She Notre Dame Scholastic

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A Literary—News Weekly

VOL. LIV.

JANUARY 14, 1927.

No. 13.

1872--1926

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The Bubble We Live Richard Elpers

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Karl Martersteck

A New Study Of Character A. P. Galbadini

The Nigger In The Glass House Prospero Image

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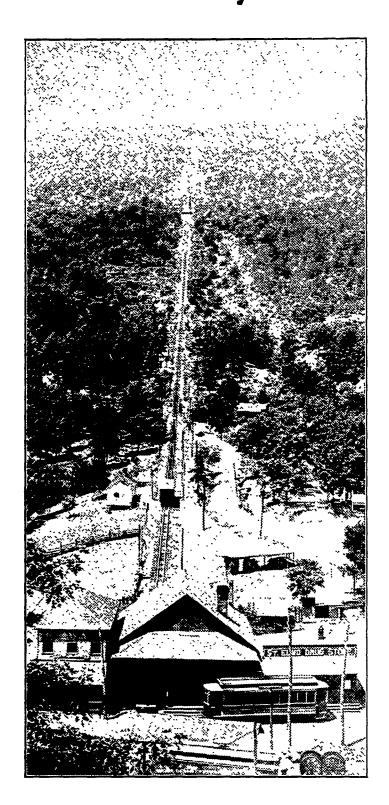
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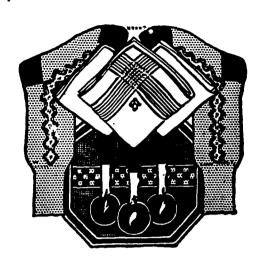
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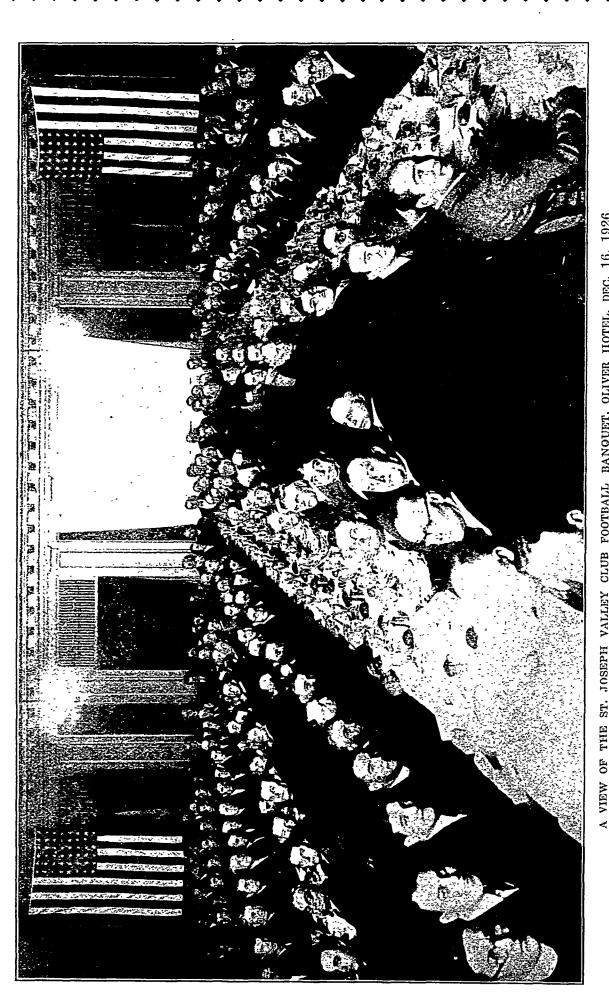
1872 = 1926

INDEX

	P	AGE
Frontispiece		388
The Week	H. Layne	399
Stage and Screen	Arthur Stenius	396
Editorial		399
Hobnails	Cyrano of Chicago	400
Men of Straw	Francis Collins Miller	401
The Bubble We Live	Richard Elpers	405
A Chat on Letter-Writing	Karl Martersteck	407
A New Study of Character	A. P. Galbadini	408
The Nigger in the Glass House	Prospero Image	409
Sport News		410

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A VIEW OF THE ST. JOSEPH VALLEY CLUB FOOTBALL BANQUET, OLIVER HOTEL, DEC. 16, 1926.



This week our column could easily be termed a trilogy. What happened before, what took place while we were away, and the activities of the first two weeks back should be recorded. All of these are numerous, as everyone knows granting he read the papers during the holidays.

One of the greatest achievements of the school year took place the week end preceeding our departure. The University Theatre made its first appearance in what proved to be two really fine presentations. Prof. Phillips play "The Fool of God" was deserving of all of the compliments which this writer heard from the student body. The actors portrayed the characters in a way that has long been absent on the Notre Dame stage and which is seldom seen in such perfection behind any college footlights. "Lord Byron" from the pens of Norb Engles and Jack Graham was a worthy successor to the Phil-Those who witnessed these two lips play. performances should be thoroughly enlightened as to the literary ability of Notre Dame men.

During the holidays the Glee Club invaded the East, the basketball team continued its merciless attack on the Big Ten representatives, and the hocky team played in Chicago, New York and Pittsburgh. Sometimes we pause to wonder just why the men who represent Notre Dame in all lines of endeavor should not be termed Traveling Irish. Nevertheless, we have always imagined it an education in itself to travel and see cities and meet people as our men do.

The Glee Club tour, arranged by Andy Mulreany, proved to be the best yet according to those who made it. The men broadcasted in New York, met Coolidge in Washington and even braved the environment of Pittsburgh. The Singing Irish found living in tuxedos anything but a hardship and it was even hinted that they attended several

dances in preparation for the Junior Prom which is to be with us in a short time.

The basketball team continually found the right angle of the loop and trounced everything that threatened to pass Conroy and Dahman. The Detroit game was evenly played until the Irish found the basket in the second half and then proceeded to walk swiftly away with the contest. The hocky team did well in their journey over the country with the exception of the Yale and Harvard games.

Joe McNamara's Football Review found an eager campus awaiting its arrival when it was issued shortly after the vacation. This is an unusually commendable review of the past season with excellent write-ups and pictures of the football men. Frank Doan besides being the associate editor contributed an article about Father O'Hara which should be read by every Notre Dame man.

Les Grady carries the announcement that the next issue of the *Juggler* will be the Hoosier Number and will be ready the last days of the month. Distinctively blue stationary also conveys the news that written and art contributions are necessary and that tomorrow will be the last day to hand them in.

The announcements for the Junior Prom, which is to be held the eleventh of next month, are fast making their appearance. The committees are listed in the pages following in this book and carry the names of some men who should put over one of the best junior dances the university has ever

The Scribblers and Wranglers continue to follow up their respective efforts in the literary and oratorical channels. The poetry contest held by the Scribblers drew a large number of contributions from the campus bards. Announcements of judges and winners will be made in the near future.—W.H.L.

UNIVERSITY THEATRE'S DEBUT

Once more dramatics have come to the fore at Notre Dame, but this time under the administration of a stabilized organization which is bending its efforts toward the superlative advancement of the arts at this in-The "University Theatre" is an stitution. amalgamation of all the activities of the university which are devoted to the dramatic and allied arts. It operates as a clearing house for student playwriting, production, scene design, costuming, as well as for musical composition, orchestration, stage presentation. The University Theatre is under the patronage of the President, the Very Rev. Matthew J. Walsh, C.S.C., and under the faculty supervision directed by the Rev. J. Hugh O'Donnell, C.S.C. The Executive Committee comprises Rev. E. Vincent Mooney, C.S.C., Director of the Players Club; Professor F. W. Kelly, Vincent Fagan, and Thomas Mills, Production Directors; Professors John J. Becker and Joseph J. Casasanta, Music: Professors Clarence E. Manion and Charles Phillips, Scripts.

The premiere performance of the University Theatre was given December 17 in observance of the Seventh Centenary of St. Francis of Assisi. "The Fool of God," a one-act dramatic idyl by Charles Phillips, was presented by a very able cast. John W. Cavanaugh in the role of Pietro Bernadone, and Lester C. Grady as Francisca, Bernadone's son, performed in a professional manner that is deserving of commendation. Both of these roles were difficult to portray but both men presented them with exceptional skill. John Leddy as the leper, Roscoe Bonjean as Scribe the servant, and James C. Roy as the Bishop of Assisi, are deserving of praiseworthy mention. The acting throughout the play plainly manifested the degree of precision with which Professor Kelly coached the players.

The second part of the program comprised a lyric drama in one-act entitled "Lord Byron," written by Jack Graham and Norbert Engels of the class of '26. John P. Butler sang thte role of Lord Byron, Doris Mc-Kowen the role of Mary, and Ulysses J. Rothballer the role of the Duke. Mr. Jack

Graham, the composer, was at the piano. The three characters carried their parts very well. The music to an extent was unique in style, it embracing some of the modern tendencies of the art. The production was under the musical direction of Professor John J. Becker and Elton Crepeau of the School of Music.

If the initial performance of the University Theatre be used as a criterion, we may be assured of some very excellent productions in the future. The program for the 1926-27 season of the University Theatre includes three other large productions: a complete musical comedy in Mid-Winter, a Post-Lenten presentation of three original one-act plays written by students of Mr. Phillip's Play writing Class, and in June an elaborate historical pageant picturing the story of Notre Dame.—C.R.

PRESIDENT TO TOUR EUROPE

Rev. Matthew J. Walsh, C. S. C., President of the University, leaves this evening for an extended tour of Europe, which will cover some months. While abroad, Father Walsh will visit the Holy Father and will also make a study of the European universities of Cambridge, Louvain, Oxford and Heidelberg. He is expected to return some time in May.

The university's most recent progress in building and maintenance has been the new "hall" that was recently erected in front of the caf. It has not been christened as yet but it has been open for public inspection and, incidentally, for business since before the holidays. At first, it was rumored that the new building was to be an autograph stand in order to enable students to have their meal tickets autographed by the freshman heroes as they came out of the "caf." But some one let the story out and so we are passing it on to you. It is the new news-paper stand. It will be open at every hour before and after meals. Besides carrying a full line of daily papers, it will sell all magazines, stickers, post cards; in short; every article that its big brother in the Main building has for sale.

THE HISTORY OF MUSIC CLASS

J. A. B.

The class in the history and appreciation of music has thus far proven aggreeably surprising. The free and unconventional character of the class, the informal method of covering a subject which would become boresome if handled too stiffly and technically, the opportunity afforded to discuss music and exchange opinions, all combine to make this class a pleasure rather than a duty. If more classes were conducted in this manner, the cut system would become even more unnecessary than it is now.

Considering the study of music from a journalistic standpoint, as I do, a technical exposition of the subject would be worse than useless. Neither I nor the public who may or may not sometime read my "stuff" is interested in technicalities. But if from this class I acquire some ability to appreciate the good in music; if I am enabled through this study to differentiate between that which deserves praise and that which deserves condemnation, I will be in a position to write journalistically of music. These things I believe can be acquired only through the method we are now pursuing.

Thus far in this course we have touched lightly and broadly upon many phases of music. We have not by any means entirely neglected the technical phase—we have obsorbed certain fundamental definitions, learned of scales which we did not know existed, touched upon basic theories of music, and had explained to us intervals, harmony, counterpoint, form, instrumentation, pitch, But more particularly have we discussed music broadly, from the viewpoint of the relation of modern music to that which we have been weaned upon, and from various other viewpoints. We have exchanged opinions concerning the effect of materialism upon art. We have been allowed and urged to think for ourselves.

Very particularly have we considered modern music, learning first of all what modern music is—that it is not the product of Whiteman and Berlin. It has been rather startling to find that so far as any knowledge of what our contemporaries are really accomplishing is concerned we are extremely unversed. We have spent a lucrative hour in the appreciative study of Madame Butterfly, La Traviata, and the Unfinished Symphony of Shubert. We have discussed Gershwin and his Rhapsody in Blue. We have gained some insight into the difficulties which confront the modern artist. We have for the large part discussed various phases of music as the topics came up, when timely and interesting. We have learned to think of music as an expression of life. Most of us have raked up the necessary money somehow to attend some one or another worthwhile musical presentation.

In these ways, our appreciation of music has grown; has been fostered and guided into the right channels. In the study of the history of the art, we have necessarily pursued a more definite academic plan. Research is demanded, papers are assigned. Even the driest facts, however, are made interesting, and every subject discussed is brought before the students in its relation to history, aesthetics, art and life. From my viewpoint the class is entirely successful in inculcating that broad grasp and appreciation of music which it is intended to teach.

NOTRE DAME MAN IN BOOK

"The Crucifix," a story by Joe Breig, editor of the SCHOLASTIC and a student in the college of Journalism, has been included in a volume of short stories published by the Grimes Publishing Company of New York. The volume is the outgrowth of a contest held by the Features-that-Fit Syndicate of Boston for Catholic newspapers of the United States and Canada, with the purpose of uncovering Catholic literary talent in America. From the thousands submitted, forty-two stories were selected and published in book form. The volume is entitled "Stepping Stones to Catholic Classics." Breig is the only Notre Dame man represented in the The story is based upon an actual happening within the experience of the author.

BROWNSON CHRISTMAS SMOKER RE-VIVES OLD SPIRIT AND MEMORIES

All traditions of Brownson Hall were revived and many new ones made at the Yuletide Smoker held in the Brownson Hall Recreation Room Wednesday evening, December 18th. The Yuletide smoker was the second to be held this school year and according to the number in attendance and the program, was most successful.

Brownson Hall boasts of an orchestra. And the orchestra proved a real attraction in the evening's entertainment. Several numbers were given, all of which were well received. Members of the orchestra are Robert Cooney, Rockwell Lindsley, Martin Reidy, Edward Franck, Paul Farmer, Leo McAloon, and Arthur Gallagher.

Brother Alphonsus, Rector of Brownson Hall, formally opened the program with "Christmas Greetings". As those who for years have learned to know and revere Brother Alphonsus well know, the remarks were filled with the thoughts of Christmas and all that Christmas means. Brother Alphonsus then presented Mr. Thomas Barber, a former Brownsonite and a graduate of Notre Dame. Mr. Barber volunteered his services this past year to coach the Brownson Hall football Mr. Barber commended the team highly for their splendid work. He expressed the great pleasure it had given him to work with men who showed such a splendid spirit of co-operation and loyalty. He cited the examples of many illustrious sons of Notre Dame who have honored their Alma Mater bp the records they have set in athletics, all of whom were loyal members of Brownson Hall. Among these was John Weibel, who won a berth on the varsity team in 1924-25 because of his work upon the Brownson Hall Weibel did not play on the Freshman Tom Lieb, now assistant coach at Wisconsin University, whose record at home and abroad in the Olympic games is well known, was a member of Brownson Hall. The record of Paul Harrington set just last year is another notable example of the type of men that have built up the traditions of Notre Dame and Brownson Hall. In appreciation of splendid service rendered by Mr. Barber he was presented with a beautiful fountain pen by members of the team.

Co-starring with the Brownson Hall Orchestra was the Brownson Hall Glee Club, made up of the following members: Frank Hetreed, Thomas Kerrigan, Robert Dewald, James Leahy, Walter Bernard, Leo McAloon, Jerome Parker, Paul Farmer, Joseph Butler, Jerome Reidy, James Cooney, George Rihm, Harold Tuberty, William Clear, and Thomas Ferriter. No prophet would go wrong who would prophesy that in the years to follow many of the singers of this Glee Club will win a place on the Notre Dame Glee Club. The songs rendered included the "Tinker Song," "When the Red, Red Robin Comes Bob, Bob Bobbin' Along," "Hike Song," and "Victory March". A number with Thomas Kerrigan as soloist was unusually well received.

Several boxing bouts were real hits of the evening. The first was a three round bout between E. Vaughn and L. Krem. This was followed with R. Lindsley and E. Nickel as light weights giving a fine demonstration of the pugilistic art. M. O'Keefe and Conway in the feather weight class provided the third bout. However, the bout of the evening was a four man affair. Four boxers all securely blindfolded were turned loose at the sound of the gong. Such a fight! Shouts and encouragements from all sides were sent out as a blinded boxer struck out viciously at a would-be opponent, who found nothing but the great open spaces to resist his thrust. Or funnier still was the expression on the face of the boxer who planted his first into an iron post supporting the ceiling above. It was only when all four men had exhausted themselves and they reposed in the center of the ring in a dignified group that the "kid of the street" calls a "dog pile" that the referee sounded the gong and called off the fracas.

Mr. McShane gave a fine demonstration of "buck and wing" dancing that scored highly. Mr. McShane kindly responded to two encores.

Men of the Boy Guidance Department

gave an interpretation of several Ojibway and Sioux Indian dances that proved educational as well as entertaining. Mr. Lester Pflwelling appeared for the first time in an interpretation of the Ojibway Horse Dance. Mr. George Neylon presented a most picturesque figure in a "Long Hunter's Dance". This dance is one of the few historical dances portrayed by the real Indians on the reservations. Charles Angione can well be classed a star for his portrayal of the Sioux war dance and he was most ably assisted by Mr. Charles Ducey, who was likewise well received. Mr. Neylon played a few of the good old fashioned melodies on the "mouth crgan" or "Harmoniky" that called for an encore, but because of his retiring nature he could not be induced to respond to more calls. A piano solo of popular selections was rendered by Mr. John Cody. Mr. William Murphy gave a vocal solo of Harold McCormack's famous "Macushla". Irish songs always strike the heart in a tender spot but Mr. Murphy's splendid rendition of this famous favorite was especially effective. Instead of responding to an encore he was assisted by Mr. Cody and Mr. Pierce in a trio of an old-fashioned ballad entitled "Take Me Back to the Garden of Love."

The smoker was ended by a real "feed" and a generous supply of cigars and cigarettes. No man left the hall that evening without a sincere hope that the next Brownson Hall Smoker would follow soon after the arrival of the happy cherub who calls himself 1927.

PRESS CLUB MEETING

The Press Club held its first meeting of the new year Tuesday at 12:30 P. M. President Mark Nevils opened the meeting by reading a number of letters received from Catholic newspapers in various parts of the country which are being benefited by the Press Club's new news service. The papers have promised their co-operation to the organization.

A discussion of the advisability of holding a weekly luncheon meeting on the campus followed. Mr. Nevils proposed the idea, which was approved by a majority of the members. An attempt will be made to have Mr. Macready Huston address the Press Club and all others interested in writing at about three o'clock on next Wednesday.

Editor Bill Blewitt gave the weekly assignments to several members, which assignments, when written will constitute the news letter to be sent out by the Club this week.

The meeting closed with the announcement that the members will be notified during the week of the whereabouts of next week's gathering.

—J.A.M.

FOOTBALL REVIEW APPEARS

It has been the custom at Notre Dame to publish each year a review of the football season. Those who have charge of this work bear quite a large responsibility upon their shoulders, for this chronicle of the great collegiate sport, as played at Cartier Field and other well known arenas of the pigskin, is the history of the most consistently good feotball played in America.

Joseph McNamara, the editor of the Review, has not failed in his trust. This year's Review is one of the finest in the history of the publication. The art work is excellent, the articles interesting and well written, and there are several special features contained. "Overlooking the Season," by Warren Brown is very amusing, and "I Went to Notre Dame," by Wallace, is another article which won our admiration.

The editor and his aids have reported the games in a lively, interesting manner. This same style characterizes all their work.

Every good football team deserves some tribute, something to keep known their deeds upon the gridiron. The "Season Review" of 1926 is a fitting tribute to any great team. The editors deserve congratulations for they have produced a fine publication to keep alive the memories of a winning team.

—J. B.

Announcement of the 1926 schedule reveals that an old union has been broken for the Northwestern Wildcats are not to be played in 1927. Schedule difficulties broke the harmony.

K. OF. C. MEETS

Grand Knight Bob Irminger of Notre Dame Council, 1477, Knights of Columbus, started his band of Knights off on a crusade of the new year at a meeting held Tuesday evening, January eleventh. The meeting was held in the Council's chambers in the basement of Walsh Hall.

Grand Knight Irminger pointed out that the year 1927 augurs good omens for the members of and the society K. of C. No. 1 is the symbol of 1927, and, according to the science of numerology, it presages great achievements and startling developments. Number 1 represents power, progress, and unity, with singleness of purpose.

"If the indications of numerology run true to form, and despite that fact," said Grand Knight Irminger, "we may look for a picnic, a dance, and great achievements of this Council during the year."

K. of C., in numerology, is represented as follows: K-2, O-7, F-8, C-2. The total of these figures is 19. Add the figures 1 and 9 the total is 10. Strike off the cipher and the final result is 1. The same applies for the year 1927.

Lecturer Howard Phalin, during his time in the chair, requested the members of the society to submit suggestions and criticisms to him, either in person or through the Council's box at the Post Office, relative to innovations in entertainment and refreshments. He confessed that it was rather difficult constantly to devise new forms of entertainment and varied kinds of menus; and assured the members that any suggestions or criticisms by them would by him be greatly appreciated. He announced that the basketball team was sedulously girding their. loins for future conquests. It was hinted at that all recruits for this belligerent body will be welcomed with open arms.

The members at the meeting later in the evening were regaled with an honest-to-goodness battle royal among six prospective Jack Johnsons, Sam Langfords, Joe Gans, Tiger Flowers and other famous pugelists of the same race. The participants in the battle royal slammed and banged one another with

gusto and did not cease their belaborings until knocked out by exhaustion.

Sandwiches and coffee followed close after the battle royal. There were as many kinds of sandwiches served as there were battle royalers. Grand Knight Irminger closed the meeting with prayer. The next meeting of the Council will not be held until February first; it was pushed back another week because of the semester examinations.

--L.R.M. ·

INSTRUCTOR AT YALE

The appointment of a former Notre Dame man, Harry McGuire, '25, to an instructorship in English at Yale University has just been announced. In view of the fact that McGuire has not yet completed his second year at Yale, the appointment is unusual. He will take up his duties as instructor in February. The announcement of this appointment comes at the same time that Professor Baker, director of the Yale University theatre announces for early publication Mc-Guire's new play "Yella," which was produced last spring by the Baker class in dramatics. The oNtre Dame man's play is one of four selected as the best of the recent output of Prof. Baker's students.

While working at the advanced course in dramatics at Yale, McGuire continues his writings in verse, as is witnessed by the recent publication of three of his poems in the new "Colorado Anthology," just issued at Denver. Two other poems of his appear in the 1926 "Anthology of American Magazine Verse" published by W. S. Braethwaite at Boston.

CLUB SECTIONS TO CLOSE

Shortness and conciseness is the spice of a note emanating from the offices of the *Dome* of '27 to the effect that all clubs, sectional or otherwise, which are interested in *Dome* representation should communicate with John C. Tappeiner, of Lyons Hall, before Wednesday, the deadline for the club section. An extension of the deadline will be out of order after that day.

JERSEYITES TROT

Social New Jersey upheld a link of the successful chain of Notre Dame Christmas dances at the Hotel Robert Treat, at Newark, on the evening of December 27 in such a manner as will leave a pleasant chain of thoughts in the minds of all those who attended.

There were approximately 200 couples there, with the addition of those who pulled the one-eyed Connolly act; usually to be expected at a collegiate affair. And they danced amid the arranged elaborateness of a cabaret-like effect to the Ben Bernie interpretation of jazz from his second string orchestra.

Grey suede purses were for the girls; pieces of Army goal posts were for the boys; with the usual K. K., of course. That the affair was a charming success need not be broadcast through the splash of printers' ink for there were those present who have already unwound their usual after-holiday yarns. That should suffice.

Richard L. Novak was the general chairman of the event. The remainder of the committee consisted of: Jerry Froelich, Jack Wingerter, Gerald Griffin, Robert Huetz, Carl Zwigard, John McLaughlin, Leo Hughes, Anthony Ceres, Charles McCarthy, Jack Cosgrove, George O'Brien and San Colarusso.

CLUBS ACTIVE DURING CHRISTMAS

Somewhere in our study of English literature we came across the following sentence, "I too have not been idle." This seems to have been the motto of the numerous city clubs during the Christmas vacation.

As the "sessions" gather in Lyons, Sprin and Howard, the chief topic of conversation is the big dance. All of the organizations gave one. The Chicago Club claims the greatest Christmas dance in the history of the organization; the New Yorkers put over their annual success, as did all of the clubs from the Atlantic to Seattle, and from New Orleans to Minnesota.

The vacation was a good one—the "ses-

sions" prove it; and the—Club dance was more than partly responsible for that.

PROM COMMITTEE BUSY

February eleventh is the date, the Palais Royale Ballroom the scene of festivities, and the Junior Prom the occasion for dragging the Tuxedos from the atmosphere of the mothballs.

All this is by way of saying that with the announcement by President Maurice Conley of Charles McCarthy as general chairman of the Junior Prom, plans are under way for making this occasion bigger and better.

No orchestra has been decided upon as yet, but some of the best bands in the country are being considered, and "Turk" Meinert, chairman of the music committee, promises something good along this line.

Personnel of the committee follows:

Charles J. McCarthy, general chairman. Tickets—William F. Brown, chairman, Harold P. Reynolds, August M. Grams, Allen Tehan, Joseph E. Enrightt, Louis F. Buckley.

Decorations—Joseph V. Doran, chairman, Louis J. Carr, Chester Rice, John D. Igoe, Charles A. Homer.

Reception—John P. Smith, chairman, Russell A. Riley, Charles F. Walsh, Francis P. Creadon, Edward A. Walsh.

Publicity—Richard L. Novak, chairman, Richard L. Phelan, Walter H. Layne, John E. Carlin, William H. Ott.

Programs—Arthur L. Denchfield, chairman, Paul G. Tobin, John C. Tappeiner, Robert T. Strickle, Conrad M. Ochoa.

Music—Dorotheus M. Meinert, Robert E. Kirby, John C. Sheedy, John J. Wingerter, Paul J. Brady, William P. Dowell.

Arrangements—John F. Frederick, John W. Cavanaugh, John E. Chevigney, Bernard E. Zipperer, Burton E. Toeppe, Joseph E. Morrissey.

Ward Leahy of the class of '26 visited old friends at the University Sunday. Mr. Leahy is now associated with the New York Central Railway lines.

STAGE AND SCREEN

Starting a new department with a new year may lead some to believe that it is nothing more than another hastily made New Year's resolution which will go wrong in a short while. Let us hope not, although we will admit that we know from the start that every week will bring an avalanche of protests against the recommendations which we will make. We have our prejudices, we confess, so that Lon Chaney or Norma Shearer will make any picture a success for us; while some wire-walking equilibrist is enough to spoil the best of vaudeville bills; but, nevertheless, we shall go on trying to view everything with the idea that another might like our dislike, and as the "Line" would say, "Let the quips fall were they may." Certainly we are fortunate to begin when every theatre in South Bend seems to have started the New Year right. We can but hope that they continue the policy.

Making his fourth and final farewell tour of this country, Sir Harry Lauder is gracing South Bend with his presence tomorrow night. Just how the "Fighting Irish" should receive the little Scot cannot be suggested, but surely there are many upon the campus who will feel the day a success in hearing him sing "Oh, How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning." As in other years, Lauder has with him a five act vaudeville bill; but such matters little so long as one can see his walk and hear his voice which captivates in spite of its raucous touch.

The bill which starts the Palace upon a new week Sunday, carries with it three headliners. Lionel "Mike" Aims, Joe Marks and the Bernardine De Graves Co. split the first place position on what promises to be a feature presentation. The Musical Hunters, and Lloyd and Brice complete the bill, with the motion picture being "While London Sleeps" in which Rin-Tin-Tin is featured. Just why the wonder dog has left the deep snows of the north and taken to city life should be interesting to see.

The Orpheum has Richard Barthelmess back again; this time however, not in that suave and debonair role which we are so used to seeing. A desert drama wherein the star of "Classmates" and "Shore Leave," disguised completely with a beard, goes deep into the sand dunes to spy upon a warring tribe of Arabs, and to forget the society which expelled him for a crime which he took upon himself so that his sweetheart might go free, it is an interesting story, directed splendidly and filled throughout with suspense of the highest type.

Bebe Daniels in her latest release "Stranded in Paris," holds the screen at the Oliver until it is lifted Saturday for Harry Lauder. Just how much a predicament occurs and the manner in which it is worked out makes an interesting story which has earned for the picture the highest praise. South Bend is fortunate to have Bebe's best picture so soon after its first showing in New York.

And for tonight and tomorrow, the Orpheum continues with "The Great Gatsby" which is starring Warner Baxter and Lois It is a well made picture of F. Scott Fitzgerald's novel, holding fairly well to the story and yet placing the whole thing upon somewhat of a larger scale than the original. The Oliver holds "The Third Degree" over for two more days. Dolores Costello gives a creditable performance, and with a supporting cast containing such personages as Louis Dresser, David Torrence and Rockcliffe Fellows one is assured of a picture well worth seeing. The Palace holds a novelty bill of vaudeville for tonight and Saturday, the five acts composing a fine afternoon or evening's variety. Mae Murray brings back to us "Valencia" but this time in a different fashion than we have had tthe opportunity to view before.—A.S.

The annual conference of the Notre Dame priests was held last Thursday afternoon at the Holy Cross Seminary. Questions on theology were discussed.

AN INTERVIEW

Ghoul Posts is an old fogy. There is no doubt about that. Unquestionably, in early life he had a pretty hard time of it. For a great number of years the world was not kind to him. It may have been adversity that despoiled him of his beauty and destroyed his sense of humor.

At any rate, we were assigned the both disagreeable and arduous task of interviewing him several days ago.

"Good morning, Mr. Ghoul Posts," said we.

"Get out of here lickity-split," he snarled. "Why Mr. Ghoul Posts!" we cried, feigning surprise and disillusionment, "you are not yourself to-day, surely! Everyone has informed me that you are the most affable of persons."

"Humph." Mr. Ghoul Posts said that. Then: "What d'ye want of me?"

"We desire to ask you several questions of pressing importance; we desire you to answer these questions."

"Humph."

"Mr. Ghoul Posts, do you know what has become of the station over at the car-line?"
"Humph"

"Mr. Ghoul Posts, do you know where the idea of a trophy room has vanished?"

"Humph."

"Mr. Ghoul Posts, are we going to have another championship basketball team this year?"

I never knew the old fogy, Ghoul Posts, was sentimental, but there was a tear in his left eye,—the right one is the artificial one,—this time when he said, "Humph."

We considered out interview with Mr. Ghoul Posts very successful. We were able to walk out of his office this last time.

---L.R.M.

NEW COURSE TO OPEN

A course in the "History and Appreciation of Music," begun last year, will be continued, amplified and extended in scope, under Dr. John J. Becker, head of the Music Department, beginning the second semester. An article contained in this issue and written by a student of the course last year ex-

plains the aims and methods of instruction of this class. The course embraces the study of music from the standpoints of art, literature, journalism and technique. No previous knowledge of music is required, nor is the course too technical for any student.

VISITS CAMPUS

Eugene McBride of the class of '16 spent Sunday at the University visiting old friends on the campus. Mr. McBride was prominent in student activities during his years at Notre Dame acting as class president and associate editor of the *Dome*. He is now connected with the Barker, Duff & Morris advertising concern of Pittsburgh.

MANION JOLTS PROHIBITION

Of more interest even than the articles in the December issue of the Notre Dame Lawyer is the promise held out by editor Clarence Ruddy of publication in the January issue of Clarence Manion's "What Price Prohibition?" The first issue of the new year should be received with a very special enthusiasm in view of this promise.

A very few lines from Prof. Manion's article follow: "We can weather many disturbances, both political and social, but our civilization cannot possibly survive the wholesale demoralization of our potential motherhood. If Prohibition has done that. we are cashiered." And again: "Is the boon (of Prohibition) so precious that it justifies the inversion of the theory and purpose of the American government; the extinction of liberty; the repeal of the bill of rights; the disturbances ever consequent upon the disregard of the natural law; the repudiation of the Fathers of this republic; the centralization of our government and the destruction of the federate principle; the union of Church and State, the demoralization of our young womanhood and the impoverishment of agriculture?

"Military Law and Military Justice," by Major Charles E. McDonald, U. S. A.; "The Misunderstood Mr. Burr," by Clarence Ruddy; "Lucky Days," by Thomas J. Jones, Jr., are the articles which headline the interesting December issue.

VILLAGERS POST-EXAM DANCE

As the final social event of the first semester, the Notre Dame Villagers will hold their annual Post-Exam dance Friday evening, January 28, at the Palais Royale ballroom. Dancing will be enjoyed from 8:30 until 12 o'clock.

This club, composed of South Bend men attending the university, has sponsored this mid-semester affair for many years, and plans are being made by committees in charge to make this year's dance one of the best ever held. Claire Wilson and his Nightingales, recently of Benton Harbor, Mich., have been engaged to play the program of dances. This orchestra unit is now appearing at the Palais Royale and is one of the most popular organizations ever presented in in the local ballroom.

Plans for the dance were completed by the Villagers at their regular monthly dinner and meeting which was held Monday evening, January 10, at the Morningside Club. Thirty members attended the meeting, which was presided over by Paul M. Butler, president.

Tickets for the Post-Exam dance will be placed on sale on the campus January 20th in the Cafeteria, the News Stand, and the residence halls.

CHEM NEWS NOTES

The 44th regular meeting of the St. Joseph Valley Section of the American Chemical Society was held in Chemistry Hall, Wednesday evening, December 15.

The first business of the evening was the election of a member to the office of Councillor. Rev. J. A. Nieuwland of the Chemistry Department of the University was chosen for another term, having held this office for 1926.

The speaker of the evening was Dr. Paul E. Klopsteg of the Central Scientific Company of Chicago, his subject being "A Journey into the Unclaimed Territories of Science." Dr. Klopsteg stressed the importance of exact physical measurement in all science, a thing quite essential to the student. He made clear to an interested audience of stu-

dents and Society members that the most promising fields for future achievements are those on the borderlands between the sciences, the "unclaimed territories."

Bill Degnen, Senior Chemist, has produced a silhouette or shadow drawing picturing Notre Dame and South Bend, of which an electrotype is to be made. The cut is to head the St. Joe Valley News as published in the Journal of the American Chemical Society.

The December issue of the *Catalyzer*, organ of Notre Dame Student Chemists, was delayed in printing, and was issued to subscribers shortly before the Christmas holidays. The number follows the customary make up, with a feature article, news of the campus scientific organizations, and editorials. Frank Mootz has been added to the staff of the growing magazine as assistant editor.

MISSOURI CLUB ORGANIZED

The Missouri Club of Notre Dame was organized at a meeting held in the south room of the Library, Wednesday evening. The club plans to take its place on the campus with other city and state clubs. Its members have decided to meet every two weeks and it has also been decided to have a monthly banquet.

"Bill" O'Keefe was chosen president, "Hank" Massman, vice-president, Walt Kennedy, secretary and Charles Hamer, treasurer of the new organization. The club has a starting membership of thirty-five.

NEW BUILDING COMMITTEE

There has been a reorganization of the building committee of the University due to new appointments made last fall. The present committee now consists of Rev. Thos. Steiner, C. S. C., Assistant Dean of Engineering, Chairman; Rev. John Devers, C. S. C., Rev. Patrick Haggerty, C. S. C., Rev. I awrence Broughall, C. S. C., and Brother Irenaeus, C. S. C. The function of this board is to supervise all building activities at the University.



AIDING COMPLETE EDUCATION

A new era is beginning at Notre Dame. Aesthetics, art, drama, and music are being fostered and nursed after a period when these subjects were too much disregarded. Not the least manifestation of this change for the better is the continuance and improvement of the class begun last year in the history and appreciation of music, under Dr. John J. Becker, head of the Music Department.

Too much attention cannot be given this class by those wishing to round out their college education with a broad and appreciative knowledge of the best in music. The subject is treated by Dr. Becker from the artistic, literary, journalistic and technical viewpoints, and so treated, is interesting in the extreme. The class is not hide-bound; on the contrary the students are given exceptional freedom and in large part care for their own education by mutual discussion and consideration of problems facing the music of today.

It is refreshing to discover such classes being entered upon the curriculum of Notre Dame. Too much academicism is not good for any university; it makes for parrot-like education and the stultifying of the creative thinking faculties. Classes like this lead and invite the student to think for himself; to propose his own solutions for problems as yet only theoretically solved by others. There is no laying down of the law with the take-it-or-leave-it ultimatum; music is an ever-changing, perenially new subject, and is remarkably stimulating to the thinking part of man.

The broadening effect of this course can not be too much emphasized. A proper appreciation of the great in music, the ability to distinguish betwen worthwhile and poor performances, and the knowledge necessary for forming proper judgments of musical values are all necessary to complete education. These things are instilled in Dr. Becker's class. It is worth everyone's time to enter such a course.—J. A. B.

Is this your lucky year?

Well, it is not difficult to ascertain whether this year is to be your lucky one or not.

According to Walter B. Gibson, writing for the Public Ledger of Philadelphia, numerology will tell you immediately upon consultation. Numerology is an ancient system of analysis which has taken the place in the sun formerly occupied by the crossword puzzle. It has many ramifications; its greatest point is its simplicity and its ease of interpretation.

In numerology much is based upon the primary numbers one to nine, inclusive. Each of these numbers has a separate indication, termed its "vibration."

This year, 1927,—don't mention it,—is under the vibration of the magical number one. Number one represents power, progress, and independence in numerology.

Where do you come in at? Right here! Anyone whose name comes under the vibratory influence of number one should experience harmonious influence during the year 1927. Numbers three, five, six and nine should also fare well, and persons who come under these vibrations have only to stay at home to welcome Lady Luck.

Add up your name! And if the total can be reduced to one of the lucky numbers the handsome basket of lucious California pears on the right is yours! Don't crowd, gentlemen! The line forms at the northeast!

Here goes the data necessary. Each letter of the alphabet has a different numerical value: A-1, B-2, C-2, D-4, E-5, F-8, G-3, H-4, I-1, J-1, K-2, L-3, M-4, N-5, O-7, P-8, Q-1, R-2, S-3, T-4, U-6, V-6, W-6, X-6, Y-1, Z-7.

Gentlemen, on your marks, get ready, begin! Please bear in mind, however, that numerology, like the crossword puzzle, is not to be taken seriously.—L.R.M.



FOR CYRANO

I looked for the love that a poet sings And found only tears disillusion brings.

I wished for the moon—a castle of gold—And was given a bauble—gilded and cold.

I asked for devotion through all the years And all that I had was neglect and fears.

I cried for death after all this strife—
The gods—being good—gave me you and life!
—VAMPIRE.

Come here, Jerry, like a nice dog. We have something whereof we would speak to you. Look solemn, now, and stop wagging your tail, for this is a matter of the utmost importance. Did you know that you have a soul, Jerry? No? Well, we didn't either, until the other day. The Academy of the Immortals in France has most generously given you a soul. After several hectic campaign speeches and, no doubt, a little mud-slinging, the Academy of the Immortals put the matter to a vote, and you got a soul, Jerry, by the count of five to four. Isn't that wonderful? Jerry, what in the world are you laughing at?

THE KNOWING CRITIC

A young man of my acquaintance
Criticized the poetry of Longfellow.
Respectfully, I asked him—
Have you read the poet?
No, he made answer,
I do not bother with the poetry
Of children.—LI CHAN.

IOWA... AND INDIAN SUMMER

A highway over meadow and hill, radiantly glistening under the harvest moon, like a silver ribbon on a girl's gown under the subdued lights of a ball-room. . . . fields of tall yellow corn whispering in the soft breeze not unlike the whisper of a dying girl to her lover. . . . for winter like death approaches fast. . . . meadows under their mantle of dew shining like the tears on a weeping mother's beautiful face. . . . the river's reflection of the moon as glorious as the light in languid eyes. . . . the leaves of stately trees in the moonlight's glow as resplendent as a ray of light on a titian's head farm houses.... some drab colored and bleak, others painted and neat. . . . girls!. . . . A stir in the opposite side of the seat, a stifled yawn "Oh! Have I been asleep long dearie?".... Wimmen. . . Hell!

-ERSKINE SIX JR.

SUNSET

Faint bells tinkling
On the hills far away . . .
Long, dark shadows
At the pale death of day . . .

-LA CARCAJADA

Deer frends:

It looks like awl hour hardwood cort games is goen to be with hams. A cupple weeks ago we opund hour skedjul with Harmers ore sum sutch naimed teem witch had for a slogan sumthen like this-"the ham wot am." Yew no there aint no scents to nuthen like that at awl. Then cum Earlham wot likewise got defeated at the hands of hour Awl Westerners. Old Crow, who by the way, is a Hoozyr and not a Kentuckyen, was sum shuter. He coreld the ball into the baskets like he was rounden up stears and seamenly with no effert on his part. Sum Awstrailyuns was hear to make argyoument with us. They was plenty good but bein on the dry side of the kwestyun also got defeated. Dahman and Pythias who was in the coast with the footballers returned and the teem defeated No. Western, Ioa, and Minnie Sota during vacashun. No. Western got it two times-hear and thare. The Skolastick aint out yet so I dont no the scoars. Will rite consurnen them in the fewcher. Vacashun was grate and we are awl glad to be back (sarchasm). Yures until Chica-goes. (my roomate got that wun up tuday—aint it cute tho?) -HARRY.

AT A SLAVE DANCE

Over the stone floor The slave girl danced To the melodious harp strings Bending and curving and arching Her bare feet making a warm pattern Against the cold floor And her eyes glowing In the pale candlelight While her slim body in silhouette Delicately on the wine-red tapestry Was thrown by smoky flames Of twisted torches Held by silent Nubians In the semi-dark corners of the room And richly robed people Sipped rose wines as they laughed And made love In the long forgotten days. . .

---HENRY JAMES STUCKART.

Add New Years' resolutions: I will send several contributions to 334 Morrissey, wherein they will be greeted with great joy.—CYRANO OF CHICAGO.



Men Of Straw

Two Women Decide the Fate of a Man

FRANCIS COLLINS MILLER

RANCHON Duvall decided Adam Pater was a cad, a bounder, a waster. What more condemning characterizations could a woman make of a man? And yet she knew also that she loved him.

Such is the queer composite of woman's love. Her scorn is so closely interlineated with her affection that the wise wooer oft-times, if he fails love, aspires to transcending hate.

Womanlike, though, Fanchon was obstinate with her heart. She found a chaste satisfaction in hating Adam. She was very angry with him. Adam had treated her ghastly for no reason at all.

So Celeste Rogers found Fanchon placid and enigmatic. But Fanchon was seething on the inside.

Romance is a trivial thing and women are apt to become absorbed in trivialities. When a woman is thoughtless she often breaks her life upon a trifle.

Celeste flashed into the drawing room that afternoon in a scarlet something difficult to describe, but which produced a clearly definable mental reaction of dash . . . vogue.

"I've been attempting to buy things," she explained, throwing herself about gracefully on a green plush divan. "Just fagged . . . most disgraceful lunch . . . biscuits and broth. So I'd have tea with you, Fanchon. You make excellent tea. And if Adam should chance in then. . . ."

"Adam will not come here," Fanchon assured curtly. "He is so occupied these days, you know. He claims to be. Men are clever with excuses. Adam's not quite up anyway." "Yes?"

"He's very useless. Why, he couldn't fix

a simple thing on the roadster Tuesday when we were stalled on the West Lincoln road. And he *swore!*"

"I admire men swearing. It is so masculine."

"I don't, my dear. Men have no more right to swear than women."

"Women have the right, dear, "Celeste interposed. "And they use it rather often."

"Anyway Adam's not good looking. He's positively ugly. And very crude . . . really he is."

Celeste glanced at her curiously.

"Well, you know Adam never went in for the polished sort of thing. When he was at college he was really never in the select crowd."

"Yes, I know it," Fanchon scolded. "He was never in, and he never will be. He's poor . . . terribly poor . . . which is criminal nowadays. I hate him . . . I hate him . . . "

Fanchon hovered on tears.

Celeste put out her gloved hand and touched Fanchon.

"Why, Fan, don't cry over a man. There are others, you know."

This touched off a nitrous charge in the pride of Fanchon's heart.

"Cry over a man! Why should I? People don't cry over persons they hate. I wasn't going to cry... in the least!"

Celeste did not grant herself the luxury of sarcasm.

"Why I scarcely know Adam any more. I've virtually *cut* him. He's so bound about in that business of his . . . advertising or some rot. No time for anyone. Just 'layouts,' and 'dummies' and other technical subterfuges. I shan't care to know a man

like that who has no time for his friends."

"That would be convenient if he had a wife. It would allow her many privileges,"

Celeste suggested.

"No, it wouldn't. Women gravitate to their husbands, and they hate neglect."

"O, I don't know," said Celeste.

"Well I would."

"But you were so mad about him once, Fan. What did he do to you?"

"Nothing, positively nothing that I can remember . . . yet he is the type, a *poseur*, that I can not learn to endure."

"Oh, yes, are you going to the Stevenson party to-night?"

"Of course."

"With whom?" asked Celeste with a suggestion of amusement in her eyes.

"With Billy Davidson."

"I'm to be there with Adam, I guess," said Celeste calmly.

"So he does find time for some women, then?"

"Precisely," agreed Celeste.

High explosives!

"Bring the tea things, Mary. I'm dreadfully hungry," said Fanchon, her face scarlet.

II.

There is the knot of this thing. Fanchon had braved Adam's neglect until she could stand it no longer. She suddenly and martially adopted the offensive. She had *cut* him, as her own expression went. She had learned to hate him easily. But her best friend, Celeste Rogers, seemed very glad to take Adam up.

Fanchon turned the business over in her mind. Now she hated Celeste for wanting Adam. On the outside she was obviously indifferent . . . but what does the outside matter? We do not suffer much on the outside: it is within that the cancer of truth ramifies most painfully.

Thus we have a woman and her life. Thus we have a man and his blunders.

Celeste had come for tea on Tuesday. Friday morning's post brought this letter to Fanchon from Adam:

"Dear Fanchon,

"There is nothing so falsely circumscribed

as love. It is supposed to cover multitudes of sins... but it doesn't... ever. A man has a constant battle against two things: affection and detestation. Women don't have that.

"It was very bad of Celeste to tell me, but she did tell me. She told me that you hated me, that you thought I was 'queer' and every kind of cad . . . that I put my heart into my work rather than into the hand of a woman. In a sense you are right. But I couldn't believe that you said it, really, Fanchon. It knocked me over. I don't know that was what I meant about love circumscribing everything. If you ever loved me you wouldn't have said that. No man would. I don't think a woman would either.

"So you see I'm not angry. It has been mostly my fault. I am queer. I admit it. One doesn't often deny one's self the comfort of confession. Yet some one may be partial to queerness, who knows.

"When we meet we shall be cold: God knows how I shall feel underneath. I am an idiot really. I never knew I was so sentimentally awkward before. What I want to say I can't say. I shouldn't say it anyway; it would do no good whatsoever. One may be lonely and be pacified by other friends, I guess. I should know. You feel a pull now and then, but what does it amount to?

"You will, perhaps, hear something in a few days that will astound you. Who knows but what it may be ruin for me and very pleasant news for you.

"You expect me to say that I have been misunderstood and very cruelly treated. I haven't, really. A man is funny that way. He feels secure when he has something; rather inclined to leave things slide.

"I've come to think of myself as some sort of scarecrow, you see, a man of straw, to be bowled over by any wind of whimsy that comes along. A waster. No character. You are right, Fanchon. I'd no hope to be worthy. Why should I? Beauty serves beauty. Unworthy, even to touch your lips! Unworthy, even to touch you... unworthy of you.

"It is because you were right, Fanchon, that it hurts. The truth always does.

"Good Bye, dear, Adam."

Fanchon wept. She wanted to go to him, to throw herself at his feet, to tell him that she loved him. But something damnable in her said no. Unworthy... unworthy, even ... She tried to steel herself to see it through. How it hurt! What had Adam meant when he said; "You will hear something that may be ruin to me and ...?"

III.

Fanchon had a headache. When one is ill one does not have the unpolite patience of polite society. So Fanchon was more than usually annoyed one dreary Friday afternoon, perhaps a week later than Adam's letter, when the maid announced Celeste Rogers.

Celeste looked phenomenally pretty as she came in. Orange rouge, very properly applied, stressed the color in her normally pallid cheeks. Celeste was glowing. She had the confident air of a woman who is about to throw a bomb; the exuberant composure of a woman about to witness a carnage and enjoying the anticipation of it.

"Now isn't it a perfectly dreadful day, Fan! Impossible every way! My gown didn't come from Stacy's. I'm awfully put out about it. Phoned twice in the last two hours . . . they promised faithfully to have it at the apartment by five. But these business people . . . so irresponsible, don't you know. I've just got to have it to-night. Barley's annual, you see."

"I'm not going," Fanchon said, betraying the weariness Celeste's colorful shower of breathless adjectives had had on her.

"Why, Fan, you look ill . . . really nothing serious!"

"A silly headache, that's all."

"And you aren't going? I thought you and Ruth Barley were quite close."

"It isn't that... I'm utterly devoid of mentality when I have a headache. I'd bore others and I'd be bored to tears myself."

"I can't remain long," Celeste informed, biting her lean, red lips. "I must get back and try on the gown. Adam liked it."

His name generated a current of static magnetism in Fanchon. "Adam liked it!" Well!

Celeste took off her gloves and threw them on the table.

The gauntlet down!

"Whatever is wrong with you, Fan? You look so pale and worn. Facials are exceedingly effective, my dear. One must guard against those tiring lines. They grow, you know. It's impossible to think how they grow. And one can not be old these days. Do get a facial every day. It helps immensely."

Fanchon's eyes gleamed.

Celeste was trying to be brutal. She had Fanchon in a corner; she wished to lash her.

This is a woman triumphant: a gloater and very pitiless with words. Society's severe and incompassionate weapons.

"I haven't resorted to them yet," said Fanchon, immediately defensive. "Adam said he always hated women who fuss with their faces. You must be *careful* Celeste."

Fire swept the room.

Celeste said: "Oh, he never criticises me. I shouldn't allow him. He wishes me always to be at my best. Adam is artistic. He admires freshness and taste in women as well as in things."

"Adam is a man," said Fanchon softly.

Celeste did not comment. She moved her fingers nervously over a French compact she had in her hands. Fanchon glared at her. The mask was down now. Fanchon glared. Her eyes swept Celeste like a torment of wind-tossed flame.

Suddenly Franchon grew rigid. She leaned forward so as to observe more closely Celeste's lank white hands. She saw a gleam of square cut diamond. She choked. Celeste spread out her fingers so that there could be no mistaking.

'Why, Celeste, you are engaged!"

"Yes, to Adam," said the exultant woman, coldly.

"I couldn't imagine. I . . . well, it is a surprise, really."

"Didn't you read this morning's 'Globe'"? Celeste inquired frigidly.

"No, I haven't been reading the papers."

"I think I shall go. Adam will call early to-night. We are to have dinner together before the dance."

Fanchon said nothing as Celeste hastily left the room.

Consider Fanchon. She threw herself on the divan and beat her fists against the plush until her knuckles were raw. She laughed, she cried, she gasped meaningless phrases.

"I will go to him," she said at length.

Thus love propels a woman along paths she, if she were sane, would scorn to tread.

IV.

Adam Pater, if he took women lightly, took his work most seriously. At twenty-seven he was more than a mere pinion in the efficient machinery of McAdams and McLennon, Advertising Agents, Three-Twenty-Seven, National Bank Building, Marion, Indiana.

Adam had a private office; and he handled the three largest accounts: Colbert's Toothpaste, "The Perfect Dentrifice," Ravage Washing Machines, and Red Band Overshoes. All of them were national accounts.

As an advertising copy writer and designer Adam was highly individual and efficient. Even old Barty McAdams, who played golf every afternoon from March to November, and who had an enormous red nose from a life long acquaintance with Johnny Walker, admitted it.

That particular afternoon that Fanchon and Celeste had had their catastrophic joust Adam was grouchily immersed in a chasm of ideas. His desk was littered with rough layouts, dummy sheets of sketches, and other necessities to the growth of an advertisement. He was in the throes of creating six full page spreads introducing a new safety wringer that the Ravage people were marketing in connection with their widely known electric washing machine. The *right* words, the particular, specific, dashing phrases that characterized his writing skillfully avoided his seeking brain that afternoon.

Try as he would he could not get his mind on Caslon types, bold face italics, Cheltenham bold, half-tones, high lights, and other technical and boring considerations that go into the mechanical makeup of advertisements.

His mind gyrated between Fanchon and Celeste.

He was weighing his heart. The antique scale would not come to a balance. Why? Because he sought to deceive himself.

Somehow he realized that he had done a prodigious act in disdainful impetuosity: he had becoeme engaged to Celeste.

If women are puzzles then men are mountebanks who are silly of their own clowning. But then a man is brutish; he is tenacious.

Honor—the kind of *honor* that makes a man carry through a bad bargain—is what Adam had. He realized his error, his miscalculation, but he revolted at wavering now. Carry through. Carry on regardless of consequences. Life could never beat him. Sorry thing. No use to kick a row: edge it through. Fanchon didn't care anyway.

He was tortured. He looked out of the window. It was four o'clock and the sun had already ceased to warm the building opposite. Shadow. Again and again he tried to get at his work. No matter. The tendons of his soul reached out toward Fanchon and grappled her. His being engaged to Celeste—the rash act of doing it, was but a "temporary vanity of torrents swelled by a storm." Ile was small now, and very humble.

There were thoughts rotating in his head, hurling themselves around in his brain. He wanted Fanchon; he did not want Celeste. Celeste was only a mirage that for a moment obscured the opal horizon of happiness. Adam realized as he had never before that he had refused Fanchon what a woman desires most: attention and affection. A woman craves these things. They are her life. Adam had been indifferent and had so stirred up resentment in her. He was maddened by recollection of it all. Suddenly he was precipitated into an abyss of chagrin.

"What a fool!" he said aloud, burying his face in his hands.

Then that masculine impulse rang out again: Carry through!

Carry through! when happiness was at stake. Carry through! see life turn into a meaningless existence. Carry through! and be plunged into a chasm of despair.

Honor! What did it mean? An empty word.

Find Fanchon!

He would go to her. He *must*. It was imperative.

Action!

He arose and rushed to a rack where he took down his hat and stick.

At that moment his secretary entered.

"A young woman to see you, Mr. Pater," she said.

"I am leaving. I cannot see her," he replied.

"But she is breathless . . . she says she must see you."

"Who is she"?

"She did not give her name."

It could not be Fanchon, Adam reasoned. She had never come to his office.

"Then send her in," he said throwing his hat down and re-seating himself at his desk, appearing as calm as if nothing had occurred. That is the way with a man. They can regain themselves. Not so with a woman.

Fanchon came in!

Her eyes were wet and flaming. She was gripped in a passion.

"Why . . . Fanchon . . . I'd no idea . . . you are ill, dear."

He got up and went to her. But she gently pushed him away and sat down.

"I heard something dreadful to-day, Adam. You are engaged to Celeste."

"Yes," he said smoothly, "It is true."

"You are going to marry her?"

"I suppose so," he said unthinkingly.

"You are going to marry her, Adam?"

"I think so."

"No," she said vehemently, "you can't."
"Why?"

"Because I shan't let you."

Her eyes dropped, then she looked into his face. Her look was a command, her glance a decision. She put out her hand and took his limp fingers in her own.

"I shan't let you . . . ever!"

Burke said: "I suppose a man never feels a finer idiot than when a woman tells him she doesn't want him. If he ever does it is when a woman tells him that she loves him!"

Adam experienced that sensation of sweet defeat that comes when victory materializes out of demoralization, when genius is vanquished by calculation.

The Bubble We Live

^-^-^-

The Essayist Punctures Some Pet Illusions

RICHARD ELPERS

ILLIAM DRUMMOND is a man about whom I know nothing, except that he wrote a short poem named "Life, a Bubble," and that he is dead. I suppose I have been socially remiss in making a friend of him with so little knowledge of his associations. But his viewpoint is so sympathetic that I have just naturally fallen into the habit of occasionally joining him in spirit to laugh at all the bubble-blowing our physical fellow-men are doing. You see, we share the opinion that William expressed thus:

"This life, which seems so fair, Is like a bubble blown in the air."

Life, as I see it, is made up of a number of abstract fundamentals: chiefly friend-

ships, ambitions, and realizations of ambitions. And all these are bubbles.

These are my thoughts on friendships. You probably still have your tongue in your cheek at my statement that William Drummond and I are mental comrades; you will say that our companionship is fanciful. It is unreal in the sense that I cannot slap him on the back or shake his hand physically; but as regards understanding of the inner man, what mundane friendship of yours is more intimate? You may think that your affection or familiarity with a person gives you a thorough insight into that character; I opine that we are never much more than strangers to one another—our fancied intimacies are bubbles. How often a bridegroom discovers that he is starting into

housekeeping with a female person who is not at all the young women who accepted his diamond solitaire, nor even the young woman with whom he spent the honeymoon at Niagara Falls. But that example is too open a proof for my theory: no one that has studied women pretends to lay down any general observation on their sex except this one, "Woman's only rule is a chronic exception to all rules." Better take this simple case—consider how often during a year's companionship a young man has to change his impressions of his room-mate. and again he evaluates his friend John's character in a little guesswork bubble, and just as repeatedly some incongruous phase of John's make-up will explode these theories in mid-air.

We are sometimes deluded into the notion that our understanding of a fellow-creature is complete and exact because we never surprise him in any uncharacteristic attitude or action. This false security is founded on the assumption that there are no poker-players or actors in private life; the latter intimates a spurious personality, the former intimates nothing at all. In characterstudy, I have adopted the policy of calculating only on averages, thus: Jack is the sort of fellow that in three cases out of five has acted in such-and-such a manner. What he will do in the future is out of my ken, and probably out of Jack's too. There are too many unforeseen circumstances for a general dictum. Even if a friend were to bare to my trusted eye all the secrets of his inmost self, which he could never do, I would still be unaware of that great labyrinth of his hidden motives that he himself does not understand. I am afraid this has become rather involved, but, then, so is the penetration of a man's heart, which process some think is merely a matter of time and inquisitiveness.

Do not tell me that I have become morose, and have wandered far from the simile of bubbles. Have you ever seen two bubbles meet in flight, quiver together for an instant, then break apart upon their separate ways? Our friendships are like that. We cannot see beneath the personality nor know

the thousand ramifications that give it completeness and form; we can only enjoy its contact and admire the beauty of its outward expression until it is taken from us and carried away.

Ambitions and their nebulous quality need only to be brought to mind; the cartoonists and editorial-writers have already made us familiar with the metaphor. There is, however, one little quirk of human nature in connection with ambitions that is interesting: it is the lack of common interest in the projects that we hold most dear. This general unconcern reminds me of a fable that I have never heard, and, therefore, will have to make up. A young dreamer lay upon a hillside blowing bubbles until he launched upon the air a sphere that delighted him. He saw pictured in its filmy depths the images of all that he longed to have, to do and to be. With joy in his voice, he asked his friend, the artist, "What do you see in my bubble?" The artist, who had been listening to a bird's song, gazed, and answered him, "I see a sunny film filled with air." Then the dreamer turned to his friend, the practical man, and asked him, "What do you see in my bubble?" The practical man, who had been watching a beaver's dam, gazed, and answered him, "I see an inflated mass of soap and water." But the dreamer persisted in thinking his work beautiful until it burst before his eyes. Then the artist spoke, "Few of our bubbles can escape breaking by a malicious hand or by some one else's bubbles or by that impersonal wind that some call Fate." And the practical man shrugged his shoulders and also spoke. "The bigger the bubble, the faster it breaks." The translation is obvious.

As for the ambitions that are realized, you need only to draw on your memories for conviction that successes are passing and our satisfaction in them insufficient. When you used to sit on the front steps with a clay pipe and a bowl of soap-suds, were you ever content with the bubble you blew, even though you were certain that it surpassed any that your play-mates made? No; you rested on your laurels until the first flush of victory passed, then strained your

energies to produce a bigger and stronger one than the first, which had just dissolved. William Drummond has a line on this thought, and just as he inspired my introduction, so he supplied my conclusion by lamenting the vanity of this little lifebubble:

"For, when 'tis most admired, in a thought, Because it erst was naught, it turns to naught."

A Chat On Letter-Writing

The First of a Series on a Much Neglected Art.

KARL MARTERSTECK

HE history of letter-writing is somewhat similar to that of many nations of the past. It is not known just when the first letter was written; but one should imagine that it would be closely associated with the advent of writing, or about 4500 B. C. From this time on letter-writing gradually improved until it reached its highest point of perfection in the works of such men as Charles Lamb, Horace Walpole, Lord Chesterfield, Coleridge, and Keats. This art, for it is generally conceded to be such, has, since the time of these men, swiftly declined; there are, of course, men of to-day who write letters as fine as these mentioned; but they are a pitiful few. It is not that there are not as many letters written now, even though in 1880 the average person wrote three letters daily, but that those that are written are uninteresting and contain nothing that would class them as literary products. The modern craving for speed and brevity is partly responsible for this general discrepency. We should try to realize that if we once form the habit of writing good letters no more effort is required than before, and at the same time we would enjoy the sending as well as the receiving.

Life is not easy; and it is to be wondered at that with all of our habits of speaking, acting, and thinking that it is not more smooth or may be monotonous. There are intense moments and important events in all of our lives; but these do not make life bearable; they are not frequent enough. Little occurences, called every day happenings, are responsible for our well being; and while they are every day events, yet each one is intimately touched with a distinct personal feeling, changing the action into a part of our experience. Perhaps the poet can make the idea clearer:

It's just the homely little things,
The unobtrusive, friendly things,
The "won't-you-let-me-help-you" things
That make our pathway light.

It's just the jolly, joking things,

The "never-mind-the-trouble" things
The "laugh-with-me-it's-funny" things
That make the world seem bright.

For all the countless famous things,
The wondrous record-breaking things,
Those "never-can-be-equaled" things
That all the papers cite,

Are not like little human things,
The "every-day-encountered" things
The "just-because-I-like-you" things
That make us happy, quite.

So here's to all the little things,

The "done-and-then-forgotten" things,

Those "oh-it's-simply-nothing" things

That make life worth the fight.

Frequently we do not realize the important part letters play in our lives. Friendships have been made or broken, fortunes won or lost, and, what is most important, lives have been saved or ruined by a single letter. Do you recall how many times a very ordinary day has been made pleasant by a letter from an old friend? Memories of happy moments are recalled, and the dark hue of the skies fades and brightens into a golden glow through the stroke of a kird

pen. And so for us in the future the guiding light should be the happiness our kindness will bring to another, and perhaps someone still believes that "one good turn deserves another."

Is there anyone who really enjoys writing letters and, if so, what can appeal to him? To find the answer it is necessary to see why other people dislike to write. The common excuses are: I can't find time; I don't know what to say when I do write; or I can't get started. The first excuse is probably the worst because it is the result of laziness and lack of will-power. William James says that to have a good will we must exercise it, and there could be no more profitable way than to make ourselves write

letters more frequently. Have you ever noticed how many things one thinks about while reading a letter just received? But if answering is put off it seems as though there is nothing worth while recording. natural conclusion to draw from this is that the time to answer letters is right after they have been received, and not only are letters easier to write then, but they are equally as much easier read. The best way to facilitate the actual starting of the letter is to have the materials on hand. Nothing is more disconcerting than, after having made up your mind to write, to find that you are out of paper, or ink, or that someone has misplaced your pen.

A New Study Of Character

A. P. GALBADINI

The study of character, although old, is receiving a great deal of attenion from modern scientists. Several theories have been established regarding the relation between character and physical constitution. In this respect science has succeeded, to some extent, in giving us principles by which we may judge character, but there is one principle which is not theoretical, which is not promulgated by scientists, and which we have all mastered to our own satisfaction;—the judgment of character through conversation.

Conversation may be said to be an art. It necessitates all the careful study, tact, and discretion involved in any art, and since it is an art, its development requires long and constant diligence. Some are naturally talented and master it quickly and easily. Others must put forth much more effort and time. The fact there are few or no sources of theoretical knowledge available for the development of this art makes it a personal problem; a problem which we must base upon our own personal experiences and discretions.

There is, nevertheless, a principle which the popular conversationalist follows. His discourse always conforms with his surroundings, with his audience and with his subject. It is quite evident that any violation of this principle will be detrimental to his popular rating. Who, for instance, can enjoy the companionship of the irrelevant type of conversationalist? Or, who seeks the company of the antagonistic or oppugnant individual? Those that idealize such characters are, to say the least, eccentric in the choice of their companions.

Probably the most impressive means of expressing character is conversation. In order to create good impressions, therefore, it is necessary to carry on good discourse. The principle mentioned in the previous paragraph might help us to develop good conversation. We might also recall the words of Steele in an essay on this subject; "In conversation the medium is neither to affect silence nor eloquence; not to value our approbation, and to endeavor to excel us who are your company, are equal injuries." contribution to this collection of principles would be the old proverbial golden rule—"Do unto others as you would have others do unto you."

negio

The Nigger In The Glass House

Who lives in the glass house Under the willows?

A nigger,
Black as onyx,
Who wears scarlet slippers
And a purple coat.

He has
Pomegranates,
Tangarines,
And musk-melons
To sink his white teeth in.
And he has green and gold parrakeets,
And flame-colored cockatoos,
And slim little monkeys
With mulberry faces,
To keep him company.

When he is sad He nostalgically beats a tom-tom With his jet fingers.

And when he is gay He twirls in a dance He learned long ago In a jade jungle.

And the parrakeets scream, And the cockatoos cry, And the slim little monkeys With mulberry faces Chatter shrilly.

That's who lives in the glass house Under the willows.

---PROSPERO IMAGE.



Irish Run Victory String to Seven: Defeat Detroit

Any hardy mariner, who feared that Dr. George Keogan's basketball quintet lacked an engine-room of reserve power, found

CAPTAIN NYIKOS

to 25.

himself manning a boat with windless sails last Saturday night.

Dr. Keogan's astute gentlemen of the hard court proved beyond doubt that they had enough reserve power to win three ordinary basketball games when they unleashed a brilliant attack in the closing minutes of their play with Detroit University to win 41

It was one of the most thrilling as well as one of the most disagreeable games that has been played in the new gym.

Each team started with a listless spirit that might have led to a hectic exhibition had not Captain Johnny Nyikos and his cohorts found themselves late in the second half. Inaccurate passing, miserable shooting at close range and lax guarding characterized the first half.

After jumping off to a comfortable lead, due to Nyikos' uncanny lofting from the center boards, the Notre Dame five began a "butter-finger" pass attack which carried the ball to scoring territory often but always resulted in several bad attempts at the hoop.

Led by Shanahan, nimble running guard, the Detroit five battled the Irish at even terms during the latter part of the first period and when half time was declared, the count was tied at 16 all.

Early in the second period, each team resorted to a sluggish dribbling game that kept the score down.

Suddenly opening up a dazzling offense that knew no retreat, Nyikos and his mates edged away from the Detroit quintet and

never approached the danger mark again. With the score, 23 to 21, the Irish ahead, the heavy guns of the Notre Dame team boomed into a well-established lead.

Crowe and Nyikos sunk the ball regularly late in the second half and with several minutes to play, danger of the Detroit team coming within striking dis-



LOU CONROY

tance was small. Newbold, Dahman and Conroy were important cogs in the passing work which led to the high score, Dahman's and Conroy's clever dribbling and Newbold's accurate passing in scoring zones, helping considerably. The guarding, too, was noticeably better in the last half, the Detroit team having registered but three field goals.

Captain Nyikos was the gem in the Notre Dame offense. The high-scoring ace of the Irish five sunk five from the field and added two via the foul route. Crowe was hitting on all four in the second half and made a total of five baskets. The lineups and summary:

Notre Dame F	\mathbf{F}	\mathbf{T}	
McNally, rf1	0	2	1
Newbold, rf1	0	2]
Crowe, lf5	0	10	
Gebhart, lf0	0	0	1
Bray, lf0	0	0]
Nyikos, c. 5	2	12	5
Dahman, lg4	0	8	
Conroy, rg2	1	5	
Moynihan, rg0	0	-	
Colerick, c0	0	_	
Vogelwede, c1	0	2	
-	_	_	
Total19	3	41	

DETROIT	F.	F	\mathbf{T}
Sullivan, lf Jackowski, lf Butcher, c	2 1 1 1 2 4	0 0 1 0 2 0	4 2 3 2 6 8
Totals1	_ · 1	3	 25

HOCKEY TEAM COMPLETES ITS EASTERN INVASION

Handicapped by poor ice weather which allowed a minimum of practice, Notre Dame's hockey team invaded the East at the beginning of the new year and succeeded in winning and tieing a game, and dropping an additional duo to Yale and Harvard. As Yale considers hockey ability an indispensable part of every true gentleman's culture, and as Harvard is undoubtedly the best college team on the continent, the boys are wasting no sleep over these two defeats.

The strong Nichol's A. A. of Pittsburgh was the first team met on the invasion. After a spine-tickling, hair-raising game, the scorer reluctantly chalked up 1 to 1. The athletic club team was made up of former college stars and these post graduates and the wearers of the Blue and Gold put on an exhibition de luxe.

The Buffalo outfit, also composed of former college stars, was next on the schedule, and our gang took them down in a fast game, 2 to 1. Our boys were beginning

to get that coordination that makes for real team work.

But teamwork or no teamwork, Harvard is Harvard, and the Irish were compelled to bow to the boys from Cambridge, 7 to 0. "Snub" Murphy, with some 65 stops as goal tender, featured the defense of our team while Jack Hicock was our most agressive man on offense.

The Harvard game was a rough, tough affair which combined hockey, football, and boxing, and our boys were pretty well used up when they came to meet Yale. Hickok, probably the strongest man on offense, was suffering from a bad shoulder, and some of the other boys were well battered. And Yale has a good team, an experienced team, so we were for the second time on the short end of the score, 5 to 0.

Tomorrow the boys meet the Michigan Aggies at Lansing. They feel that they have hit their stride by now, and while not claiming anything, they assert that they are not taking this trip merely for the train ride.

—EDWARD J. McCORMACK

MEETINGS OF SCIENCE ACADEMY

The Notre Dame Academy of Science held its regular meeting for December on the 14th of the month. J. B. Rosenfield presented a paper on dietetics which provoked a great deal of discussion. The subject was "Salt in Everyday Life." "A simple matter," said Mr. Rosenfield, and proceeded to write chemical equations to show why certain types of diet cause a craving for salt. A credulous audience found things not so simple, and for some time kept Mr. Rosenfield busy answering questions.

A. F. Doyle read a paper on General Scientific Method that was exceedingly well written. To complete the program, Dan Bradley "entertained" with a review of scientific events.

On January 10 the Science Academy held the first meeting of the new year. Papers were read by S. J. Lechowicz and Richard Wehs, and S. R. Richtarsic gave a summary of important scientific events.

Mr. Lechowicz discussed the foundations

and fundamentals of the Einstein Theory of Relativity. He explained what relativity means and outlined some of the experiments used to corroborate Einstein. After the talk, however, no one of the audience would admit that he was now among the select few that know "what it's all about."

Mr. Wehs' paper concerned the life of Sir William Osler, prominent in the field of medicine. The paper was in the nature of a biography, but the presentation was novel and original. Rather than giving a tiresome review of dates and events, Mr. Wehs stressed what Osler accomplished and how he accomplished it. Osler was mainly responsible for the present high standing of McGill, Johns Hopkins, and Oxford medical schools. He revolutionized the teaching of medicine and brought about many reforms in the practice of the profession. Mr. Wehs succeeded well in bringing out the character of his subject.

Arrangements are under way for an open meeting of the Academy of Science, to be held the first part of February.

NOTRE DAME, 24, MINNESOTA 19

Irish basketeers started their annual winter campaign against Big Ten teams, when they met two of those fives on a trip which started just before vacation. On December 17, they put the skids to the strong Minnesota five with a 24 to 19 score.

Nyikos and Dahman were at their best in the struggle with the strong Norse five, the former's consistent work at long or short range being responsible for twelve points. Otterness, Minnesota's star sophomore center, was high scorer for the Gopher quintet.

NOTRE DAME 19, IOWA 18

A rivalry of many years' standing resumed on the following Monday night when the Irish and Iowa clashed at Iowa City, the former repeating their close victory of a year ago, this time by a 19 to 18 score.

Outdone in field shots, Keogan's team made up for that deficiency with excellent floor work and tight guarding. Too, their foul-shooting was one of the factors in winning the game.

NOTRE DAME 30, NORTHWESTERN 28

Maury Kent's Wildcats ambled into Notre Dame gym for a friendly little practice game while most of the students were enjoying their turkey and mince meat pie and gave the Irish a tougher job than had been expected, finally going home on the light end of a 30 to 28 score. During the first half, Keogan's five was well in the van but the Northwestern squad brushed up its offensive play between halves and almost succeeded in spoiling the Notre Dame victory string.

NOTRE DAME 27, NORTHWESTERN 21

Six days later, on January 3, the Irish paid a visit to the Wildcat gym in Evanston, but this time did not receive so much of a scare as they piled up a 27 to 21 advantage over the Purple.

Nyikos went wild in the first half, scoring from every angle of the floor. Again, the Irish witnessed a slump during the second half and had a hard job in heading off the last period rush of the Kent cagers.

BLUE AND GOLD MEET

TO OPEN TRACK ACTIVITY

Indoor track will gets its first 1927 test Saturday afternoon when a hundred members of the varsity and freshman squads

> are split into two sections for the annual Blue and Gold meet.

Saturday's meet will be used as a tryout for the first intercollegiate meet on the Irish schedule which is to be run against Northwestern in the latter's gym at Evanston, Illinois, next Saturday night.

After two weeks of intensive workouts under the tutelage of Johnny Wendland, cross country

FRANK MASTERSON mentor and assistant track coach varsity runners and jumpers are be-

coach varsity runners and jumpers are beginning to show form that should speak well for a successful indoor season.

Knute K. Rockne, head coach, who has been in Honolulu since the Notre Dame Southern California football game last December, will be back Saturday to look over prospects for the coming year. He will take charge of the squad Monday and begin to groom his athletes for several major relay meets as well as several dual engagements.

A number of veterans, among them many who have earned their spurs in big competition, form the nucleus of the squad. Captain Joe Della Maria, with Charley Riley are in the dashes: Barron and Griffin in the hurdles; McGauley, McDonald, and Lahey in the quarter mile; Bov in the vault; Masterson in the half mile and Young, Phelan, Nulty and Ryan in the longer distances, round out the veteran angle of the squad.

Several promising candidates have come up from last year's freshman squad, among them being Jack Elder, sensational 60 yard dasher of last season; Joe Abbott, a middle distance runner of parts and John Brown, a crack two miler.

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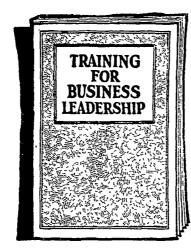
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BOLGER SCORES BIRTH CONTROL

Debating on the subject "Resolved, that birth control is good for society," Rev. William Bolger, C.S.C., professor of economics and debating coach here, and Prof. Ross, University of Wisconsin nationally known sociologist clashed in the Jewish Temple Tuesday evening. A capacity crowd of nearly a thousand listeners heard the verbal combat, which dissected the question of birth control mercilessly.

Father Bolger defended the negative side of the question from the standpoint of both religion and society, making his points strongly and logically. The crowd seemingly was somewhat inclined to his side of the debate before he had finished. The questions of moral, economics, sociological, mental and physical good were touched upon and explained thoroughly by Father Bolger.

Prof. Ross based his contentions in large part upon the danger of over-population and the physical well-being of parents and children, as well as the financial difficulties encountered as a result of too frequent procreation. He defended the affirmative with considerable dexterity and ability and his contentions were well presented.

The debate was one of a series of lectures being presented weekly by a Chicago society. In a previous forum held by the same group, Prof. Charles Phillips had considerable success in defending the Catholic viewpoint in the Mexican religious controversy, being able to win the audience to his side and to force the Mexican consul at Chicago to admit that Calles is persecuting the Church.

No decision was given in the Ross-Bolger debate, but the audience evidently was made to realize the seriousness of the problem in present-day society.

Father Bolger's presentation of his subject was so skillful and forceful that he has been invited to speak on the same subject again in the near future.

ROCHESTER CLUB XMAS DANCE

The sixth annual dinner dance of the Notre Dame Club of Rochester was held at the Rochester Hotel on December 27. The affair was successful from every standpoint and was attended by more than a hundred couples. Notre Dame alumni from points in the vicinity of Rochester were in attendance and they together with their friends composed a most enjoyable gathering.

Bud Manlon's Orchestra furnished music during the dinner and for the dance that followed it. Hanlon is a former Notre Dame man and his rendering of the "Victory March" in several unique ways was a feature of the evening. Some of the best amateur theatrical talent of Rochester was on hand to afford entertainment during the dinner. The success of the affair is due chiefly to Joe Doran who is president of the Alumni group in Rochester and also to Ray Mead, secretary-treasurer of that organization whose efforts resulted in the very representative Notre Dame dance that was given.

Many Rochester followers of Notre Dame, including a number of the Alumni and undergraduates who were at home for the holidays attended the splendid concert given by Notre Dame Glee Club in Geneva. The concert was followed by a reception and dance in the State Armory at Geneva and a large crowd was on hand to extend their welcome to the Irish singers. Charles J. Schelansky, a member of the Rochester Club, whose home is in Geneva was in the personnel of the Glee Club.

—J.D.S.

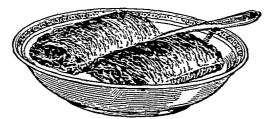
Students at Oklahoma A. & M. have the last word when it comes to showing pep. Instead of the usual "here" they have devised a new way to tell the professors of their class presence. When a student's name is called in the class during roll call, he answers "Beat Washington," one of A. & M's. football rivals. The plan met with the disfavor of the faculty and incidentally has led to a wide discussion, that is being taken up by papers throughout the country.

Beginning

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MAKE IT A DAILY HABIT

College gentlemen prefer

P.A

BLOND gentlemen and dark-haired gentlemen, diffident* freshmen and august seniors . . . Prince Albert is the overwhelming campus-favorite of every type and every pipe. (Yes, the pipes do have a voice in the matter. They can act in a docile, friendly manner or they can be mean. It depends on what you feed them.)

Open a tidy red tin of good old P. A. That first fragrant whiff will tell you why gentlemen prefer Prince Albert. Tuck a load into the bowl of your pipe and light up. Fragrance and taste alone are enough to win you.

But P. A. doesn't stop there. It is coolsmoking. It is mild as Maytime, yet it has plenty of body. It is kind to your tongue and throat. You can hit it up all you like and it never hits back. Try a tin of P. A. You'll certainly prefer it after that.

*Not too diffident.

PRINGE ALBERT

-no other tobacco is like it!

P. A. is sold everywhere in tidy red tins, pound and half-pound tin humidors, and pound crystal-glass humidors with sponge-moistener top. And always with every bit of bite and harch removed by the Prince Albert process.

