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A Literary—News Weekly

VOL. LIX.

OCTOBER 8, 1926.

No. 3.

Beginning

THE COLLEGE PARADE

John T. Cullinan

Success

John George Riordan

The Farewell of Cuculain and Emer

Sister M. Blanche, O. S. D.

Splinters From The Press Box

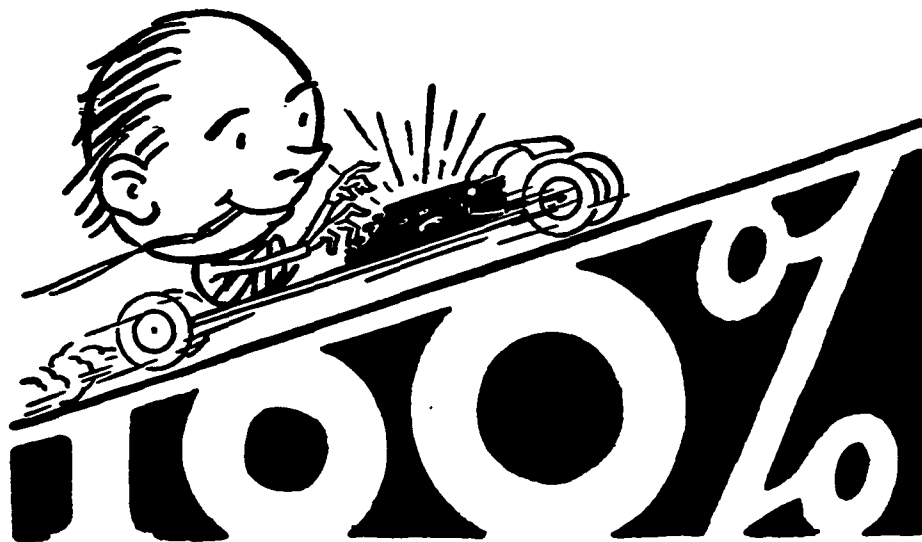
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Campus Comment

EDITOR, THE SCHOLASTIC,

DEAR SIR:

With the exception of last year, it has always been the custom here to set aside a week in which every man said "hello" to each and every man he accosted. Introduction was not necessary. And when the old fellows said "hello" they didn't mutter it, or say it in sort of a painful tone—not on your life. They would walk right up to you and bark out a welcome that made the freshman at home and made the sophomore feel ashamed of himself.

There is a decided lack of familiarity on the campus this year—the Juniors and Seniors still sing out a hearty "hello" to each other but this is because they were trained in the old family spirit that prevailed at Notre Dame when they were Freshmen. The sophomores seldom speak except to their own classmates and the bewildered freshmen are denied even that privilege.

The sophomore is and is not to blame for this condition. He is to blame because the majority of his classmates think freshmen are as dumb as Missouri Jacks. The first statement that the sophomore makes upon arriving on the campus is always "Lord, did you ever see such a dumb looking bunch of freshmen in your life?" And the "wise fool" is not to blame because it is human nature for a man, when in his second year of college, whether it be commercial or a University, to look down upon the yearlings. The freshman being scorned in his attempts to start conversation is now afraid to speak because he fears that he will get only a frown of disapproval from the upperclassman.

Let's have old times. Let's get together and every time we meet a fellow, whether he is wearing a monogram, or a numeral, or a high school sweater inside out, whether he looks dumb or brilliant, cocky or docile, let's walk right up to him and holler "HELLO." This is hello week—let's make it real.



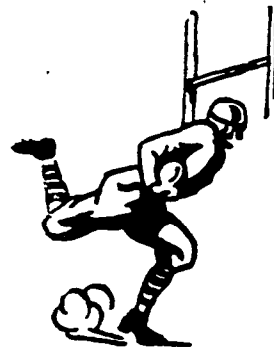
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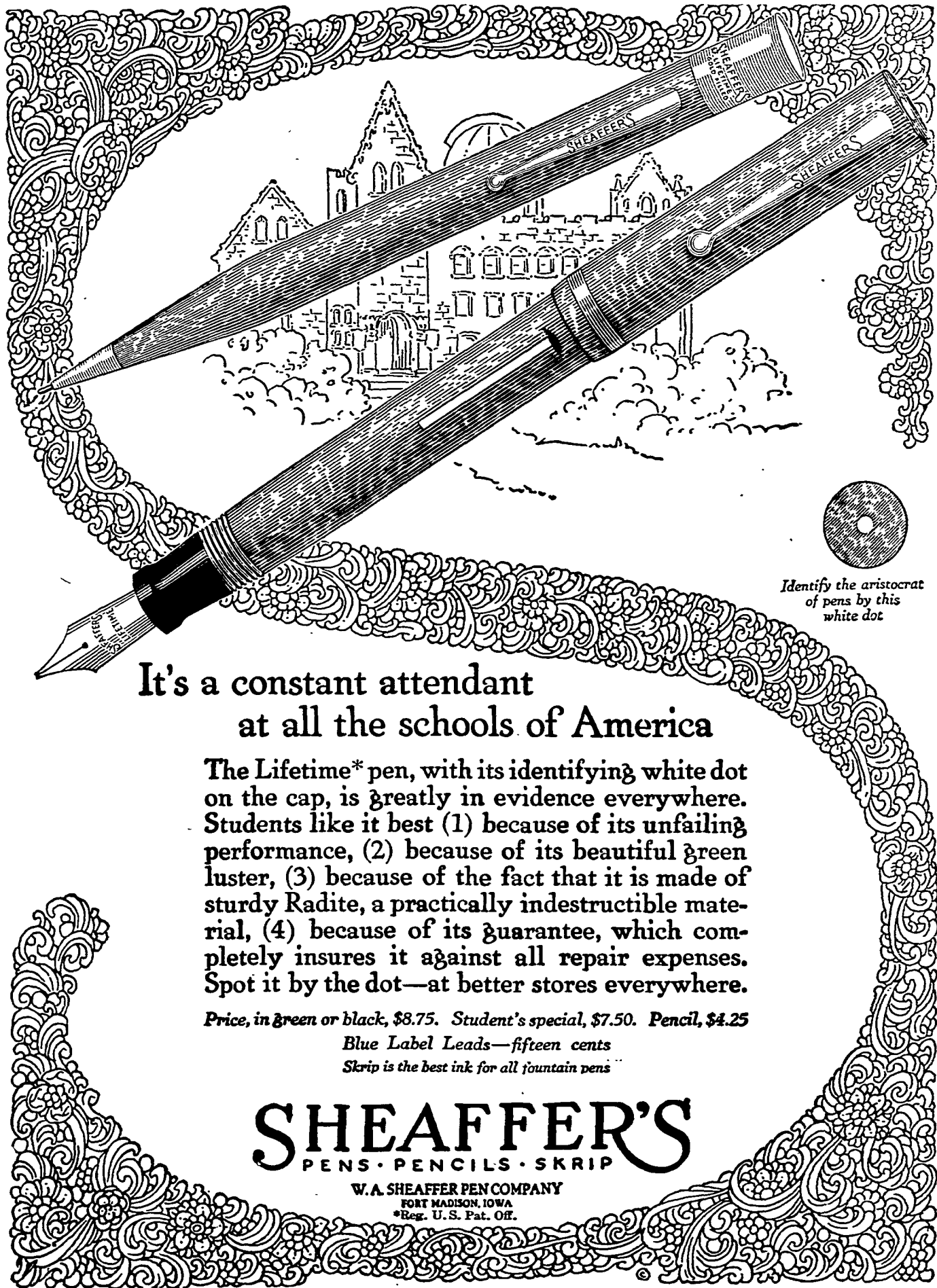
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The Advertisers in Notre Dame Publications Deserve the Patronage of All Notre Dame Men



OUR LADY AND THE CROSS



THE WEEK

The seniors are beginning to show their class. Hennessy presided at the first meeting of the year and even this early the ball has started to roll and gather moss at the same time. The last year men decided that cap and gown pictures carried more dignity in their *Dome* representations and so it will be. Marc Fiehrer and his lawyers have been raising canes on the campus and the walls of the law building have been rebounding the speeches of ambitious legislators.

If campus life is a gamble then clubs are trumps this week. John Brennan's Rochester club started off with the gun and are heading straight for the mark. Bob Henness has enlivened the already active Engineer's club with an initiation of the first year men in the gym. The California club cheered for Abbott and he is to lead the golden gate men in their attempt to forget Indiana weather. Loads of others met and elected officers and plan an active year.

Down in the K. of C. Chambers the Russell studio with Ruddy adjusting the spotlight is again asking the seniors to look pleasant please. The caps and gowns are donned for the first time and the printed proof of graduation is made. Ruddy will be here until the middle of next week so step right up seniors.

Father Cavanaugh addressed the Scribblers Monday night in a delightfully informal manner. He talked of some of the faces the campus has known and gave an excellent picture of the personality of Father Sorin. Why can't the entire student body hear him sometime? Not satisfied with what talking can produce, the Wranglers are planning inter-hall debates this year. Of course there will be only one difference this year, the fact that judges will preside.

Among the more interesting things was

the team's appearance against Beloit last Saturday. There were enough back field men out to make any track coach jealous and they traveled as fast and often as a campus rumor. Number thirty-three has always been a lucky number as long as Rock has carried that many men on his away-from-home games; but Flanagan with that number has started out to travel in a more spectacular fashion than ever before. Dutch Bergman, a former Fighting Irishman, was out this week to look the squad over before their trip to Minnesota. Dutch played the year before the Four Horsemen became nationally famous and he was far from a colt himself.

The Penn State tickets lured many students to the gym and we hasten to sympathize with the fellow who said that the Notre Dame line would be weak. Certainly even the less athletic of the students get enough practical experience in line to attain perfection in this present day necessary art.

Inter-hall football schedules are out and so are the candidates. Father Hagerty is taking advantage of having the largest hall on the campus by getting an early start. He explains, however, that over half of his hall are sophomores so that evens things up a bit.

Appearances show that the lumber jack sweaters that the men have been wearing for several years now are really going to come in handy. If the forest in front of the gold coast continues its phenomenal growth the dull winter season can be turned into a logging season and the St. Joe river will again be afloat with the wood of Indiana.

There was some talk of the Blue Circle running the grid-graph for the game Saturday but the latest news when we go to press is to the effect that Dan Cunningham is still searching for the whereabouts of the board.

—W. H. L.

NOTRE DAME MUSICIANS PLAY BEFORE ROYALTY

Notre Dame musicians and others interested in our musical organizations will be glad to read this letter to Father Walsh from Mr. Ogden H. Hammond, Ambassador of the United States to Spain:

San Sebastian, Spain,
September 10th, 1926.

Dear Father Walsh:

I had occasion to entertain the Royal Family at tea on Wednesday afternoon, September 10. The orchestra of Notre Dame University very kindly offered to play for the Queen. I want to congratulate you on such a representative lot of fine young Americans. They played beautifully and the Queen personally expressed to Mr. Denny, the leader, her appreciation of their courteous act.

It gives me great pleasure to write you and to let you know what a success the boys have been here.

Sincerely yours,
(Signed) Ogden H. Hammond.

GOPHER CAPTAIN SAYS MINNESOTA WILL FIGHT

"We are going to give you a hard-fought game and beat you if we can," said Roger Wheeler, Captain of the Minnesota Gophers, in a statement issued Wednesday through Kenneth Mann, football manager at Minnesota, to the SCHOLASTIC. Wheeler said in full:

"Minnesota and Notre Dame have been rivals for a number of years, competing in hockey, basketball, and baseball at various times. The opening of football relations in 1925 was a source of pleasure to most Minnesota Irishmen. The game was one of the most spectacular contests of the year, all types of football being displayed. Minnesota lost to a brainy team which took advantage of all the breaks and played them for all they were worth. Without minimizing your victory in the least, let me assure you that this year we are going to give you a hard fought game and beat you if we can."

NOTRE DAME-MINNESOTA GAME ATTRACTS MIDDLE WEST INTEREST

Facing one of the toughest assignments of the current football season, thirty-five Notre Dame gridmen, under the management of Coaches Knute K. Rockne and Thomas Mills, left South Bend Thursday afternoon for Minneapolis where on Saturday they will meet the University of Minnesota team in Memorial Stadium.

Confidence that the Rockmen will emerge victorious in Saturday's game was expressed in many quarters although it is generally agreed that the contest will be one of the hardest on the Irish schedule. Coming so early in the season and with such a powerful team, the game will prove an acid test, it is said.

Middle western football fans have lifted their eyes temporarily from other games which will be played this week and are watching intently the outcome of the Gopher-Irish struggle.

Betting on the game is quoted at even. Minnesota, one of the outstanding teams in the Western Conference, bases faith in a young team which now has the benefit of a year's experience. Notre Dame, also strengthened by a year of such competition, can boast of a fast and clever eleven, the experts agree.

Walter Eckersall, football expert of the *Chicago Tribune*, says that Saturday's contest will see two teams of able veterans, combating one another with almost the same type of play. Both the Gopher and Irish machines specialize in end run and pass attacks.

More than 50,000 people are expected to jam the Minnesota stadium for the game.

OLD GRADS VISIT CAMPUS

Kiethen Roche, '26, on his way to Rome to enter the American college.

Charles Wood, '26, of Toledo, Ohio, on his way to California.

John P. Hurley, '25, of Toledo, Ohio.

Al. Meyers, '26, of Le Grande, Oregon, on his way to New York to continue his vocal studies.

WRANGLERS PLAN INTER-HALL DEBATES

Plans for the organization and maintenance of an inter-hall debating league were formulated at the Wranglers Club meeting Tuesday night. It is the contention of the Wranglers that every man on the campus should have an opportunity to develop whatever talent of an oratorical nature he might possess.

A committee of the whole was selected to be composed of Joseph P. McNamara, William F. Craig and Pierce O'Connor. It has been planned to start the first league in Freshman circles and it is believed that a wealth of material for the varsity debating team will be discovered in the heat of inter-hall competition.

Men were assigned halls to coach in conjunction with the rectors, as follows: Carroll, O'Connor and Stenius; Brownson: Williams and Coyne; Howard: Dailey and McNamara; Freshman: Craig and Griffin; Off-Campus: Roy and Goldberg; Moreau Seminary: Lavery.

The subject for debate among the inter-hall teams will read as follows: "Resolved, That Government Ownership and Operation of Coal Mines Should be Adopted." All those interested should hand their names to their rectors.

PEORIA CLUB ORGANIZED

The Peoria Club of Notre Dame was organized at a meeting held in the La Salle Hotel Sunday afternoon. The club plans to take its place upon the campus among the other city and state clubs. Its members have decided to meet every two weeks and it has also been decided to give a dance in Peoria during the Christmas holidays. V. Don O'Neara was chosen president; Joseph Langton, vice president and Duane Welton, treasurer of the new organization. The members are: John Rider, Richard Grimm, Henry Pratt, Vasco Bonjean, Duane Welton, Arthur Fulton, V. Don O'Meara, John Wendland, Albert Gury, John McCarthy and Joseph Langton.

A HALF A CENTURY BACK BY ROBERT WARD

(From Scholastic Files)

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY AT ST. MARY'S

Washington's birthday, the twenty-second, was distinguished by a feast in the refectory at five o'clock P. M. and a dance in the recreation room commencing at about seven and engaging the young ladies in the graceful pastime till about half past ten o'clock.
February 29, 1868.

FATHER SORIN ARRIVES IN FRANCE

Very Rev. Father E. Sorin, our beloved Provincial, has safely reached the shores of the Old World and sends due notice of it to all his friends. We learn from the Very Rev. Father that he had a very pleasant trip on the Australasian, and, moreover, that the steamers going to Europe are so crowded this year that no traveller need look for much comfort on board; all the berths are secured a month in advance.

June 20, 1868.

Those members of the faculty who reside in South Bend are delighted with their drives each morning over the frozen ground. There is no danger of their being troubled with dyspepsia for the jolting they get is something terrible to behold. The average lift from the seat at each step of the horse is two feet. They expect to go a little higher the next freeze.

November 25, 1876.

N. D. MEN STUDY FOR PRIESTHOOD

Keithan Roache, of the class of '26, stopped off at Notre Dame a few days ago enroute to Rome where he will take up the study of theology at the American College for the Diocese of Peoria. Two other members of the same class are preparing themselves for this vocation in American Seminaries. "Bernie" Coughlin, one of last year's star track men, is studying at St. Paul's Seminary at St. Paul, Minnesota, while Joe Tommey is pursuing his studies at St. Bernard's in Rochester, New York.

SOPHOMORE COTILLON

It has been officially announced that the Sophomore Cotillion will be held on the fifth of November. The arrangements are as yet undecided. The following will constitute the committee:

William H. Krieg, general chairman.

Ticket Committee: Frank Mooney, chairman; Clements, Butler, Stanton, Burns, Abbott, McLaughlin, Sebasta, Diebold, Booz.

Programs: Joe Radigan, chairman; J. Rourke, Wm. O'Connor.

Music: C. Reitz, chairman; T. Labeledz, E. Lowth, D. Daugherty.

Decorations: C. Colton, chairman; Moore, Laughran.

Hall: T. Markey, chairman; McIniny, Newbold.

Publicity, F. Doan, chairman; P. McElroy, Wm. F. Craig.

SENIOR CLASS MEETS

The Senior Class held its first meeting of the year on Monday, October 4, at 12:30 p. m. in the north room of the Library. Announcement was made that Seniors were to receive their tickets for the home football games on Tuesday, at the gym. Senior section is in the East stands, between the 50 and 35 yard lines. An extra ticket can be obtained by each Senior desiring one.

Caps and gowns will be worn by Seniors when having their *Dome* pictures taken. A hearty discussion preceeded the decision, many men favoring the use of Tuxedos instead of caps and gowns. Bill Coyne, Senior representative of the *Dome*, gave a short talk in which he encouraged prompt sitting for these pictures. The photographer will be in Walsh Hall basement beginning Oct. 5.

Bart Favero, Class Treasurer, made a report on the financial condition of the Class. A vote of thanks was given to the Class officers of last year for their liberal bequest to this year's executives. President Dick Hennessy appointed committees to take charge of the Senior Football Dance which will be given on a date to be set by the S. A. C.


Campus Opinion

QUESTION: *What subject would you like to see featured articles written upon in the SCHOLASTIC?*

THOMAS F. BYRNE, '27, (Badin Hall)

I would like to read the history of the Dome. Notre Dame smiles on her sons from its heights, and many of her foremost traditions have been founded beneath the Dome.

JOHN MCGINTY, '30, (Howard Hall)

I would like to see a featured article on how "pers" got such a hold on the students of Notre Dame, and where the "idea" originated.

ADRIAN LOPEZ, '28, (Morrissey Hall)

I would like to see a featured article of some of the old traditions of Notre Dame, such as "burning the street car," "Michigan goalpost," "Gipp's last game."

JACK GRUNING, '27, (Badin Hall)

Write on a subject that is lofty—the bells of Notre Dame—not belles.

K. OF C. ELECTION

The Knights of Columbus held their meeting of the year in the Council's Chambers in Walsh Hall Tuesday evening, Oct. 4, 1926. At this meeting officers were elected for the coming year. Robert Irminger, '27, who has been the Financial Secretary for the past year was unanimously elected Grand Knight. Arthur Bidwell, '26, past Grand Knight, conducted the meeting. For the remaining offices the following men were elected:

Deputy Grand Knight, Herbert Jones, '27; Chancellor, Thomas O'Connor, '27; Financial Secretary, Edward McKewen, '29; Recorder, Arthur Zimmerman, '28; Treasurer, Joseph Lenihan, '29; Lecturer, Howard O. Phalin, '28; Advocate, Clarence Ruddy, '27; Warden, John McManmon, '27; Guards, Edward F. Burke, '27; Don Wilkins, '27; George Sargus, '28; Chaplain, Fr. Gallagher.

Refreshments were served at the close of the meeting. The next meeting will be held Tuesday, Oct. 12, 1926.

LIBRARY POPULAR RETREAT

Because many of the professors have a decided tendency towards assigning duties in books which as yet remain unpurchased, we journeyed to the library one day last week. That we were not alone in our plight was evidenced by the crowds of students who filled the reference rooms and packed around the main desk and catalogues.

Many of the freshmen are beginning to realize that the grey stone building, situated near Howard and the cafe, is not merely an adornment to the campus, but has some real, practical, value. The circulation at the library reached nearly 1500 last week, and the librarian assures us that the total will mount much higher before many days have passed.

The most popular book of the week remains a mystery as yet, although Belloc and Chesterton were the most popular authors, their works being much in demand by the student body. Nearly 80 per cent of the books called for were of that class of literature known as non-fiction. History led the circulation list.

The librarian, each month, intends to publish William Lyon Phelps' list of the best books of recent release. This, we believe, will be a distinct feature as it will serve to guide the student body in its selection of modern literature. Without this aid it would be well nigh impossible to choose the best of the books which daily are deluged upon the market.

THE BEST NEW BOOKS

Fiction

- Spanish Bayonet—Stephen V. Benet.
The Golden Dancer—Cyril Hume.
The Love Nest—Ring Lardner.
The Professor's House—Willa Cather.

Biography

- Our Times, The Turn of the Century
—Mark Sullivan.
Abraham Lincoln—Carl Sandburg.
A Lifetime with Mark Twain
—Mary Lawton.

Religion

- The Everlasting Man—G. K. Chesterton.

A LIVE CLEVELAND CLUB

One of the most original and successful ideas for keeping present, prospective and past Notre Dame men together, was launched, guided and brought into port successfully in Cleveland during the past summer. The Cleveland Club of Notre Dame held three highly popular and eminently successful parties, and proved that the Notre Dame men of Cleveland will stick together when given the opportunity.

On June 20 the Notre Dame Outing took place at the Mentor Headlands' Country Club. Supper was served following an afternoon of swimming, golf, bridge or what have you. Dancing continued until almost the wee sma' hours. This party broke the ice and proved to the fellows the value of the get-together idea. Gloriously verdant, prospective Freshman and dignified alumni combined to give the future and past aspects to the gathering. The "fellows" were present.

Next, at Cleveland's unique Summer Night Club, Blossom Heath, the N. D. boys gathered on the evening of July 7 for their Frolic. This party was well attended, and the sentiment for a final big Mid-Summer affair was expressed by nearly everyone.

The get-togethers closed with the Mid-Summer Party at the Willowick Shore Club on August 4. Mr. Sonnhalter is to be given particular praise for his efforts which made this a real party. Sixty-four couples were at Willowick, many alumni, showing that the Cleveland Club's experiment in keeping the fellows, not forgetting the fair ones, together during the Summer met with greatest reward at the last.

The committee in charge of entertainment was comprised of Chairman Joseph Sweeny, Clayton Leroux, John Sonnhalter, John Butler, William O'Neill, Martin Rini and Harold Ruppel. Special thanks are due Mr. Leroux for his efficient handling of the chairmanship during Mr. Sweeny's absence.

—G. A. K.

Campus Clubs—Your secretaries are helping us and publicising you. Thank you!

STUDENTS IN HOSPITAL

A number of football players hibernated for a short time at St. Joseph's hospital following the Beloit game last Saturday. Charley Riley was recovering from a serious infection which started in his heel and began to spread rapidly.

Joe Maxwell had a slight infection in his knee.

Jimmy Quinn had an infected arm, and John Hogan was being treated for a badly sprained arm, received in the Beloit game.

Joe Ready is suffering from a bad infection in his wrist. He was taken to Chicago for treatment.

BOOK REVIEWS

"Revelation in the Light of History and Experience," By Herman Mackensen. 208 pp. Boston, The Stratford Company. \$2.00.

In this study of the religion of Israel, the author's findings may be summed up in two sentences: (1) On the basis of facts but one conclusion is logically possible: Either this religion is the result of revelation; or else there is no personal God, religion is an abnormality and the social problem is doomed to remain forever unsolved.

(2) Rejection of this religion is impossible without thereby choosing what is morally wrong; the question of revelation cannot, therefore, be answered on purely intellectual grounds, but is fundamentally, a moral issue: only by experiencing revelation in a "new birth" can the individual know it as a fact.

* * *

"The Development and Present Status of Education in the Philippine Islands," By Rev. Vincent R. Catapang. 137 pp. The Stratford Co. \$2.00.

This book shows that the Filipinos were not a barbarian race, nor lacked culture and a certain degree of education before the coming of the Spaniards; that most of the people knew how to write and read their native tongue, and that when the Americans came the Filipinos had already attained a higher degree of culture and civilization

akin to those of the western countries.

The author, Rev. Catapang, M. A., Ph.D. Ped.D., is a former professor of this University and is now instructing at the U. of De Paul.

These books are now in the possession of Fr. Hudson. —J. L. B.

PROF. MANION'S BOOK APPEARS

The latest book to appear from the pen of a member of the Notre Dame faculty was received on the campus Tuesday of this week. It is Prof. Clarence Manion's history of the United States, on which he has been working steadily the past two years, and the publication of which has been eagerly looked forward to in educational circles.

Called, appropriately and simply, "American History," Prof. Manion's book makes a most attractive appearance. The well known publishing house of Alyn and Bacon, Boston, has done a handsome piece of bookmaking in this volume. The cover bears a striking reproduction, in the wood-cut manner, of Faneuil Hall; the back bears an equally fitting design of Liberty Bell.

Besides its attractive binding, Prof. Manion's book is profusely illustrated, its numerous half-tone engravings being a distinct departure from the ordinary run of history books. Altogether, this latest addition to the rapidly growing list of Notre Dame books is, even in its externals, a credit to the scholarship and enterprise of its author.

Earl Wilkinson, '30, of Brownson Hall has returned to his home in Hales Corners, Wis., because of ill health. He hopes to return to Notre Dame next semester should his condition improve.

Mr. Henry C. Staunton, M.A., has been added to the College of Arts and Letters, in the capacity of an English professor. Prof. Staunton is a graduate of Columbia University, from which he also holds his master's degree. He taught at Columbia university while preparing for a Fellowship, and later was a professor in a New York High school.

GOPHERS LOOK STRONG

Written for The SCHOLASTIC By T. E. Steward,
Director, News Service, Minnesota University.

Minnesota will entertain the Notre Dame football team today in the second of a series of three games between these famous institutions. Both teams will be, to a great extent, the ones that met last year when the South Bend eleven won a 19 to 7 victory, but it is to be presumed that both will be stronger.

Minnesota will be somewhat stronger in all departments, line, ends and backfield. This year Dr. Spears has developed three sets of backs and will be able to throw substitutes into the lineup almost as fast as the thoughtful Rockne did a year ago. There are also substitute linemen in plenty and a couple of first class new ends, though Wheeler and Tuttle still have the call on first string wing posts.

Barnhart, Peplaw, Nydahl, Geer, O'Brien, Arendsee, Walsh, Matchan, Gordon, Riddell and Almquist are the group of backs on whom Dr. Spears is depending for victory against the Irish. Most of them are lettermen, only Riddell, Geer and Barnhart being sophomores. Matchan, a substitute fullback, holds the honor of being one of three seniors on the team, others being Mulvey, substitute center, and Capt. Roger Wheeler, right end.

Walsh, now a back, played at guard against Notre Dame a year ago. Gary and Hanson are back in the line, with Hulstrand and Strand new at center and Meili, mammoth guard, again doing heavy duty near the pivot post. Lawrence Johnson, six feet seven, weighing 210 pounds, has supplanted all competitors at left tackle and seems destined to develop into a true giant of the North.

Minnesota is not making any pre-game claims. Its new backfields have not yet shown their mettle against equal competition, nor for that matter has the line. The future of the team will probably be predicted on the showing it is able to make against the galloping and scrapping team from the University of Notre Dame. It will be the first big day of Minnesota's 1926 football season.

VILLAGERS ELECT BUTLER

The Villagers, without a president since the regular election last Spring as the result of a tie at that time, elected Paul M. Butler to the presidency by a majority of thirty-six votes over William Brandenburg, the opposing candidate for the office.

The officers chosen in last June's election are as follows: Sebastian Berner, vice-president; Norman Hartzler, secretary; Francis Jones, treasurer; Louis Chapleau, sergeant-at-arms.

The Club, as in the past, will combine each of its meetings with a banquet which will be held the second Monday of each month at the College Inn, Hotel LaSalle. A number of prominent men are scheduled to speak at these banquets.

Attention is called to the fact that every Notre Dame man whose permanent residence is in South Bend is automatically a member of the Villagers Club. Do not wait for invitations or certificates of membership. They are not issued. —N. H.

CLUBS JOIN HANDS

As a result of the manifestation of friendliness that is exemplified between two of the most active district clubs on the campus, the New Jersey and the Metropolitan Clubs are making plans for a joint banquet to be held sometime during the latter part of this month.

Hugh O'Donnell, prominent eastern alumnus, and business manager for the New York Times will be the principal speaker and guest of honor at the affair.

At a meeting of the New Jersey club held in the Badin "Rec" last Sunday, President Nulty appointed a committee consisting of Pat Riley, Bob Shields, Art Monaco, and Frank Masterson who will confer with the committee of the Metropolitan Club in completing arrangements for the affair.—R. N.

DOME AT NEWS STAND

Those men who desire to sign up for the *Dome* of '27 may do so at any time with Bart McHugh in the Main Building news stand.

MR. CONFREY WRITES TEXT

Students in Education are now using a text which was developed for that course and the University of Notre Dame written by Mr. Augustine Confrey of the College of Arts and Letters. The book, *Orientation Notes and Outlines*, has two main divisions: one dealing with the elements involved in carrying on study in a manner proper to the university level; the other furnishing outlines for a survey of culture. In keeping with the findings of researchers in the field of education, the book is adapted to the discussonal form of class meeting.

Perhaps the text is of general interest since it represents one step in the newer method of preparing material for publication. Until recently a writer had rarely been in a position to profit from the experiences of other instructors using his text without waiting for an expensive edition to be exhausted. Under the present plan, an edition of several hundred copies, which can be made ready at low cost serves to permit of other than local use. Changes may easily be introduced when the second temporary edition is issued, for new impression sheets are used. Thus before a regular edition is printed—if the advisability of such is indicated—the material may be revised several times.

HARRY M'GUIRE WINS PRIZE

Harry McGuire, Class of '24, won the School of the Theatre Play Prize Contest for 1926, with his play entitled "*Yella*." This contest is an annual affair sponsored by the School of the Theatre, Denver, Colorado, and open to all Denver playwrights. The three judges, Melville Burke, Director of the School, Edward Mackay, professor, and Carlton Miles, dramatic critic, were unanimous in awarding first prize, which carries a cash award of \$25 and a public performance by the students of the School, to Harry McGuire. Thirty-four playwrights competed for the award. The award was made on the basis of choice of theme and practicability as an acting drama. "*Yella*" is a story of the sea, written in the mood

of Dunsany and O'Neill, but with no sense of imitation. It is a story of adventure in the fore-castle of a ship with two sailors, a Chinese woman and an elderly blind Chinese man as the characters. It will be given at the public performance of the Students of the School of the Theatre on Thursday afternoon, August 26, in the Elitch Gardens Theatre.

ROCHESTER CLUB MEETS
AND ELECTS

The first regular meeting of the Rochester Club took place in the Library on Monday evening, October 4. The gavel was rapped by last year's vice-president, John Brennan. After the reading of the minutes the election of officers for the coming year was held. Each election was hotly contested and keen, friendly rivalry prevailed throughout.

One of the main purposes of the meeting was to welcome the freshmen and to give them a good start in "Hello" week. A fine group of first year men were present and took an active part in the meeting which augurs well for the future of the club. The new president, John Brennan, addressed the gathering, presenting Notre Dame spirit in a new light to the freshmen.

Committees for a banquet to be held before Homecoming were appointed and members with sensitive gustatory organs evinced much enthusiasm. The services of the club were offered to the Blue Circle in preparation for the various activities of Homecoming.

Plans for the annual Christmas dance in Rochester were discussed. Arrangements have been made to make this one of the most elaborate dances ever staged by the club. Efforts are also being made to bring the Notre Dame Glee Club to Rochester during the Christmas holidays. Everyone is expending every effort to make what is at present a probability an actuality.

The officers elected for the coming year were: President, John Brennan; Vice-President, John D. Stewart; Secretary, Phillip Doell; Treasurer, Samuel Prinzi. —D.J.C.


 EDITORIAL

WHEN ROYALTY SPEAKS

That an orchestra composed of Notre Dame men and traveling under the name and colors of the University recently played for the Royal Family of Spain is gratifying. That the Queen personally thanked the leader and through him congratulated Notre Dame upon her type of men is still more gratifying. And that a United States Ambassador took it upon himself to further compliment us brings satisfaction to fulfillment.

This is but another casting of the lie into the teeth of those who accuse Notre Dame of producing football teams and nothing more. This is but another evidence of Notre Dame's pre-eminence in the fields of art and music and literature; it is but another star in the glorious field of the University's traditions. To us who know Notre Dame it is gratifying that this success should have come to a representative group of her men; to us who know it is not surprising that this should be so.

It is significant of the men produced by Notre Dame that both Queen and Ambassador, while complimenting the Notre Dame Collegians upon their excellent music, mentioned more particularly the men themselves and their behavior, and concerned their congratulations to President Walsh not with the melody but with the character of the men who produced it.

—J. A. B.

SHOW MINNESOTA

Tomorrow the Irish engage the Gophers on the gridiron. Both teams will fight. Many Notre Dame students will be in the stands, backing their team. Minnesota will welcome them royally. Notre Dame men are noted for their courtesy; no caution, perhaps, is necessary. But to those who might though thoughtlessness injure the name of Notre Dame, we say, "Be careful!"

MOHAMED TO THE MOUNTAIN

Notre Dame debating has always been on a par with Notre Dame football; the Irish orators have been as much a thorn in the sides of their verbal opponents as the Fight-in' Irish have been in the ribs of their muscular antagonists.

It is incumbent upon Notre Dame men that they give unstinted support to this branch of University competition; the pre-eminence of Our Lady must be upheld in every field of endeavor.

Therefore it is particularly gratifying that men interested in debating have organized an interhall league which will have the same function and accomplish the same good that interhall athletics have in the past: the uncovering of worthwhile material which would otherwise remain hidden.

Few are the men blessed with aggressiveness commensurate with their abilities; few are those who, without external encouragement, bring from themselves all the success of which they are capable. It probably is a fact that shyness constitutes a more powerful and a more general drawback to talent than any other characteristic. Talent more often than not lies hidden under an exterior of extraordinary modesty, for men of possibilities are too frequently dreamers who have been driven within themselves by misunderstanding and harshness.

The effort of these men to come to talent, rather than wait for talent to come to them, is to be commended heartily, dictated as it must be by a sympathy and understanding drawn from the experience which they have gained in reaching the heights. Co-operation of the most unselfish sort should be extended from every side in order that this effort may attain the success which it merits.

—J. A. B.

THE COLLEGE PARADE

-:-

By John T. Cullinan

Five professors received less than passing grades in the student ratings published in the City College Student, student organ of the College of the City of New York. The professors were classed in six groups, the lowest being F. Ten professors received A's. The grading was done by a group of students "qualified by their long familiarity with many members of the Faculty." In the rating the first consideration was the professor's general ability as a teacher, with personality and knowledge of the subject secondary factors. Glittering platitudinizing and liberal posing were marked very low inasmuch as they created an ephemeral and specious interest. Although Ph. D's. have considered themselves heaven-sent manna in the field of education, some of them may realize now that despite their ability to sip tea with New Yawks "people" they are in reality nothing but barnacles on a student's vessel of happiness.

Commenting upon the football game between Notre Dame and the University of Southern California, the "Daily Trojan" with the hesitancy of an oracle speaks as follows: "On December 4, Knute Rockne, the dean of American coaches, brings his Fightin' Irish into the West for the second time. Rockne no longer has his 'Four Horsemen' but he does boast a crew of juniors and seniors, all of whom received their initial baptism of fire last year, and are now well fit to go out into the open spaces and carry on the glory of Notre Dame." And in the scramble, our crew of Sophomores has been side-tracked. But sophomoric minds can conceive devilish football opposition. Moreover, because California anticipates a conflagration following the baptism of fire, the neglected Sophomores to show versatility will make things look "all wet" in California Coliseum. At Notre Dame, water has gained precedence over fire.

Collegiate trousers that make a man look like "the hind part of a stage elephant," and college badges do not give students at

the University of Pennsylvania any special privileges, Dr. Pennerman, president of that university declared recently. "You are here for a purpose," the educator further stated. "Remember, if you should be tempted to forget it, that college life is an important part of your training. Wearing funny clothes, peculiar hats, society pins, or college bands is quite incidental." And like many who disregard major in favor of minor considerations, Dr. Pennerman failed to remind the boys that Philadelphia gin mills and dens are also "quite incidental."

"Pay your tuition in ham, eggs, butter, bacon, or what have you," is the slogan of Mountain Home College, Arkansas. If a prospective student has not the necessary wherewithal to pay for his tuition, he may pay in produce. The college caters chiefly to mountaineers. Whether or not professors are also paid with slabs of bacon or gallons of sorghum is not made clear.

It is a happy thing for the majority of us that the scholarship rules of the College of Khalsa, India, do not apply to the University of Notre Dame. In the Indian university everyone who fails to pass in one course must repeat every other course he has taken. Just let your mind wander over that last 69 you received in Religion and thank the gods that it does not mean the repetition of chemistry, Latin, and psychology. The figures disclosing the number of students graduating from Khalsa have not been as yet determined but we venture the opinion that very few diplomats are offered those who employ labor-saving devices.

"Students in Russian schools show intense earnestness and seriousness in their studies," declared an American professor who has recently returned from Russia after a careful study of the land problems. "Russian students cannot comprehend the American student's lack of interest in politics." Poor misinformed Russia!

HOBNAILS

TO ALVA . . . FAREWELL

*It hurts to think that we're apart forever . . .
Another pain is sharper, Rose's Dew:
The pain that makes my heart stand still with
aching,
Is thinking, knowing that you never knew.*

*To you, I was but dust beside the pathway,
A tiny twig in a great wood of pine.
You would not, could not realize the wonders
I dreamed I'd do, if ever you were mine.*

*The world—a gateway, solemn and unopened,
The key—'twas but a little kiss from you—
The key still rests upon your lips of velvet;
I wonder—Does another crave it, too?*

*Another one, some day will see that gateway,
Another one, some day will take the key,
And, pausing as he steps within the portal,
Look back to pity singing fools like me.*

*And you will pass the swinging gates beside him,
But you will not look back, as lingered he,
For in the strange world of your soul's creating,
There are no dreams, nor singing fools like me.*

—KOPI.

Some day when you want to read something quiet, something soothing, and yet, something that reflects life as it is and people as they are, pick up a volume of Katherine Mansfield's short stories. We call them short stories, with the rest of the world, but they are really pictures; pictures delicately done, with subjects which somehow manage to keep out of sewers, and slums, and divorce cases. Truly a modern miracle!

"The Farewell of Cuculain and Emer," a delightfully written bit of Irish tradition, by one of the summer school students, brings a touch of old Erin to the literary section this week. Irish lore has never received the publicity that has gone to that of other races, and is only gradually coming to be appreciated. Such work as "The Farewell" will certainly hasten its popularization.

SEASONABLE MEMORIES

*I wonder,
Said the Great Half-Back,
Why my many friends,
Have deserted me.
Remember, the Philosopher gave answer,
That it is spring,
O Great Half-Back .
They will return
In the fall.*

—LI CHAN.

MY AIR CASTLE

High on the mountain side, I built an air castle.
Dan Cupid was the master craftsman, and so well
he plied his trade, that as the days went skipping
by, I hearkened to hear the music of the chimes.

Down into the valley I went for a time and
when I returned I found that a giant had kicked
over my towers and sent them tumbling and crash-
ing down over the cliff, and on the site he had
erected a fortress, strong and dark, and cold—

And so I came away without a word,—but still
I don't see how, in so dark a place, he can expect
my fairy to hold.

—THE SENTIMENTAL PUP.

THE HEARTH FIRE

*A beech-wood fire in an open hearth
Crackles and purrs as it burns;
It leaps and twists in its joy and mirth,
In spirals and rippling turns.*

*A dreamy forest of pines and firs
Gleams from out its light—
An open space and a patch of burrs,
A camp, a fire, and night.*

—FRANCIS MILLER.

DEFINITION

Love is a sea into which, once you fall, if you
cannot swim out, you drown and become a fish.
But those who do swim out flop about helplessly
on the shore, because they cannot live outside of
water.

—DREAMY LOU, '30.

SUMMER

*As the flame,
Summer leaps
To burning heights
Then softly falls
To a rose glow
And gray ashes of autumn.*

—HENRY JAMES STUCKART, '30.

The poets are with us still; we're glad of that,
but it seems that the humorists have deserted us
entirely. And another strange thing: we have yet
to receive a football poem! Where are the bards
of yesteryear? Is there no Blondel on the campus
who can help to immortalize the heroic deeds of
Sir Christopher the Shifty, and the other brave
knights who battle doughtily for Our Lady?

—CYRANO OF CHICAGO.

LITERARY

*Success**The Story of One Who Put His Faith in Appearances*

JOHN GEORGE RIORDAN, '28

"GOOD morning, Mrs. Stein," said Mrs. Samuel, leaning on the fence that separated her yard from that of the Stein family

"Good morning, Mrs. Samuel," said Mrs. Stein, from her back porch. They spoke to each other as if a bit surprised at the meeting; yet a morning almost never passed that they did not so address each other, and did not carry on a long conversation after the salutation.

For a moment neither of them spoke. Even to talk requires an effort when you live in one of the innumerable grey stone fronts on the West Side in Chicago. You have to raise your voice, or you will never be heard above the shouts of the fruit-peddlers and rag-pickers who pass almost continuously through the alley. In this case, the mournful sounds of a violin were added to the usual din. Mrs. Stein and Mrs. Samuel were quite aware that they would have to speak loudly. They had lived on the West Side for a long time.

"Is that your Maxie practicing on his violin?" asked Mrs. Samuel.

"Yes, that's Max." Mrs. Stein had descended from the porch in order to hear more easily, and to be better heard. "He is really a very good boy, Maxie it. All he does is practice, practice, practice. Now he is playing what he calls exercises. They got no tune nor nothing, but Maxie, he says he's got to practice them. Otherwise, the master will say he is no good some more."

"He will be a good violinist some day, maybe?"

"He says that he will, if only he practises. But this violining, it puts funny ideas into

his head. Did I tell you what he said the other day, Mrs. Samuel? No? Well, I asked him if all this practice was good for something. Would he some day make some money, like Paul Ash? 'Paul Ash!' he says to me, just like that: 'Paul Ash! Ma, that guy ain't no musician.' So I asked him 'I guess Paul Ash's music is good enough for your old mama and papa, but it ain't good enough for you?'"

"Then what did he say?"

"Oh, he just looked sad and says, 'I guess you don't understand, Ma. I want to be a real musician.' So we didn't talk about it no more. And now he wants a new violin!"

"Another one, already?"

"Yes. The first one is no good, he says. To be a great violinist it takes practice and a good violin. He has it picked out, too, the one he wants. It costs two hundred and fifty dollars."

Mrs. Samuel stood for a moment in silent amazement.

"Two hundred and fifty dollars for a violin! Mrs. Stein, what is wrong with your Maxie?"

"I don't know, Mrs. Samuel. What can I do? He is always asking, and it gets his papa mad. But he will get it. He keeps coaxing Papa until Papa will buy it for him. It is hard for us to say no to our Maxie."

"But is there a violin in the world that is worth two hundred and fifty dollars?" asked Mrs. Samuel incredulously.

"I didn't think so neither, but Max says there is, and he knows about violins. Yes, he will some day be a great violinist—he knows all about violins and he practices, and

now he is going to pay two hundred and fifty dollars for one."

For a moment the two women stood silent, each occupied with her own thoughts. Mrs. Stein sighed.

"Just think, Mrs. Samuel," she said, "my Maxie, a great violinist with his picture in the paper, like Paul Ash."

II

Max Stein was eighteen years old and a dreamer. He had dreamed his way through his childhood, through grammar school, and through high school, always a source of impatience to his teachers. They told him, in the foolish way that teachers have, that he could do better work if he would, drawing their conclusions from the facts that he was somewhat handsomer than most of the students, and that he dressed better. These were evidences, they thought, of a boy who should be intelligent enough to work problems in trigonometry and algebra. They always gave up in despair, at last, and, because their methodical minds demanded that Max be classified in some way, they mentally listed him lazy.

Max, of course, was not lazy. He simply had things to think about which were more important than algebra and trigonometry, a state of mind inconceivable to his teachers. His greatest pleasure was derived from day-dreaming in the class room. Max Stein, the great violinist, he would dream. Max Stein, bowing gracefully before applauding multitudes in all the great cities of the world. Max Stein, with his picture in all the Chicago newspapers. He could see the headings, "CHICAGO BOY WINS CRITIC'S PRAISE." And even while he day-dreamed, he was careful to look like a day-dreamer. He had a good eye to appearances, had Max. He realized their great importance. The girls thought he was "wonderful" when he had that far away look in his big, watery, brown eyes, and sank his long curly-haired head on his chest; the girls had great faith in appearances, too. But the boys, among themselves, called him a "grand-stander."

It was July, now, a month after he had graduated from high school. Papa had wanted him to go to work, like all other boys,

but no, he could not go to work. If he did, he would have too little time for practicing. Besides, hard work might ruin his touch. This summer was his grand opportunity to improve his playing; he could let nothing spoil it. Now that he had his two hundred and fifty dollar violin, he must take advantage of every free moment for practicing. He always thought of the oddly shaped woden box as a two hundred and fifty dollar violin; never, as a fine musical instrument. His faith in superficialities was remarkable. He had reached the conclusion that he would some day be a great violinist by a simple process of reasoning: a two hundred and fifty dollar violin plus much practice equals a master violinist.

Persistency, he had read, was the key-note to success, and he knew that he had persistency. How he had argued and wheedled for that violin! His poor father was nearly crazy before he had earned the final consent. Even now, Mr. Stein sometimes grumbled at the idea of having thrown away two hundred and fifty dollars on the instrument, besides the weekly two dollars for the lesson. He was much more satisfied than he had been, however; Max had taken him to a concert at Orchestra Hall, and had shown him the crowds that will listen to a great violinist. Mr. Stein thought, after that, that perhaps he was making a good investment. Like his wife, he took Max's ultimate success to be a thing assured.

One day Max came home from his lesson in high spirits.

"Ma," he said, after he had kissed his mother, "I'm going to have a chance to play in a concert. Mr. Schwartz is going to give a recital downtown, and I will be the star of the program. What do you think of that, Ma?"

"Oh, Maxie," was all Mrs. Stein could say.

"Wait till we tell Pa, Ma! Won't he feel glad? Now I'll show him that he was right when he spent so much money for the violin."

"Papa will be glad," said Mrs. Stein, simply. "When will the concert be?"

"In September, Ma. Mr. Schwartz has already picked the selections I am going to

play. They are very hard, but I know that I can do them."

"Maybe you will get your picture in the paper?"

"I might, if I play real good. Mr. Schwartz is a famous teacher."

"Oh, Maxie, your mama will be very happy. You must practice hard."

"I will, Ma."

III

The long, warm days of July and August passed slowly and monotonously for Max Stein. Hour after hour, day after day, he practiced faithfully on his violin. Sometimes his mother almost lost patience at the monotony of the same pieces repeated innumerable times by her son, but she always stifled her impatience. Maxie was, after all, a very good boy. He was working hard for success, and she felt certain that he would gain it. Could anyone practice more than he did? Could anyone have a finer violin? He would soon gain recognition from the newspapers, and then the path to fame and fortune would lie unbarred before him. The newspapers—they would do wonderful things for her Maxie. Perhaps they would even show his picture, as they sometimes showed pictures of Paul Ash. Paul Ash made lots of money, she had heard.

Max's unbounded confidence in himself made the long periods of practice possible, but he grew tired and worn in appearance. His cheeks were pale and sunken; his eyes underlined by purplish stripes. Always, though, he kept on practicing, practicing, practicing. Sometimes, a sudden revulsion against those horrible tones that came from his violin, tones that had seemed beautiful when first he played them, made him want to cast the precious instrument out the window. Such moments of insanity passed quickly. He had but to remember that each time he repeated those tones, his dream of fame came nearer. He never for a moment doubted the potency of frequent repetition as a means to perfection. Was not Mr. Schwartz becoming more enthusiastic every week?

At last the day of the concert arrived. It was to take place at eight-fifteen in the

evening, at one of the concert halls in the loop. The Stein family had never before been under such great nervous tension. Mr. Stein came home early from the fish market so as to have plenty of time to prepare for the great event.

"Ah, Mama, I had one awful time to-day mit the customers," he told his wife.

"Yes? What is the matter?"

"I was nervous. I couldn't remember prices I sold fish to one for twenty-five cents; to somebody else, I sold it for twenty cents. Sometimes I had to weigh it two or three times, so often I would forget."

"I was nervous, too. I burned everything I tried to cook. Even Mrs. Samuel noticed I was nervous. But you ought to see Maxie." Then she added, raising her voice: "Max, come to the kitchen. Supper is ready."

"I don't want nothing to-night, Ma."

"Well, you better eat something. You got to have something to eat to-day."

"No, Ma, I'm going to get ready."

In his bed-room, Max's fingers shook so much that he could hardly button on his new suit, bought especially for the occasion. He dressed very carefully. A rising young violinist would be expected to maintain a perfect appearance, he supposed. He endeavored to drive his mind from the subject of what was to happen that evening, but he could not. The thought was too strong for him, and he finally surrendered to it. He envisioned himself coming out from the wings: heard the short burst of applause; saw himself bow graciously to the crowd—suddenly he remembered. He had not practiced his bow!

"Maxie!" shouted his mother, outside the door. "It's seven o'clock. We must hurry or you will be late."

"All right, Ma." He walked into the closet, stepped out, bowed to the wall of his room, and then repeated the manoeuver again and again. He felt that he had to perfect that bow. It would make the first impression, and the first impression in such a case was important. He must appear graceful and perfectly at ease to his audience. Again and still again, he went through the motions of entering and bowing.

"Maxie," came a tearful voice from out-

side his door; "Won't you ever be ready? It is a quarter past seven."

"Right away, Ma."

A few minutes later, the Steins were riding downtown on a Madison Street car. Max grew impatient; the car seemed to crawl along. He had never before realized how slowly the street-cars moved. Neither his father nor his mother had anything to say, but their faces showed that they, too, were worried. Half-past seven; quarter to eight; at ten to eight the car was still some distance from the river. He heard the hoarse whistle of a steamer in the river. Panic seized him. What if the bridge should lift as the car reached it, and he were delayed ten minutes? He would be late for the performance; his evening would be ruined. Again he heard the deep blast. The car stopped. A bell was clanging in front of it.

Without looking at his mother or his father, he stood up unsteadily, grasped his violin case tightly, ran to the front of the car, and jumped off. The gates were down, the red lights were lit, and the warning bell was ringing, but the bridge had not yet begun to lift. A hundred yards away he saw the lights and ponderous black silhouette of a great, snub-nosed freighter edging her way slowly toward the bridge, escorted by two puffing, shrieking tugs.

"Maxie! Maxie! Where are you going? Oh, Maxie!" He heard a shrill, frightened voice behind him, but he did not hesitate. He slipped under the gate and ran out on the dark bridge. Suddenly, he felt it lift beneath him. Still he ran on. He must reach the other shore. A river, a steamship, and a bridge—it would take more than these to thwart his plans. But the incline became steeper, steeper, steeper. He could run no longer; he could hardly stand. The street was far beneath him; from it, people were shouting up, telling him to grab something

before the bridge became perpendicular and he fall to the pavement. He looked around for something on which to support himself; there was nothing but the railing. He lunged for it desperately just as he began to slide down the steep incline. Something encumbered him; he threw it away, and grasped one of the supports of the railing with both hands, winding his legs around the rail in order to better support himself. Where was his violin? He had dropped the case—he could see it tumbling downward by the lights of the street lamps. It landed and seemed to disintegrate on the bricks below. Over and over the thought went through his mind—his violin was lost; his violin was lost! The strain on his hands and arms was terrible. It seemed that the ship would never crawl through the opening. After eternity had passed, the bridge began to descend; the strain became less and less; he let go and lay down on the bridge pavement, exhausted and weeping.

"My violin, my violin!" he cried "my violin is broken. Oh, Mama, I can never be a great violinist." He wiped the tears from his eyes, and where there had been tears, there was blood. As the bridge became level again, a crowd rushed out upon it and surrounded him.

IV

"Good morning, Mrs. Stein," said Mrs. Samuel, leaning on the fence that separated her yard from that of the Stein family.

"Good morning, Mrs. Samuel," answered Mrs. Stein, from her back porch. They spoke to each other as if a bit surprised at the meeting, yet a morning almost never passed that they did not so address each other, and did not carry on a long conversation after the salutation.

After a moment, Mrs. Stein asked:

"Did you see my Maxie's picture in the paper this morning, Mrs. Samuel?"



The Farewell of Cuculain and Emer

A Story of Ancient Ireland

SISTER M. BLANCHE, O.S.D.

LAVARCOM, speeding across the country on her shining feet, that neither bent the bearded barley, nor burst the rainbow bubbles of the sea, stood trembling upon the dewy lawn before the home of Cuculain, son of Spaltam. Dun Dalgan, at the time, rang with the shouts of joy, and the strum of harps, mingled with the hum of voices. Poets, and the women, and learned men with them feasted, and all of them at drinking, and pleasantness and games. Mead and the old light ale flowed only less freely than the brave talk. The night before the clanging drawbridge had fallen and the princely nephew of Conchabar with his friend and charioteer, Laeg, had come home, and they riding behind the great war studs.

It was a bad thing that Lavarcom should appear at this moment before the happy Cuculain and he at his chess-board; and before the lovely Emer with little Fionscata in her arms; and before the friend-lover Leag, and the wide-eyed Connla. But there she stood, she of the flying feet, and the lasting youth, for her age no man knew. Cuculain rose to meet the ban-ecla, and gave her a hundred thousand welcomes, while Emer and Laeg led her to the feast. And she, after the fool of Emer had refreshed her, told her mission to Cuculain.

"Thou must come straight to Emain Macha, O Cuculain, for the Ard-Righ. Connor MacNessa enjoins thee to come, for the children of Clan Cailitin have returned to Erin. It is a sorry thing, and you so far from the Red Branch this night. Cathbad will place you under the protection of the druids, but that only when you are in Emain. It's destroyed I am with fatigue and worry, but it's destroyed we will all be if the great power of Maeve shall overcome you."

So spake the conversation woman, Lavarcom, and great lamenting took hold of her.

Emer the lovely, heard and turning aside

wept; for well she knew this to be the fulfillment of the old prophecy of her lover's early death. Her women raised a dreadful keen, but the white Emer stood like a tree on Sleive Fuadh in the moonlight.

Cuculain led her away to the grianan to rest until he might come to comfort her. Laeg, his charioteer and friend, ordered the chariots and horses to be made ready. Great hurry and bustle moved through the dun of Muirtheme, and the work never slackened; for eager they were to be on the road, and they travelling to Emain. Though the conversation woman had concealed the story of the great hosting of Clan Cailitin and the men of Connaught, Laeg knew Cuculain must soon be under the protection of Cathbad, and the druids of Ulla.

The handmaidens of the household busied themselves with making ready the departure of the Lady Emer and the two children. Her chariot of red and gold drawn by white steeds, stood at the door. All the household goods, piled high, made a glorious patch of color against the evening sky.

But Emer sat in her grianan like one who sees suddenly the end of all things. She, the one woman of all Erin whom Cuculain would wed, above the beautiful maids of Ireland. Emer of the six gifts of womanhood: the gift of beauty, the gift of voice, the gift of sweet speech, the gift of needle work, the gift of wisdom, and the gift of chastity. Again she saw the young warrior coming to the dun of her father, Forgall the Witty, King of Lusca. Cuculain had come to woo her in a crimson cloak, with a golden brooch; on his back, a crimson shield with a silver border, and it wrought with strange figures. And he a dark, sad man riding behind two steeds, one black and the other grey, came to take her from her girlhood home. With a sad smile he recalled how, though her heart was bursting with love for him, she told him that it was Fial her elder sister whom he should wed.

"'Tis not with Fial I am in love," answered her impetuous lover.

Then it was she had put on him the gesa of high deeds of heroism. It was this and the anger of her father that had separated them for many years. And it was now, with regret that she thought of those days with him in the land of Skatka, and she waiting for him behind the three great walls of her father's dun.

Again she heard her name called. Not with the great triumphal ring of the hero after he had made the three salmon leaps, but a low sad call it was. There at the door stood the youthful champion, with his sandals bound, and a bratta thrown over his shoulders. He put out his arms to receive the white and trembling Emer.

"Was it to make you a widow, alone and without a protector, that I took you from your father's home, and he hating me, and your two brothers dying to defend you and your two loads of gold and silver," he whispered.

"It is thy mourning and your tearful face that fret me, my fair bride of the six gifts. You slender rush, out of reach, and 'tis a heavy thing to be left a widow and lonely

always, and so young. Much you have suffered being the wife of a warrior, and you made to be happy and glad always."

Emer, for whom he had learned great feats from Skatka, clung to him speechless for she knew it to be the truth that he spoke; and that it was dead he would be before the next Samhain. Then he told her to send Connla to Alba to be instructed by Eefa of the island of Skathach. Then he tore himself from her arms and kissed Connla and Fionscata. To the boy's question concerning his return he said:

"Take good care of your mother and of your little sister, until I return." And again embracing Emer, he reassured them: "I will see you all in Emain Macha, for you must all stay there. I go now to fight the great Maeve and my old friend, Fergus, because of the Brown Bull, Finnbeach."

So went forth Setanta, the Hound of Ulster. He sprang into his great chariot and Laeg let the steeds go, and the loud wheels brayed through the city. And there was mourning and keeping along the roads that many times had echoed the brave shouts of victory.

MINUTIAE

A moment is a slender blade,
Finely chased, divinely made,
Cleaving Time.

A moment is a passing note,
Echoing the ageless throat
Of a distant chime.

A moment is a veiled face;
Accordingly as we embrace,
Or, glimpsing it, repudiate,
Rests our fate.

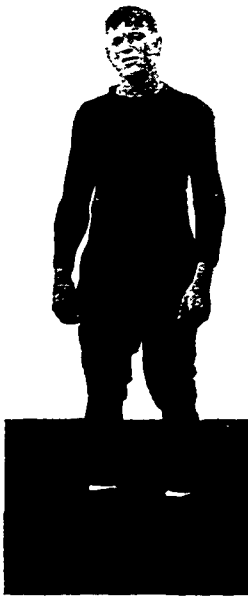
A turning page, a warning hand,
A moment is a grain of sand.

—RICHARD ELPERS, '28.

SPORT NEWS

Irish Grid Knights Rout Beloit, 77 to 0

Phantom spirits of the Four Horsemen lingered above the historic turf of Cartier Field for one fleeting moment last Saturday afternoon and then, convinced that their fabled reins were clutched in worthy hands once again, galloped away.



CHRIS. FLANAGAN

Below the new crowned knights of the steeled hoof prodded their snorting beasts to daring speed and casting a glance across their shoulders beheld their adversaries far in the rear. And twelve thousand who had come to see the coronation of the new knights roared a mighty welcome.

The new-crowned gallants were courting the honor of Notre Dame and the sabled steeds who vainly tried to maintain the breakneck speed were the Vikings of Beloit. Before the afternoon had been spent Notre Dame had amassed eleven touchdowns, nine goals, and a safety for a total of 77 points while Beloit could not once cross the coveted goal.

It was the opening of the new gridiron season and Knute K. Rockne, trainer of mounts that come to the front in any race, had one hundred of his choice thoroughbreds in the runway but only sixty were elected to face the barrier.

The race was uneven from start to finish. Not once did the sturdy Vikings from the north come within striking distance of the vaunted foe so fiery was the speed of the latter. And, at the half pole, seeing that the race was lost they tried to hold an even pace but even that was impossible. For Rockne's men were on last Saturday after-

noon, and all the thoroughbreds in the world could not have matched their greedy strides.

Still this is not to detract from the game battle that the Wisconsin Vikings staged. Rush on rush they met, run on run they faced but each time they were beaten down by the flurry of flashy feet and as if to show their sterling worth they bucked at their task even more grimly. But theirs was a losing battle that could not have been otherwise.

FLANAGAN SPRINGS NEW ILLNESS

Upon one young charioteer from the cactus brush of southern Texas

did the fickle goddess of fame cast her beaming smile. And that young gallant was none other than Christie Flanagan, he of the snaky hips and lightning boots. Supposedly a convalescent, Christie stepped out in a new hospital attire, a blue jersey with a glaring white "33" on its rear, and when Christie stepped in again they realized that some men get in the wrong sick ward.

As touchdowns came in a seeming avalanche the crowd became tired of the game itself and looked only to the size of the score. It was then that Flanagan revived the waning spirits, when, at the beginning of the third quarter, he received the kickoff and weaved his way for 95 yards through the entire Beloit team. It was the first time in four years that the feat had been turned on Cartier Field. During the rest of the afternoon Flanagan acted as became a sick



BUCKY DAHMAN

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man and so confined himself to meager efforts of 35 or 40 yards.

Other gallant charioteers paraded before the gleaming eye of Rock and each of them must have sent a thrill down his spine for instead of four promising backs he had the vision of a dozen. Hearndon, Edwards, Wynne and Flanagan; Dahman, Roach, Collins and Parisien; McNally, Niemic, Byrne and Chevigney; all pulled on their sharpened spurs and each wielded them in knightly fashion.

But the playing of one single man could not have stood out real brightly on an afternoon such as last Saturday was. It was the sight of eleven brawny shoulders working as one that caused the crowd to roar its hearty appreciation. When a gain was to be made that strong eleven swept away everything in front of it. When a hole was to be plugged that same machine staved off every attack and Beloit, bewildered, tried vainly to do the impossible.

HEARDEN CROSSES LINE FIRST

Notre Dame broke well at the barrier for Captain Red Hearnden plunged over for the first touchdown five minutes after the opening whistle had blown. He, with Flanagan, Edwards, and Wynne had carried the ball from their own 20 yard line to the Beloit 10 yard line stripe and then the stiff-arming Hearnden nimbly stepped off tackle for the marker. Flanagan missed the try for goal. Another lightning charge down the greensward and the time was ripe for a second touchdown. Wynne was delegated to do the job and he did not hesitate. Flanagan missed the goal again.

So on through the game things happened the brilliant Irish defense sweeping before it. As soon as one eleven had made its worth known, Rockne brought together another machine to carry on the fight. So efficient were the actions of the five combinations which entered the field that the throng wondered just how this cutting down process would begin.

The dozen markers which found their way to the Notre Dame side of the scoreboard in the first quarter were not even an apt beginning. In the second half thirty points were added to the total. Twenty-one more

made their appearance in the third period and another pair of touchdowns completed the day's work.

Far different was this Beloit game from the Baylor game of 1925, first contest on last year's schedule. A jerky, untried Irish eleven dispatched the Baylor tilt by a 41 to 0 score but a smooth running team, sensational on the offense and steady on the defense, amply opened the 1926 season. Even the more pessimistic observers are fain to believe that much glory lies just ahead if the Irish develop steadily during the course of the season. Much off-side play, which is always characteristic of an early season game, was the only blur of the entire team.

The Irish showed very well that the new forward pass rule does not dispense with the thrill of that play. Although but five of them were attempted, four were completed and one, a long heave, resulted in a touchdown.

THE LINEUP AND SUMMARIES:

NOTRE DAME	POS.	BELOIT
Wallace	LE	Kinnell
Edwards (c)	LT	Rasinski
Hearnden (c)	LG	Severans
Flanagan	C	Darling
Wynne	RG	Neiman
Voedisch	RT	Hill
Boland	RE	Bright
Marelli	QB	Lawrence
Boeringer	RH	Grady (c)
Mayer	LH	Smith
McManmon	FB	Balch

Substitutions—Notre Dame: Walsh for Voedisch, Hogan for Boland, Murrin for Marelli, Fredericks for Boeringer, R. Smith for Mayer, Polisky for McManmon, Maxwell for Wallace, McNally for Edwards, Roach for Hearnden, Dahman for Flanagan, Collins for Wynne, Keefe for Walsh, Miller for Hogan, Jones for Murrin, Monyhan for Fredericks, Leppig for R. Smith, Ransavage for Polisky, Benda for Maxwell, Parisien for McNally, Niemic for Roach, Chevigney for Dahman, I. Byrne for F. Collins, Law for Leppig, Hurlburt for Keefe, Fitzpatrick for Monyhan, Doarn for Ransavage, Morrissey for Parisien, Hurley for Chevigney, E. Collins for Walsh, T. Byrne for Benda, Vezie for T. Byrne, Nash for Fredericks, McKinney for Parisien, Noon for Doarn, Shields for I. Byrne.

Beloit: Calvert for Neiman, Lourin for Kennell, Conklin for Smith, Kesler for Hill, Rigby for Bright, Brolin for Conklin, Beck for Lourin, Linnie for Severans.



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Touchdowns—Notre Dame: Hearden, Wynne, Dahman, Niemiec, Chevigney, Flanagan, Edwards, Collins, McNally (2), Maxwell.

Points after touchdown—Flanagan (2), Dahman (3), Roach (2), Niemiec (2).

Safety—Lawrence, Beloit.

Officials—Referee: Ghee, of Dartmouth; umpire: Halloway, Chicago; head linesman: Hogan, Dixon; field judge, Harris, Chicago. —F. E. D.

ROCKMEN COVER NATION

A recent geographical survey made of the members of the 1926 football team here showed that the fellow who dubbed the Rockne Ramblers as a national institution was anything but wrong. Forty-four of the forty-eight states in the Union are represented on the big varsity squad. If the freshman and inter-mural teams are taken into consideration every state in the Union with the exception of one was found to have one or more representatives.

On the first three teams alone 15 states are listed as the homes of players. Indiana and Pennsylvania lead the list with five each to their credit with Minnesota and Ohio running close seconds. The other localities represented in the first thirty-three men are Connecticut, Illinois, Michigan, Massachusetts, Oregon, Texas, California, Kansas, Iowa and West Virginia.

The men travelling the farthest to make the team are "Chilie" Walsh of Hollywood, California, and Fred Collins of Portland, Oregon. The Lone Star state is the home of the famous Christie Flanagan, last year Mid-West's leading scorer. Duperior, an end of promise, also hails from the Texas ranges. The two red-headed captains Hearden and Edwards are from Green Bay, Wis.—the town that produced Sleepy Crowley, and Weston, West Virginia, respectively.

The East is represented by John "Clipper" Smith of Hartford, Conn., John McManmon, Lowell, Mass., Vince McNally, Joe Boland and Joe Maxwell of Philadelphia, and so it goes. Incidentally Notre Dame has begun a schedule that will take the team from one coast to another in quest of another National Championship.—J. P. M.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT

Notre Dame, Oct. 6, 1926.

Sports Editor,

The Notre Dame SCHOLASTIC,

Dear Sir:

Although I have spent more than three years at Notre Dame and have explored the school rather thoroughly I have never yet come across anything that would closely resemble a trophy room.

At the entrance to the gym one may find a collection of banners, footballs, and photographs. In the library one may find a football cup and several track trophies. At various places on the campus one would perhaps find interesting relics of bygone Notre Dame athletic achievements.

But it has often appeared to me, (and campus talk shows that the same thought comes to many other Notre Dame men) that the many brilliant achievements of the Fighting Irish on the gridiron, diamond, court and track are worthy of an honorable memory. When these various trophies are so widely scattered it makes one think that no one cares whether they were kept or not. Most schools pride themselves upon their trophy room or rooms and without doubt the glorious tradition of Notre Dame athletics should not be without perpetuation from year to year.

Surely there is a place somewhere on the campus where a trophy room could be fitted out. Undeniably there are hosts of Notre Dame men, vitally interested in athletics, who would be willing to donate their services toward the fitting out of the room.

I trust that this thought will receive your consideration and that it shall have some opportunity to get before the student body.

Very sincerely yours,

A NOTRE DAME MAN.



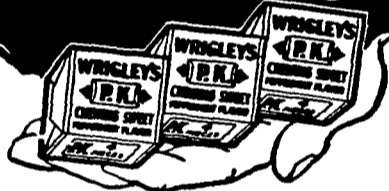
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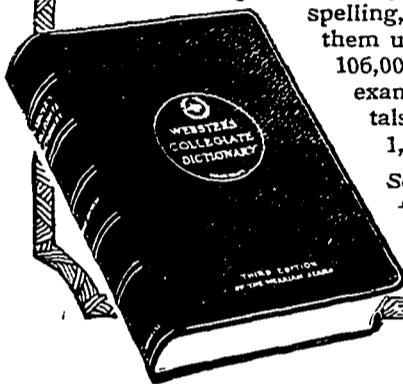
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Speaking Of A Genuine Thrill

BY JOE BOLAND

THEY say that nobody loves a fat man and so, when I stepped on the scales the other day and saw that I was getting pretty well up in tonnage, I decided that the demure blonde who smiled purposely at me one day must have given me the supreme delight.

But that was way back when this century was in its teens and I wasn't old enough to think of football. When this game football did begin to claim my attention I forgot all about the blonde and relied upon the gridiron for any joy I was to get out of life.

I remember when I was a tackle on the squad at Roman Catholic High School in Philadelphia that we had some rather tough games and after they were over the fellows could rattle off a barrel or so of hot incidents. Joe Maxwell and Vince McNally had most of the kicks then because they knew how to spread it on.

The first big thrill I ever got out of a football game was in the fall of 1924. Being a Sophomore, I thought it lucky to make the trip east for the Army game. You'll remember that we had a warm afternoon of it that time and managed to pull through by the margin of a touchdown.

I didn't get in that contest but a week later we were scheduled for Princeton in the latter's stadium. Just before the game "Rock" casually re-

marked that I was to start and a nervous sweat swelled upon my forehead. Those were interesting words to hear.

But coming to think of it I've had a bigger thrill than that. You know I never went in much for scoring because my stiff-arming is poor. I have never made a touchdown in my life and if an opportunity hadn't come up I wouldn't be telling you about the big kick.

In the first game of the 1925 season we were playing Baylor and in the third quarter had them well handled. Things looked pretty good when the Bears were downed on their own 25 yard line in the third quarter. They tried a couple of plunges and failed. Then their kicker stepped back and prepared to boot it. Frank Mayer, playing guard, got in quickly and with a powerful leap blocked the punt. It flipped in the air a little bit and then descended, amiably condescending to fall into my arms.

A lot of things were running through my head now. I saw the clear field ahead of me, felt the leather in my hands, and was all ready to break into that scoring column when—the ball slipped away from me and fell to the ground. Believe me I would have been up amongst 'em if I hadn't dropped that pill because I was just saying to myself that even Paddock couldn't have caught me if I got a half decent chance to make a score.

INTER-HALL FOOTBALL SCHEDULE, 1926.

9:30 A. M.

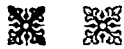
2:30 P. M.

FIELD

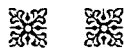
	9:30 A. M.	2:30 P. M.	FIELD
OCTOBER 10	Sorin Vs. Corby Badin Vs. Morrissey Soph. Vs. Lyons	Brown. Vs. Carroll Walsh Vs. Howard Fresh. Vs. Day	Varsity Brownson Minims
OCTOBER 17	Sorin Vs. Badin Corby Vs. Lyons Soph. Vs. Morrissey	Brown. Vs. Walsh Carroll Vs. Day Fresh. Vs. Howard	Brownson Minims Varsity
OCTOBER 31	Sorin Vs. Soph. Badin Vs. Corby Morrissey Vs. Lyons	Brown. Vs. Fresh. Walsh Vs. Carroll Howard Vs. Day	Minims Varsity Brownson
NOVEMBER 7	Sorin Vs. Morrissey Badin Vs. Lyons Corby Vs. Soph.	Brown. Vs. Howard Walsh Vs. Day Carroll Vs. Fresh.	Varsity Brownson Minims
NOVEMBER 14	Sorin Vs. Lyons Badin Vs. Soph. Corby Vs. Morrissey	Brown. Vs. Day Walsh Vs. Fresh. Carroll Vs. Howard	Brownson Minims Varsity

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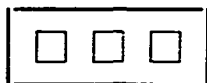
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IDEAL LAUNDRY



... This is Our *11th* Year of Service
To Notre Dame Students

Splinters From The Press Box

They're off!

That was the shrill exclamation of some million Americans who sat under warm October skies last Saturday and watched the formal inauguration of the gridiron sport in countless stadia the country over.

A few upsets were in order, a few dope sheets were knocked for the well known row of goal posts, but on the whole things conformed to the regular rule of opening season games.

* * * * *

Speaking of upsets, this Harvard-Geneva game was the one that caused miniature storms in the brains of many self-styled critics. "Bo" McMillan, former captain of the Prayin' Colonels, who moved out of Kentucky some five years ago to whitewash Harvard 6 to 0 in a game that set the football world agog, turned the trick for the second time last week. It was his proteges, the fighting Geneva (Penn) boys who outpointed the Crimson, 16 to 6.

* * * * *

Chris Flanagan, the blonde half-back who drawls as true Texans should, has no respect for this tradition business. Chris cut loose in the third quarter of Saturday's Beloit game and raced 95 yards for a touchdown, after receiving the kickoff on his own five yard line. It had been four years since the trick had been pulled and the fleet Irish half back decided that business had been neglected long enough. "Red" Maher, pilot of the 1922 team, ran through the Kalamazoo (Mich.) college eleven in the first game of the season, after he had grabbed the kickoff on his own 10 yard stripe.

* * * * *

Many sport scribes headed their Sunday articles with leads such as this, "Coach X—'s 1926 football army, unloosing a neat end run attack in the third quarter, inaugurated the new season with a 21 to 0 victory over Y— at Z— Stadium etc., etc.

Nor was the army allusion far-fetched. It seems that the tendency of a large squad

grows every year. "Rock" had more than a hundred huskies in uniform Saturday and other coaches followed the same plan. Someday the fans will be watching a quarterback (No. 511) flip forward passes to the star end (No. 657).

* * * * *

Notre Dame's opponents of the near future were not idle Saturday by a long shot. Minnesota, next Saturday's foe, rolled up 51 points against North Dakota, showing a superior brand of offensive play. Captain Wheeler, an end, and Herb Joesting, were the luminaries.

Penn State scored five touchdowns to run over Lebanon Valley, 35 to 0 while Northwestern was dedicating its new 40,000 capacity stadium with an easy 34 to 0 victory over South Dakota.

* * * * *

Newspaper reports of the Minnesota-Notre Dame game next Saturday will approximate the attendance at about 2,000 less than it actually will be. For just that many anxious Notre Dame men will be huddled around the Gridgraph in the gym watching every play as intently as if he were on a warped oaken plank in the Minnesota stadium.

—GHOUL POST III.

HARRIERS WORK HARD

Coach John Wendland's harriers have to date rolled up some 4,578 miles over the roads around the University in their preparatory work. Notre Dame will be represented by a better cross country aggregation than ever before in her history according to the authorities who have seen the men work out.

ATTENTION FRESHMEN!

Freshmen journalists, with or without experience, who desire to write sports, are asked to see F. E. Doan, sports editor of the SCHOLASTIC, at 208 Freshman Hall. Two vacancies in the sport-writing staff are to be filled soon.

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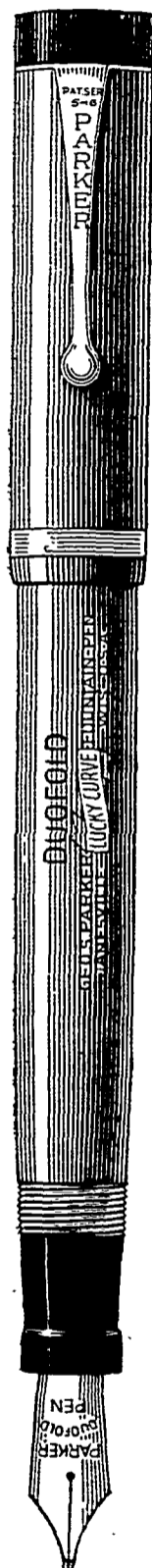
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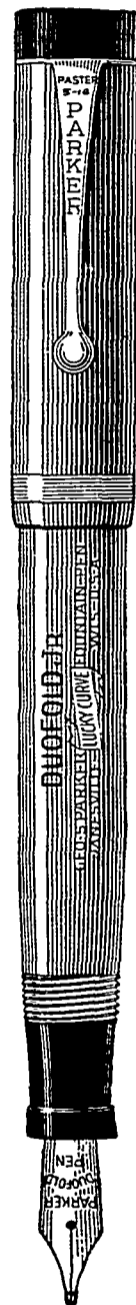
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