

# The Notre Dame Scholastic

Disce-Quasi-Semper-Victurus...Vive-Quasi-Cras-Moriturus

*A Literary — News Weekly*

VOL. LIV.

FEBRUARY 25, 1927

No. 19

**1872--1927**

## *Stories*

Peppered Meat	-	-	-	-	-	Harry Engel
The Talk of the Town	-	-	-	-	-	F. C. Miller

## *Essays*

The Dream and the Poems	-	-	-	-	F. C. Miller
In Defence of Girls	-	-	-	-	Carol Callahan
Poetry at Notre Dame	-	-	-	-	Edward McKenna

## *Poems*

Bill Henry and The Plumeless Knight

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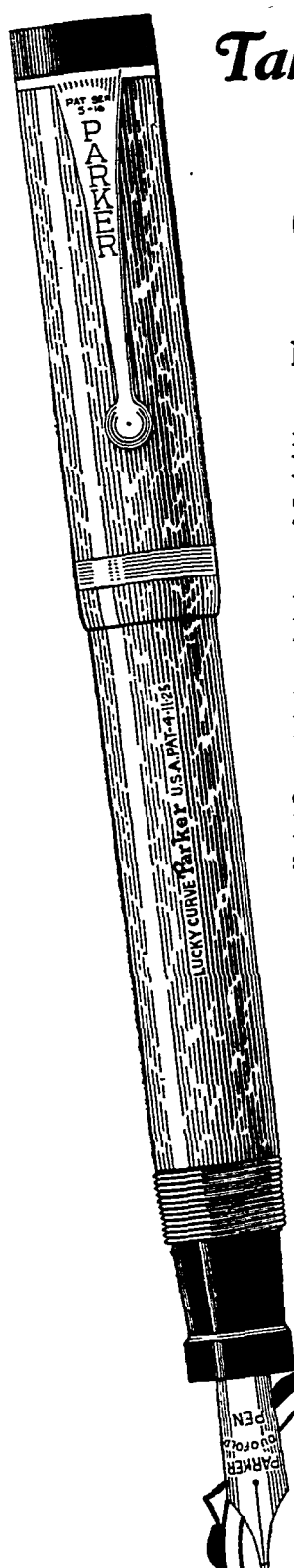
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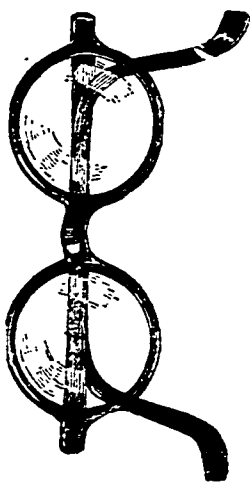
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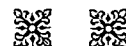
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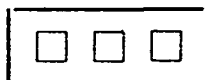


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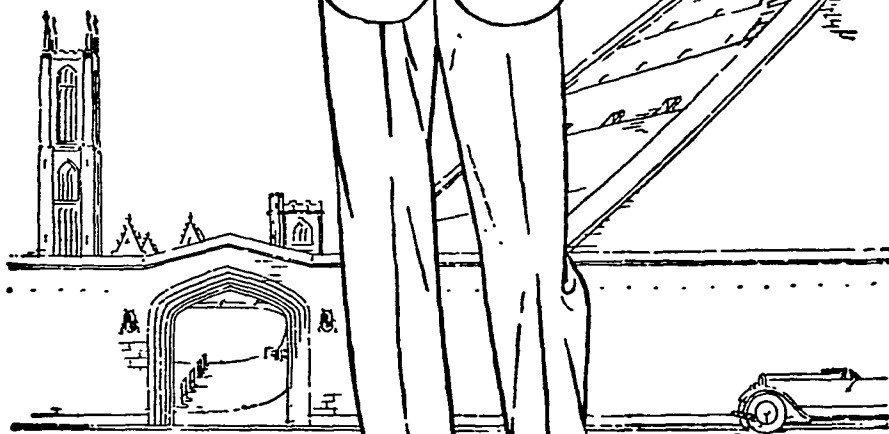
Here and ready for your inspection. It's always an event—this first look at the styles for Spring—and this year it seems to be twice the event of other seasons.

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



## THE WEEK

The celebration of Washington's birthday, inaugurated in 1891, took place Tuesday when the senior class made its first public appearance in cap and gown. The presentation of the flag to the university by the senior men, the addresses of faculty and student representatives and the recitation of an Ode To Washington by William Coyne, written this year by Professor Charles Phillips, made the first formal morning memorable for the graduating class. This is just the first step in a long series which ends with the presentation of diplomas in June, merely part of the college cycle ready to turn over the leadership to the following class which is already ordering its senior pins.

The Lawyers' Ball turned out to be more than a prison of pleasure. We didn't attend the affair, but the reports are all on the credit side of the ledger and many will proudly point out the fact that they were there and eagerly proceed to explain how you missed a really wonderful dance. The invitations were about as clever a lead as we have ever seen and the unique idea of the judgement of each couple as they entered by Justice Leo McCauley who sentenced them to three hours of syncopation blended the guests into a whirling crowd of pleasure finders. Haven't we noticed a remarkable advance in the presentation of dances this year?

The many city and state clubs are finding time these sunshiny days to gather on the library steps for a group picture to be used in the *Dome*. These organizations have been unusually active this year due in a large proportion to the leaders chosen who have taken their positions seriously and have served their purpose of bringing men from the same community closer together. There is a fine opportunity for such clubs to really accomplish something for, as we heard one man say last fall, we've got to live with

them the remainder of our life.

The effort to place interhall debating on a firm basis displayed the first appearances of success when Howard and Freshman attempted to solve the problem of government ownership of coal mines. The two halls used four teams to debate both sides of the question and ended in an even break, each hall winning one and losing one debate. Two men on the Freshman Hall team by the names of Ley and Nolan made exceptional impressions on the men in charge of the competition. The Howard Hall men were coached by Jack Daley and Arthur Stenius while Bill Craig was the lone mentor of the Freshman Hallers. The debates were held in the public speaking rooms in Walsh Hall and were well attended by the members of the first class. A silver cup, to be awarded the winner in the interhall competition, has been on display in the campus cafeteria for several weeks. Entire supervision of this new hall activity has been under the men of the Wranglers' Club.

A week ago today the trackmen traveled to Marquette to add another indoor meet to their credit. In the most spectacular event of the meet the Irish sprinters scored a clean sweep in the dashes. Charley Riley led the way by setting a new record and was closely followed by De La Maria and Jack Reilley. The Pittsburgh basketballers went down with little or no trouble Saturday evening after press reports of a win over Michigan had made them appear as first class competition. The wrestling team in way of getting things going in that sport lost to Michigan State at East Lansing. The baseball men are holding daily workouts in the gym which reminds us of Spring and the old question of the student who asked why the players practiced in cages and the reply that it was because they didn't want the flies to escape.

—W.H.L.



### FORMER STUDENT'S STORY GAINS UNIQUE DISTINCTION

In the January issue of the *Midland*, a literary magazine published by the University of Iowa, there appears a short story, *Man and Servant*, by Louis L. Ward, C.S.C. This is rather an enviable distinction in view of the fact that Edward J. O'Brien, famous collector of short stories, recognizes the *Midland* as a 100% magazine, ranking it with the *Dial* and the *Forum*. Mr. Ward was a prominent athlete at the University and received his degree from the College of Journalism. The story itself is noteworthy because of the excellent background of Indiana farming. Mr. Ward is now engaged in theological training at the Catholic University of Washington.

### ST. JOSEPH'S HOSPITAL RECOGNIZED

Friends of the St. Joseph's Hospital of South Bend will be glad to learn that that institution has been placed in Class A1 by the American Medical Association, a rare distinction. All the recovered patients as well as those who are at present experiencing the St. Joseph skill in hospitalization, not to mention the week-enders who stay over Sunday for rest-cure—in fact, we all rejoice in this splendid recognition of our own hospital.

### BOY GUIDERS SECURE CAMP

A boys' summer camp at Salem, Wis., has been secured by the University, according to a recent announcement by Rev. Wm. F. Cunningham, director of the Department of Education, and will be used as a training ground for members of the K. of C. Boy Guidance course. The camp will open under Notre Dame jurisdiction early in June.

Since the foundation of the course the Boy Guiders have been forced to spend some time attached to various recreation centers of the country to receive instruction in field work. The acquisition of the camp will eliminate extensive traveling and long periods of absence from the University, and will have the added benefit of insuring the same instruction in boy work to all students in the course.

### INTER-HALL DEBATING BEGINS

The argumentatively inclined of Howard and Freshman Halls met last Thursday evening in the first of a series of Interhall debates sponsored by the Wranglers Club. Although both debates were very close it was decided that the Freshman Negative had the better of the Howard Affirmative and vice versa. The subject for debate read; Resolved: "That the Federal Government should own and operate the coal mines of the United States." Some very good forensic talent has been developed in these two halls as well as the rest of the Freshman Halls that complete the Inter-Hall Debating league. Freshman was represented by Mr. Keogan, Murray Ley, and Tom Burke on the negative; while John Hollighan, John Reynolds, and Joseph Weadock upheld the affirmative. The Howard Hall debaters were J. Walsh, G. Winkler, F. Broeker, G. Ladner, James McGinnty and C. Carey.

Howard Hall is being coached by Jack Dailey and Arthur Stenius, while William F. Craig is teaching Freshman Hall's verbal artists the art of wrangling. The second of the series will take place tonight when Howard will meet the Brownsonites.

### UNIVERSAL NOTRE DAME NIGHT

A "Universal Notre Dame Night," with meetings of local alumni clubs throughout the country and a Notre Dame program of entertainment, will be held on April 21, James E. Armstrong, Alumni secretary, has announced. Plans for making the celebration an annual affair, with appropriate programs broadcast from various radio stations, are being considered by the Alumni board.

### TO SOLICIT STUDENT RECRUITS

Lieut. Hamilton, U.S.M.C., and Sergt. Shein, local recruiting authorities, have received permission from the University to interest the student body in enlistment for war-time service in the Marine Corps. This does not obligate them in any way in times of peace. Additional information on this score will be distributed through the medium of the bulletin boards in a few days.



## *Presentation of The Flag*

*President Hennessey's Scholarly Presentation Speech at Senior Exercises.*

RICHARD HENNESSEY

The word tradition in a general sense has no particular significance, but tradition coupled with the name of Notre Dame becomes immediately vital. It has a peculiar richness of meaning, and gives us all a feeling of great pride and devotion. For the origin of the tradition that we observe today we must turn back to another time, almost to another era, back to the year eighteen hundred and ninety-six. Here we find the senior class inaugurating the pleasing practice of presenting a flag to the University on Washington's birthday. From our association with Notre Dame and Notre Dame men we know that this beautiful custom sprang spontaneously from the love and respect embedded in the hearts of the men of '96. It has been nourished by all the succeeding classes until now it is one of our most sacred traditions.

So, dear Father Carroll, in your realization of the undying constancy of this love, and knowing the happy continuity of this tradition you can easily understand our sentiments today. Our hearts are filled with a true happiness and love in perpetuating this tradition, this glorious old tradition of Notre Dame. This morning the Class of '27 united in the same old love, the same old respect, and the same old loyalty makes this presentation to the University. This flag is the figure of our great union, the flag which has always been and always will be the symbol of protection against any aggression of tyranny.

The rights of our American citizenship are and should be well known and courageously asserted. But the maintenance of these rights depends upon certain correlative du-

ties and obligations. We must fulfil these duties and obligations if we are to preserve the rights and privileges. The Class of '27 acknowledges the true value of this citizenship, and at the same time proudly realizes the relationship that exists between the Catholic Church and the great doctrine of inalienable rights upon which our country is founded. We know that the purpose of these United States is to protect and maintain these sacred rights of the individual citizen, and that this liberty of the individual is therefore carefully guarded in our Constitution. These rights will be protected as long as this constitution remains inviolate. Knowing as we do that the duties of citizenship and the principles upon which our government is founded have been taught by the Catholic Church throughout the many centuries before the American Constitution was conceived, we are deeply proud not only of our American citizenship but also of our Catholic American citizenship.

Today, therefore, we, the members of the class of '27, are firmly resolved that as Notre Dame men we shall strive to preserve these noble traditions and bring glory to the name of our University. We promise that as American citizens we shall be ever mindful of the necessity for a loyal and interested patriotism in the preservation of our ideals, the principles of this great Union, and our Beloved Country. And as true Christian gentlemen we pledge our allegiance to that Great Leader and King of all the Universe. With this purpose and these sentiments, dear Father, we ask that the University accept this flag as a pledge of our devotion and loyalty to Notre Dame, to Our Country, and to Our God.

## *Fathers of Sons*

*Ode Written by Charles Phillips for Washington's  
Birthday Exercises*

### I.

*Fathers of Sons, for long have gathered here,  
Making a hallowed place of these old walls;  
Here still the spirit of the fathers calls  
With bugle note, year after rounded year  
To tell how, in the wheeling of the sphere,  
The circling of the sun, whate'er befalls,  
This ritual nothing mars nor aught forstalls:  
The name of Washington we still revere.*

*The name of Washington! There is a light  
Strikes rainbow-like across our skies at sound  
Of that ennobled and ennobling name.  
It is a torch above our darkest night,  
It is a star no darkness shall confound,  
Pillar of fire, sun of refulgent flame.*

### II.

*Fathers of Sons! True to your summoning,  
Behold how we, the sons of fathers, stand,  
Wide rank on rank, across our far-flung land,  
Saluting him, whom you, saluting, sing.  
Fathers of sons, now look you how we bring  
Here to this new forgathering, command  
Of loyal will, pure mind, unsullied hand,  
Pledged still to follow where your clarion rings.*

*Fathers and sons and sons of fathers, One!—  
One in the song that, echoing through the skies  
From snowy peak to sunlit surf outspans  
The planets' arc, saluting Washington.  
One in the voice that still unchallenged, cries:  
"HIS spirit was a father's and a man's."*

## CULVER RULES ANNOUNCED

Culver Military Academy announces the following rules for its 1927 Literary Day contests. Further information concerning mode of mailing manuscripts should be obtained from the registrar's office by those wishing to enter.

I. *Landscape*. For most meritorious original picture of an Indiana landscape; in oil, pastel or water color. All pictures must be 20x24 inches in size including the mount, and must be mounted on building board or heavy cardboard. Open to all residents of Indiana under 24 years of age who are not professional artists. First Prize: \$75. Second Prize: \$50. Third Prize: \$25. All cash awards.

II. *One-Act Play*. Must be capable of production in 25 to 30 minutes and must not require change of scene or lowering of curtain to show lapse of time. (Indiana locale and characters preferred but not required.) Open to all undergraduate students of Indiana Colleges. First Prize: \$75. Second Prize: \$50. Third Prize: \$25. All cash awards.

III. *Short Story*. From 2,500 to 5,000 words. (Indiana setting or background preferred.) Open to all undergraduate students of Indiana Colleges and to Indiana residents of college age (over 18 and under 24 years). First Prize: \$50. Second Prize: \$25. Third Prize: \$15. All cash awards.

IV. *Photoplay Synopsis*. For most meritorious synopsis for a photoplay, written in scenes and suited for screen production. Locale, time of story and brief description of characters must be given. Length unlimited. Open to undergraduate students of Indiana colleges, students of high schools and academies of secondary rank, and to all other residents of Indiana over 13 and under 24 years of age. First Prize: \$75. Second Prize: \$50. Third Prize: \$25. All cash awards.

V. *Piano Composition*. For most meritorious composition for piano, to be in any musical form, and to be judged on the following points: (a) Melodic line; (b) Harmonic content, and (c) Originality. Open

to undergraduate students of Indiana colleges, to students of high school and academies of secondary rank, to students of music schools over 13 and under 24 years of age, and to all other residents of Indiana over 13 and under 24 years of age. First Prize: \$50. Second Prize: \$25. Third Prize: \$15. All cash awards.

VI. *Poem*. Not over thirty lines. On any theme. Open to undergraduate students of Indiana colleges, to students of Indiana high schools and academies of secondary rank, and to all other residents of Indiana over 13 and under 24 years of age. First Prize: \$35. Second Prize: \$25. Third Prize: \$15. All cash awards.

(All prize winners will be guests of honor at the Literary Field Day Exercises Saturday, June 4th.)

## NOTRE DAME TO DEBATE DEPAUW

The first of a series of inter-collegiate debates upon the subject: Resolved: "That Federal-grants-in-aid to the individual states be discontinued," will be held next Friday evening when Notre Dame's wranglers will meet Depauw University. The affirmative team will defend the proposition here while the negative outfit will journey to Greencastle.

The annual Saint Mary's debate will take place Sunday afternoon between Notre Dame's affirmative and negative teams. This year's varsity debating team is composed of Joseph P. McNamara, George Courey, William F. Craig, James C. Roy, Arthur Goldberg, Jack Dailey, William H. Kreig, William J. Coyne, James Keating, Louis Buckley, James McShane, Pierce O'Connor and Walter Stanton.

## HE MAY GET IN

Mr. George J. Arnold, prominent Cleveland business man and brother of Capt. William R. Arnold, a Chaplain in the United States Army, this week made reservations for his son, William Richard Arnold, for entrance into the University in the fall of 1932. Registrar, please see to it that William Richard is assigned to a good room in Howard Hall.

## EDITORIAL

Dear Dad,

Your question is almost a poser. What do I think of the modern girl? It's a tough assignment, but I'll try to fill it.

Let me first define my modern girl. The girl of this letter is the girl of today—a girl dressed stylishly, but not indecently; who dances well, but not immodestly; who is a bit shocking, but not bad; who smokes occasionally, perhaps, and knows the taste of wine, but is not intemperate. Her kisses are, I suppose, obtainable, but not free; nor are they too enthusiastic, but rather friendly little pecks. Her hair is bobbed, but neatly brushed, being a coiffure of almost severe simplicity; her dresses are short, but not designed for indecent bodily display. Her laughter is frequent and lilting—perhaps a bit silly—but frank and friendly withal. Altogether, she is a refreshing, piquant figure, without guile, although sadly in need of guidance. That is, I think, a fair picture of the average modern girl. Too many persons take extreme examples and point to them as the type “modernesque.” Let us be fair and consider the girl of my description.

I shall mention two examples. Not long since I met a young lady in a restaurant; she seemed the embodiment of the modern girl. The queer point is that she was reading while she awaited her order, which is against the popular canons of her type. I was curious, and spoke to her. She allowed me to examine her book. It was a collection of Emerson's essays! For an hour then we discussed the philosophy of Emerson, and I found her, though not a college girl, to be as well educated as any of my friends here. It was a bit sad; the young lady was striving for culture, and was driving through reading matter that is far too heavy to attract the average university man—but she had no one to point out the weaknesses of certain of Emerson's philosophies. I have found

most modern girls like that—seeking without guidance for they know not what; in short, lost.

Another type; this being a perfect example of the modern girl. I found her eager for companionship, easy to meet, and yet a bit tragic. I wondered why she was so patently anxious to please her acquaintances among men; slowly I uncovered the causes for her bold attitude. Her father and mother are divorced; she earns her own living and works out her own destiny; she has been, since early girlhood, without friendly parental guidance.

You will think that these are isolated cases, but I believe them to be somewhat typical. Undoubtedly the modern girl is not all that she should be; neither is the modern boy. But the point is, where lies the blame? My answer takes the form of another question: is the modern parent, as a whole, all that can be desired?

Consider this: can youth to-day be other than a bit lax, other than sophisticated, scoffing and pleasure-bound, when the parents of to-day are divorcing oftener than marrying? Can the girl of to-day be blamed for seeking the companionship of men, and vice versa, when the home is too often a mockery and marriage a mere old-fashioned courtesy to convention?

You will say that the home is not a forgotten institution; that thousands of real mothers and fathers still exist. True; of such are my parents and my home. But poison spreads. The children of one broken home infect the sons and daughters of a dozen Godly families. And the ratio is not one broken home to a dozen sturdy families, but rather one to one.

The modern girl is not bad, nor is the modern boy. In fact, both are, I think, a bit splendid. For despite environment, despite degrading influences, despite everything polluted and rotten that strives to

damn the youth of to-day it still refuses to be damned—yes, refuses despite even the silly popular-magazine theorists who (usually refusing children themselves) state their pompous and immutable assininites as a new ten commandments for youth.

If the modern girl and boy rise above the flood and emerge dripping but triumphant, as I am certain they will, the parenthood of tomorrow, recruited from these, will be a parenthood tried by fire and facing the future with open, understanding eyes. And we may then reasonably expect a resulting generation of superb children—superb because they will have been trained to look upon evil and find it monstrous. In the past, you know, youth has been too often led through life in blind ignorance until the parental hold relaxed and worldly claws tore the fold from eyes that could see no evil because they had never been trained to look. Not weak evasion, but understanding guidance is what parents must accord their children in the future.

Love from Bill.

—J.A.B.

#### NOTICE!

All Clubs desiring to use the Library as a meeting place must first obtain permission from Mr. Paul Byrne, librarian. Strict observance of this rule is requested. Organizations disregarding it shall be excluded from the use of these meeting rooms in the future.

#### BIG BOYS' PLAY NEARS

The Bigger and Better Monogram Absurdities, scheduled for presentation in Washington Hall, March 31 and April 1 and 2, is gradually rounding into shape, according to John Wallace, manager of the 1927 edition of the show.

At a recent meeting a temporary script was arranged by Vince Engels and Vince Fagan, and plans for picking the cast were completed. John Wallace reports that the members of the Monogram Club are getting behind the movement with their usual enthusiasm, and that prospects are bright for a troupe that will startle the campus.

The chorus and its leaders attended the

initial practice Thursday evening at the Mary Grace Mohn Studies in South Bend. The fourteen members of this chorus are being trained under the personal supervision of Miss Mary Grace Mohn, a noted personage in the field of classical and ballroom dancing.

#### BARRISTERS' BALL GREAT SUCCESS

The lawyers came into their own Monday night, Feb. 21, when they and their friends held open session at the Lawyers Ball in the Knights of Columbus ballroom, South Bend. The embryonic chief justices had summoned their fair companions by Writs of Subpoena served informally by Uncle Sam's postmen, but nevertheless binding in every detail. The assembling couples were given a big reception with a little wit when they were allowed to pass the bench of the judges, Alex Seivers and Leo McCauley.

In the ballroom, lit by numerous beautiful lamps, the happy couples wove in and out to the strains of the shady music-makers from Chicago's famed Jeffrey Tavern. Intermissions were replete with stories of how the boys were "gettin' the law," and with tales of feminine fantisy. All in all, it was a great day for the lawyers.

#### ART GALLERY ENRICHED

The University is the recipient of two well-known masterpieces, *Flagellation* by Murillo dated 1631 and *The Blind Belisarius Being Led by a Boy*, the painter of which is unknown. These paintings were the gift of Mr. C. A. Wightman of Evanston, Illinois, who has donated practically the whole of the Wightman Collection as a memorial to his wife. It is necessary for Father Gregory to clean and re-frame these paintings and consequently they will not be placed upon public exhibition before next summer.

#### WASHINGTON DAY EXERCISES

Committees in charge of the day:

Cap and Gowns: Harold Hatch, Chairman; Robert Goodenow, John Brennan, Leo Herbert, William Hillenbrand.

Flag Day: Albert Doyle, Chairman; William J. Clarke, George Guettler, Norman Steyskal, William J. Murphy, Forest Cawley, Harold McCabe.

## ROCKNE RATED IN BIG THREE OF FOOTBALL COACHES

"I chose Rockne because not only is he a great field leader, but also a strong moral force."

In this wise Hugh Fullerton, writing in a recent issue of *Liberty* magazine, elects Knute Rockne to membership in his "Big Three" of football coaches. Fullerton's article, entitled "All-America Football Coaches," is evidently written from wide knowledge of his subject. Continuing, he says:

One incident illustrated his method: A boy who was a promising football player went to Rockne after call for the first football meeting on September 15. The boy said:

"Coach, I can't attend the meeting. I have a date over in South Bend."

"More important than football?" asked the coach.

"Well, no; but it's a dance, and I made an engagement to take a girl."

"All right—if you regard it as more important."

All season that boy sat on the bench and begged to be allowed to play.

"Nope—I'm saving you," Rockne replied shortly.

He kept saving him until the third quarter of the Nebraska game—the last of the season.

"Let me in, Coach!" the boy begged.

"Nope—saving you."

"For heaven's sake! What are you saving me for?"

"Junior Prom," said Rockne."

"Rockne has come to be rated, perhaps next to Glen Warner, as the greatest constructive and inventive genius of the game. But he is more than that. He has lifted a poverty-stricken school, working among the poorer boys as a duty, to a ranking university. He has elevated the athletic morale of the school to the highest plane, and with it the athletic standards of every Catholic college in the country.

Oliver Optic would have reveled in Rock-

ne's life story. He was very poor. He was small. He learned something of football when, as a boy, he played on vacant lots around Thirty-fifth Street in Chicago. He was determined to find education. Not a Catholic, he chose Notre Dame because it was cheap and because he could work his way through. He cooked in lumber camps in northern Michigan and spent one summer in the galley of a steamer on Lakes Michigan and Superior.

At Notre Dame he did odd jobs around the Chemistry Department and devoted no time to football until near the end of his college career. Then he was discovered as one of the fastest, hardest-hitting, smartest ends in the country.

He was graduated, got a position as instructor in chemistry, played a little professional football, and, when Jesse Harper was coach, was persuaded to help Harper. When Harper left, Rockne was made coach of football, baseball, track, hockey—everything. In his spare time he taught chemistry. He won the confidence of the priests and guided athletics into co-operation with the faculty, where antagonism previously had existed.

Since then Rockne's record has been the most amazing in modern football. His teams have won eighty-three games, lost eight, and tied two since 1917. Greater than this, he has built up intramural sports until Notre Dame has about 600 men playing football, and practically every one of the 2,200 students participates in some form of athletics. The success of his teams has been a vital and material force in building up the university and in unifying the alumni. The school has doubled in size and wealth since he started coaching.

This, of course, is not all due to Rockne, but much of it traces back to the advertising resulting from the victories of his teams.

The faculty not only admits but boasts of this, and Father O'Donnell, the disciplinarian, told me:

"I would hesitate to accept the responsibility for the behavior and morale of this body of students without the influence of Rockne and athletics."



## MOVIES ENGULF IRISH

At a regular meeting of the Alumni Board, held in Chicago Monday, Feb. 14, plans were discussed for the formation of the proposed Alumni-University Motion Picture Bureau, and an appeal was sent to the various local alumni clubs for closer cooperation in establishing the bureau. James E. Armstrong, Alumni secretary, attended the meeting.

The Bureau, when established, will be an exchange for the distribution of films of Notre Dame affairs to the local alumni clubs for use at meetings and entertainments. The university and the alumni at present possess a number of valuable films, to which stock will be added pictures of the Alumni activities in the various cities, and historical pictures of the growth and development of Notre Dame.

## ACADEMY TO HEAR "TEETH"

At a meeting of the Notre Dame Academy of Science, held in Chemistry Hall Monday, February 14, Richard Munz, of the College of Science, presented a paper on Mendel's theory of Heredity. Followed the reading the paper was discussed by the attendants. Announcement was made that at the next meeting, Monday, Feb. 28, Dr. Quinn, dentist of South Bend, will address the members of the academy. His subject will be "Teeth".

Seven new members were admitted at the last session, and the program for the second semester was published. A number of speakers of wide reputation have been secured to lecture on various phases of science work.

## CHEMISTS HEAR KAHLENBURG

The regular monthly meeting of the St. Joseph Valley section of the American Chemical Society was held in Chemistry Hall Wednesday evening, February 16. Dr. Kahlenburg, professor of chemistry at Wisconsin University, spoke on "The Separation of Crystalloids by Dialysis." Sixty members of the section were in attendance.

At the next meeting, to be held March 16, a representative of the Corney Glass Company will deliver an address. The subject of his talk has not been announced.

## COMMIES RATE POSITIONS

Representatives of various nationally-known business organizations are communicating with the faculty of the College of Commerce in an effort to secure interviews with seniors who are seeking positions for June, according to information secured from Dean James E. McCarthy. Fifteen companies have already announced openings for capable men, and more communications are expected.

Among the companies who have already attempted to secure the services of Notre Dame men of the class of '27 are the American Telephone and Telegraph company, the Jewel Tea Company, the Burroughs Adding Machine company and the S. W. Straus company, of Chicago.

## LOCAL YOUNG LADIES

## GAIN MORAL VICTORY

The boys who wait over for the summer session will have to endure the dog days without the pleasant relief of feminine companionship in class room or on campus. Rev. Fr. Schumacher, Prefect of Studies, has announced that coeducation will be discontinued with the eighth summer session, which will open June 22 and end August 4. The rule, however, will not apply to members of religious orders.

The summer bulletin, which will be ready early next week, will contain an extensive list of changes in the summer curriculum, several courses having been added for the new term. Preparations are being made to accommodate approximately one thousand students, the largest enrollment in the history of the session.

Rev. John R. Dinnen, rector of St. Mary's Church, Lafayette, Indiana, and the oldest Catholic priest of the Fort Wayne diocese, has retired from active ministry. Father Dinnen, who is 84 years old, and was ordained by the late Bishop Lures, July 22, 1869.

He received his education at Notre Dame, where he later taught book-keeping and penmanship. Rev. D. Lawrence Monahan is to succeed him.



## THE COLLEGE PARADE

-:-

By John T. Cullinan

Platform and athletic track look alike to the debating team of Randolph Macon College of Ashland, Virginia. After debating with Rhode Island State College on a Thursday night, and with Boston University on the following evening, the three members of the team represented their college in the Boston A. A. games Saturday night. Then, they debated with Boston College, Monday evening. Versatility, or what have you?

Statisticians have estimated that if all the freshmen in all the colleges in America were placed end to end, they would reach about half way across the Pacific Ocean. Many notable educators sponsored the survey and agreed heartily with the idea.

Undergraduates at Cambridge voted that women should be barred at the university. Immediately throughout England various organizations rallied to the defense of the women students. Charges at the debate were that the "women of to-day are as double-faced as their ancestors." Other charges against the co-eds were, "Rather than grow old, a woman dyes while she is still young, bangles her arms, bingles her hair, and bungles her face." The women were defended by one speaker who pointed to the highly civilized way in which they rode the bicycles and ate chocolates. Admitting that they powdered their faces he gave the advice of Cromwell: "Trust in the Lord and keep your powder dry."

Boston college, following the example of Notre Dame, has issued a questionnaire which inquires about the student's family, his own health, and the depth of his spiritual and general reading. However, students were recompensed for answering these personal questions by being invited to criticize the college.

Will Rogers recently told the students at Indiana University that the only reason he

did not go to college was because he had never been able to steal a raccoon coat. A "dandy" reason.

Juanita College has a unique method of staging examinations. They have three two-hour exams each day. Lunch is served between the first two, and cocoa and wafers between the second and third. This bit of refreshment and recreation boosts the humor and morale of the unfortunate exam victims, it has been found. Some exams, though, might better be preceded by a strong "bracer" (pre-Prohibition) and followed by a stretcher.

A professor at Geneva College advises early marriage on the part of students. In his opinion there should be a law that no student shall pass the sophomore year without taking unto himself a wife. It's hard to pass the sophomore year without a wife, much less with one. And how many professors would accept the following excuses: "I couldn't do a bit of work last night: The baby was teething and I had to walk the floor all night with him;" or "Lend me five dollars, Jim; I paid my alimony this morning and I don't get another check for a week?"

In South Dakota the tax on cigarettes is used for the erection of schools. This is genuine "butting" into education.

A colossal twenty-nine story "Cathedral of Learning," is being erected at the University of Pittsburgh. The construction of foundations has begun. When completed the building will contain over one hundred classrooms, besides numerous offices, and will cost approximately seven millions.

The weekly offering from Catholic University says, "The university swimming team is in good shape." Beauty hint or sport item?

# HOBNAILS

## YOUTH DREAMS OF GREATNESS

*Youth dreams of greatness, sees a future day  
When on the page of history will be writ  
Another name, in letters gold that stay  
Forever; never sees the men that sit  
Old, grey, and withered by a fitful Fate  
Which gave, now happiness, now grim despair,  
And held forth pretty baubles as a bait  
To draw them to its hope destroying lair.  
Youth sees not these, but dreams his happy dream,  
Unknowing it is built of flimsy stuff  
Which, hid beneath disguise, is but a scheme  
Of this same Fate, that kills it with a puff  
Of chilling wind. And Youth will build for hours,  
Thoughtless of falling walls and crashing towers.*

—PORPHYRO.

DEAR CY: Yes, Notre Dame is changing. I've been living in Morrissey since September, and yesterday I saw the guy who lives next door to me. Just a passing glimpse—but I know now that he's not a ghost.

—THE GREAT UNWASHED.

## WHO HATH EARS—

*I drop  
A fleeting tear  
Because  
I failed to hear;  
I thought  
She called me dear—  
BUT—  
Her mouth  
So warm and near,  
Said this:  
"Kid, while you're here,  
D'ya want  
A glass of beer?"  
L'Envoi  
Dammit, Cy,  
I failed to hear!*

—THE BLIND BEGGAR.

## YOU MAY BE RIGHT, AT THAT

CY: I beg to inform Si from Chi that Lyons Hall will never sport enough angelic appendages to lift it from the ground. My record has it that a superabundance of committee sins and party politics functions as an all too effective ballast.

—THE PRINCE OF DEMONS.

## ALL IS LOST!

CY: I haven't taken a cool dip in the lake nor have I been talking to an enemy blond; but I have discovered the identity of this admirable Vampire. If you hadn't been so very slow, Cy, I'm sure I wouldn't have had a chance; but really I appreciate

your lack of momentum because it is a chance in a life time for me, I'll assure you that. And maybe the reason she doesn't care for short men is that she is an exception to the rule about being beautiful and dumb. . . and it is so easy for clever remarks to go over the heads of short men.

—ROMANY LAD.

## IDEAL

*Our love is a white flower  
On the slender stem of youth;  
Fashioned in a golden hour,  
A blossom of heaven's truth.*

—H. J. S.

## NOWHERE ELSE IN THE WORLD!

DEAR CY: It is a pleasure for me to acknowledge the preeminence of Morrissey Hall in the literary field. But is this more than we have a right to expect? Where else, indeed, with the exception of the Freshman halls, can we find such helpful encouragement for the spending of one's nights in deep study?

—THE BADIN FREE LANCE.

A good form for a ten-word telegram, composed for the benefit of my fellow sufferers.

Dear Poppa:

Please remit, Please remit, Please remit, Please remit, please, thanks.

Ten words, count 'em, don't thank me, thank poppa.

—SKIPAROE AFRICANUS.

## MEANINGLESS WORDS OF THE PHILOSOPHER

*Poverty is medicine  
That is good for the soul,  
And hunger chastens the flesh,  
Said the Philosopher,  
As he sank his teeth into  
A juicy steak.  
Thus do men of power,  
Set strange example  
For those little ones who follow  
Without thinking.*

—LI CHAN.

Next week our friends of the Philosophical Department are going to produce their number of our Weakly. The following issue, according to Ye Literary Ed, will be devoted to budding poets of the campus. If any of our contribs have been hoarding up their verses, they will do well to mail them to 334 Morrissey sometime during the week. Ye Literary Ed will appreciate the aforementioned mailing greatly.

Say it isn't true, Vamp!

—CY OF CHI.

## LITERARY

*Peppered Meat**The Story of One Who Thought Himself Infallible*

HARRY ENGEL

“GIMMY—won ball zoop, ah razz biff, an ah butter toss—an make ah hurry up.” Gus turned to the customer and with a benevolent smile indicating that the order would be given prompt attention, disappeared into the kitchen.

Cosmos Papatheopoulus, better known to his customers as Gus, was of the opinion that the world was composed of two classes of people: those who were unscrupulously clever, and those who merely existed to be practiced on. From early boyhood Gus prided himself on being a member of the former class. He had been one of those children who are born with a mature head waiting patiently for the body to grow up to support it properly.

Gus was now a man of about forty years, with a bloodless, sallow countenance. Yet through its dullness a keen observer could discern a sparkle of shrewdness that glinted momentarily from his black eyes. Partly shading them a large marcelled stock of mud-colored hair stuck out above his forehead like a feather duster and bobbed up and down in a most ridiculous manner as he hurried to and from the ill-smelling kitchen. His large muscular arms created the impression that he had at some time or other been engaged in not too menial labor; but before fleeing his native country the only exercise they knew was the adroit shuffling of cards. He was obsessed by a passion for silk shirts, flaunting them even at work before the eyes of his less fortunate customers. The shirts were all, however, of a flashy hue, and if pieced together would make such a colorful crazy quilt as to arouse the keenest admiration and envy of our grandmothers.

Gus was the sole owner of the *Diana*

*Lunch Room—Ladies Invited.* It was one of those places that seemed to be a perennial battleground for the nauseous odors that emanated from the kitchen. To-day, immediately upon opening the door one became aware of the fact that the cabbage had won a decisive victory over the frying onions and the boiling “sewer” trout. His trade consisted mostly of the factory men nearby who came at noon for a cup of coffee or a piece of pie, bringing the more expensive portion of their lunch with them. In the evening business was so dull that he closed early to save the expense of burning lights.

“Here’s your rozz biff. Anything else?—Ketchup? You bet.” Gus hurried to the kitchen, wiped off the black scum that had collected on the mouth of the bottle and presented it to the customer.

The last of his customers had passed through the door as the factory whistle blew. Gus gave the tables a perfunctory swipe with the greasy cloth and returned to a secluded corner of his ill-lighted restaurant to start his own meal of sour cream and bread.

It was fifteen years ago that he was forced to flee his native land. In Sylimna (queer how he wished to be there again) he had managed to eke out a precarious existence from his trained cards. But he had become dissatisfied. He was anxious to go to America, the land that had its streets paved with gold and where everyone made and had money. He had just disembarked into the land that he had chosen for his future ventures when his close friend Karol discovered the theft. It was now too late to apprehend the thief. But Gus had planned to send back the purloined money in a short time.

He soon made the round of Greek coffee-

houses scattered throughout New York and began to ply his trade with a little success. He soon realized, however, that money did not really float around in this wonderful country but merely oozed; and sometimes it did not even do that.

One day he met Papaz who was also proficient in removing the chance element from his game but Gus found him unmistakably clumsy. Gus sat down to the game in order to show Papaz his superiority. In the course of the evening the game always narrowed down to these two, Papaz and Gus, and in spite of the former's undiscovered clumsiness, Gus found himself outcheated. He began to wonder. Forced to quit he rose from the table and retired to a secluded corner of the smoke-laden room. He ordered a Turkish coffee, lit a cigarette and began to reflect upon the weak points of his victorious opponent's game; but the more he reflected the less he became convinced of their weakness.

He felt a light hand upon his shoulder and glancing up recognized Papaz, the subject of his musing.

"*Te Kanis*," said Papaz with an infectious smile.

"*Kala*," replied Gus, waving him to a chair.

Papaz sat down, drew forth a soiled tobacco pouch and under Gus' scrutinizing stare, calmly proceeded to roll a cigarette.

"Coffee?" said Papaz, sticking the finished product in his mouth.

Not waiting for a reply, Papaz motioned to the waiter and ordered two Turkish coffees.

Gus was puzzled. Papaz's affability irritated him. What did he want? Perhaps he wished to know one of his skillful card secrets; but he soon became convinced of the improbability of this idea.

Papaz for answer tossed a roll of bills toward Gus. "Take it," he said, "we of the profession when playing together must share our winnings." This act marked the beginning of friendship. Papaz soon married, for his wife's sake gave up gambling and induced Gus to do likewise. Without much deliberation they opened a restaurant and Papaz who had been a cook in the army

now served in that capacity to a rapidly flourishing business.

Fifteen years ago Gus was practically penniless but to-day he had \$2200 in cash safely sewed away in his mattress, and he was now sole owner of the restaurant. Papaz was a fool, clever at cards, but had no business ability—entirely too credulous. From the first business was good and Gus became ambitious to assert his unscrupulous cleverness. It soon proved an easy matter for him to force Papaz out of the partnership. Of course there were court proceedings, but with the aid of falsified documents and a shyster lawyer he was able to prove his right to complete ownership. Papaz, out of his thousand dollar investment, was forced to accept a settlement of \$200 that Gus smilingly paid him. Disillusioned, deluded and chagrined, Papaz and his wife returned to Greece.

Gus chuckled as he recalled the facility with which he had cheated Papaz, who unquestionably did not belong to his half of the world. Outside, a cold November rain beat itself upon a slushy sidewalk. People with collars raised and backs bent plodded their way past the dinky restaurant. A poor horse, with a ragged, rain-soaked blanket thrown carelessly over its back, stood waiting with drooping, dejected head for its master, who was, no doubt, snugly seated some place beside a warm cozy fire. The dark came and still it rained. Gus was glad that he was not exposed to this weather.

Two men, stamping and shaking the water from their coats entered the restaurant. They were portly and looked enough alike to be brothers. Undoubtedly, thought Gus, they were Jewish merchants.

"No have steak," replied Gus to this rare demand. "Gotta good razz biff," suggested Gus solicitously.

"Allaright, give us a double order of eggs mit plenteh fried potatoes."

"Scramble?" questioned Gus.

"No." The two merchants now apparently oblivious of the presence of the proprietor soon became engrossed in a most important and highly-moneyed conversation. Gus, who was wiping the counter nearby learned that they were shirt manufacturers. The figures

quoted fairly astounded him; but the safety valve of the coffee-urn blew off and in attending to it he lost the trend of the conversation. While thus engaged a man with a bundle thrown over his shoulder entered the dimly lit restaurant. To all appearances he was a Greek in search of some one. He went close to the two merchants and peered into their faces. Disappointed he dropped the bundle on the counter, slid onto a stool and drew a soiled tobacco pouch from his rainsoaked packet. Wiping his hands he proceeded deftly to roll a cigarette.

"Order pleeze," demanded Gus testily as he planked down a glass of water. The sailor made signs that he could not understand English, but upon learning that the man standing before him was Greek his dumb face lit up. He immediately told him who he was, showing Gus his passport and various other papers of identification. He was on shore leave and had managed to smuggle a large quantity of silk direct from Japan, for his good friend Nicholas. Yes, he would do anything for his friend. Such a man! He had befriended him in the old country when he was poor, and now he was happy that he had the opportunity to show Nicholas his appreciation. Yes, the contents of this bundle were for Nicholas who had directed him in a previous letter to this restaurant as a meeting-place. Did Gus know Nicholas? The sailor proceeded to open the bundle in search of the letter to ascertain the address. The opened bundle disclosed a multitude of packages wrapped in Chinese paper. Noticing Gus' curiosity, he took one of the packages and opened it. Gus held his breath at the sight that greeted his eyes. A large piece of finest lily white silk with wide, bright orange stripes fluttered to the counter. Gus immediately visualized it as a shirt. It was truly an exquisite piece of silk and Gus desired it greatly.

The merchants, having finished their huge verbal transactions, arose and made preparations to leave. Approaching the counter one of them was attracted by the piece of silk that had just taken Gus' breath away. He produced a testing glass and began to examine minutely this rare piece of silk.

"Mein Gott,—vat a beeootiful piece of

moichandise. Quick, Mawruss give a look."

The sailor, misunderstanding their intentions, hastily began to gather up the silk.

"Vunderful," ejaculated Mawrus, as he handed back the testing glass to Mr. Takinsky. "Did yew notice dot gold seal vot says, 'Made in Japan'?"

Immediately they began to question the sailor but were exasperated to find that he could not understand English. They made signs to him that they wished to purchase this wonderful piece of silk. The sailor was adamant. He explained to them in perfect Greek that the silk was for his good friend Nicholas. By this time the merchants were becoming frantic. They saw the advantage of possessing this wonderful silk. They must have it regardless of cost.

"Tell dot fool," said Mr. Takinsky, "\$50 for dis piece."

"He no wants to sell. All for his friend," interpreted Gus.

"VAT?!" glared Takinsky. "Tell dot robber \$65 and not a penny more." Then more softly to Gus, "If you make him sell, five dollars I giff you extra for each piece, hein?"

Gus was dazed. These men were undoubtedly insane. Five dollars commission on each package meant \$250 for him for just inducing the sailor to sell. This Gus had no trouble in doing, showing him the advantage of selling the bundle for so much money, pointing out the fortune it represented in Greek money and incidentally adding that his friend Nicholas had not kept his promise. Already Gus was searching for a method to obtain possession of this valuable bundle and holding out for a higher price.

When notified that the sailor would sell, the merchants gleefully shook hands with Gus. Mr. Takinsky immediately proceeded to write out a check for \$3250 that he handed to his partner Mawruss to be countersigned before handing it to the sailor. Perplexed he looked from Gus to the check and asked the meaning of his piece of paper. Incredible, he drew a crumpled dollar bill from his pocket and compared it with the check. One was green; this he knew to be money. The other was white and in no way resembled the dollar bill; therefore to him it was not

money and no amount of explanation could change his mind.

"Allaright, ve vill give a jump to deh benk end bring cash." Before leaving, however, Mr. Takinsky gave the sailor \$65 for the piece that had been laying on the counter and entrusted it to Gus, promising to make him a present of it if he could hold the sailor there until they returned. As they hurried through the door Mawruss shouted, "In ten minutes ve vill be back."

No sooner did the door close behind them than Gus began to set into action his plan for obtaining the silk. Having only \$2200 he must get the silk at a reduced price, and then he must rid himself of the sailor. Then, when the merchants returned, well—that was when he would show them an example of real cleverness, of true business ability. Yes, he was convinced that he could easily hold out for \$100 a piece, maybe \$125. He had no difficulty with the sailor. Between countrymen one should be friends. Gus succeeded in getting the bundle for \$2200, his life's savings. Hastily he slit open his mattress and with nervous fingers extracted the money. With a pang he counted it into the outstretched hand of the sailor. Then loading him with sandwiches and doughnuts and almost pushing him through the door, he bid him Godspeed.

Gus chuckled as he fondled the bundle. Fifty packages of silk at \$100 a package; maybe \$125. Gus gloated. Of course, he would also demand his commission. They should be here any minute.

The supper trade began to trickle out and with the parting of the last customer Gus turned off the few extra lights. What was wrong with the shirt manufacturers? They gave every indication that they would return

soon—in ten minutes. Perhaps they changed their—Gus dared not give it a thought. Nevertheless, he was becoming not a little worried. He withdrew the bundle from beneath the counter and carried it into the kitchen. There he opened it and with a reassured smile of satisfaction started to open one of the packages. At this point the front door clicked and Gus' heart echoed that click. They were returning. Not less than \$125 a —. He hastened to greet them —.

"Hello, Gus," smiled "Copper" Murphy sticking his head in the door. "Thought I'd drop in to see if everything was all right. It's after ten. Looked queer to see yer lights burnin' at this hour. G' night."

With a perfunctory smile Gus thanked him for his solicitude. The door closed behind "Copper" Murphy with a loud thud. Then, with a startled cry Gus made a mad rush to the kitchen. In a flash he understood it all. He had been swindled, cheated—outcheated. In a rage he tore open the package. Yes,—he was not surprised. They contained nothing but dirty, greasy rags. In a daze he picked up a letter that fell from the package he held in his hand. Queer, it was addressed to him. With trembling hands he opened it.

"Dear Gus," it read; "Our debts are now cancelled. Half of the money that my brother, the sailor, has extracted from you goes to your old friend Karol to clear a debt that is older than mine. The rest belongs rightfully to me. I am sure that my brother and his friends will not fail me."

Papaz.

Cosmos Papatheopoulos, half-conscious, slunk into a chair. Outside it was still raining—a drear, drab, cold, miserable rain.



## The Talk of the Town

A Short Short-Story

FRANCIS COLLINS MILLER

SHE twisted her legs nonchalantly into the rungs of a high soda-stool at The Chocolate Shop that afternoon and sipped a cherry-lemon-coke with the vapid countenance of one displeased with the world.

And she was amazingly pretty. About sixteen. Brown eyes. Brown hair. Cherry, limpid lips. And it was not at all unbecoming for her to perch thus jauntily and revealing on the soda-stool.

Her quizzical eye followed "Red" Foy, the soda clerk, a handsome, over-muscled Adonis, a product of the west side of Marion.

"What are you doing tonight, Red?" she ventured after a sip or two and a brace of dreamy looks.

"Workin', Mae."

"What time do you get off?"

"Well, usually at 10:30. But I'm going home afterward. You see I got to get my sleep because I go to school mornings."

"I thought maybe you might want to come out to the house tonight. We could dance and play the Vic!"

"Sorry, Mae."

The red-haired one seemed to be unmoved.

Young men, coming in from time to time, spoke to her and more than one attempted to make a date with her for the evening. To all of them she was coy and appreciative but she favored no engagement. Her eyes followed Red. Well, you know how it is . . . love.

That evening after work Red went over to Long's Barber Shop and Recreation Parlors and played three-rail billiards until three o'clock in the morning. So little thus means love to one who does not care.

Next morning the Marion *Leader Tribune* carried a headline. In effect, it said that Corrine Mae Yale, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Yale, of North Washington street, was found dead in her bed at three o'clock in the morning from an overdose of headache remedy.

And there was a note for Red. He laughed when he read it. He told it around the pool room as he chalked his cue for the evening's three-rail with Shorty Adams.

And you know how it is in a little Indiana city . . . the talk of the town.

## A Rose

*There lies here, withered and dried,  
A rose, beside a picture,  
That looks at me and smiles  
A mocking smile—Oh God—  
Would that I dared to dash it to the floor.  
But I cannot.  
That smile—the same that I reveled in  
When I took the rose—  
Would haunt me to my grave.  
We loved but for an hour  
It seemed  
And you were gone.*

—BILL HENRY.



## *The Dream and the Poems*

*A New View of Francis Thompson*

FRANCIS COLLINS MILLER

NEVER was a life so difficult to get at or so obstructionally twisted as that of the poet, Francis Thompson. All fascinating lives are arduous to deal with; they present problems that are quite unfacile, because fascinating lives are themselves often deep and onerous riddles.

The biographer is apt to be too much carried away with the dismalities of his life, forgetting the luminous sun spots in it, spots reached in sublime and momentous poetry. If there was any lesson which Thompson wished to teach it must have been that of credulant optimism, so thoroughly preached in "The Hound of Heaven."

Thompson admits that the date of his birth makes little difference. It was either in 1858 or 1859 at Preston in Lancashire.

Childhood to him was a sort of spirituality of wonder from which seance he never fully recovered. His childhood was not a usual one, I think, for he had very well defined principles and ideals, even in early years, that he maintained at rigorous costs. In this he revealed a will which later on failed to function.

There is no substantiation for the genius of Francis in any other of the preceding Thompsons. They had been but mediocre speakers and writers. It was destined for him, fragile Francis, to incarnate the spirit of the blood and turn it into the solidity of fame.

Thompson sums up his own childhood in his essay on Shelley which runs: "Know what it is to be a child. It is to have a spirit yet streaming from the waters of baptism; it is to believe in love, to believe in loveliness, to believe in belief; it is to be so little that the elves can reach to whisper in your ear; it is to turn pumpkins into coaches and mice into horses, lowness into loftiness, and nothing into everything, for each child has its fairy godmother in its own

soul; it is to live in a nutshell and count yourself the king of infinite space . . ."

Yet childhood has its tragedies and Francis Thompson had his. Though he spoke little he read much. When he went to Ushaw he tasted a smiting bitterness. The boys teased him and he bore it only in tears.

Thoughts of the priesthood entered his head but fled after a time. Father Tatlock wrote to Mrs. Thompson that "Frank might someday become a good and holy priest," but it was not to be, for they found him unfitted and released him, although they were reluctant to do so. It is here that the destiny of Francis Thompson banners its first preachment, making the poet, but entangling the life.

After seven years at Ushaw, he left in 1877 and went, within a few months, to study medicine at Owens College. This attempt was a failure, however, and the boy became disheartened. About this time he became interested in athletics, particularly cricket. It was during such a period of his life that he was most robust.

### II.

At Manchester he began to use opium as was common practice among intellectuals of his day, perhaps encouraged by some raving of de Quincey, such as ". . . and thou hast the keys to Paradise, O just, and mighty opium!" Thompson was to find that opium worlds were also commonplace when repeated, and that a return into the natural world of sobriety would tend to over-emphasize the smug unglamorization of the real objective.

To Thompson, London was a chasm of jeopardy; it represented a new blackness when it should have been a new dawn. It was revolting from one night into another even more ebony. Need it be necessary to follow him down the staircase to abysmal



despair? He did odd jobs; he ate the food of the cast off. All of the time he kept on writing and attempting to eke out of his pen the immortality that lurked so surely within.

There is the seed; wanting only fecund ground. He did work, acceptable work, on the *Merry England*, a literary magazine of some note. The editor published "The Passion of Mary" which Thompson dropped into a letter box with faint hopes. But his shifting sentiments did not permit him to repeat, for the editor's letter missed him in the post. Now we find him under the protecting wing of Meynell. To find time to make pieces worthy of his genius . . . he found these moments during this period of his life.

Thompson had a dreadful time with Shelley. He found himself, as he thought, consciously inadequate to treat the poet. He even ran almost blindly to the post lest some devil would "set me to work picking it out again."

This was Thompson entirely. He was in a sense aesthetic yet he abhorred aesthetics. This is probably accounted for in the separation of his rational and artistic soul.

The rejection of his essay on Shelley produced in the man of what he thought "deserved despair." His first taste of success had been sort of an acrid one.

Yet he was blythe even in rejection. In writing the "Dead Cardinal of Westminster," he said:

"Therefore my spirit clings  
Heaven's porter by the wings,  
And holds  
It's gated golds."

The legendary sweetness and easy vivacity is here shown in all its liquid glory. Francis Thompson was first of all a craftsman with words. He loved to build them as a child builds with blocks, one upon another, until he has a little house or an absurd castle. Sometimes these play houses and lovely pseudo-castles tumbled down, but F. T., like the child architect, did not mind: he built them up again in new shapes and more delightful intricacies.

Notwithstanding his studious patience with the language, Thompson was not a stu-

dent. Studies were irksome and inordinately disgusting to his listless character. But he was in no sense a coward: he studied because it was a duty with very little after-taste. How he toiled on the *Register* and the *Merry England* is to merely tell of further distaste. He found all routine galling, all system obstruction. Genius always finds it so.

There was never a prose writer or a poet who had more trouble with words, who fought so many battles for his odd method of expression. He grimly vouched for such words as "Swart," "swink," "targe," "as-soile," "bruit," "ostent," etcetera, when his masters would cross them out of his work as bookish or rare. He saw in such phraseology reincarnated beauty, and he felt as though they were dead so that he could raise them up again to renewed vivification.

"All verse is rhythmic," writes F. T., "but in the graver and more subtle forms the rhythm is veiled and claustral; it not only avoids obtruding itself, but seeks to withdraw itself from notice."

And again:

"Metrically Poe is the lineal projector of Swinburne and hence of modern metre at large—an influence most disastrous and decadent, like nearly all his influence on letters."

### III.

Coventry Patmore was a friend of Francis Thompson. He was interested in the work of this poet. His criticism and helpful advice was a factor in influencing the future growth of Thompson's muse.

Coventry writes a characteristic letter which I wish to quote:

"My dear Thompson:

"I hope I have not kept your poem too long. It have read it several times, and found it quite intelligible enough for song which is also prophecy. We are upon very much the same lines, but you, I think, are more advanced than I am. 'Dieu et ma Dame' is the legend of both of us, but at present Ma Dame is too much for the balance, peace, and purity of my religion. There is too much heart-ache in it.

"I have ventured to fix a few notes of in-

terrogation to unusual modes of expression.

"I hear, from Mrs. Meynell, that Mr. Meynell is with you. Please remember me very kindly to him.

"Yours very truly,

"Coventry Patmore."

"P. S.—The world has worshipped turning to the West, to the East, and to the North. The 'New Eve' is the South, and when we turn thither all things will be renewed, and God will 'turn our captivity as Rivers in the South,' and we shall know Him in the flesh 'from sea to sea.'"

"South" was a symbol of "Divine Womanhood."

The story of Francis Thompson's life and work is now more easily told. He speeds along the road to death, writing his sweetness into poetry and spending his body in doing it. We find relapses, we find reversals to the old life, but in the end a new essay, a new poem.

Too, there was opium. Francis Thompson always had a horror of human weaknesses and he abhorred his own weakness as a devil which he would do well to ignore. He saw the damaged flotsam of the life of others dragged into the dismal damnation of the drug. He wanted to free himself from the yoke, but it was not humanly possible; he had been cruising the blue sea too long: his sails were already drooping in a calm.

He wrote of Coleridge in all moods, for he realized that this more emphatic case possessed parallel relations with his own.

He wrote:

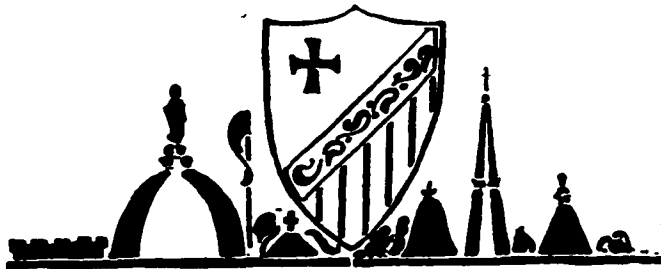
"It is of the later Coleridge that we pos-

sess the most luminous descriptions. A slack, shambling man, flabby in face, and form and character; womanly and unstayed of nature; torrentous of golden talk, the poet submerged and feebly struggling in opium-darkened oceans of German philosophy, amid which he finally foundered, striving to the last to fish up gigantic projects from the bottom of a daily half-pint of laudanum. And over the wreck of that most piteous and terrible figure of all our literary history shines and will shine forever the five-pointed star of his glorious youth; those poor five resplendent poems, for which he paid the devil's price of a desolated life, and unthinkably blasted powers."

And at his own death he wrote to Crawley:

"... I feel depressed at going away from you all—it seems like a breaking with my past, the beginning of I know not what change, or what doubtful future. Change as change is always hateful to me; yet my life has been changeful enough in various ways. And I have noticed these changes always come in shocks and crises have prolonged periods of monotony. In my youth I sighed against monotony and wanted romance; now I dread romance. Romance is only romantic for the hearers and onlookers, not for the actors. It is hard to enter its gates (happily); but to repass them is impossible."

Again . . . the blessed Hound of Heaven pursuing him, endlessly and unvaryingly, with the divine plan of salvation.



## *In Defense of Girls*

*An Answer to Dan McCain*

CAROL CALLAHAN

ACADEMY OF THE VISITATION, GEORGETOWN, KENTUCKY

“WOMAN was made from man’s rib.” In the first place she was not consulted or it would never have happened. As it did happen, it seems to me that man should be proud to have helped create such a work of art.

“But where the relationship of the modern girl to man begins is just another biblical mystery.” Do you find it a mystery? Pray open your eyes and listen to me. “Girls are snobby, affected and arrogant as well as mysteriously complex.” Are the girls that you know snobby, or do they merely have good taste? Surely one who knows his subject as you know yours has observed that the few affected girls are more popular among the members of your sex than among our own. Undoubtedly, by your own criticism, we are more perceptive than you. A dictionary definition of arrogant is, “assuming undue importance.” In the first place it is not very wise for you to condemn us for one of your worst faults, and in the second, unlike you, we have ample excuse for any importance we may assume.

And you find us mysteriously complex. That is an honest confession that we are beyond your comprehension. “The girl with the fur coat lords it over her companions”—in your eyes, perhaps. You men usually cultivate the fur clad girl in preference to the other. We endeavor to find something more interesting than clothes when choosing our friends. “The punctilious behavior of young ladies is ridiculous.” Is it not necessary for young ladies to be punctilious when the behavior of young men is so negligent?

“Someone must uphold the dignity of the younger generation.” That sentence is merely the cry of the child who accuses his parent of stinginess when forbidden unhealthy sweets. “What psychologist ever explained why girls swing their little fingers like a cow’s tail when they sip-tea?” What psychologist pretends to know anything about women? We are not easily explained by

creatures of minor intelligence. “How sweetly they can insult their neighbor by remarking ‘You always look nice in that lovely pink dress.’” If it is necessary for our neighbor to wear a pink dress frequently how much nicer it is to put her at her ease by telling her it is becoming than to tell her that some other color or style would be more so.

“Poor, deluded and inexperienced fellows, men under the age of one hundred, will continue to trust girls against the shrieking of the voice of their better judgment.” Have you forgotten the inexperienced girls who trust boys who are a little less inexperienced? As long as they continue to trust them we infer that the stronger sex must find something trustworthy in girls. It is a sign of weakness to do anything against one’s better judgment—if such a thing exists. “In this respect the great men of history, Samson, Marc Anthony, and Charlie Chaplin, were simpletons.” Why limit simpletonism to the great men in history? Every member of the masculine sex is endowed with a certain amount of it.

A word for John Boyle O’Reilly and his lines. I don’t know who served as inspiration for his lines, but whoever it was—he got her all wrong. “Was there ever a girl who did not deceive?” Yes, indeed, plenty of them. On the other hand, was there ever a man who never called up to tell of a business engagement which, he later decided, should be held at a place of pleasure? To establish himself in the affections of a woman there is no deception a man would not practise. “The intelligence of the modern girl is low. The lack of a feminine Raphael, Newton, or Dante, makes this statement irrefutable.” For your sake, my dear boy, we do not become feminine Raphaels, Newtons, Dantes. You have deceived yourselves so long concerning your superiority that we hesitate to give you the jolt some of you are so sorely in need of. The fact that we have not taken the step in the past is not a proof



Lake. The thousand sunsets in that time have gone unnoticed by the thousands of students, until Sister Mary Rita was inspired by the sight. At any season of the year the campus presents a beautiful appearance. The grass is green the year around, and the pines in winter are majestic in their heavy coverings of snow. But none of these sights have apparently given inspiration.

There is a field for poetry at Notre Dame even less touched than the beautiful scenes; it is the student life of this university, which differs from that of any other university. By the Notre Dame poet this field is practically untouched; it has been left for the sports editor, who is not a poet, to exploit at his will; and the result is an inaccurate picture of our college life. His poetry has been made to coincide with his ideas of the university and the conditions that make athletic teams here. With him there is likely to be too many hobnails, too many cordu-

roys, too many women haters; too few inclined toward literature and too few of those "common Notre Dame men."

The life led by the priests and brothers, who think enough of the cause of education to devote their lives to it gratis, remains untouched in the field of poetry. The part the priests play in the moulding of the lives of young men, should suggest to the poet mind an emotional response. The life of one might be singled out as the life led by all—that of the crippled old brother, who spent his days giving out medals and entreating people to be devout, that they might be cured of any illness or injury. Even though his miracles were never given ecclesiastical sanction, he was none the less a worker of miracles, and a fine appreciation of him would be more lasting were it written in poetry.

Truly if inspiration cannot be found in these, the lack will be found to be in the mind of the aspiring poet and not in his drab surroundings.

## To Catherine

*When first we parted, I was sure,  
That moments spent with you,  
Were joys whose bliss could ne'er be reached,  
And so in parting I beseeched,  
That you, to me, stay true.*

*But since I've left, a greater joy  
I've found than e'er I knew;  
It is to be alone, my dear,  
To stroll beneath a sky so clear,  
With naught but thoughts of you.*

*For when I'm with you, dear, you know,  
My heart is never bold,  
And though I'd wish to kiss you, dear,  
To tell my love and hold you near,  
I don't, and love grows cold.*

*But when I stroll beneath the moon,  
I'm brave as knights so true,  
I kiss you then without a fear,  
I tell you of my love so dear,  
When I'm alone with thoughts of you.*

—THE PLUMELESS KNIGHT.

## SPORT NEWS

***Irish Claw Panther: Defeat Pittsburgh 33-17***

A ferocious Pittsburgh Panther, its blood-shot eyes gleaming hungrily on another victim; its mighty jaws still flecked by the blood of Michigan, Syracuse, West Virginia, Carnegie Tech, and other powerful prey which it had already devoured; and its lithe body vibrating with the anticipated feast on Irish basketball blood to come, padded noiselessly into the Celtic gymnasium last Saturday evening, intent to sateate its mighty hunger and add still further to its mightier court prestige, by swallowing and digesting whole the well-oiled Notre Dame cage machine. For forty minutes fur flew in a scrappy hardwood engagement, and at the conclusion of the hectic contest, a thoroughly subdued Panther was led out of the gymnasium roped and hog-tied under a 33-17 score by the greatest court aggregation which has ever sported the Blue and Gold of Notre Dame.

This same Panther, acclaimed by competent experts and critics as being without peer among the Eastern basketball circles, went down fighting and fully lived up to its scrapping reputation, by battling tooth and claw against the ultimate, inevitable end. Notre Dame was unbeatable, and failing to be overawed or undaunted by the unusual height of the visitors, and their brilliant cage record, flashed her usual relentless attack and stonewall defense to finish on the long end of the count.

The engagement resolved itself into a spirited clash not only between two spendid teams but also between two radically different types of basketball. Pittsburgh on the one hand employed the standard Eastern method of a long-passing attack, while Notre Dame on the other, relied upon the Western favorite, the short-passing brand of offense. The boys from the Smoky City

functioned well-nigh perfectly with their unusual mode of attack in the early moments of the game, but gradually, as the contest progressed, the home crew became more familiar with the whizzing long passes, and time after time either intercepted or blocked them to almost completely squelch this offense of the Easterners. Again, the fact that Notre Dame collected almost four times as many two-pointers throughout the hostilities as did their opponents, testifies still further which type of attack was the most effective.

While differing greatly in regards to offensive tactics both quintets employed practically the same defensive methods, with the Irish again holding the edge. The famed attack of the visitors was virtually held in complete check the major part of both periods. Indeed, so sparkling was this Gold and Blue defense, that the Panther was held to a single pair of field-goals during each period, a feat which has never before been accomplished against Pittsburgh this season. Meanwhile, led by their scintillating captain, Johnny Nyikos who alone scored more points than the entire Pittsburgh team, the Celts cracked the alien defense time after time to send fifteen field-goals swishing through the net from all parts of the floor.

Notre Dame, as has been her custom of late, jumped into the lead at the very outset of the engagement, and although pushed at times by the invaders, was never really threatened at any point during the battle. A sparkling exhibition of passing inaugurated the encounter, with neither team having the edge until Jachym, Celtic forward, broke through the Pittsburgh defense to open the scoring with a pretty overhand toss from near the foul strip. Reed tallied a moment later for the Easterners with a suc-

cessful charity heave, and the scoring was on. Jachym evidently took a liking to the opposing basket because before the Panther had counted again, he had followed up his first two-pointer with a pair of like proportions, and had capped his good work with a shot from the foul line for good measure. Nyikos broke loose for another duo of field-goals, and with Bucky Dahman heaving one in too, the Celts went out in front, finishing on the long end of a 14-10 count at the intermission. Remarkably good foul-shooting and baskets by Kowallis and Wroblewski kept Pittsburgh in the running this initial period.

As usual the Keoganites saved their real scoring and defensive strength for the last half, when they completely buried their guests under an avalanche of baskets, meanwhile holding them to seven points while they were running up nineteen. During this last twenty minutes of play Captain Nyikos of the home crew gave probably the most brilliant shooting exhibition ever witnessed on the Notre Dame floor, when he sent no less than six two-pointers hurtling through the iron rims from all angles. Baskets by Crowe and Coleric in the waning moments of the game made the rout of the invaders complete and put the game on ice for Notre Dame, although Pittsburgh fought valiently to the bitter end.

The entire Notre Dame second team played the last five minutes of the contest for the Irish, and not only held their opponents scoreless from the floor, but also garnered several points on their own account.

Nyikos demonstrated just why he is one of the outstanding basketball performers in the Middle-West by carrying off high scoring honors of the contest with eight two-pointers and one successful foul toss, in addition to displaying a sparkling floor game. His teammate, Conroy, although held scoreless throughout the entire thirty-five minutes or so that he was in the engagement, something rare for him incidentally, more than made up for his lack of points by giving perhaps the best defensive exhibition seen on the local floor this current season. Time after time this all-Western guard would intercept alien passes, or effectively smother Panther scoring threats by his uncanny abil-

ity to diagnose the opposing plays. Dahman, Jachym, McNally and the other Notre Dame performers were not far behind their other two teammates in rendering sterling exhibitions also.

Captain Lissfelt and Kowallis of Pittsburgh performed the most creditably for the invaders, in a commendable but vain attempt to halt the fast travelling Celts.

Lineup and summary:

NOTRE DAME (33)				PITTSBURGH (17)			
	G	F	P		G	F	P
Jachym, f	3	1	4	Wroblewski f	1	1	2
Crowe, f	1	1	0	McGill, f	0	0	0
McNally, f	1	0	3	Kowallis, f	2	3	1
Newbold, f	0	0	0	Rihanek, c	0	3	1
Nyikos, c	8	1	0	Lissfelt, g	0	0	0
Coleric, c	1	0	1	Hoban, g	0	0	0
Dahman, g	1	0	1	Reed, g	1	2	0
Bray, g	0	0	0				
Conroy, g	0	0	3				
Hughes, g	0	0	0				
Totals	15	3	12	Totals	4	9	4

Referee—Young, Wisconsin. Umpire—Snyder, Pittsburgh.

Score at half—Notre Dame 14, Pittsburgh 10.  
Free throws attempted—Notre Dame 6, Pittsburgh 17.

—JOHN V. HINKEL.

### DEROIT SUCCUMBS TO LATE IRISH RALLY, 24-23.

The old sporting adage that "a team may be down but never out" was demonstrated rather forcibly to the Gold and Blue basketballers last Tuesday evening in the Detroit gym, when Coach Dorais' cagers, underdogs for the first twenty minutes of play against a Notre Dame combination composed entirely of reserves, took a sudden lease on life before the startled Celts could rouse themselves out of their lethargy, tied things up near the conclusion of the struggle, and made the first string Keoganites who were rushed in at this critical juncture exert themselves to the limit to pull a 24-23 decision out of the fire. It was a close call for Captain Nyikos and his men and no one knows it better than themselves.

Earlier in the season the Red and White had invaded the Celtic gymnasium and had fallen before the scintillating attack of their



hosts by a 41-24 score, in comparatively easy fashion. Therefore, Coach Keogan, wishing to save his regulars for the remaining pair of contests this week, and to also give his second-stringers valuable experience which will stand them in good stead next year, started a combination composed entirely of first team understudies. This aggregation functioned brilliantly throughout the entire first half and led by Newbold, Coleric, and Bray, held their hosts to nine points, meanwhile collecting seventeen on their own initiative.

The same combination also started the last half, but instead of the quintet of passive Detroiters they had encountered in the initial period, they found instead, a spirited, fighting home crew ready to go the limit to defeat the invaders. With Shanahan, Dowd, and Phelan blazing the way by scoring five two-pointers and a successful foul shot between them, the Doraismen gradually cut down the lead of their guests, until with less than eight minutes of playing time left, they knotted the count at twenty-all to set the home stands wild.

Nyikos, McNally, Jachym, Conroy, and Dehman, entered the battle at this juncture for the Irish, to stem the alien attack and to achieve the final verdict in favor of Notre Dame. McNally caged a beautiful two-pointer from near mid-court to start the Irish rally, and a few moments later Conroy duplicated the stunt to increase the Blue and Gold total. Play then see-sawed back and forth for the next few minutes or so until with about four minutes to go until the final gun, Butcher, Detroit forward, batted a basket into the net and followed it up with a successful foul shot to narrow the visitors' lead to a single point. However, Notre Dame retained this slim margin until the end by retaining possession of the ball for the remainder of the game, in spite of the frantic efforts made by their hosts to obtain the sphere long enough to cage the winning basket.

Newbold, Coleric and Bray, flashed a type of Basketball which stamps them as fitting successors to the regulars who graduate this year, and their teammates, Hughes, Crowe, and Hamilton were not far behind. Phelan

Shanahan, and Dowd put up the most spirited exhibition for the hosts. —J.V.H.

#### NOTRE DAME TRACKMEN DEFEAT MARQUETTE, 55 TO 30

Notre Dame track artists were thrilling to the first indoor victory of the year this week as a result of their whipping the fleet Marquette University squad, 55 2-3 to 30 1-3 at Milwaukee last Friday.

Having lost colse meets to Illinois and Northwestern, the Irish scantyclads resolved to show their worth in the meet with the Hilltoppers and decisively outpointed their old track rivals.

From the first event on, the Irish counted heavily in every feature of the program and neevr found the Milwaukee team within hailing distance.

A notable phase of the meet was the fact thta Notre Dame scored heavily in the high jump, hurdles and shot put, events which usually find the Irish losing ground that they have gained by brilliance on the track.

Running events featured the Marquette met for "Scrap" Young, the Irish star Shim-ek, the diminutive Marquette distance man, battled each other. In the prize event of evening Shimek led Young to the tape in a fast two mile race. Both battled shoulder to shoulder around the lap for 20 laps and Shimkey's supremacy amounted to only a few feet.

Charley Riley cracked the Marquette Gym record for the 40 yard dash when he stepped the distance in :04.5. Barron and Gdiffin placed first and second in teh hurdles. Loftus of Marquette, proved himself a capable runner when he won he quarter mile and ran well in the relay.

The handful of co-eds at North Carolina State University are evidently not loved any more than some others whom we have met. The Technician, university weekly, expressed the following melancholia: "Now we just wonder, if when spring comes, we shall be bothered with such things as flies, fleas, mosquitoes, and—co-eds."



BASKETBALL  
TRACK

## AMONG INTERHALL ATHLETES

SWIMMING  
HOCKEY

Release of standings for the first round of the Interhall League indicate that a four way fight for leadership in the interhall basketball league will not be settled until the last few games.

Although Sorin and Carroll are deadlocked for the major honors with five victories and no defeats, Sophomore and the Day Dogs are threatening to overtake the leaders. Complete standings follow:

	W	L	Pct.		W	L	Pct.
Sorin	5	0	1000	Carby	2	2	500
Carroll	5	0	1000	Freshman	1	3	250
Day Dogs	4	1	800	Brownson	1	4	200
Soph'more	4	1	800	Howard	1	4	200
Morrissey	2	2	500	Badin	1	4	200
Walsh	2	2	500	Lyons	0	5	000

CARROLL 18, HOWARD 6

Carroll maintained its breakneck speed when it took Howard over for a 18 to 6 victory last Sunday. Carroll was never in danger and kept the Howard offense at a comfortable distance throughout the game.

SORIN 2, LYONS 0

No, this was not the prize defensive game but Lyons failed to put in an appearance and Sorin annexed the win on a forfeit. The forfeit allowed Sorin to stay at the top and shoved Lyons a notch deeper in the cellar.

DAY DOGS 27, BROWNSON 10

Father Farley's Dodgers were in form again Sunday and had little trouble in taking the tented alley boys by a 27 to 10 count. Prisky, Day Dog forward, had his usually good eye in excellent shape and counted four baskets.

SOPHOMORE 22, BADIN 7

Beaten only by the leaders, Sorin-Sophomore still stays near the top of the pack. A 22 to 7 defeat of Badin gave the Wise Fools their week's victory. Badin never came close and found it difficult to stop the speedy Sophomore forwards.

## SPRING WEATHER CALLS

## BACK PLAYERS TO WORK

Issuance of natty grey uniforms and publication of scrawley signs telling of a first meeting for varsity and freshman baseball candidates, indicate that the national pastime will be underway at the university soon, provided that the weather lends its aid.

Coach Tommy Mills, new director of Notre Dame baseball destinies, had his men together Wednesday for a preliminary talk and announced that weather conditions are the "powers that be" in the shaping of the Irish practice. Batterymen have been working in the gym for the past three weeks in order to get the arms limbered.

With Captain "Red" Smith behind the bat and Elmer Besten, Steve Ronay and Ed. Walsh on the firing line, the Irish battery should rate with the best in intercollegiate baseball. Jim Quinn, Fritz Wilson, Joe Sullivan, Dan Moore, Bill McCleary and Butch Niemic are infielders of parts while Harry O'Boyle, Joe McGee, Bill Yore and others are in line for garden jobs.

A long southern training trip will be carded for the Irish during Easter vacation and a final campaign in the East will be waged after commencement in June.

"Big Ed." Walsh, former star of the White Sox hurling staff will handle the pitchers during the early training season.

## OFF FOR ILLINOIS INDOOR RELAYS

Bent upon holding their own with the best track athletes in the country, Notre Dame cinder artists left Thursday for Champaign, Illinois, where they are entered in the annual Illinois Indoor Relays.

More than 500 athletes representing nearly 70 middle western and eastern universities are entered in the many standard and specialty events which officials of the Western Conference school have tacked on the program. The Illinois Relays is the biggest event of the indoor intercollegiate season.



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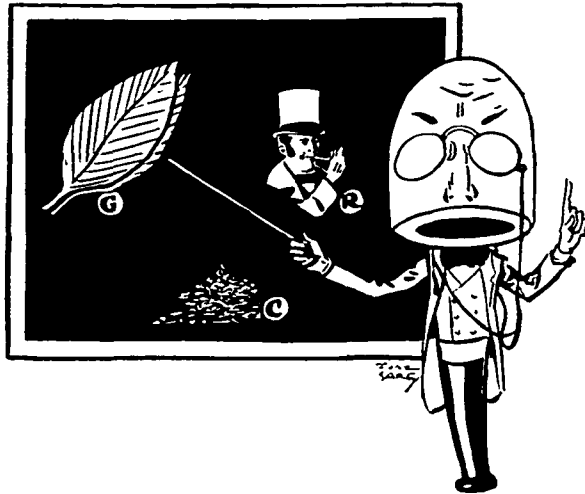
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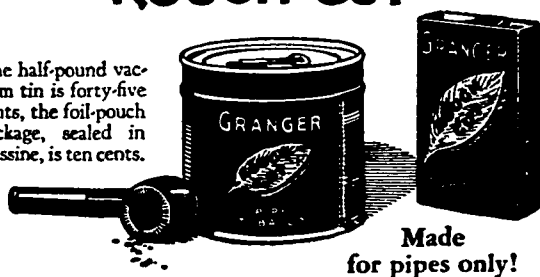
You can learn far more about TOBACCO from old Prof. Pipe, than you'll get by studying every treatise ever written on it. For Prof. Pipe is the world's most eminent authority on the subject... He knows tobacco from plant to pipe!

Experiments with every known species have convinced the Prof. that the one perfect pipe tobacco is Granger Rough Cut... He points out reasons for this conclusion: (G) the Granger-grade Burley, the choicest tobacco grown; (R) the Re-discovery of Wellman's mellowing method; and (C) the Cut of the large slow-burning flakes...

Prof. Pipe proves Granger, by practical demonstration—shows how it acts under fire... You never saw tobacco burn so slow, never tasted such cool, mild mellow-ness! The first pipeful is a liberal education! You'll put your Q. E. D. and capital O. K. on G. R. C... and all your pipe problems will be solved... forever!

## GRANGER ROUGH CUT

The half-pound vacuum tin is forty-five cents, the foil-pouch package, sealed in glassine, is ten cents.



Made  
for pipes only!

Granger Rough Cut is made by the Liggett & Myers Tobacco Company



Beacon "CAMPUS"

## BEACON SHOES

FOR COLLEGE MEN

114 WEST WASHINGTON AVE.

M. REYNOLDS

Campus Representative

## Holy Cross Sanatorium For Tuberculosis

DEMING, NEW MEXICO

Homelike and beautiful in Providence's own climate for the treatment of all types of tuberculosis and diseases of the chest. Unequalled nursing and medical care; latest methods; sun baths all year round.

Rates very moderate on account of our own dairy and produce farm.

BOOKLET ON REQUEST

## See Burke To-day— See Better To-morrow

Much of your daily joy will depend on Correct, Comfortable Vision.

A quarter of a century in South Bend

DR. J. BURKE

228 SOUTH MICHIGAN ST.  
SOUTH BEND, - - - INDIANA

Send Your Laundry Home  
in a Kwik-pak

## Laundry Case

\$1.95 and \$2.25

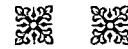
Here is a way to send your laundry home safely and inexpensively. These khaki covered Kwik-pak laundry cases are both light weight and durable. Straps all around make them secure. With "sticker" address labels, \$1.95. With permanent address labels, \$2.25.

*Come and See Us*

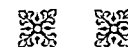
**GEORGE WYMAN  
& COMPANY**

SOUTH BEND CLEARING HOUSE

## BANKS

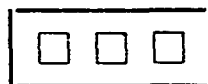


***American Trust  
Company***



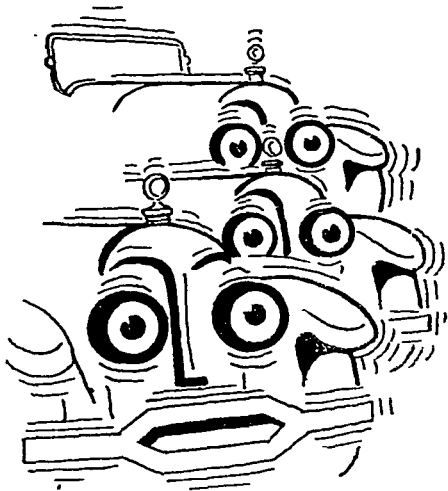
**WE CATER TO  
NOTRE DAME MEN**

## IDEAL LAUNDRY



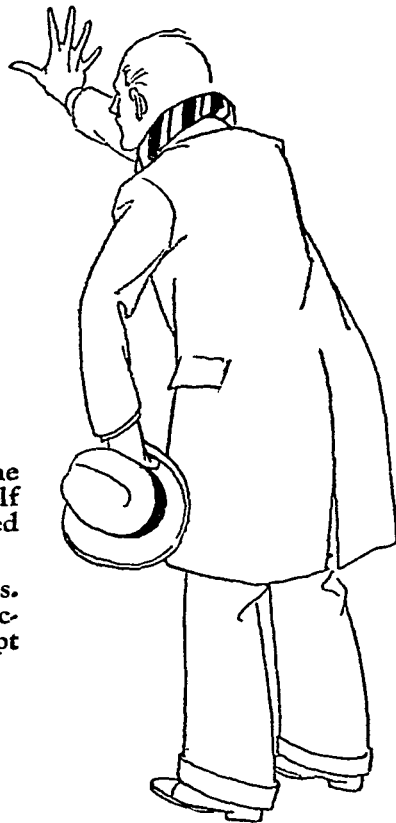
... This is Our ***11th*** Year of Service  
To Notre Dame Students

# ABOLISH autointoxication!



No use trying to rise and shine while you're keeping yourself half-dead from self-generated poisons.

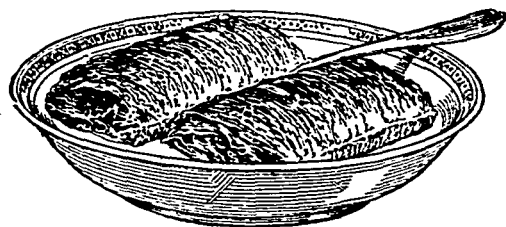
Put your system on a paying basis. Keep your digestive organs functioning properly. Make an attempt to balance your daily diet.



*eat*

## SHREDDDED WHEAT

BRAN, SALTS, VITAMINS, PROTEINS and CARBOHYDRATES are all contained in Shredded Wheat in appetizing and digestible form. Crisp, delicious shreds of vital body-building nutriment. Two daily biscuits of Shredded Wheat eaten regularly will make you fit and keep you fit. Begin now and see!



*Make it a daily habit*

---



## *When the plutarchs start plutarching*

AT THE night sessions, when class philosophers vie with class Merry Andrews in deciding the heavy problems of the world—or burlesquing them—notice the royal guest, Prince Albert. Chiming in with the spirit of the occasion. Filling the air with the finest tobacco-aroma ever.

Do you smoke Prince Albert? It will bring you more pleasure and satisfaction than you ever thought a pipe could give. The instant you throw back the hinged lid and release that wonderful P. A. fragrance, you suspect you are in for some grand smoke-sessions.

The very first pipe-load confirms your suspicions. Cool as a gate-tender. Sweet as the week-end reprieve. Mild as the coffee in Commons—mild, yet with a full body that satisfies your smoke-taste completely. Get yourself a tidy red tin this very day.

*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 parch removed by the Prince Albert process.*



# PRINCE ALBERT

*—no other tobacco is like it!*