If you would go home safe and sound in June you must henceforth avoid the grounds behind Sorin and Walsh. A storm of baseballs, footballs, golf balls and loud words threaten instant death to the unwary traveler. All of these hurlers, catchers, drivers, kickers, and soothsayers are avowedly out for exercise: yet they exhibit a charitable willingness to share their advantages, for when they miss a ball they invariably inform a passer-by that he may chase it for them. Let us be grateful for the crumbs that fall from the table.

—J. A. W.

REGISTRATION THIS SPRING

In an effort to prevent the overcrowding of classes that has occurred in recent years, the Director of Studies is making provision for giving the students now in the University an opportunity to make reservation this spring for next year's classes. The new system will allow for greater opportunities for consultation with the deans of the various colleges than has been the case in the past, and will prevent the annual confusion on registration day in September.

Father Hubbell has already issued a complete list of instructions for pre-registration which has been posted on the bulletin boards. The instructions, which are of prime importance to every student who will return next year, should be read carefully. The announcement includes a schedule of the times at which the students in each college should appear before their dean.

LINDSAY'S WORK IN PAN

The "Vachel Lindsay Number" of *Pan*, made possible by the interest of the great American poet in the youth periodical, will appear on the campus this week-end, presenting to the public the "Babbit Jambouree," a collection of eight of Lindsay's poems. This collection is appearing in print for the first time in the pages of *Pan*, and will not be published in book form until fall. Charles Phillips, the "Ch. Ph." of the poetry magazine, introduces Mr. Lindsay with "Reading Vachel Lindsay."

HOLD ORATORICAL CONTESTS

Unusual interest is being displayed this year in the William McInerny Contest for Oratory held annually by the Hoynes College of Law. This contest is open to any student in the law school, and a prize of fifty dollars is awarded the winner. The preliminaries were held on four successive evenings before the Easter holidays. At first it was proposed to select the winning speaker of each evening to compete in the final contest, but competition was so keen that it was decided to hold another semi-final for those men placing second. The winner of the last semi-final will be given another opportunity in the final.

The field of thirty-six men has been reduced to eight. George Farage, Lewis J. Murphy, Edward Duggan, and Samuel Privitera received first in their respective contests and are assured of reaching the finals. Clarence Ruddy, Les Hegele, John Daily, and Dave Stanton were rated second each evening and will compete again Wednesday, April 29 to determine which one will speak in the final contest. This will be held on Wednesday, May 12. The judges have not been announced.

CONTEST TO CLOSE MAY 1

Prizes ranging from seventy-five to twenty-five dollars will be given by the patrons of the Culver Military Academy Literary Day contest, which closes at midnight, May 1. Five contests, for Book Illustration, One-act Play, Short Story, Essay, and Poetry are announced, entrance, with the exception of the Essay, being open to all college students of Indiana. All contestants must mail their manuscripts before midnight, May 1, in order to be considered for the awards. Last year the first prize for one-act plays was won by Harry McGuire, '25, of Notre Dame.

BALL PATRONS NAMED

Patrons and patronesses for the Senior Ball, to be held on May 14 in Palais Royale, were announced this week. They are the following: Dr. and Mrs. John M. Cooney, Dean and Mrs. Thomas F. Konop, Professor and Mrs. David A. Weir, Mr. and Mrs. Knute K. Rockne, Professor Charles Phillips and Professor Clarence Manion.

Reference to the list of Ball guests, compiled by the members of the Tickets Committee, shows that girls will be present from many parts of United States for this outstanding social event. St. Mary's College, Notre Dame; St. Mary's-of-the-Woods, Terre Haute, Indiana; Chicago, Cleveland, Toledo, Indianapolis and other nearby places will send especially large groups to listen to Jean Goldkette's Victor Recording Orchestra and to participate in the Ball activities.

NOTRE DAME LAWYER APPEARS

Amid a barrage of golf balls, baseballs and on the wings of a southwesterly wind, the fifth number of the Notre Dame *Lawyer* appeared on the campus Tuesday. The southwestern wind was significant.

It was Texas that had the "semi-colon judges" who presided over the "Semi-colon Court." A decision of the supreme court of the state hinged on a semi-colon. Hence the name for the judges and the court. The details of the matter are to be found in the current number of the *Lawyer* from the pen of Judge Dudley G. Wooten. In his article about "Curiosities of the Law: a Case in Punctuation," the Judge shows a few of the many possibilities for such a collection. After the Judge comes Clarence Manion, A. M., Ph. M., J. D., who tells about "The Shrinking Bill of Rights."

Editor Ruddy then goes into the matter of "The License of the Press." The editorial says that the press is turning the right of free speech into the license of unrestricted speech. Two pages later Professor Hadley of the Hoynes College of Law, reviews a recent book of cases on trusts. Then Editor Ruddy again writes, this time about a book entitled "The Growth of the Law." Finally there are "Notes On Recent Cases." These are the lawyer's "current events." He must know what the contemporary courts are doing. —J.F.O'D.

CORRECT ENGLISH PRIZES

How much does the average college student know about correct English? That question was recently asked during a conversation among a group of writers and publishers in New York City. One member of the N. D. faculty who was present, Prof. Charles Phillips, took the question as a sort of challenge and wagered that the Notre Dame student knows a lot about correct English. Mr. Henry Garrity, president of the Devin-Adair Publishing Co., New York, took Mr. Phillips up on that, or rather offered to back him. Mr. Garrity, himself a "Hoosier," is something of a crank on correct English. That, in fact, is his hobby. And he is a strong booster for the N. D. man. Taking special pride in the close scrutiny to which books, published by him, are put to test their English, Mr. Garrity offered to award a cash prize of $5.00 to the N. D. student who would turn in the best list of corrections based on typographical errors to be found in "The Doctor's Wooing," the new novel written by Prof. Phillips, which is to appear early in May.

There are no particular regulations for this "contest." All that is required is that readers of the novel make a list of the mistakes which they find in the book, indicating by page and line where each mistake occurs, and giving the "correction." Lists must be neatly written, or typed, must bear the name and address of the writer, and must be turned in before June 1. All lists are to be mailed to or left at the University News-Stand, Main Building, the envelope to be plainly marked "Correct English."

Anyone trying for the "Correct English" prize may, if he wish, add to his list any other criticisms of the book which he desires to make.

Prof. Phillips' new book is now at the bindery and will soon be on the campus. Advance demands for the first edition have already mounted into the hundreds. Delivery will be made of the autographed books, it is announced, according to the order in which requests are received at the News-Stand.

K. OF C. FORMAL TONIGHT

One guest to each member of the Notre Dame Council, K. of C., is the allowance made for the Annual Spring Formal to be held tonight in the K. of C. Home, South Bend. The attendance is expected to be unusually large. Tickets from Bob Irmiger, 123 Corby Hall, and an appreciative ear to be turned toward Harry Denny's harmonies are the requiremeots for complete enjoyment of the evening.

Charles Phillips, English professor at the University, the "Ch. Ph." of *Pan,* writer and novelist, was the principal speaker at the celebration of Universal Notre Dame night held Wednesday at Indianapolis. George Bischoff, '25, acted as chairman.

THE GLEE CLUB TRIP

And the Glee Club trip—! The party of 40 singers left South Bend Saturday morning, April 3, and made the first stop 24 hours later in Worcester, Mass. Here Communion was received at the Immaculate Conception Church Easter Sunday and breakfast was served in the basement of the Church. Following breakfast, the Club sang Pietro Yon's "Regina Pacis" mass for the high mass of the parish.

After the mass, busses were boarded for the trip to Pawtucket, R. I. A few minutes' stop was made at Holy Cross College, and the campus was viewed from all angles.

At Pawtucket, Mrs. Ellen Ryan Jolly, who received an LL. D. from Notre Dame several years ago, was on hand to greet the Club. That night the first concert of the trip was given in the Leroy theater before an audience of 1,500 people who seemed delighted with the whole affair. The Club took over one of the seminary buildings of Providence College for sleeping quarters.

Monday morning busses took the men to Fall River, Mass., where Robert Powers was host at a lunch at the Quequechan Club. Others on the committee were Messrs. Halloran, Goff, Collins and Coogan. All five of these men have sons at Notre Dame. After the lunch, the singers were motored to Newport for a glimpse of the Atlantic, which proved such an attraction that some were reduced to tasting to test its saltiness. A drive through Newport proper, along the famous beach, and through the naval training station was included in the excursion.

The concert in Fall River was given in St. Patrick's school. Ushers from Holy Cross college assisted. A supper was served following the concert, at which an address of welcome was made by Monsignor Cassidy.

Tuesday morning a trip through the Steven's Textile Mill was arranged, and a number of the Club made the tour. All the men were luncheon guests of the Kiwanis Club at noon. After the lunch, cars were on hand for the drive to Milford, Mass.

As Milford is Mr. Casasanta's home town, a huge dinner in Italian style was given for him and the Club. Spaghetti and roast chicken were not the least of the menu. An audience of over 1,500 assembled in the Milford town hall for the concert that evening. Father McNamara, a graduate of Notre Dame, and Philip Cenedella, father of two Notre Dame students, were largely instrumental in bringing about the success of the affair.

New Bedford, Mass., was the goal for Wednesday night. However, a roundabout way was taken to allow the club to see Wellesley College, Babson Institute, Boston College, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, with a half an hour stop for a short tour of the grounds and some of the buildings on the Harvard campus. A bird's eye view of Boston was obtained on the way through.

In New Bedford, the Club was taken to the home of Mark Sullivan, father of John Sullivan of Badin Hall, where dinner was served. Following the dinner, a hurried trip was made to the New Bedford Hotel, where clothes were changed for the concert given in the State Armory, under the auspices of the Knights of Columbus.

Thursday morning, busses were taken for Providence, where train connections were made for New York City. Upon arrival in the metropolis, rooms were distributed at the Inter-Fraternity Club, where headquarters were established for the week-end.

The Park Lane Hotel was the scene of the concert and dance. The program was broadcast from WNYC. To Mr. John Balfe, of the New York alumni, a great deal of the success of the concert is due.

Friday morning was devoted to work at the Victor Studios in the Aeolian Building. Gounod's "Laudate Patrem" and Vittoria's "Ave Maria" were recorded on trial records. Whether or not the records will be accepted remains to be seen. For the rest of the week-end sights were seen, plays were attended, relatives were visited, and the Club did not convene until Sunday morning.

Following mass, the train was taken for Syracuse, where Jacob Eckel, a graduate of Notre Dame and a close friend of Father Hugh O'Donnell, greeted the singers on

their arrival and escorted them to the K. of C. Club where dinner was served, and the concert was given that night.

Monday night, the concert was given in Oswego, N. Y., in the High School Auditorium, and was followed by a dance at the Knights of Columbus Hall.

The Club sang for the Romans of Rome, N. Y., on Tuesday night, under the local management of Les Lovier of Walsh Hall. The concert was given at the Family Theater, under the auspices of the American Legion. Many of the friends of Father Finnigan, Vice-President of the University, were present, as Rome is his home town. The Knights of Columbus here presented the Club with a basket of roses.

Wednesday the trip was made to Buffalo, and the afternoon was spent viewing Niagara Falls in a drizzling rain, which did not prevent everyone from seeing everything.

Pullmans were taken from Buffalo for South Bend Wednesday night, and the Club was home at Notre Dame Thursday morning, April 13.

As to the success of the trip musically, a clipping from the Fall River *Globe* will testify to the impression made:

"Rarely has a more musicianly group of students visited Fall River on tour. Glee Clubs too often possess mediocre ability in their soloists and choristers, counting upon the youth of the singers and the devotion of faithful alumni to gloss over their shortcomings. It was not so last evening. They sang easily and well, with finished skill. The audience found each group of songs so enjoyable that it was loath to have the concert finish. The versatility of the singers was extraordinary. Those who had not the good fortune to hear the club will not readily sacrifice the opportunity in the future. It is to be hoped that the visit of the Glee Club to Fall River will be an annual occurrence."

The Glee Club will appear in concert in Orchestra Hall in Chicago, on Friday night, April 23. Dr. Browne and Mr. Casasanta will conduct the program. The Club will leave Friday afternoon and will return individually during the week-end.

RAY MILLER MARRIED

Ray Miller, '14, one of the quintet of brothers famous for their football records at Notre Dame was married to Miss Ruth Hamilton, of Lima, Ohio, at a solemn high mass in the Sacred Heart Church Tuesday at nine o'clock. Harry "Red" Miller, brother of the groom, acted as best man. Mass was celebrated by Father Walsh, President of the University. Rev. Dr. W. A. Scullen, of Cleveland, was Deacon, and Father M. Moriarty, of Wooster, Ohio, Sub-Deacon. Members of the immediate family, including all of the five brothers, were present. The bridegroom is an attorney in Cleveland, Ohio.

MUSICAL AND THEATRICAL NOTES

An Orthophonic concert will be given in Washington Hall sometime about the middle of May. The wonderful new Orthophonic just received by Elbel Bros. will be used for the program, and Mr. Mark Duncan, class of '15, and an official of the Victor Talking Machine Company, will come from Chicago especially to officiate at the concert, which has been arranged through the courtesy of Mr. Don Elbel and Elbel Bros.

The high mass on Ascension Thursday will be sung by the Glee Club, with John Butler and Alfred Meyers as soloists. Pietro Yon's "Regina Pacis" mass, which is the same one that is sung at Commencement, will be used.

Professor John J. Becker of the Department of Music will present, in the latter part of May, a one-act opera written by Norbert Engels and Walter Graham of the class of '26. The opera is based on an incident in the life of Lord Byron, and will have three characters. It will be presented in conjunction with a production of the Dramatic Department.

An enjoyable song recital was given at St. Mary's Sunday evening, April 18, by Miss Thelma Kiener, soprano, and Miss Annabelle Jackson, pianist, both of Cleveland. The audience was very appreciative, and the program was well given.—A.L.M.

S. A. C. NOTES

The Students' Activities Council met Sunday, April 18. This was the first regular meeting to be held after the Easter holidays.

A letter of complaint from the LaSalle Hotel was read to the Council. This letter dealt with the actions of some of the students who use the mezzanine floor of the hotel as a meeting place, and who have not much regard for the furniture of the place. The council wishes to call this matter to the attention of the students concerned, and to remind them that they are allowed the use of the mezzanine floor only by courtesy of the LaSalle. Such courtesy calls for gentlemanly conduct in return.

The position of the men in the Law School, regarding campus elections and the like, as well as publication rules and the procedure for the election of the next *Dome* editor, will be decided at the next meeting of the Council, by which time the attitude of the faculty, which is considering the matters at present, is expected to be known.

The jurisdiction of the S. A. C. Dance Committee was adjudged to cover all dances except the Junior Prom and the Senior Ball.

The temporary constitution of the National Student Federation of the United States was voted upon and accepted by the S. A. C. This organization was formed at the National Student Conference held at Princeton in December, 1925, and has a two-fold purpose: To secure an increased interest in and influence upon national and international affairs; and to achieve closer unity among the colleges of the United States, and to promote sympathy and understanding between the students of this country and those of the rest of the world.

Some of the means which the Federation outlines for realizing these ends are: the establishment of scholarships between the colleges of America and Europe; student tours to Europe during the summer, to study the social, political and economic conditions of Europe; co-operation between faculty and undergraduates in American colleges on matters relating to arrangement of courses of study, student government and administration of discipline; the creation of public opinion to militate against commercialism in college athletics, and the encouragement of individual initiative, to oppose the prevalent tendency toward standardized mediocrity.

DEFEAT WASHINGTON STATE

Notre Dame defeated State College of Washington in the debate, held last Friday night in Washington Hall. The question was "Resolved, that the Constitution of the United States should be amended to give Congress power to regulate child labor." The affirmative was upheld by Dale Whitemack and Edward Keanny of Washington, and the negative by James Roy and William Coyne of Notre Dame. Each man was allowed fifteen minutes in his constructive speech and six minutes in rebuttal. Professor Harry B. Couch of DePauw University judged the contest, which was presided over by Honorable Dudley G. Wooten of the Hoynes College of Law.

The final debate of the year will be held at 8:00 o'clock next Tuesday night, April 27, in Washington Hall, when the Notre Dame affirmative composed of Victor Lemmer, Arthur Goldberg, and Dave Stanton will clash with the negative team of Purdue University. This will be the last debate for Lemmer and Stanton; both are Seniors. On Friday, May 1, the Notre Dame negative team will be in Cleveland to meet Western Reserve University. Notre Dame has been defeated by Western Reserve four times in the past three years. This year the team that has defeated Creighton and Washington State hopes to avenge these defeats.

George McCarthy, Sancome avenue, South Bend, J. P. Harvey, Badin, A. Zimmerman, Sophomore, and J. P. Wagner, Eckman Street, South Bend, struck the same score and divided the ten dollar prize offered by Livington's, South Bend, for guessing the score of the Bradley Tech baseball game.

THE COLLEGE PARADE

Stephen Leacock, a jester of international repute, who in his sober moments teaches political science at McGill University says harsh words about the conventional college debate: "Some huge subject is selected as broad as the continent and as comprehensive as the census. The subject selected, the two college champions descend into the bowels of the library. And the victory goes to whatever side has more completely swallowed the census and makes a longer array of citations and statistics. The proper method should be exactly the reverse. The real preparation for a debate is to think about it, get keen about it. Any student who can't think ought not to be on a champion team, he should study to be a professor.

"The truth machine" which measures the guilt of students who have cheated in examinations has been officially adopted at the University of Texas as an aid to the judicial committee. The machine, which is an invention of a psychologist at the University, measures the blood pressure and the electrical discharge from the skin of the person being tested. The machine works by having the examiner state a series of words and having the subject answer the first word that enters his mind. Thus a person who cheats will show a rise of blood pressure when such words as examination, suspension, and home are mentioned to him. Since its adoption, only one case has arisen that would give the council a chance to try out the new invention, but aware that he was to be subjected to the test, the student refused to appear. It often takes more than a mechanical device to trick a student on the examination question.

Journalism students at the University of Ottawa published an April Fool number of the student publication, *The Ottawa Campus*. The "scandal sheet" contained articles charging the university president with bootlegging, the head of the English department with leaving town with donations to the debate team, a prayer meeting turning into a dice game, and other April Fool jokes.

Experiments at Muhlenberry College have proved that a chimpanzee is more than four times as strong as a man of the same weight. Several large apes were induced to pull a rope attached to a strength-measuring machine, and then a number of football players tried their strength on the same instrument. Although man is greatly inferior to ape in muscular power, he can hold his own very well mentally, it is believed.

For the first time on record the University of Illinois has come through a year without a single conference championship in a major sport. Last year at this time Illinois had five titles.

Glenn Clark a student at Manchester College, published a story in which he selected all-world extemporaneous speakers. They were Patrick Henry, first; Pericles, second; and Gladstone, third. For an All-American debating team he named Daniel Webster, Abraham Lincoln, and John C. Calhoun.

Twenty-five years has seen an enormous change in all kinds of college athletics. Somewhere around 1900, the University of California rejected a football coach, not because of inability to perform his duties in any way, but because he was not a graduate of Yale. In that day football was tolerated rather than supported by the faculty. Today it is recognized as having financial and advertising value. Yes?

The geological department of Princeton University will give what is believed to be the first university course ever offered on wheels next summer. A party of twenty-two professors and undergraduates will travel about ten thousand miles in a Pullman car making a study of the geology and natural resources of the United States.

An original reason for taking English was advanced by the English Department of the University of Denver. They say that the college man bent on romance must know how to say more than just "good night" to his lady love. —J.T.C.

NEW CATALOGUE ISSUED

Five thousand copies of the University catalogue for 1926-27 came off the press, Monday, for distribution from the office of the Director of Studies. The new catalogue is sixty pages larger than last year's and is the largest yet issued by the University. Besides the usual lists of instructors, curricula in the various colleges, and the like, it contains several announcements of important changes at the University, and a quantity of interesting data and statistics. Like last year's catalogue, the new one is divided according to departments, the most logical and most convenient division possible.

Several changes in the calendar will be made next year. Registration will take place a week later than is usual, on September 13-14 and Commencement will be a week earlier, June 5. Both Christmas and Easter vacations will be somewhat shorter. Another important change is the reduction of the number of hours required in certain courses. Two new heads are announced, Mr. Rockne in the Department of Physical Education, and Father Ryan in the Department of History.

The Foreign Language Department offers three new courses, Commercial French, Historical French Grammar, and Commercial Spanish. A change will be made in the freshman schedules for the College of Arts and Letters, and in the Pre-Law course by which Speech, Education, and Politics will be three-hour subjects for one semester, instead of two-hour subjects for two semesters, as has heretofore been the case. Credit hour requirements have been cut down in the Pre-Medical course. Two courses not formerly listed in the Notre Dame catalogue will be offered by the College of Commerce: Investments and Speculations, and Corporation Reports, both taught by Mr. Moriarity.

There is an entire new section on graduate studies which states exactly the facilities in each department for the pursuit of graduate work. Of especial interest to Notre Dame students is the announcement that by being within six hours of a bachelor's degree at the beginning of the second semester of their senior year, they may follow a special course which, together with summer school and one semester's work in the graduate school, will make them eligible for a master's degree. The requirements for this degree have been reduced from 32 to 24 hours because the faculty wishes to stress research in graduate work.

This year, for the first time, the catalogue contains a summary of the summer session, a brief history of the Laetare Medal, and a student list which contains the school attended as well as the address. A statistical summary shows number of students entered in each department of the various colleges. The total attendance for the past year at Notre Dame, including the summer session, was 3,237.

GIRLS' JUGGLER ALMOST READY

"The male is taboo; all the pages have been reserved for drawings of beautiful and winsome girls. This number is going to be in fact as well as in name the 'Girls' Number' of the *Juggler*."

Thus Lester Grady, editor-in-chief of the *Juggler*, expressed himself in a recent interview on the coming issue of the Magazine, to be dedicated to femininity exculsively. And meanwhile the campus waits anxiously for the appearance next week of the 1926 Girls' Number.

The pied costume of the Funny Fellow will be even more pied than is usual in the coming appearance. Mrs. Ernest Thompson, instructor in drawing at the University, is the author of the cover; and it is the most elaborate and expensive that has ever yet graced the Campus Clown's droll figure. The cover is now undergoing special printing processes in New York.

In anticipation of the demand, a larger edition than usual will be prepared for distribution. A Theater Page photo, containing a local touch, adds to the interest of the coming number. On account of the strict adherence to the principle of only girls' faces appearing, a number of worthwhile drawings have been held in reserve for future use.

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Vivat Quasi Semper Victurus
Vivat Quasi Cras Moriturus

POOR MR. SINCLAIR LEWIS

Mr. Sinclair Lewis recently held his watch open for ten minutes challenging Almighty God to strike him dead. Robert Ingersoll is said to have done much the same thing. Of course, the Almighty did not strike either. Which proves he is infinitely wise and infinitely merciful. He knows well how foolish and blind and self-centered men can be and what strange things they will attempt to make the front page. He has all eternity and can wait. Meantime Mr. Sinclair Lewis may, by some turn of mercy, be brought to know there is a God without having to invoke his Maker to strike him dead to prove it.

INDIANA LITERARY DAY

Indiana has long enjoyed a reputation as a literary state. Her schools and her men of letters have been of such quality that each is excelled only by the other. Especially have the latter been her pride. Among her giants of the pen she counts Booth Tarkington, George Ade, Meredith Nicholson, Kin Hubbard, and Senator Beveridge, to mention only a meager number of living writers.

In keeping with these traditions, and to insure the literary future of Indiana, Literary Day was instituted at Culver Military Academy last year. Its success was instant and wide-spread, and its object,—to stimulate interest and creative work in literature among the youth of Indiana — was fully realized. The plays, poems, short-stories, and essays uncovered by this contest were of such merit as to promise great things from their authors' future work.

A second such Literary Day is shortly to be held at Culver. The announcement of the conditions of the contest and the prizes to be awarded was made recently. This information should be of moment to every Notre Dame man who is at all interested in creative writing, for it presents a splendid opportunity of matching work with Indiana's best, with all the benefits which naturally arise from such comparison.

Notre Dame should not be lagging in literary events in Indiana. A Notre Dame man carried off first honors in the one-act play contest last year; surely there are men in the University today who can repeat the triumph and give to Notre Dame not one but several winners. At any rate, the effort should be made. Every budding genius which Our Lady fondly cradles should enter his best work in the Literary Day contests, and thus add yet another proof that Notre Dame can do things with the intellect as well as with the muscle.

D'Artagnan

WILLIAM H. VAHEY, '26.

"THE Trocadero, sir. Piccadilly Circus. Take any bus from here, sir."

That morning the London dock had seen the Saxonia vomit from herself five hundred college third cabin passengers. These had scattered about London. Talbott and Mower had scattered to Bloomsbury and making a choice between the Night Clerk and the Porter, the Porter won. This worthy recommended the Trocadero where one might drink and dance.

Tally and Mower had been sticking fingers 'neath winged collar, tapping cigarettes, and shifting their positions on the chairs for an hour. It was almost decided that the Porter had given them a "bum tip." Glancing about the room, Dick noticed two familiar faces that appeared just as out-of-place as he imagined his own appeared. Turning to Tally he said:

"Weren't those two on the ship?"

"Yes. I met them both. Not bad scouts, either. I don't remember their names."

"Learn to remember names, Tally. It comes in handy and makes a big hit with the party remembered." Dick was a frat prexy and aspired to a political career.

"Shall I call them over? Give the big boy a few drinks and he gets going good. The small, red-headed one is reticent—to use a two-bit word—but he rated lots of femmes on the boat. He arouses their maternal instinct and that sort of thing."

"I'll do the honors," said Dick, and he did.

The "big boy" happened to be Dudrow and the little red-headed one answered to the name of Gordie Carton. It was too early for the night-life crowd and the American youth plunged into conscientious drinking. Conversation centered about "Drinks-I-have-drunk-and-when-I-have-drunk -them." Everyone save Gordie had *Cartes du Vin* that would out-itemize the "List of Liquors and Wines," published by the Quebec Liquor Commission.

The theater exodus is a Trocadero influx. Among the patrons are all classes of the world's citizenry, from Yankee school marms to titled Britons. To the somewhat glazed eyes of the quartet the crowd was colorful; to their ears the music most harmonious; the cuisine of the cafe was perfection. Gordie alone felt a bit out of place, due to the display of finesse, gallantry and elegance his companions were making. Gordie admired them greatly and he could see that they were out-musketeering Porthos, Athos and Aramis.

A butler, with the mien of a servitor to the great, bustled about a large, circular table next to them. They observed him out of narrowed eyes and not without a bit of distaste move this glass and that nearer or farther from the silver. He braced the flower with a cup-like movement of his hands. Deft and dainty touches were bestowed upon the service.

A sliding of chairs, a suggestion of clapping and the rising of some patrons announced the entrance of the royal party. The Prince and a few ladies and gentlemen seated themselves at the large table.

Mower was the first of the surprised group to gain his composure. He meticulously lit a cigarette and easily asked the fellows not to "stare so." Conversation turned their personal acquaintances with greats and near-greats. It seemed that every one could have procured a letter of introduction to the Prince but due to one cause or another they had neglected to do so. Gordie did not contribute to this conversation. He had been quiet all evening and had allowed himself to be ignored. When the royal party had entered a change came over him. He stiffened and was under a tension. All his attention was devoted to the next table. He resented the way his companions regarded him as a nonentity and a hope of redemption in their eyes had been given him. His memory returned to his prep school days in Canada. A bulletin had been posted announcing the visit of the Governor Gen-

eral of the Dominion, Duke of Devonshire. With him were to be his two daughters.

The "Prep" took on a military aspect. Students were assigned to companies for the Duke was to be received with a rank and file quadrille. Research was carried on in etiquette—subject, The Presentation of Floral Tributes. Gordie and another of his class-mates were exempted from drill practice. The pair were clad in purple, frills, and lace, given a presentation address to memorize and the act of tendering a bouquet gracefully was drilled into them by long hours of practice. Nevertheless the appointment appealed to Gordie's sense of romantic gallantry. He imagined himself an impressive knight-errant instead of a little, freckled red-head.

The faculty and student body were assembled in the gymnasium and the noble visitors seated upon impromptu thrones; Gordie advanced with the flowers and gazing with much interest into the face of the youngest daughter of the house of Devonshire, became absorbed in its radiant personality. He posed himself for delivery and the realization that he had forgotten the address struck him. He found it impossible to recall it. Small details like the freckle on the Duchess' pretty little nose could not be ejected from his mind. Mental acrobatics revealed themselves in his strained face. Then the Duchess smiled. It was like the sun coming from behind a cloud to be concentrated by a lens and ignite the fire of knowledge. Gordie made a partial recovery and blurted out:

"I never will forget giving you these flowers." The words were saturated with sincerity. Instinct warned him not to blink lest he have salty tears coursing the talcum on his cheeks.

He heard the Duchess say, in a rich broad voice:

"Act as if nothing has happened, please. What is your name?"

He told her, and loved her for the way she had helped him.

Here she sat just a few feet away facing him! It was stunning. Gordie wondered if Duchesses could be nodded to. He wanted to walk over and tell her who he was, that he had not forgotten, and never would.

His friends still discoursed on their acquaintances with influential persons. They were all lying and Gordie knew it. If he could only be seen speaking to her, wouldn't that show the liars up? His desperation evolved into detached cynicism. Gordie was mad at himself, at his companions and at circumstances. The time was rotting ripe for the realization of his greatest secret ambition and he was powerless to climax.

He had it! He would write a note, tip his waiter to give it to that butler. What would he write? Something about being the culprit page who had forgotten his lines. No, that wouldn't do. It would be treating her like a chorus girl. He racked his brain but its producing power had been weakened by excitement. Anyhow, that white, skin-flint, butler wouldn't give her the note. To his dismay the party had finished and was about to leave. His chance was gone. Gordie thought he had caught her eye and nodded jerkily. But she returned no sign of recognition.

The Duchess took the Prince's arm. As they passed Gordie's table, she stopped, turned with a smile and said, "Mr. Carton." Gordie arose and acknowledged her salutation with a profuse bow.

Athos, Porthos, and Aramis fell back into the roles of Mower, Dudrow, and Talbott.

Drama—As She Was

JOHN W. DORGAN, '29

"BRING back the old-fashioned drama with 'The Lighthouse by the Sea.'" Leacock's words were still ringing in my ears as I closed the book. Yes, and yes again, why can't we have that old-fashioned lighthouse with the drama—pardon—the old-fashioned drama with "The Lighthouse by the Sea?" Can't you picture the grizzled old keeper fighting against tremendous odds so that the light might shine on? Can't you hear the whistling wind and howling blasts screeching past the guarding finger of safety? The wind whirls on its merry way, but on those circular stairs below—a lone voice throbs in that awful silence—"God have pity for the poor sailors on a night like this."

The staunch little *Anna C. Wilson* would pass within the hour. The lighthouse keeper's Betty was on that ship. How nobly he fought against those odds — but alas and alack—he is felled with a blow from behind and the light is extinguished (put out). At that moment a terrible knock is heard on the door. "Who ist?" cried the bandit chief. Two pistol shots and a sharp, "Dick Dare of the U. S. N.," was the only answer as the orchestra strikes up the Stars and Stripes Forever. The light is bright once again and the good ship arrives safely in port. Dick meets Betty and all is well while the good old keeper sticking his tongue in his cheek and with a sly wink over the same cheek chuckles thusly, "Well children, you take up light housekeeping and leave lighthouse keeping to Dad."

The foregoing is merely fiction but it is on the vaudeville (pronounced vodvil) stage that we really find the true gripping drama. We know that a treat is coming when we see the name "Wm. Haverstead and Co." The orchestra already played the second chorus to "Three O'Clock in the Morning" when the curtain rises.

The scene is laid in the library of George Conroy, a multi-millionaire sportsman. The grandfather clock is just striking three, on the left is the inevitable fireplace, on the right—ah—the telephone is being rung by the drummer. Baxter, Conroy's man, silently enters and answers the phone in his best voice.

"Hello—hello—the home of George Conroy, sir—ah no sir, he's not at home—yes I expect him any moment now—you'll come over and wait. All right Mr. Kimberly—and a Merry Christmas to you sir."

(Ed. note: It is always Xmas in such dramas.)

The doorbell rings. Baxter answers and returns followed by a woman.

"A Merry Christmas Mrs. Conroy—beastly weather for Christmas."

"Merry Christmas to you, Baxter—and Baxter—is Mr. Conroy in?"

"No mum, not as yet but he is due any moment now—and Mrs. Conroy—Mr. Kimberly phoned and is coming over to see Mr. Conroy concerning some papers."

"Strange that he should come over at this hour and when he knows that George hasn't much interest in such matters."

(The aforementioned grandfather clock strikes twenty-five after three to show elapse of time.) Enter Baxter with a sly looking individual with a trick mustache, spats, et all.

"Ah—Mrs. Conroy—a pleasant surprise, indeed to find you up at such a late hour. Waiting for George, I presume?"

"Yes Mr. Kimberly—waiting for George—it seems that is all I have done during the past year—waiting for George."

"Strange that a man as smart as he is in other affairs should allow such a gem as you to be cast aside."

"Oh Mr. Kimberly—I fear that you are that flatterer that I heard you were. George is very good to me, but I don't see him as much as I would like to."

"Flatterer, I may be, Mrs. Conroy, but I meant all that I have said—Mrs. Conroy—Alice—I love you."

"How dare you, Mr. Kimberly — I am

Alice only to my husband."

(Slow music emerges from the pit.)

(Enter Mr. Conroy [Wm. Haverstead] —he pauses for a split second for the applause that he expects then continues across the stage.)

"Well Kimberly, what does this mean?"

"Nothing, George, nothing—Merry Christmas, George."

"Merry Christmas, eh—Merry Christmas —a fine Christmas I would have had if I had another wife but Alice. You came to speak of bonds you said—did you mean the bonds of our holy and happy marriage?"

"Ah George, you mistake me — I only wanted to test Ali— Mrs. Conroy!"

"Kimberly—you cur—you cad—to address my wife in such a manner—take that (he [George] deals a blow on the home-breaker's cheek.) Leave my home immediately and never return—ne-vah."

(The clock ticks away two full minutes.)

"Alice—you were splendid."

"George — you were wonderful — and George—won't you be home more this next year?"

"Home—Alice I won't be home for two months—beginning tomorrow."

"Christmas day."

"Christmas day, Allie— and I wont be home because we're going to Niagara Falls on our second honeymoon and then to Europe for the races."

"George."

"Allie."

Curtain.

A tear has just hit the floor and the audience bursts into applause. Wm. Haverstead answers the last three calls personally, then he thanks them and tells of their generosity in former years, also his deep regard for their town—finally he tells of his nativity on Fourth Street where the new hotel now stands. Applause breaks his curtain talk into fragments but he walks off the stage fully convinced of his own powers.

As he was striding off the stage he looked so much like the hero of the late eighty's. Ah, can we ever forget the good old mortgage plays of years ago? Can't you visualize in your mind the wayward son bursting over the threshold with enough—enough to pay off the mortgage? Can't you hear Thomas Rufus plead with the Delegate to Hell as the furniture is being thrown out into the street because he didn't have enough to pay for Willie's casket? Can't you picture the pale-faced girl standing beside handsome Jack Saunders, the gambler, pleading, begging him to send the 'cheehild' to school? Those were the scenes that touched our hearts — those were the days when a dry eye was a sensation. Who could stand to hear the good husband say, "All right, S. Behrmann, I guess you win—but Nellie and the kiddies must never know," without a tear forcing its way to the orb of sight?

Do you see that rotary light that flashes past our eye? That guiding finger of light, that Custodian of Ships, that guiding finger of light, that flash in the dark, that guiding finger—well anyway the lighthouse is back with us once again. The waves are sweeping over the protecting rocky crags, the wind is whistling past the windows, rain beats against the glass, a flash of lightning, a roar of lightning (thunder) ah—that is drama—drama with a kick. Don't let it die a natural death—revive it. Please —please bring back that old-fashioned drama with the "Lighthouse by the Sea."

Number Two Hundred and One

JACK MULLEN, '28.

HAROLD PERCE walked slowly amid the jostling crowd on Madison Street. He had lived in Chicago nearly all of his life, yet every time he returned to the city, on his brief vacations from college, it surprised him. It was even more terrible than he had thought. Everything around him seemed bent on death-dealing. Automobiles swarmed over the streets, narrowly missing pedestrians. Lumbering motor busses did not attempt to dodge the people; the people had to dodge the busses, or be crushed beneath the wheels. Even the crowd seemed careless of life. Twice since leaving the train, he had nearly been pushed in front of motor cars.

The city oppressed him. Worse than everything—worse than the potential death he saw on every side, worse than the dirt, the blatant sign-boards, the many squat, ugly people—worse than all of these was the terrific noise that came from every side. The deep rumble of bus and truck motors; the clatter of street-car wheels and the clangor of their bells; the roar of automobile horns; and above all, the chilling shriek of elevated trains turning sharp curves, were enough, he thought, to madden anyone. Perhaps all the people were mad. They looked strange enough, these queer, silent ones, who dashed about as if the universe had but another moment to live.

Suddenly, he laughed. He had been reading too many sensational news stories about Chicago, he decided. After all, the old town had not changed; his imagination had. He pondered upon the city as he waited at a street corner for the signal-light to flash in his favor. The green light appeared and, still thinking of the city, he stepped into the street. Something big and yellow loomed up beside him. He tried to jump—too late! A blow in the side, and darkness.

People quickly gathered around the scene of the accident. In the center of the crowd a taxi stood, and just in front lay an inert body with a face terrible in its pallor. The taxi-driver did not seem greatly shaken by the fact that he had struck a pedestrian. He was explaining to some of the crowd, gesticulating in order to better make clear what had happened.

"Naw, it wasn't my fault. I was comin' along Madison Street. I waited at the corner for the sign to change, an' when it changed, I makes a right hand turn into Dearborn. This guy—" pointing to the street, but not looking that way, "this guy steps right out in front o' me. Another one of these damned jay-walkers. . . . Naw, I don't think he's hurt much."

The traffic policeman, who had called for an ambulance, elbowed his way back through the crowd to the center.

"Here, you. What's your number?"

"It doesn't make no difference. It wasn't my fault—468-930—Yeh."

"Get back there, some of you. Here, somebody help me get this guy into the drug-store. . . . Never mind; here's the ambulance."

On the edges of the crowd, various theories were suggested as to the cause of the accident, the extent of the injuries, and whether or not "the guy deserved what he got." Almost all of the homeward bound workers found time to pause for at least a moment.

"What happened?"

"Another jay-walker got knocked off, I guess."

"Killed?"

"Looks that way. Taxi-driver tearing along Madison Street made a sudden right-hand turn and struck this fellow."

"Driver's fault, I'll bet."

"Yeh; the careless bums."

"Hey, don't push. I gotta right to see, too."

"Maybe if a few more of these dreamy guys gets bumped off, they'll learn to look where they're goin'."

"What has happened? Is someone hurt?"

"No, nothing happened. A man was hit by a taxi."

"Come on; we gotta catch that five-fifteen."

"Lady, your umbrella sticks me in the ribs. Can I help it if you can't see? What am I, a leaning post? Don't I have to see, myself?"

The ambulance pushed through the crowd and stopped. Two attendants slid a stretcher and its burden into the machine, jumped in themselves, and the ambulance drove away, clanging a warning to possible future occupants.

The crowd suddenly disappeared in the passing stream of workers. It gave the accident little further thought. A few remembered that they might be the next but, they wisely decided, there was nothing to be gained by worrying over it. They would live today; tomorrow would come soon enough, and what it brought would make no difference. It was all mapped out in advance, anyway.

The next morning a small news item appeared on an inside page of the newspaper carrying the news that the total of deaths by autos had reached 201.

Lear's Friend

GEORGE KIENER, '28.

THE Fool caught my fancy from the very outset, and I remember him and am able to visualize him perhaps to better advantage than any other character of the play. In his first speech of any length he displays a keen and piercing power of observation and analysis, and states the King's folly in a few clear and clever words. He seems in this instance to be a vehicle designed by the author to state unmistakably to the audience the folly and injustice of Lear, if any have failed to appreciate it fully.

The Fool's license to say just what he thinks, and to clothe his thoughts in the arresting diction make his phrases stand out brilliantly, and what he says very often gives us the key to certain important situations. Often the Fool epitomizes, in a few sparkling words the underlying motives and significance of certain actions of the characters, and thus serves to keep the audience in familiar connection with the events.

The surpassing wisdom of some of the Fool's utterances indicates that he must be an extremely brilliant fellow, perhaps so brilliant that he is slightly unbalanced by the endless nervous activity of his tireless brain. Many of his remarks seem almost inspired, they are so apt. However, perhaps his remarks strike us with so much force and meaning because he is the only one in the play who is not held down by conventions, and who can say just exactly what he thinks whenever he feels like it.

I conceive the Fool as a young man, hardly more than a boy, of about twenty-one years of age—a very bright-eyed, pale-faced lad, with a nervous, jumpy, impulsive bearing. His attitude toward people is a sort of apologetic flippancy and irreverence, as if he wants to have his nose and sharp tongue in everyone's business, and couldn't keep them out if he tried, but, nevertheless feels a sort of shyness and inferiority that is part of his highly-tuned nature. His body is small, bony, and not at all robust or healthy. His dynamic mind, his frail nervous system is in a constant state of excitation, and gives no time for his physical development.

He is a quick little fellow and seems everywhere at once, keeping many different threads of thought and action in his mind,

and bursting forth at the most unexpected times with amazing statements and fantastic observations. He is a tireless creature with too much mind and not enough body. His mind has overstepped its normal bounds of activity and is whirling itself to death.

The more serious side of the Fool's character is shown in his great affection for Cordelia and his faithful devotion to his friend the King. There are not many instances where the Fool has a chance to perform and direct acts of devotion for Cordelia, but by his attitude throughout the play and through the comments of others we gather that he is very much attached to her. In Scene IV, Act I, a knight says to Lear, "Since my young lady's going into France, the fool hath much pined away." This gives us a very definite idea of the depth of the Fool's affection for the young princess, and rather increases our sympathy for the Fool, as he is so deeply devoted to the two most helpless characters in the play.

The Fool's real affection for Lear is shown in the scenes when he accompanies Lear through the terrors of the storm. At this time he gives very good, sensible advice to the hysterical Lear, calming the old man to some degree, and perhaps warding off the inevitable insanity for the moment. In these scenes we see that the Fool's heart is as big as his mind is active. Behind all of his actions and remarks we see some very sane reasoning and a keen regard for Lear's welfare.

After Lear has become fully mad, and wants to arraign imaginary daughters in an imaginary court, the Fool humors the old man's hallucination, tries to keep him quiet and to give him whatever small measure of joy he can. He seems always to manifest a longing to do all in his power to bring some bit of happiness and comfort to Lear, and in this effort he rises to noble heights, despite his humble position as a servant. When we have finished the play we remember this poor little fellow with his busy mind, his active body, and his overflowing heart, as one of the finest characters we have met in the play, and perhaps the most subtly pathetic of all.

PURSUIT

Because, out of the dawn I heard you call,
And calling flee into the hills,
I answered, and forgetting, followed after
Into the splendor that fulfills,
But ever seems to want for something more
The awful heights, the silence
And the wind, all seem to fill and yet to
Lack the vital resplendence
Of a bivouac where the souls of men hold
Love and warmth that never
Rests like sunlight on the hills that coldly
Stretch into the skies forever.
And in that solitude I followed a faint voice that ran
Like molten veins of gold through that part of me that's man.

—CORNELIUS SHEA, '28

Camping in the Rockies

JOHN O'NEILL, '28

QUIET had settled at last over our tired camp. The others had soon fallen asleep, but I, wooed by some new witchery in the night, tarried by the dying fire. I awaited drowsiness with a sort of dreamy indifference, knowing how much more precious than sleep are the hours of wakefulness in the outdoors at night. Every moment holds adventure: the silence is full of whispers, the darkness of mystery. At such times I love to listen breathlessly in the hushes, imagining that all nature is poised, waiting for fulfillment of some tremendous promise, some prophecy older than the world. But the awful moment never comes; nothing happens. The silence is broken by a cry from some wild creature and once more the spell is forgotten, only to recur again and again in the mystic cycle of the night.

As I sat by the fire that evening I went back in memory over all the glorious, carefree days of our camping trip, when the old Rockies had resounded to our cries and laughter. I chuckled as I recalled our first night in camp, when we could not sleep, even in the palatial shack we had denuded half a forest to build. I could see again our nondescript forms shivering around the dead fire and casting terrified glances into the shadows. But how soon we had forgotten our first blunders in the days that had followed, when every hour seemed laden with new, undreamed-of adventures! I sighed as I thought that soon our happy exile would end, for those days had been to me a part of another life, led by a second self—a freer, truer, more generous self than had worked at my familiar student's desk. Musing on these thoughts, I strolled down through the dark pines to the edge of our little lake, where tomorrow we should take our farewell swim. My eyes dimmed as I sent a little sigh of thankfulness towards the silent mountains, rising up to keep their mystic communion with the stars.

That night has come back to me often in memory, bringing the conviction that man is never so natural, so near to the Creator's design as when he plays in the outdoors. There must be something more significant than a mere figure in our belief that the first and only perfect state in this world was a garden—a woodland Paradise. Did you ever wonder at the ease with which men, when in the woods, lose their veneer of formality and distrust? It is as if, when living in these verdant remnants of Eden which the old earth has preserved, we catch an echo of that first happiness and are for a moment transformed. I have never seen a man so callous as to be untouched by the spell of the mountains. There is nothing to equal a bed of pine-boughs beneath the stars for ironing the wrinkles out of a cranky temperament. Some day I hope to see H. L. Mencken and Clarence Darrow go for a two-weeks' camping trip in the Rockies. I am willing to wager that they would, on returning, find the necessity for their sneers and thunder much less pressing than before.

I think I shall never know, until I can no longer essay the rigors of mountain climbing, what happiness I have found on my camping trips in the Rockies—what thrills of discovery and achievement—what peace under the stars, where the white-crowned monarchs forever shoulder the sky.

SPORT NEWS

Track Stars at Drake and Penn

Inspired by their fine showing in the Ohio and Kansas Relays last Saturday, Notre Dame trackmen began preparation early this week for the biggest college relay events in modern track, the Penn and Drake Relays.

Notre Dame will be represented at both of this Saturday's big meets, which are to be held at Franklin Field, Philadelphia, and Drake Stadium, Des Moines, Iowa, by crack relay and specialty teams that proved capable under fire last week.

Following his usual custom, Coach K. K. Rockne has withheld his tentative entry lists and the placing of entries in the two meets will depend largely upon form shown in practices throughout the week. It is probable that a stronger team will go to Pennsylvania, however, as this great relay carnival which is being revived for the thirty-second time, holds the attention of track enthusiasts the country over.

To break into the point list at either meet will require the greatest form that the Irish squad has shown thus far this year. It was indicated in the Kansas and Ohio Relays that the Celt spikesters could rise to the occasion if necessary and although the conditions at the Ohio meet were not perfect, the Rockne proteges came out well. Entry lists, which far surpass those of recent years, lead track experts to believe that the fight will be hard and bitter throughout. Three thousand athletes are expected to throng the athletic grounds of the University of Pennsylvania for the classic track struggle. Almost that number, perhaps twenty-five hundred, will vie for honors at the Drake Relays, the premier track carnival of the west.

Captain Paul Harrington, who tied with Emerson Norton, the Georgetown all-around star, for first place in the pole vault at the 1925 games, is again rounded into form and will probably meet Norton again to settle the rivalry. Harrington has been out since the Rice Relays, late in March, due to torn tendons but he vaulted Saturday at Columbus and, although he favored the legs some, he can go the full route Saturday it is believed.

Joe Della Maria, who opened a few eyes last Saturday, when he fought to the tape only a yard behind Roland Locke, of Nebraska, who was pushed so hard that he equalled the world's mark of :09 3-5 for the century, has been working hard all week and will probably try his skill against the cream of Eastern dashers in the Penn carnival. Frank Hussey, of Boston College, Heinie Russell, of Cornell, and Al Miller, of Harvard, will be entered in the 100 and 220 events at the Penn games.

Notre Dame relay teams will go east and west to fly the blue and gold above the cinders. The medley team, Stack, Masterson, Judge and Young, will be in good form for this Saturday as will the mile team of Stack, Coughlin and McKinney. Masterson, Collins, Judge and Stack will enter the two-mile team race. It was not known Monday just where the various relay teams would be sent but they are expected to finish in the money at either event. Bob Carey will see service in the high jump and Joe Boland will put the shot, probably at the Penn games.

In addition to the great array of college athletes that will pit their skill against each other, hundreds of schoolboy runners will battle for the blue ribbons and gold medals.

Notables of the track world will invade

Old friends like old wines are best.

□ □
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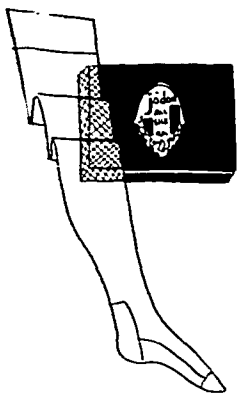

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both fields for the games. Charley Hoff, who failed to crack the outdoor pole vault record last Saturday at Kansas, will go after the mark again Saturday at Drake. John Kuck, of Kansas State Teacher's College, and Herbert Schwarze, of Wisconsin, who are contesting the shot crown so lively, will attempt to break the deadlock this week, also at Drake. Perhaps the feature event of the Drake Relays will be the special low hurdle race which will bring together the best five college hurdlers in the country. Phin Guthrie, the Ohio State captain, Chuck Werner, Illinois leader, Roland Locke, Nebraska, and Ken Grumbles and Dye, of Southern California, will run a special furlong race over the low sticks. On paper Guthrie and Grumbles appear as the leaders but Dye or Werner may make things hot.

Each meet will begin Friday when all the preliminary trials and heats are contested. Finals of the big carnivals will be held throughout Saturday and by Saturday night every record from sectional to world should have had its throne threatened.

TENNIS SCHEDULE ANNOUNCED

Frank Donovan's knights of the racket at Notre Dame have begun outdoor activities in preparation for a "bigger and better" tennis season at Notre Dame. It is expected that a fine squad will be formed this year and that the net season will in every way outclass the showings made in previous seasons.

At present five matches have been definitely arranged and several others are pending. Trips to Albion, Detroit and Loyola are among this latter class. All those desiring to answer the plaintive lay of the clay courts are advised to get in touch with Donovan. The schedule as it stands at present includes the following matches:

May 1—Ohio State at Notre Dame.
May 4.—Detroit U. at Notre Dame.
May 6—Michigan State at Lansing.
May 15—Carnegie Tech at Notre Dame.
May 18—Indiana at Notre Dame.

HOPES BLASTED

Pitching in sensational style Steve Ronay turned aside the wavering willows of the Hope College batsmen with but a single blow as the result of their afternoon's pastiming last Saturday. The score was 16 to 1 and put some faith in the hearts of the Irish rail birds that the Celtic combine will snap out of the southern slump and let the teams hereabouts know who's who.

Notre Dame took a three-run lead in the first frame when Poppen, invading hurler, passed out three free tickets to the initial sack in a row, hit Smith with a pitched ball and allowed McCleary, Parisien and Smith to romp home on a wild heave.

In the second period Notre Dame added five more tallies to their score. The opposition infield proved that it was very human and erred with startling regularity. In this inning the Blue and Gold batsmen pounded out four clean hits.

The sixth resembled a bit of batting practice as the Irish clouted the sphere to all parts of the field. As a reward for their zest in crashing the ball, eight runners crossed the plate.

Parisien celebrated his debut into local horsehide circles by lifting out a homer in this setto. Other clouts that travelled to the far parts for more than one station tickets were urged off the bats of Sullivan, Pearson and Quinn. Sullivan advanced to third on his while the other two were doubles.

Roney whiffed eight men in his sojourn at the turret while his contemporaries had to be content with but two strike-outs.

Summary:

Hope College	000 010 000— 1
Notre Dame	350 008 00x—16

Batteries: Poppen, Albers and Van Dam. Ronay and Silver.

Umpire: Connely.

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GOLF OPENS TOMORROW

After chasing the delusive prairie marble, as a matter of course, over territory sufficiently green to harbor nine holes, five golf hounds were selected to represent the Blue and Gold in Notre Dame's tilt with Northwestern University tomorrow afternoon at Chain O' Lakes. Tomorrow's game will be the initial contest of the outfit and will be followed by three more meets on the local course with one at Milwaukee and another at Madison, Wisconsin. The following men qualified for positions on the squad: Bulger, captain, Totten, Adams, Shouse and Hulerich. Rucklehaus will join the squad at the close of the spring football season.

Golf schedule:

April 24—Northwestern. Here.
May 8—Loyola. Here.
May 15—Indiana. Here.
May 22—Armour Tech. Here.
May 28—Marquette. There.
May 29—Wisconsin. Madison.

TWO-MILE RELAY WINS

Alas! Alas! Notre Dame is surely losing its alleged he-man atmosphere. During the past week four N. D. men cast aside a vestige of masculinity, i. e. laid their Ingersolls and Elgins aside, and donned wrist watches. In refuting the charges that they have become cake-eaters the wearers of the timepieces contend that the watches are tokens of their athletic ability awarded them last week at the Ohio relays, where as members of a two-mile team they copped that event in the face of strong competition. The team was composed of Charley Judge, Frank Masterson, Dick Collins and Jimmie Stack. They negotiated the distance in eight minutes and thirteen seconds, nosing out their ancient rival in relay events, Iowa.

At the same meet the mile team composed of Lahey, Coughlin, Stack and McDonald, were not favored with position on the track and consequently did not break into the scoring column, hence the members will have to be content with their old "turnips." Captain Paul Harrington vaulted for the first time since receiving his injuries in Texas, and he and his teammate Tom Bov shared equal honors for second place in the

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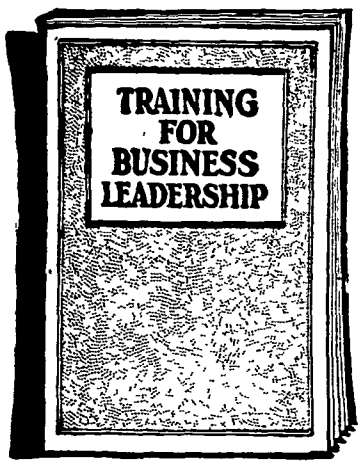

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pole vault. Harrington showed excellent form but did not force himself for fear of renewing his injuries.

At Kansas a medley team composed of Della Maria, Nulty, Dolmage and McGauley did not score a place. Locke, of Nebraska, tied the world's record in the century when he barely nosed out Joe Della Maria, Notre Dame's entry in that event.

FROSH BASEBALLERS OUT

For the first time in her athletic history Notre Dame will be represented by a freshman nine this year. Eighty-five candidates reported to Coach Roger Nolan two weeks ago for the initial workout of the season, and from this goodly array of talent Coach Roger expects to draw a first class combination in a week or so. In determining just who's who among his candidates Rog has applied the pruning knife several times already and before long the original squad will have been reduced to approximately 22 performers who will constitute the permanent freshman diamond aggregation.

After this last cut the team will elect a captain, and in all probability engage in several tilts with Valparaiso University, Kalamazoo Normal, Battle Creek College ,and others. However, these games have not been definitely scheduled as yet.

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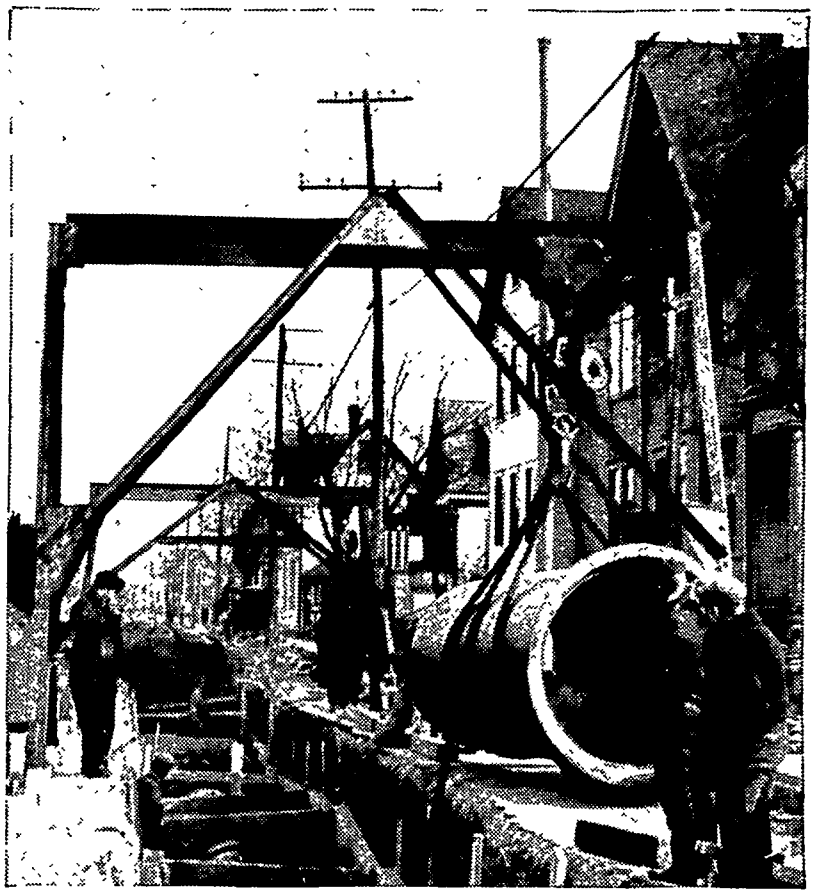
GOES TO PENN

The announcement that Captain Paul Harrington who shattered the intercollegiate indoor pole vault mark may go to the Penn games has caused quite a bit of interest. Harrington was injured in the Texas Relays and since that time has been out of the sport. At the Ohio Relays last Saturday he made his first appearance since the accident. While off form he tied at twelve feet, for second in this meet.

Last year as a junior Harrington was the Notre Dame entrant at the Penn carnival and managed to tie for first honors. Since that time backers have been anxious to see what the lanky Irishman could do this season. Hopes that soared as he mounted higher and higher during the indoor season were shattered when news that he was hurt made it seem that the leaper could not compete further this year. Eyes will be turned upon him if he competes at Penn to see whether or not he can "come back."



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The photograph above shows a section of pipe being lowered into the ditch in the process of laying it.

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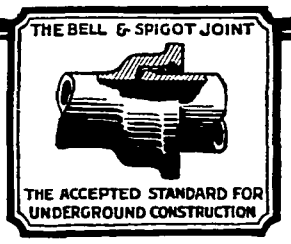

Send for booklet, "Cast Iron Pipe for Industrial Service," showing interesting installations to meet special problems

WALSH WINS FOR IRISH

Turning back fifteen Western Normal batsmen via the strike-out route, Young Ed Walsh won his first college game here Wednesday as Notre Dame nosed out Western 4 to 3 in a hard fought diamond tussle. The teachers from the north came down with a mighty fine ball club and from the start to the finish it was a good game.

Notre Dame took a first inning lead when Parisien went to second on a fly, advanced to third on a sacrifice by Crowley and romped home on Sullivan's drive through the second base territory. Silver pounded out a hard double in the next frame and scored. The Irish counting for the afternoon was completed when Sullivan and Silver dented the rubber in the fourth.

Johnson opened the hitting for the invaders in the fifth and clouted out one far over the left field barrier that was good for a four station non-stop trip. Richter tallied for the visitors in the next bracket and the teacher's scoring was completed when Misner crossed the plate in the seventh.

Things looked mighty dangerous for the Celts in the ninth but a fly to center collected by Parisien, a strikeout and a high fly gathered in by Silver marked the demise of Western hopes.

Lineups and summary:

Notre Dame (4)	AB	R	H	P	A
Parisien, lf	2	0	0	2	0
Crowley, cf	2	0	0	2	0
Sullivan, 2b.	3	1	1	2	3
Smith, rf	4	0	0	0	0
Silver, c	4	2	2	17	2
McCleary, ss.	4	0	1	0	4
Moore, 3b.	4	0	2	0	1
Quinn, 1b.	3	0	1	6	0
Walsh, p	3	0	0	0	2
Pearson, 3b					
*Farrell	1	0	0	0	0
Totals	32	4	8	27	12

West. Normal (3)	AB	R	H	P	A
Righter, ss	4	1	0	2	4
Covington, 2b	4	0	0	0	5
Shrump, 1b	4	0	1	14	0
Johnson, rf	4	1	1	1	0
Nestor, cf	4	0	0	2	0
Mesner, 3b	4	0	0	1	0
Graham, rf	4	0	1	0	0
Wilson, c	4	0	1	1	1
Ruse, p	1	0	0	0	1
Hagen, p	2	0	0	3	1
Totals	35	3	4	24	12

*Hit for Quinn in eighth.

Score by innings:

W. Normal 0 0 0 0 1 1 1 0 0—3
Notre Dame 1 1 0 2 0 0 0 0 0—4

Errors: Righter, Shrump, McCleary 2, Quinn, Moore, Silver. Hits: Off Walsh, 4; Ruse, 2; Hagen, 6. Struck out: By Walsh, 15; Hager, 2. Bases on balls: off Hagen, 3; off Walsh, 1. Stolen bases: Crowley, Covington. Home run: Johnson. Three-base hit: Silver. Two-base hit: Silver. Umpire, Con Daily.

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THE SAFETY VALVE

DEAR E. S. B.: Well, last Saturday, after turning such Gaelic subtleties as "Fág an cú ag an doras" into such refined English as, "Leave the grayhound at the door," we decided to walk over to Cartier Field where the Fighting Irish and M. Parisien were discussing the League of Nations with Hope College of Holland of the state of Michigan. The wind blew cold from the north, as they say, and the Headmaster of Badin and the Headmaster of Walsh were among the spectators and looked every bit as icy as they felt. Badin opened the proceedings.

Badin.—The Safety Valve! Ha, *ha!* How do you get away with it? Such drivel! They'll get you yet. My word, they'll get you yet.

T. D.—Well, you read it anyhow. That's something.

Badin.—Who reads it? Nobody reads it. It's dead from the neck up.

Walsh.—Never mind. Every knock's a boost. Look at Walsh. Everybody knocks Walsh. Why? Because we produce.

Badin.—Ha, *ha!* Oh, boy!

Walsh.—Well, when it comes to interhall athletics we play the inside baseball.

Badin.—You play inside baseball? I'll say you play inside baseball. Ha, *ha!*

Walsh.—Well, don't I give them the inside game?

Badin.—I'll say you do! *Oh,* boy! All inside. All the time. Nobody sees it. It's locked up. I'll say it's locked up. [Mr. Parisien knocks hom run through left fielder's legs.]

Student Admirer.—The lucky stiff!

Professor of Logic.—[Just arrived.] What's the score?

Physical Culture.—There's the scoreboard over on the fence. That's why it's there. [Mr. McCleary tags runner out at second. Runner at second reaches third.]

Student Critic.—Why didn't he throw it to third? Why didn't he throw it to third? He should ov throwed it to third.

Professor of Logic.—Who's the grammarian?

Physical Culture.—A Pre-Law.

Professor of Logic.—[Comprehendingly] Ah.

Hope College Right Fielder.—[Bases full. None out.] Show 'um the ol' stuff, Tom, boy. Show 'um the old stuff. Let's make it one, two, three.

Professor of Logic.—That man is an optimist.

Badin.—[Looking severely at T. D.] What I can't understand is how some people can get there, and get away with it. But they do. I'll say they do. [Significantly] But they'll get you yet.

T. D.—Well, we'll have to see how many inches the lake has taken on. There's no Hope left.

Badin.—Ha, *ha!* Some wit. Some choice morsel. But it's all right. You get away with it. I must say you do get away with it. But they'll get you yet. I suppose you'll regale us with some more wit in next week's current output. Ha, *ha!*

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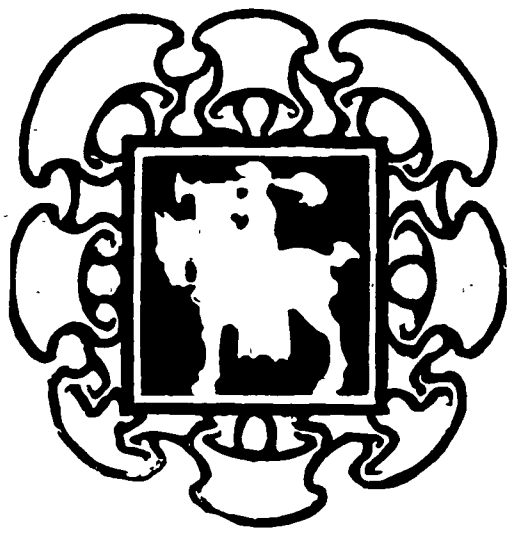

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