She Notre Dame Scholastic

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A Literary - News Weekly

VOL. LIV.

DECEMBER 15, 1926.

No. 12

1872--1926

Christmas Number

His Christmas Tree P. J. C.

The Return To Dust
Robert Capesius

The American Mercury

John T. Cullinan

Christmas Gift

La Carcajada

To You M. H. L.

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VOL. LIV.

DECEMBER 15, 1926.

No. 12

1872 = 1926

INDEX

	1	PAGE
Frontispiece	P. J. C.	358
The Week	W. H. Layne	359
College Parade	J. T. Cullinan	365
Editorial		366
Hobnails	Cyrano of Chicago	367
The Return To Dust	Robert Capesius	368
The American Mercury	J. T. Cullinan	371
Christmas Gift	La Carcajada	372
To You	Murray Hickey Ley	373
Sport News		374
The Farewell of Ghoul Post III	·	381
	•	

Entered as second-class matter at Notre Dame, Indiana. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage, Section 1108, October 3, 1917, authorized June 25, 1918.

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

His Christmas Tree

By P. J. C.



His Christmas tree was a leafless one—
An upright beam and a bar.
His mother hung His gifts thereon—
A wreathe, a gown and a star.

The wreathe He placed upon His head,
The new, white gown He wore.
Below the wreathe His forehead bled;
His gown harsh playmates tore.

He flung His star like a flaming gem
To the East and beyond the sea:
It guided the Kings to Bethlehem
With their gifts for His Christmas tree.

THE WEEK

Now that vacation approaches with swift and heavy steps campus activities have taken new life and threaten to make some of us just a bit sorry for the two weeks leave. Monday night in Washington Hall the gentlemen from Australia gave as fine a bit of humorous acting as can be seen on any revue stage. Coyne, Roy and Goldberg used logic to attack the eighteenth amendment and won the judge's decision over the Britishers. Those men who believe that the Irish are the only venders of humor should take a quick look at the names of the three visitors.

Joe Boland returned to the campus last Sunday afternoon and in the evening received one of the greatest evations ever accorded a Notre Dame man in the refectory. A banquet was given in honor of his return at Smith's on Tuesday evening. Joe had proven long before this season's accident that he was the ideal type of Notre Dame athlete and every man on the campus is mighty glad to see him back again.

Thursday night the football men will banquet at one of the South Bend hotels. After the victory over Southern California and the completion of one of the hardest schedules any Irish team ever went through these men will reap the rewards of their months' of toil. With but one team on the wrong side of the balance the two red headed captains have piloted the Irish through a most successful season. New blood has been discovered and the laurels will pass on to the men of next year who give every promise of hitting the two service teams and the men of Southern California the blows that spell victory for Notre Dame.

The Knights of Columbus have been holding initiations for the largest class that ever entered here. W. W. Smith presented the Santa Maria to its members last week. Speaking of publications, the Christmas Juggler is due on Thursday night and the

Football Review is promised some time this week.

The newly organized University Theatre will present the first drama of the year to the student body this week. A play by Charles Phillips in one act and Norb Engel's opera will be the productions offered. This excellent start should terminate in great things for Notre Dame dramatics and should stimulate great interest in this neglected field of endeavor at our University.

Over in the gym the basketball men have been displaying some of the finest college ball seen since our western championship team of last year left the floor. Four out of fine have the indefinable something that goes to make up success and the fifty members look to be developing in a spectacular fashion, then things will be unanimously favorable to another western and perhaps national championship for the Irish cagers.

Those who listened to the California game over KYW know that the Notre Dame Glee Club furnished some excellent harmony between the lines of announcer Corcoran. The football team is not the only thing that travels for the Glee Club in the past few years have made their presence known in a way that pleases all who love good harmony. The trip planned for the holidays is said to be the best one yet and our only comment is that the singing Irish are deserving of it

Almost every club appears to have posted notices of holiday dances in the larger cities throughout the country. To attempt to name this list would be more like calling off the states than anything else so we only pause a moment to wish every one of the clubs real success.

The Week wishes to extend its Holiday Greetings to all its readers—A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!—W.H.L.

UNIVERSITY THEATRE TO PRESENT DOUBLE PRODUCTION

Mellowed as it is with the echoings of past able dramatic or musical interpretations, Washington Hall, Notre Dame's historic temple of the arts, will add a new tradition to its growing list Friday night.

The University Theatre, the latest advance in the arts, will make its initial curtsey before a Notre Dame audience when two plays, "The Fool of God" a one act drama by Charles Phillips, professor of English at the University and a noted writer and lecturer; and "Lord Byron," a lyrical romantic drama, from the pens of Norbert Engels and Jack Graham, both of Notre Dame, '26, will be presented.

After putting forth sincere but unfruitful efforts to bring dramatics to their proper plane at Notre Dame, lovers of the theatre here can see a dawn of success in the new theatre movement. Sponsored by the Univertity's prominent officials and entered into seriously by a delegation of dramatically inclined students, the University Theatre's first production will be one of a series lasting throughout the year.

The balance of interest hinges on Professor Phillips' epochal work, "The Fool of God." Written especially as a tribute to St. Francis of Assisi, this powerful play will provide Notre Dame with an official way of celebrating the seventh centenary of the famed Saint's death. Professor Phillips has built his play around the early life of St. Francis, fraught with licenses but crowned with a subjugation of self to God.

Under Frank W. Kelly, professor of public speaking, the play has been well worked out. Constant practice has allowed its actors to appreciate the tense dramatic movement of the work. Lester C. Grady will be seen in the role of St. Francis while John Cavanaugh will play the part of Bernadone, St. Francis' father. James C. Roy as the Bishop of Assisi; Joseph Brennon as the chaplain; Roscoe Bonjean as the warehouse keeper; Frank Pendergast as the beggar, and Frank Leddy as the leper, complete the cast.

Unusual interest attaches to the lyrical romance, "Lord Byron," because it is the work of two young Notre Dame authors. It is a novelty production, a split stage effect being used to bring out the setting.

Frank Hagenbarth, president of the Glee Club, will sing the bass role while John P. Butler, of the Male Quartet will sing the tenor parts. Miss Doris McKeown, of South Bend, formerly a student at St. Mary's College, will sing the soprano scores.

A complete drape set has been installed in Washington Hall, and, augmented by special sets for the thirteenth century atmosphere of St. Francis and the nineteenth century color of Lord Byron, should help to bring out the artistic effects of the plays.

SANTA MARIA APPEARS

The Santa Maria, the organ of the Council, made its first appearance of the year at the initiation banquet of Notre Dame Council, 1477, Sunday evening, December 12, in the Rotary room of the Oliver Hotel.

This issue of the *Santa Maria* embraces within its covers literary bits by Professor Charles Phillips, Robert Irminger, John T. Cullinan, Lester Grady, A. Lester Pierce, Ray Hoyer, Arthur C. Zimmerman, Howard Phalin, James Shocknessy, and William J. Murphy.

Editor W. W. Smith was congratulated by everyone upon the excellence of his first issue. The magazine consists of thirty-two pages of interesting matter attractively presented.—L.R.M.

GRAND RAPIDS CLUB DANCE

The Grand Rapids Club of the University of Notre Dame has completed plans for its fifth annual Christmas dance. The Committees in charge are working to make this the biggest and best dance ever held under the club's auspices.

The dance is to take place Tuesday evening, December the twenty-eighth, in the ballroom of the Hotel Pantlind. Charley Fisher's Serenaders have been engaged to furnish the music.

LAY CLUB NOTES

The Law Club debating got under way last week when seventy members answered the call of Professor Clarence Manion, the coach of the debaters. The men will center their forensic efforts on several questions of debate that have been selected. The principle question is: "Resolved: That the direct primary is preferred to the caucus and convention systems." Although a team will be chosen to represent the Law School the entire group will debate throughout the year.

The Law Club will hold its next smoker December 16 in the K. of C. Council chambers in the basement of Walsh Hall. Attorney Joseph J. Sullivan of Chicago will be the speaker of the evening. Mr. Sullivan was graduated from Notre Dame in 1901 with a Litt. B. and obtained the degree LL.B. the following year. He is noted as a specialist in Real Property. Another feature of the program will be a short debate by four of Professor Manion's disputants, Alex Sievers, Sam Priviteram, Charles Davis and Philip Clarke.

The Law Club Formal will be held on February 21. The committee in charge of this dance which inaugurated an annual affair is as follows: Chairman, Robert Irminger; George Gordon, Ed Mullen, Ed McClarnon.

Music Committee: Chairman, Hugh Mc-Caffery; Ray McClory, Jack Curtis, John Butler, Mark Mooney, James Cowles.

Program Committee: Chairman, Ed Broderick; Hilton Fall, Bernie Abbrott, Otto Biba, Les Hegele.

Publicity Committee: Chairman, Luther Swygert, Philip Lopresti, James Hanrahan, Joe McNamara, Jim Vaughan.

Decorations Committee: Chairman, Thos. W. McMahon, Ed McLaughlin, Cyprian Sporl, John Harrington, Joseph Canty.

Ticket Committee: Chairman, Paul M. Butler; John McNellis, Dan McCluskey, Tobe Gish, William Finucane, Don Teahan, Bill Daly, Elmer Marchino.

The newly organized Florida Club held their regular meeting last Thursday evening. The proposed banquet is to be postponed and held on some date after the Christmas holidays. Paul Holahan was elected to the office of secretary to fill the vacancy left by Louis Mahon who has left school. Other routine business was followed a poll to find out how many would spend the vacation in the home state. It seemed as though the majority expect to receive an alligator or a hurricane for a Christmas present.—J.A.A.

BOOK REVIEW

"Present Day Thinkers and the New Scholasticism," By the Reverend John S. Zybura, Ph. D. (B. Herder Book Company, \$3.00).

The prime motif of the movement known as New Scholasticism was to subject to critical re-examination the philosophy of the Mediaeval Schoolmen in order first to purge it of all discredited theories and then to extend its scope and its sphere of influence over contemporary thought by adjusting its principles to the findings of modern science and applying them to the solution of modern problems. Though within Scholastic circles the movement itself has made remarkable progress during the past thirty years, it has not won either the serious attention or the sympathetic consideration of any noteworthy group of non-Scholastic philosophers. Realizing the unfortunate character of this fact, Dr. Zybura circularized some thirty of the more prominent among them, seeking and receiving from them explicit statements both as to the reasons for this indifference toward the New Scholasticism and as to the possibility of a reapproachment between it and Modern Thought. The present volume is a compilation of these replies, to which the author has added a series of excellent monographs on the New Scholasticism from the pens of its ablest exponents. pleasure to note that among these writers Dr. Zybura himself holds a foremost place. This volume is undoubtedly the most noteworthy contribution to the literature of New Scholasticism that has appeared within recent years, and hence well deserves the studious attention of all earnest students of philosophy. Rev. John Cavanaugh, C.S.C. contributes a fitting preface.

K. OF C. INITIATES

Notre Dame Council, 1477, Knights of Columbus, held a meeting last Tuesday evening, December 7, in its chambers in Walsh Hall. Grand Knight Bob Irminger presided.

Chaplain Father Gallagan delivered the address. He said that the work of the officers could be made much easier by the cooperation of all the members, most of all by a faithful attendance at meetings. He urged every man present to be a living and an active member of the order.

Thursday evening, December 9, the officers of the Council exemplified the first degree to ninety candidates in the Council's chambers in Walsh Hall.

An exemplification of the second and third degrees was given by a degree team from Chicago Sunday afternoon at the Knights of Columbus home in South Bend for the benefit of the same candidates. Immediately afterward a banquet was served to the men in the Rotary room of the Oliver Hotel. When everything on the menu had been checked off, with the exception of cigars, Grand Knight Bob Irminger arose and introduced Professor Clarence Manion, the toastmaster of the evening, to the men present.

Professor Manion carried on in his own inimitable way, and the crowd was continually convulsed with laughter. He called for talks from members of the visiting degree team, from Father Cunningham, C.S.C., director of education at the University, from Professor Charles Phillips, from Mr. Kirby, father of Bob Kirby, and from Professor Henry C. Staunton, the principal speaker of the evening.

Every man responded splendidly and the large gathering gave vent to its approval by hearty applause. Professor Staunton, as well as the other speakers, had an interesting subject, and delivered it in an incomparable manner. The subject of Professor Staunton's address was "Cause for Suspicion."

The men present at the banquet were regaled throughout by the rendition of musical numbers by the orchestra of Notre Dame Council, 1477. The drummer and the vio-

linist of the orchestra sang several vocal selections in a manner befitting Eddie Kantor and Al Jolson. The musicians were congratulated upon their fine performance by toastmaster Manion. Chaplain Father Gallagan terminated the banquet with prayer.

The committee in charge of the banquet was composed of Grand Knight Bob Irminger, Chancellor Thomas F. O'Connor, and Lecturer Howard V. Phalin.—L.R.M.

ACADEMY OF SCIENCE MEETS

A regular meeting of the Notre Dame Academy of Science was held in Science Hall last Tuesday evening, November 30. L. W. Bieker, W. E. Mahin, and E. S. Post presented papers that were well received.

Mr. Bieker's paper concerned the classic orders of architecture. He gave the origins of the various features found, the proportions of the parts, and the modifications needed to present a pleasing appearance to the eye. He succeeded well in putting a meaning into what are, for most of us, 'just buildings.' Mr. Mahin reviewed the important events that have occurred recently in the world of science.

Mr. Post, vice-president of the organization, gave a very able discussion of Superstitions in Medicine. His paper was evidence of a good deal of research in this interesting field, and was written in a way that showed the humorous side of things that were once most serious.

On suggestion of Fr. Wenninger, moderator of the society, the papers and talks given at the Academy meetings will be typed and bound, to be kept in the Science library. The members are succeeding in gathering together many facts that are well worth preserving.

BARBERS WORK LATE

For the convenience of these leaving for the Xmas holidays the barber shop will be open until 8 o'clock on Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday evenings of this week. The shop will close Friday, December 24, at 5:30 p. m., and will reopen Monday, January 4 at 8 a. m.

IRISH FROWN WINS

OVER BRITISH FUN

Arguing that prohibition is undesirable, the Notre Dame negative debating team defeated an affirmative team representing the University of Sydney, Australia, Monday evening, in one of the liveliest and most interesting debates ever held in Washington hall, at Notre Dame.

The question was: "Resolved, that prohibition is desirable and should be retained." The visitors upheld the affirmative, but not too much. They lost the debate gracefully and cordially, proving meanwhile that British humor is extremely funny, and completely winning their audience by a dashing display of real wit.

The negative debaters based their arguments on the failure of efforts to enforce the prohibition laws, the application of the doctrine of state's rights to the question, and the growth of the bootlegging evil.

The affirmative arguments were built upon prosperity of the United States since the passage of the prohibition law, the abolishment of the saloon, and the audience's sense of humor.

The Australian debaters were Sydney H. Hoathwood, John R. Godsall, and Noel D. McIntosh. The winning Notre Dame men were James Roy, Arthur Goldberg, and William Coyne.

Prof. James M. O'Neill, of the University of Wisconsin, judged the debate. Judge G. A. Farabough, of South Bend, and lecturer in the law school, was chairman.

ENGINEERS EXPERIMENT

The Electrical Engineers turned out in full force for the meeting of the A. I. E. E. held in the Engineering Building Tuesday evening, December 7. The program, arranged and, for the most part, presented by student members, revealed some future Edisons and Steinmetzes among the Notre Dame Double E's.

E. Galdabini read a paper on the Origin of Numbers and Algebraic Symbols, followed by Mr. Metrailer, who spoke on the Slide Rule. Prof. Hafel augmented this latter talk by an explanation of some of the

fine points in slipstick calculations. His instructions were gathered together on mimeographed sheets that were passed out to the tech men.

Bill Davis and Clyde Schamel then proceeded with some transformer experiments. Their demonstration of water welding ended in a blaze of glory as a fuse 'went out.' After this, Davis diagrammed the operation of the Tesla coil, and with lights out, the men produced sparks, brush discharges, coronas, and what not with high tension currents.

—C.S.B.

A. C. P. A. TO MEET HERE

The second annual meeting of the American Catholic Philosophical Association will be held at the University of Notre Dame, December 28 and 29. The society announces a quarterly review of philosophy, *The New Scholasticism*, containing approximately one hundred pages, appearing in January, April, July and October. The purpose of this review is to make known the Neo-Scholastic position on the important problems of philosophy and to express the Neo-Scholastic view on current philosophical systems and theories. The program is as follows:

Tuesday, Dec. 28, at 10:00 A. M., "The New Realism," by Sister Mary Verda; Discussion by Charles C. Miltner. At 2:30 P. M., "Psycho-Physical Parallelism" by John F. McCormick; Discussion by Pierre B. Bouscaren. At 7:00 P. M., Annual Dinner, featuring "The President's Address" by Edward A. Pace.

Wednesday, Dec. 29, at 9:30 A. M., "Contemporary Conceptions of Religion" by Fulton J. Sheen; Discussion by Gerald B. Phelan. At 2:30 P. M., Business Meeting, featuring "The Meaning of Values" by John A. Ryan; Discussion by Bernard Vogt.

The sessions of the convention will be held in Washington Hall. All students who are interested in philosophy are invited to attend. The President of the University has appointed a committee to look after all details to insure the comfort and entertainment of his guests, the members of the Association.

GLEE CLUB TO GO EAST

The Notre Dame Glee Club will start on its second annual tour of the East December 27th. The first concert will be given on the 27th at Erie, Pa. Making their way eastward, the club will sing at Geneva, N. Y.; Clinton, Mass.; Bridgeport, Conn.; Brooklyn, N. Y.; Newark and Hoboken, N. J.; Philadelphia and Washington. A concert may be given at Pittsburgh on the return trip. At Washington the Glee Club will sing at the Mayflower Hotel. President Coolidge has been invited to attend the concert. The members of the club will visit the White House while they are at the capital.

Last year the club made a similar tour of the Eastern states and was greeted with flattering comment from all sides. Forty of the sixty members will make the trip this year. Arrangements for the tour were made by Andrew J. Mulreany, business manager of the organization. The Varsity Quartette and Cecil Alexander, violin soloist, will accompany the Club.

CLEVELANDERS TO DANCE

What its members claim will be the finest dance in the history of the club will be held by the Cleveland Club of Notre Dame during the Christmas Holidays. The Union Club has been secured for the affair, and two orchestras, "Ed" Day's orchestra and Stanwood's Jade Room orchestra, will play. Unusually excellent favors will be distributed, the nature of which is being kept a secret.

GLEE CLUB IN FIRST CONCERT

The first formal concert of the year by the Glee Club was presented last Thursday evening in Washington Hall. A large number of town-folks and students were present. The concert was very well done and the Club is in splendid shape for its Eastern trip. An added feature to the program this year is Cecil Alexander, violin soloist. Mr. Alexander performed exceptionally well Thursday night.

BUFFALO CLUB DANCE

A closed dance will be held at the Hotel Statler, Buffalo, by the newly-organized Buffalo-Notre Dame Club, during the Christmas holidays. The music will be furnished by the Cleff Dweller Collegians. Frank X. Schwab and Representative James Mead will be among the patrons. Karl Wahl, John Burns, Vincent Mescall, Peter Mansel, Francis Connors, Bernard Bird and Paul Hoffler compose the committee.

JERSEYITES DANCE

Ben Bernie and his Royale Orchestra will syncopate at the Christmas formal of the New Jersey Club at the Hotel Robert Treat on Monday evening, December 27.

CHEM CLUB MEETING

The Student Chemists' Club held the regular December meeting in Chemistry Hall last Wednesday evening. A splendid program was presented.

Messrs. Sieren and Shanley performed an experiment of considerable theoretical interest, producing nitrogen from ammonia and chlorine. During the experiment, Mr. Shanley gave the history of nitrogen fixation, and told of many interesting methods used to bring it about. Mr. Munz gave an exceedingly well planned paper on Hydro-Electric Power in the Industries. In this paper he reviewed an inspection trip made through the power plants at Niagara Falls.

Mr. Reilly, a graduate student, discussed the basic properties of oxygen in a way that received many compliments from both students and faculty members.

DANTE CLUB EATS

The Dante Club of Notre Dame will hold their second dinner on the night of December 15th at the Hotel LaSalle. The committee in charge will be Ceffallio, Leonelli, Guardenieri, with Carollo as chairman. This will be the last meeting before the Christmas vacation and all who can are expected to be present.

THE COLLEGE PARADE

:- By John T. Cullinan

The two men who cut the names of University of Missouri men who died in the World War, in the Memorial Tower, are both natives of Germany, and the younger served four years in the army of the former Kaiser. "Yes," said Karl Kesterman: "I fought for Germany during the war, but I do not believe I fought against these boys whose names I am cutting." Twentieth century irony.

Twenty ducats for a pint of blood! Yale University students have answered this clarion call and many are paying their way through college by this means. Prevalent blood price for transfusions is about fifty dollars a pint, although it fluctuates at times. Hospitals are continually sending blood messages. A husky Yale student easily earns several hundred dollars a year by this "occupation."

Witty professors at Columbia university have been subjected to an intelligence test compiled by students. The questionaire was presented to four professors in the Pulitzer school of journalism, two from Teacher's college, and five miscellaneous instructors. Excerpts from the gems:

Q. Why do students come to college? A. Because they have no place else to go.

Q. Who was Candida? A. Oh, Pshaw!

Q. Which hand should stir the coffee? A. When gloves are on the hands, a spoon should be used, otherwise a spoon should be used.

Q. How many cocktails are there? A. More than the 57 varieties.

Q. What is moral turpitude? A. A new name for an old vice.

Q. What does the doctor do after he has operated on your father? A. Sews your old man.

Bi-weekly meetings in social etiquette where imaginary meals are served to illustrate the correct method of eating will give Ohio Wesleyan co-eds instruction in the fine points of culture. The meetings are the result of a wish of the founder of the university for Ohio Wesleyan co-eds to be as refined as those attending eastern colleges. East is East, and West is West.

* * * *

Students at the University of Southern California have established the custom of raising a flag, a gold Trojan head on a cardinal background, to celebrate their football victories. To prove their good sportsmanship they have agreed to lower their emblem in case of defeat. The flag came down on the night of December 4.

The University of West Virginia is very proud of T. Tess Callaghan, a student in the school of medicine. His average for the first semester was 97.647 for 17 hours, while his average for the second semester was 98.143 for 21 hour's work. It's all in the name.

* * * *

Commenting upon the prowess of the individual members of the Notre Dame team which so successfully defeated University of Southern California, the "Trojan," official organ of the university said: "The name of John Niemic is on the tongue of every Notre Dame man these days, for this halfback in his first year of varsity play as an understudy of the great Chris Flanagan, dashed out of nowhere in the closing minutes of play Saturday to grab two passes—the latter the winning score."

"O'Boyle's running and Flanagan's passing furnished two chapters for Notre Dame's story."

"Knute Rockne used nearly all of his squad and they showed the class that has led to their world-wide renown. Riley, Edwards, Parisien, and McNally all quarterbacks, were substituted in a rapid manner and each ran the team in brainy fashion."

"The Irish captains, Edwards and Hearden, were kept on the bench at the start of the game, but once in made their presence felt."



SUGAR-COATED TRUTH

I always wanted to see this town. I was born in a Studebaker wagon, awakened every morning by a Big Ben clock, grew up walking between the handles of an Oliver Chilled plow, wore home made shirts made by Singer sewing machines, and read all my life of Notre Dame, whose scholastic standing is one touchdown and a field goal higher than any other modern educational hinderance.

Yours for narrower minds and broader stadiums. — WILL ROGERS.

(From the New York Times, Nov. 29)

Underneath the thick coating of laughs which the cowboy humorist spreads over his remarks real truth often lies. Rodgers' recent remark concerning Notre Dame's educational status is peculiarly applicable at this time, when the Cranky Critics of America get out the old bludgeons and concertedly hammer the Irish reputation for scholastic teaching. They base their claim to a freefor-all slamming spree, of course, upon the fact that Notre Dame's football team rates ten pages of publicity to her educational efforts' one column. If the critics were not so numerous and so persistent, they could be laughed off, but as it is, some defense is called for when they become especially rabid.

What could be more natural or more to be expected than that the Notre Dame football team should receive reams of publicity, and that it should overshadow in many minds Notre Dame's scholastic standing? Dashing athletes forcing a physical object toward a concrete, visible goal are always of more news value than earnest students pushing a pen toward invisible, intangible glory. Such is human nature. We have only this to say to the critics: if you wish to know Notre Dame's educational status, spend a day or two with us while we attempt to show you a few of the mental and moral accomplishments of which we are so justly proud. J.A.B.

NOTRE DAME'S RENAISSANCE

The renaissance is upon us. Friday evening Notre Dame will witness the long-promised revival of art and dramatics here, when Charles Phillips' "The Fool of God" and Norbert Engels and John Graham's "Lord Byron" will be presented in Washington Hall. The first, a drama built about the life of St. Francis Assissi, is the work of a man whose personality and ability are known and loved not only locally, but nationally. The second, an opera termed "an idealized conception of the life of Lord Byron," was written last year by two undergraduates whose work in music and dramatics gave promise of a remarkable future for The evening immediately should both. place Notre Dame's dramatic work in a position from where continued success is assured.

It has been long since such an event occurred here. During the past few years Notre Dame men have for the most part attended moving pictures in Washington Hall. A good-natured spirit of harmless fun and occasional horse-play has been evident at times. But Friday evening two productions written, staged and acted by Notre Dame men will be presented, and any thoughtlessness on the part of the audience would injure deeply friends who have worked for this moment. No warning is needed, but this suggestion, the SCHOLASTIC feels, is not out of place. Students who attend in Washington Hall Friday night are requested simply to remember that no dignity on the part of the audience is too great a compliment to the men who have brought these productions before us. The audience itself will gain materially by extending close attention and real sympathy to the cast and the authors. The SCHOLASTIC feels that a mere word is more than sufficient.—J.A.B.



THE CHEAT

Oh, I would dance through life like this
To jest—to laugh—and throw a kiss—
To say I love you—then not care
If you forget; oh, what a dare
To play my cards and cheat the Fate
That broke my heart—a bit too late!

---VAMPIRE

The other day, one of the more notable Wranglers asked us how we pronounce our name. We have been called almost everything: Cy-ran-o, Cy-rahn-o, Cyr-a-no, etc., etc. We will explain, for the edification of those interested, that our name is Cyrano; Cyr as in Sears, Roebuck & Co., a as in what, and no as in the rear seat. Accent on the Cyr.

* * * * HOBNAILS

Chimes . . . closing doors . . . flickering lights . . . darkness . . . stairs . . . hobnails scuffing . . . quiet . . . chanting . . . O Salutaris . . . incense . . . Tantum Ergo . . . heads bow . . . perfect silence . . . suspense . . . dong . . . dong . . . dong . . . Blessed be God . . Omnes Gentes . . . pro nobis . . .

Dear Cy: Speaking of this modern day of swift transportation, how about this item in the Marinette, Wis., Eagle-Star?

* * * *

"Ole Peterson and family motored to Denmark for dinner Sunday."

—THE BLIND BEGGAR

HOBNAILS PERSONALS

J. McL.: We liked your triolet until we went to the Orpheum. In fact, we had it set up in type, and we afterward had to pull the page apart and find another triolet to fit. Please don't!

Vampire: "More!" cried our friend, Ye Literary Ed, when we showed him your selections. The other will follow shortly.

* * * * VALENCIA

A dancer whirls in madd'ning rhythm before me. Her soft, dark body moves in sensuous curves. She is alluring.

She comes nearer.

Bright eyes show that she is living in the song. I am young and passion rises in me.

I would have her.

The music stops.

She is gone before I know her dance has ceased. I see that I have only dreamed And again I am a fat, old man.

md again i am a iat, old mem.
—ENEJ LE REF

Deer frends-When it cums to coachen hour man Rockne ain't got no peers. He gest the wether was goen to be tuff on hour players so he acklimated them. All last week he maid them sleap on hot water bottles and drink orange joose three times a day. Evry nite hour outfit gathered in Washington Hall and sung "California hear we cum." Wen it cums to branes hour man Rockne wasn't cheated nun at all. It was nuthin short of scrumshus the way he saved hour player Perryseen for a sikolojical moment. Hour man Anaemic is shure a wunder-he got his name in the dikshunary already. It was put there cuz he terned the aponents blud to water with his sensashunalisms on the feeld. Sutch playen ain't bin dun sinse I left hour old owlma motter. Sumtimes I am allmost tempted to go up and say "Rock gimme a soot and stand aside wile I strut my stuff," but you sea frends, Rock ain't strong on personel stars so he mite keap me out. Now we are starten hour teems on the hardwood corts. Hour ferst game was hear with Swift and Cumpany of Chicago. Chicago is a big sity in hour naboring "Sucker" state. Well frends I just got to quit. I got to study hard to remoove a condishun in english. Yures until the pikes peek. (My roomate rites that on all his let--HARRY. ters-ain't it clever tho?)

ONE LOVER

One lover . . .
Why should I wish two
When your hundred sweetnesses
Will do?

One lover
Only to stroke my hair
And kiss away the tear
Lingering there.

One lover. . . Why should I wish two When every little love I have wants you?

—F.C.M.

Dear Cyrano: Please stay away from Sorin Hall. A certain resident has just promised to shoot you. Fool him and have some of the school poets write a little verse about his interurban. He will kill them and save some of us the job.

-THE NIGHT ALDERMAN

To all ye patient contribs and ye faithful readers, who suffer much in silence, we wish Ye Merriest of Christmases and Ye Most Happy New Year.

—CYRANO OF CHICAGO.



The Return To Dust

The Story of a Man's Atonement

ROBERT CAPESIUS

N his hotel in Paris, François de Cambrier mused over many things through the thick smoke of a cigar. That same smoke, how it curled and floated upward, taking with it fading images. There was an image of his home in Brittany, of the chateau of Cambrier, as it lay silent in the western darkness. There were the huge rocks of the cliffs on the shore of the wild Atlantic. Through the smoke Francois could see the place of his fathers, the same chateau that had lorded it over the obedient peasants of the village for years and years. He saw his wife, the goodly Madame of his home. Most likely she was sitting on the veranda on that summer night, on the quaint veranda that seems to be rising from out of the trees of the surrounding pine forest.

Francois smiled grimly as he relit his cigar. His had not been the peace of a home and not the contentment of a husband. He could not bear the wild parties which his wife gave for the friends of her former life. She had been an actress and his association with her had dug the gulf that had existed between him and his father. She may have loved him, but she also loved his wealth. Not for a small price had she bid "Adieu" to the glare of the Opera in the capital to share a plebeian home in the "Wilderness" as she loved to term the place of her confinement among the bourgoisie.

Then the thoughts of Francois travelled further. He trembled slightly and his face changed its expression of grim seriousness into one of fear. He saw his father, the Frenchman of the old school, the unrelenting hard man. He saw him in his glory when he himself had been a boy. The cheers from

the throats of many soldiers had exalted the old man in the eyes of his little boy, then when after the Prussian invasion of 1870 the father had commanded an army, and had led it home victoriously. François saw his father rising distinctly in the image of smoke as in the glass of a clairvovant. He went over his own life, through the mad days of his stay at the University, through his experiences at the night clubs and the opera. Here again he met with the woman, the Madame, who took such complete possession of his father's chateau. It had to be one way or other that time. He could not stand to be disinherited but he wanted the woman. A little poison alters so much in life, if it is properly taken. The father had not suspected it, but he had died suddenly. It puzzled the people of the village, but to them, only another aristocrat was gone. The father had been cremated and his ashes laid to rest in the family mausoleum.

Then that terrible day had come when the urn with his father's ashes had overturned and they had clung to the floor of the wet catacomb. Francois had detected it one day but he had seen too late. He had stepped upon them. They cut in his shoe, burned in his flesh and were forever weighing upon his mind and soul. His peace of mind was gone with the memory of the murdered father and yet Madame was happy in her life's enjoyment.

The recollection of the terrible incident and those soul-wrecking pangs of his conscience drove Francois into a fit of trembling delirium. He could not stand it, to see those figures eternally before him. He could not ease the feeling in his foot where the shoe had pressed the ashes to the floor. His whole frame shook violently. Despair had seized him and he did not know, but he rushed out of the room without hat and coat. Instinct guided him onward towards the high bridge over the Seine from which so many had leaped down through the ages, to seek forgetfulness.

II.

Francois de Cambrier woke with a start, his head dull and aching. He felt a rocky movement and under him the grinding of wheels. He was on a train which was speeding through the country. It was broad daylight. His hands were cuffed with steel chains and so were his legs, allowing him but little freedom of movement. He looked about and discovered a guard sitting on a box in the baggage car. From under the fragrance of a French cigarette, this individual was eyeing him sympathetically and said:

"Monsieur will go to Africa as a legionnaire. Monsieur will feel better after he drinks this."

He handed the prisoner a glass filled with some liquid, which Francois took eagerly because his tongue was dry and his head was in a whirl. He felt better immediately and stood up with the help of the guard, then sat on some box wondering.

"Monsieur will go to the 'Legion etrangere' in Africa" the guard repeated when he saw the perplexity of the man.

Francois did not understand readily and inquired: "Why the chains?"

"A rule, Monsieur. The recruits do not wish to go after they wake up."

Then the unfortunate prisoner realized his situation. He remembered the night in Paris when he wished to end it all in the Seine. A man had intercepted him and taken him to some cafe where they had drunk. They had wine, so sweet and heavy. The man had told him about a better life where all troubles were forgotten. Francois had signed his name on some paper upon the man's request and he knew no more.

"Where are we going"? He asked the guard.

"To Marseilles. Monsieur will go to the camp of the legionnaires for Africa."

Then the situation became clearer to the noble Frenchman. He begged and used all means of persuasion on the guard but to no avail. That was the nefarious practice of the government to obtain recruits for the ever-emptying ranks of the foreign legion. He had signed and plans of escape were futile.

Π I.

Tropical breezes blew over the Mediterranean as the French ship of war cut the yielding blue waves on its way to Morocco. The destination's point was to be "Sidi-bel-Abbes" where the legionnaires were to be trained in the art of frontier warfare. The journey thither was ordinary. Only four of the new men had committed suicide by jumping into the sea and refusing to appear on the surface. A varied assembly of nations was on board. The most were fugitives from justice. They were welcome in the French haven of unhappy men.

Four weeks of training in the expeditionary camp had made men out of despairing human beings. The African sun had completely ruined complexions which had been raised with great care in the shops of the Montmartre. Tall frames that were bony and sinewy, were wearing the blue of France.

A conversation took place one night between two soldiers in the back of the training camp.

"I," said the one, "I was depressed and despairing because a great injustice was done to me and I sought consolation in the legion."

"I," said the other, "I have a wife at home, who is well off without me. For her I committed a crime which is unforgiveable. The legion offered me forgetfulness."

The conversation of the two men went from one topic to another but only slightly did they touch the topics delicate to their memories. Both were apparently well educated and both equally shunned the company of the coarse legionnaires. The companion of Francois at one time had been a priest of the faith, but through a stroke of misfortune and through the misrepresentation of the incident by evil tongues, he was taken away the privilege of practicing his vocation. The man sought to self-sacrifice himself, if not for his religion, then for his country, and Africa was such a wide field for self-denial. With Francois he was in deep sympathy because of the former's views on religion. The priest only prayed for his friend, that he might receive the grace to enlighten his soul.

The priest had been two years in the service and in that wild country, but not yet had he converted a Musselman. The natives saw in France the oppressor and scorned his religion. The faith of the Musselman differs from that of the Christians. The Arab finds the leading articles of faith in the two commandments of the Decalogue and he is opposed to "image-worship" and "Mariolatry." His is a strict monotheist and his motto of faith runs thus:

"Say, there is one God alone; God the eternal. He begetteth not, and He is not begotten And there is none like Him."

IV.

The regiment containing the two legionnaires, Francois and his friend, was sent into the interior to subdue an uprising, in the wild country of Dahomey. This is an African kingdom, known to the civilized world as the highest example of savagery, with its old custom of its yearly offering of slaves to the memory of the last deceased king. It is known because of its army of Amazons and because of the uncurbed despotism of its kings.

Into this earthly infernum the regiment was sent with the blessings of the French artillery and expeditionary staff who stayed behind.

Weeks passed, a time during which the soldiers stoically endured the most inhuman of climates and the most gruelling of marches through the barren sands of the desert.

They were weeks of abstinence of all comforts of life and of the necessary nourishment, for the two rations of rice a day will not uphold the spirits of a body of soldiers. Then came the reaction of their human natures against such food, the sickening in the stomach and the dizzy spells of head-The first opportunity to end their misery was welcomed by the soldiers: Francois was shot in the leg in a scrimmage with Bedouins and his life was endangered because of the lack of the necessary care. He was near death before he thought grimly of an end and of a possible hereafter. He realized the critical condition of his body and soul. His life he would give with satisfaction in atonement for the life of his father. His friend cared for his soul eventually, because he heard the confession of the invalid, thus bringing peace to a long tortured conscience. The desired end did not arrive. The regiment arrived in the desert fort and Francisco's leg was amputated. Later he received an honorable discharge and was sent home to his castle in Brittany.

The wheels of time had ground forty years into but a seeming short period, when the waves of the Atlantic were still battling with the high rocks and cliffs that protect the low-lands of Brittany from the sea. The village was still in its solitary place and the people were doing the same listless work in their rural simplicity. Now and then by the fire-side, an old peasant, gray and wrinkled would tell tales to the listening children. It always was the tale of the old hermit of the chateau, and of the former chateau whose crevices and towers used to touch heaven. Men spoke with anxiety of the ghost that haunted the ruins of the devastated building. Other men would recall the night when the beautiful castle burned down and how the Madame was driven into the Then there was a crippled hermit, the silent beggar who had never been known to smile. It was told of him how he would sit in clear starry nights on the moss-covered ruins of the chateau and how his long white beard would shine ghastly in the pale glimmer of the moon.

The American Mercury

An Analysis of One of Our Prominent Contemporaries

JOHN T. CULLINAN

Reeking with the inconsistency of an Hearst editorial page, flaunting a materialistic and unwholesome philosophy, and making an appeal to the twentieth century's fallaciously subtle mind, the American Mercury continues to gain vitality and strength, until careful nurturing has resulted in the development of an inconceivable popular mental child. It cannot be termed an illegitimate child because it boasts of parentage; it can be termed an unwanted child because its parents never tire of boasting of it. For its parentage it turns to Henry L. Mencken and George Jean Nathan; for its nourishment it looks to a mentally infantile public which like some fabulous monster at once feeds and consumes its precious pet.

Mencken and Nathan joined fortunes over eleven years ago when they became co-editors of "Smart Set" which once was considered as one of the nation's ultra-ultra periodicals but which has deteriorated until the present, when it will feature any hotchpotch. This was the first of a series of malformed children which have found conception and sustenance in the minds of these literary progenitors. Within seven years, Mercury made his bow, a delightful looking creature as he glided about in his gorgeous green garb—green to symbolize an avid public which religiously digests the mental aberrations of this fellow. The expense attached to that coming out party must have been tremendous. The proud parents evidently toiled for months until they had arranged the betrothal which culminated in a marriage ceremony when Mercury was wedded to an American reading public which permitted the substitution of destructive speech for a constitutional guarantee which in the lives of that staunch Federalist, Hamilton, and the sterling Democrat, Jefferson, took the form of free speech.

Mencken and Nathan are alleged masters of the English language. But that cloak of ability has covered an infinite number of

shortcomings, and a counter charge that they have become mistresses of the language offers a more vivid and accurate description of their attainments. Mistresses are garish, painted, dyed, and superficially polished; masters are brutal, wholesome, and profound probers. Masters have creative genius which makes for longevity of language; mistresses have spasmodic talent which makes for wholesale destruction of morals and morale. These writers, like mistresses, grace gay occasions, offer suggestions for interior decorating, and paint wordy pictures which from a distance assume proportions of a masterpiece, but which at close range disclose their tawdriness. A brackish taste lines the mouth after an adjustment of the pince-nez for more than passing inspection of their work. A perusal of the latest arrival from their hands offers as Exhibit A an unjust and unwarranted attack upon the Catholic press and upon the Catholic editors of the nation. This is sufficient unto itself, but to add timber to the already roaring blaze of resentment against the Mercury editors, we find that they have inveigled a William C. Murphy into preparing the scathing denunciation. A man with that name should be of Irish extraction. Proceeding on this assumption, Murphy has prostituted his art, unnecessarily attacked his church, and disgraced the race from which he derived his power to write and his genial humor. He could not be serious in attacking his religion; surely, the genial Irish humor suggested that an appearance in a Mencken and Nathan publication would be an excellent and practical joke. When editors allow themselves to become saturated with foolishness, then their contributing staff will add a few additional drops of foolishness, causing the executives to become bloated and pass from the realm of fools to one of complete annihilation and nothingness.

Mercury editors are at the saturation point. It is but a question of time until

the laws of physics refuse defiance and result in the axiomatic end which must be bursting. The heads will go first. They contain nothing. The loss will be small. The bodies will follow. A taxing of the intestinal strength has left them helpless. The medical examiner will assign liver disorder

as the cause of death. The mentally infantile public which has followed them through life will weep. And on that day may it please my city editor to return me to the ranks of the "cubs" who write obituaries. The twice blessed quality of mercy does not exist in journalism.

Christmas Gift

The Holiday Gives a Scoffer a Job

LA CARCAJADA

THE streets were crowded until one scarcely thought of them as streets at all. They seemed more like streams, like rivers swollen by recent rains, roaring past like the waters of a flood. There were eddies and whirlpools, too, little knots of people that stopped and shook hands and wished each other the season's greetings and then quickly moved on, for it was cold.

Bright lights filled the windows. Lights that shone forth and made the snow, recently fallen, sparkle and flash. Also there was color. Bright and staggering colors that caused the eyes to burn. Green and red and yellow.

Only one shopping day left before Christmas.

"Yes, only one shopping day," mused Anston, "That's all Christmas means anyway. Shopping days."

Not that it meant even that much to him as he stood, bleak and forlorn, in front of the gorgeously decorated windows, a queer contrast.

Nothing meant anything to Anston anymore. People were fools or dupes. Else they were the foolers and those who duped. Personal gain. One shopping day left!

It had been nearly thirty years since Anston had really believed in anything. He had then. Yes, in everything. God and virtue and Christmas and all.

But the world soon knocked that out of him. His fate had been that of so many young idealists who leave college so confident in their ignorance and so cocksure in their inexperience.

Only Anston had never got readjusted. He had lost position after position, and then job after job. From an idealist he became a scoffer.

And even as he was devoid of the world's wisdom so also was he barren of its goods. A dime. That was all the earthly possessions he had at the time. All besides a ragged suit of clothes and a cap without shape or color.

Christmas was a sham. For the manufacturers and merchants it was only a source of profit to be exploited to its fullest possibilities. For the people it was a garment, a cloak, under which they might hide their fundamental want of kindness and charity. They gave gifts because they expected other gifts in return.

"Hypocrites," he sneered with enough animation to be heard by the crowd that surged by.

It was six, although it was dark enough to have been midnight. It was time to eat. And a dime to eat with. Ten cents. A cup of coffee and a sandwich.

Then what? As Anston slowly emerged from the greasy interior of a cheap eating place, he wondered. The meal had not been sufficient. It had not diminished his hunger. At least he had eaten, more than he might be able to do again for some time.

Beg he would not, for he could not bring himself to ask favors of the world he supremely detested. Nor would he go to one of those social aid homes they had. These were the narcotics with which society soothed its conscience when that hurt. And Anston wanted it to suffer.

Steal? That, too, was the way of the archhypocrite.

Work? Yes, gladly if he could get something to do. Many times he had atempted to earn a dollar or two by offering his services to someone. Always there was the same result. Ragged and dejected looking, he excited suspicion. A dangerous man to have about.

A few shops were open yet. He would try one of them. So he selected a small, dingy notions store feebly decorated with artificial wreaths in a vain attempt to produce a holiday appearance. Anston entered and asked if there were any work he might do.

The owner, proprietor, and sole clerk, stockily built, dark, foreign, surveyed him a minute. A doubting look entered his eyes. Already Anston could feel the doorknob in his hand. As usual. Turned down!

As the proprietor took his eyes off Anston his glance happenel to fall upon one of the innumerable small wreaths that lined the walls—a wire and cloth affair which was sickly green in color. He called Anston back.

Something like a smile slowly condensed upon his swarthy face.

"I have thought," he hesitatingly pronounced, "Some toys. You can uncrate them, no?"

To You

Blazing star-gold chariots fly through the sapphire bowl of night, A Chinese feast-gong, monstrous in yellow bronze, swings madly through reeling skies,

Falling chunks of moonstone, Assissi white, come hurtling down to blackly gaping earth.

God pushes a jeweled finger through the blue veil of the skies, Color reeking, saint laden, snow-powdered it hovers down;

Seven and twenty trumpets in wild onyx-smitten tones

Roar out a blasting symphony.

Red, white, yellow, scarlet, blue, saffron, vermillion—

All clash in a riotous mass.

Struggle in hectically beautiful confusion

The struggle ceases;

The great silver-bird of early Dawn

Flaps his pearl-studded wings over the brink of the tremendous

brazen cup

That is the World.

A figure emerges in Alp-crested white

Shot with streaks of Spanish blue

And you are there!

-MURRAY HICKEY LEY, '30.



Trojans Routed By Irish Wooden Horse, 13-12

The ancient Greek genius who gathered together enough boards and nails to build a deceptive wooden horse with which his compatriots stormed the portals of ancient Troy and romped away with a victory, did not have a thing on Mr. Knute K. Rockne, the modern strategist.

For this modern classicist, although he does not happen to be a Greek and his compatriots hail from the bonny shores of Ireland, hoarded enough forward passes, end runs and brilliant football last Saturday afternoon in Los Angeles to repel the attack of the modern Trojans from the University of Southern California. Mr. Rockne's countrymen won the battle 13 to 12.

If we remember the ancient story rightly, the Greeks waited for ten years to thrust a telling blow on the Trojan strongholds and then, at the last minute, they cooked up a ruse which put the proud inhabitants of Troy to rout with all their jewels and bagpipes.

Being an artist by nature and a strategist by choice, Mr. Rockne decided to carry out the ancient tale with exaction. After his under-dog Irish had waited for the larger part of the game to inflict a vulnerable wound, Mr. Rockne motioned to his "wooden horse," a diminutive individual in the form of Arty Parisien, and asked him to storm the Trojan portals.

"WOODEN HORSE" SNORTS

Parisien didn't linger. There were but 90 seconds to go and even though his doctor had told him that riding in a wooden horse wouldn't help his injured ribs, the unstopable Pary essayed the trick anyhow. The count was 12 to 7 and the Trojans were beginning to count heavily on a Bacchanalia of some kind because the victory was imminent.

Then Parisien rode his wooden horse into Troy. Throwing off the blankets, he spurred the beast on and before it had snorted a few times it had caught the Trojans off guard. Parisien's two flips to Niemic, with fifty yards to be made, were sufficient to put over a touchdown and the Irish won 13 to 12.

Mr. Howard Jones, the Southern coach, who is entitled to the role of the modern Anchises, picked up his eleven stalwart grandsons of Aeneas and rushed them from the stadium, for a trip around Italy or into the waters of the Styx, for they had lost their first intersectional battle of the history.

Take this modernist interpretation of Vergil's poem at your pleasure but at any rate these Fightin' Irish, galled a bit by their unwelcome reception in the lairs of the Carnegie Scotch, played their game of old and displayed to some 80,000 assembled that the best football team in the country is bound to have one bad afternoon.

The first quarter had not been well started when the Thundering Herd of Notre Dame charged against the Trojans with a deadly attack. After piloting the ball to the California 20 yard line, Riley took the ball on a fake plunge and scooted the remaining distance for the first touchdown. O'Boyle booted the extra point.

PASS BRINGS TOUCHDOWN

A brilliant display of gridiron fireworks enabled the Trojans to get within striking distance during the second quarter. After recovering the ball on the Irish 42 yard line, the California backs failed to gain through the line. Kaer passed to Behrendt who was downed on the Notre Dame one foot line by Edwards. Kaer slipped over a moment after, Taylor missing the attempt.

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Where Notre Dame Men Meet to EAT Throughout the third period the teams fought at quits, neither getting a noticeable break. But early in the fourth, the Californians began the drive that almost spelled doom for the Irish. Wheeler, an eely, lightning-covered back, was sent into the game for the mighty Kaer and the newcomer proved a team in himself. With five bullet-like thrusts he gained 44 yards and steamed over the Irish line for the second California touchdown, Drury missing the "point of destiny," as it afterward proved.

Fighting in desperation, with all the nerve of maddened bulls who have been twice wounded, Notre Dame's powerful machine made attempt after attempt to bowl over the dogged Trojans.

There were only seconds to play and the end had not been attained. The fans were leaving for they acclaimed Southern Cal a victor when the wooden horse, Art Parisien, came to the rescue. And in less time than it takes to pull a cork, the southpaw passer had flipped Notre Dame to a one point victory over the surprised Californians.

Considering the obstacles which the Herd had to face in this game it was an even more remarkable game than that against the Army. Downcast by their first defeat which had blown the sides out of a national championship castle, weakened by four days of travel and slowed by an unkind climate, the Irish bucked up in spite of their hurdles and rushed to a deserved win.

PARISIEN-NIEMIC LEND COLOR

No more brilliant playing than that of Kaer and Wheeler was seen during the afternoon for both backs passed, ran and punted with astounding effect. But no more colorful or dramatic playing than that of Parisien and Niemic could have been possible. Coming at such a tense moment, Parisien's uncanny passing and Niemic's faultless receiving, were new flames for the interested crowd.

But here the likeness to the ancient myth ends for the end was not according to the books. They were the Irish who started out on the journey, not under Aeneas but under Rockne and they didn't weep over Dido's funeral pile but rather over the Trojans whom they had humbled. The score:

TROJANS		NOTRE DAME
Badgro	L.E	Maxwell
Hibbs	L.T	McManmon
Taylor	L.G	Mayer
Cravath (C))C	Boeringer
Gorrell	R.G	J. Smith
Cox	R.T	Miller
Behrendt	R.E	Voedisch
Kaer	Q.B	Riley
Drury	L.H	Niemic
Thomas	R.H	Dahman
Laranetta _	F.B	Wynn

Officials—Burch, Earlham, referee; McCord, Illinois, umpire; Wyatt, Oregon, head linesman; Badenoch, Chicago, field judge.

Scoring: Touchdowns—Riley, Kaer, Williams, Niemic. Goal after touchdown—O'Boyle.

Substitutes: Notre Dame—Wallace for Maxwell, Hearden for Dahman, Flanagan for Niemic, O'Boyle for Wynn, R. Smith for Mayer, Edwards for Riley, Kolisky for McMannon, Hagan for Miller, Leppig for Smith, Niemic for Flanagan, Fredericks for Boeringer, Parisien for Riley, McNally for Parisien. U. S. C.—Thompson for Drury, Schwing for Cox, Schant for Taylor, Williams for Kaer, Drury for Thompson, Heiser for Wheeler, Wheeler for Thomas, Cox for Schwing, Elliott for Williams.

•	IMPRESS	IVENESS!
	-	
	Notre Dame77	Beloit 0
	Notre Dame20	Minnesota 7
	Notre Dame28	Penn State 0
	Notre Dame 6	Nortwestern _ 0
	Notre Dame12	Georgia Tech 0
	Notre Dame26	Indiana 0
	Notre Dame 7	Army 0
	Notre Dame21	Drake 0
	Notre Dame 0	Carnegie19
	Notre Dame13	South'n Calif. 12
	Totals210	Total38
	Touchdowns, N. D	. 31: Opponents 6
		D. 24, Opponents 2
	Safeties, N. D. 0;	

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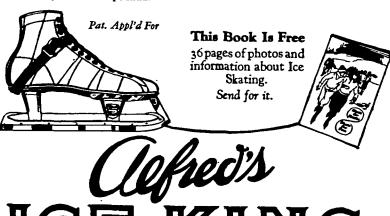


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IRISH BEGIN SEASON WELL; TRAMPLE ARMOUR AND EARLHAM DECISIVELY

Memories of a western championship basketball team floated back into the minds of Notre Dame men last week when two 1926 veterans, padded out with some dozen aspiring sophomores, completely baffled the first two opponents on the 1926-27 Irish net schedule.

It began Monday night when seventeen athletes rolled up 51 points while Armour Tech, of Chicago, connected for only 19 markers. It continued Saturday night when the Irish smothered Earlham, rated as one of Indiana's exemplary fives, 42 to 12.

To explain either game would be a superhuman task. There's no explanation to it. Dr. George Keogan's men just worked the ball down the floor at their leisure, shot at the loop as much as good taste dictated, and made points as quickly as they chose. Both games were featured by the smooth team play that made the 1926 five so outstanding. Guarding and basket shooting were a bit off color, due perhaps to the infancy of the season.

Captain Johnny Nyikos and Lou Conroy bore the brunt of the first two games because Vince M'Nally and Ray Dahman were sojourning in California, a football game having attracted them there. But the supporting cast of Nyikos and Conroy, mostly Sophomores and youngsters at the game, was far from gloom-inspiring. Colerick, Bray, Hughes, Newbold, Jachym, Gebhart, Vogelwede and Crowe showed to much advantage.

Captain Nyikos was the shining light of Monday's game with Armour. The lithe leader darted around the floor all evening, passing, checking up and slipping under the bucket enough to connect with the ring half a dozen times. The Notre Dame offense was sluggish at times but took on a rhythm now and then, which was enough to boost the score by jumps.

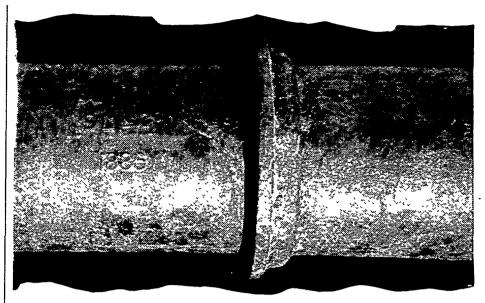
Saturday's game started well but ended in much the same manner as did the Armour Tech fracas. Earlham held the Irish at bay for half the period and threatened to provide a real workout. Then Keogan's cagers went to work and had amassed a 19 to 8 lead at the half:

The second period was a slaughter in every sense of the word. Twenty-three markers were added to the Notre Dame total while Earlham added but four. Nyikos was credited with seven buckets during the evening's entertainment. Frankie Crowe. brother of the illustrous Clem, fearful lest he should trample the family honor in the dust, made six baskets and three foul throws for the highest total of the game.

Keogan's five goes to Minneapolis Saturday night for a game with the Minnesota quintet.

The Gophers have a strong team, which, while not doped to win the Big Ten title, still is regarded as a tough assignment for most of the teams in the Middle West.

On December 20, Coach Keogan's quintet will meet Iowa. This team will be most difficult to overcome.



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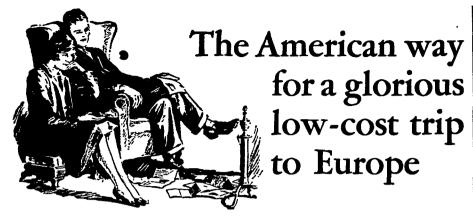
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ALL-INTER-HALL TEAMS:

Following its annual custom, the SCHOLASTIC this week presents its honorary All-Interhall football selection. Lack of space prohibits a review of the season and the players. These selections were made by a disinterested committee composed of interhall officials, coaches, and the SCHOLASTIC sports editor.

Here they are:

First Team:

Gruening, BadinLE
Marek, CarrollLT
Sebasta, BrownsonLG
Norman, CorbyC
Massman, BadinRG
Tompkin, SophomoreRT
Curry, Sophomore (C) RE.
McDonald, BadinQE
Griffin, BadinRH
Kuhn, Freshman LH
Listzwan, FreshmanFB

Second Team:

Smith, Freshman	.LE
Repetti, Lyons	LT
Clark, Sophomore	_LG
Luckhouse, Walsh	C
Fields, Sophomore	$\mathbf{R}\mathbf{G}$
Thompson, Howard	RT
Dick, Walsh	
Kenneally, Freshman	QB
Brown, Lyons	_RH
Reedy, Brownson	
Hogan, Badin	

Third Team:

Liberto I otomo.
Murphy, SophomoreLl
McCabe, FreshmanL'
Moore, LyonsLo
Rihn, Day Dogs
Moran, FreshmanRo
Eagan, LyonsR
Harrington, Freshman, Rl
Russell, SophomoreQl
Rigney, HowardRI
Loughran, SophL!
McCarthy, Day DogsF

The Farewell of Ghoul Post III

They won nine and lost one! Unfortunately that doesn't allow any undisputed claims but most of them know way down in their hearts that the Irish are easily outstanding for the season just closed.

If any of the laws of logic would contend that wins over Minnesota, Northwestern, Army and Southern California, do not far outshadow a loss at the hands of Carnegie, we'll say that the laws of logic are a bit flatulent.

Maybe the patriots who rode through Massachusetts in '76 were "minute men" but the patriot who rode out of Massachusetts in '26 to play football at Notre Dame was the "last minute man." At least Art Parisien didn't have a lot of seconds left when he decided to break the hearts of Northwestern and Southern Cal.

If it hasn't occurred to you, Notre Dame's defeat of the Trojans was the first intersectional set-back which the latter eleven has ever suffered.

* * * * *

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Celebrities of all walks were numbered among the 80,000 who sat in Los Angeles Memorial Stadium to watch the colorful battle between the Thundering Herds. Everyone from movie stars and football coaches down to newsboys and sport writers tuned in on the proceedings.

Knute K. Rockne, Notre Dame's wonder coach, left right after the game for Honolulu where he will conduct a short coaching course and referee two grid contests which the University of Hawaii will play against the Universities of Utah and Texas.

· * * * * *

* * * * *

Football's bow to the public this year was accomplished in a very decisive fashion. The total number of people who crashed the turnstiles to see their favorites in action far exceeded any attendance record of the past. Should the favor of the colorful fall game increase in proportion?

When Oliver Wendell Holmes rode a bicycle four miles an hour and then marvelled at the perfection of mechanical locomotion, he was just as short-minded as the gentleman who thinks that the present interest in football is almost at the saturation point.

Fifteen Notre Dame stars will receive their sheepskins in June. Serious as that blow seems, we'll wager that those who remain will be fully as proficient as the team now passing out.

A tabulation of Ghoul Post's predictions for the ten games and the actual scores for the ten games is interesting. Notre Dame rolled up 210 points to its opponents' 38; Ghoul Post predicted a total of 204 for the Irish and 27 for the enemy. Two scores were hit on the head, four others were very close, two were remotely similar, one was within speaking distance and the last one was ludicrous. Yes, that one was the prediction of the Tartan-Irish affair.

We might add that our refusal to enter Livingston's weekly sweepstakes was dictated by scruples against professionalism.

-GHOUL POST III.

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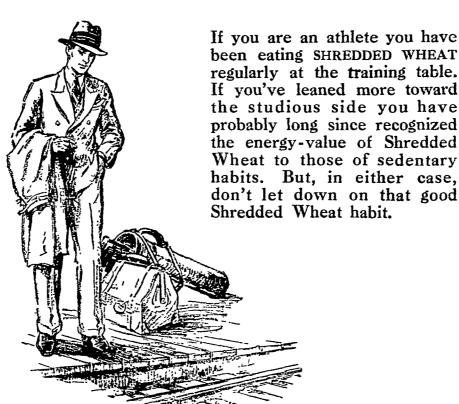
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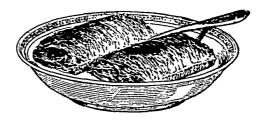
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