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

THE WEEK

Among the freshmen who aspired to first year political sinecures were Doyle, Carmody, Phelan, O'Brien, and Leahy. Such a collection of Gaels augurs well for the continuation of Notre Dame's miniature Tammany Hall. The nominations and elections proceeded rather peaceably as freshman nominations and elections go, but behind the work was seen the talent of a slate-drawing genius who jumped off to an early lead and who should prosper politically before the relatives turn up for graduation in 1931. The potentates now directing the activities of the Sex Appeal Club announced that for the future games on Cartier Field—both of them—the freshmen will be becomingly attired in white sweaters, white sweat shirts, white B. V. D. tops, or what have you. The object is mass cheering done distinctively. Just what effect the virginal attire will have on lung power is problematical. But the new costuming was designed on this theory: "Better white than tight."

O yez! O yez! The Scribblers' assembled in the court room of the Law Building. The length of time which elapses between meetings has eased the work of a venerable secretary—he can't find the minutes of the previous session and is relieved of a course in reading. Among transactions of moment was the election of three members from twenty applications. These Scribblers are most selective.

University authorities hung out Dante's "Abandon all hope, ye who enter here," sign and presented those seized with spring fever too early last season a neat set of conditional examinations. Both the north and south rooms in the Library stirred to cries of "Whatinell is the Malthusian theory?" "Where did Froebel hang out?" and "When was the Refórmatíon?" To those who passed, good going; to those who failed, no genius ever got credit for his work in college. For those who weren't sent to slaughter, your diploma will be blanks anyway unless you settle for those Maytime mimeographed gems.

Through an error, the *Week* in its last performance announced that Bath House Mike had been selected as the gay soubrette for the Minstrel Chuckles. Bob Kirby is the man. Imagine our surprise when—. The Kaceys will stage the performance on November 3 and 4.

The new Registrar has been installed formally and will see all cash customers through the open window. The ex-office holder wired this column from Mineola, Long Island: "Have two vacant rooms fringing the Atlantic Ocean. Ship prepaid—be sure of this—two off-campus freshmen who want electric lights, steam heat, and hardwood floors." For the successor to the present incumbent's berth in Sorin Hall, *The Week* has no candidates. Every clergyman within a radius of five hundred miles has been suggested for the position and at press hour a well-groomed dark-horse was the favorite. Let him, like Caesar's wife, be above that suspicion which is so disastrous to good bridge hands and late sleeping.

While Pat Page was being taken over the bumps, the stay-at-homes watched South Bend go insane to a man. Antiquated eggs, has-been tomatoes, and borrowed rice featured the re-birth of one of those damnable Saturday nights, which died such an ignoble death with the arrival of Prohibition. (Judge Pat Manion concurring in this opinion.) For the high school such celebrating is just good fun; for "them there college wise-guys" more graceful celebrating is the signal for the wrath of the populace and concentrated police action. Democracy, right or wrong, democracy. What price equality?

Tonight, the Sophomore Cotillion. Tomorrow, the Junior "Golden Tornado" Hop. South Bend mothers refuse to see the attractive posters of enterprising class officers and insist, "Our houses never have and never will be dancing schools." On with the dance and let joy and blind dates be unrestrained.

Open refectory windows plus soaring birds minus adequate protection equal weak hearts. Q.E.D.

—J.T.C.

INTER-HALL DEBATE SCHEDULE

The schedule of the debates will be as follows:

November 7—Freshman vs. Brownson
November 9—Carroll vs. Howard
November 14—Brownson vs. Carroll
November 16—Howard vs. Off Campus
November 21—Freshman vs. Carroll
November 23—Brownson vs. Off Campus
November 28—Freshman vs. Off Campus
November 30—Brownson vs. Howard
December 5—Freshman vs. Howard
December 7—Carroll vs. Off Campus

Notre Dame music and a talk by Arthur J. "Dutch" Bergman, '14, former football star here and present backfield coach at Minnesota, will be featured in a special Notre Dame program of W. L. B. , University of Minnesota radio station, Wednesday, Nov. 2, the week of the Notre Dame-Minnesota football number game.

The fifty-first regular meeting of the St. Joseph Valley section of the American Chemical Society was held in Chemistry hall on Wednesday evening, October 19. Dr. W. S. Calcott, Director of Research at the Jackson Laboratory of the E. I. du Pont de Nemours Company, gave a very interesting talk on "Anti-Knocks." Dr. Calcott reviewed the manufacture of tetra-ethyl lead, and explained in detail the theories involved in the development and choice of substances which are suitable to stop the knocks in gasoline engines of automobiles.

The Engineers Club initiation will be held Wednesday, November 2, in the gymnasium, according to Oscar E. Garza, secretary of the organization.

NEXT WEEK'S EVENTS

Saturday—U. of Notre Dame vs. Georgia Tech football game—Cartier Field—2:00 P. M.

Movies—Washington Hall—6:30 and 8:30 P. M.

Notre Dame Council, Number 1477, K. of C., Initiation—South Bend Council's home— 2:30 P. M. Banquet, following Initiation, Oliver Hotel. Rotary room— 7:00 P. M.

Rosary devotions, Sacred Heart church,
1:30 P. M.—Benediction, 7:30 P. M.

Lecture—Dallas Lore Sharp, professor
of English at Boston U.—Washington
Hall—8:00 P. M.

Meeting of Le Cercle Francais—court
room of Hoynes Hall—6:30 P. M.

Meeting of the Spanish Club—Hoynes Hall—7:30 P. M.

Thursday—"Minstrel Chuckles"—K. of C.
presentation—Gymnasium—8:00 P. M.

Friday—"Minstrel Chuckles" — Gymnasium—8:00 P. M.

Saturday—U. of Notre Dame vs. U. of Minnesota football game—Cartier Field—2:00 P. M.

The Gopher dance, under the auspices of the S. A. C.—Knights of Columbus ballroom—9:00 P. M.

Movies—Washington Hall—6:30 and 8:30 P. M.

COTILLION TAKES PLACE TONIGHT

The Sophomore Cotillion, the first of a trio of formal class dances, will take place to-night in the Palais Royale ball room. The second year men will come together for the first time as a class in presenting this dance. "Billy-Bell" Jean's orchestra of Chicago will play. This orchestra has played a number of times over radio station WGN. It is quite well known in and about Chicago, having played at the Black Hawk Cafe for three months. The dance committee was very fortunate in securing it.

The Cotillion, in many respects, will be one of the most colorful dances held at Notre Dame. Due to a decision of the faculty dance committee, all upper-classmen will be excluded from the dance and only sophomores in good standing will be allowed to attend.

The ball room will be decorated in the form of a garden with an arch in the center and pillars on either side, a large velvet strip will connect the arch and the pillars. The ball room will be decorated in a foliage of autumn leaves placed about the walls and interior proper.

Guests from many parts of the United States arrived in South Bend Thursday night and Friday for the Cotillion. Saint Mary's is also well represented in the list of guests that appears elsewhere in the SCHOLASTIC.

Although upperclassmen are barred from the dance, the presidents of the Senior and Junior classes, the chairman of the S. A. C. and the editors of the three principal publications, the *Dome*, the SCHOLASTIC and the *Juggler* will be guests of the class.

As favors are barred by a faculty ruling at the University, a handsome program will be given as a souvenir. It will be of leather, embossed with the Notre Dame seal.

Dancing will be from nine to one as all sophomores will be due in their places of residence by 2 A. M.

At 10:30 the grand march will take place, being led by the general chairman, Frank Dailey, who will have as his guest Miss Mary Helen Corbett of St. Mary's. The class president, Clarence Donovan, will have as his

guest Miss Janet Cuthill of Bedford, Indiana, and the decoration chairman, Jerry Parker, will have Miss Virginia Gilmartin of Fort Wayne, Indiana, as his guest.

The patrons of the affair this year are: Messrs M. L. Petit, C. E. Huth, W. L. Shilts, G. P. Maurus, R. J. Schubmehl and P. E. Byrne, all of the University.

On Saturday afternoon, the sophomores and their guests will be seated in a special section at the Georgia Tech vs. Notre Dame football game. Saturday evening they will attend the Golden Tornado Hop given under the auspices of the Junior class at the Knights of Columbus home in South Bend.

The committees for the Cotillion follow:

General chairman, Francis Dailey. Tickets—Earl Christian, chairman; Bernard Ducey, Robert Kuhn, Jerry Reidy, George Weber, Tom Purcell, Pat Hastings, Al Shipacasse, Bill Walsh.

Music—Joseph Haberkorn, chairman; Joseph Butler, Joseph McHugh and Lawrence Fitzsimmons.

Program—Frank Mosier, chairman; Jack Gillerlain and John Kissane.

Publicity—Richard Harrington, chairman; Cy Mullen, Thomas Hopkins and Harold Duke.

Floor—Thomas Kassin, chairman; Charles Norton, Francis Fiddler and Richard Grimm.

Decorations—Jerry Parker, chairman; Vernon Slack, Jack Hanlihan, Jack Sigler, Fred Zimmerman, Robert Hellrung, Joseph Kelligan, Jim McMurray, Tim Toomey, Harry Luzoc, Michael Bichko and Robert Driscoll.

N.D. STUDENTS AT MEDICAL SCHOOLS

Notre Dame is well represented in the leading medical schools of the country by recent graduates and former pre-medical students. Word has been received from the following men: John W. Kane is at Harvard; Alfred Doyle, Johns Hopkins; George Paff, Western Reserve; John Petrone, Bernard Murphy and Stephen R. Richtarsic, St. Louis; J. D. Kearns, Northwestern; J. P. Gilding, Michigan; E. J. and L. T. Lukats, Loyola; E. S. Post, Indiana; A. E. Demman, Creighton; Jerry Hays, Northwestern.

CAMPUS PERSONALITIES

You have seen the Frosh number of the *Juggler*—here you can see Walter H. Layne, its editor, and president of the Notre Dame Scribblers.



WALTER LAYNE, Editor of
The Juggler

Layne has been active during his entire four years on all Notre Dame publications. As a freshman he contributed to the *Dome*, the *SCHOLASTIC* and the *Juggler*.

As a sophomore, he was dramatic critic and an associate editor of the *Juggler*, literary editor of the *SCHOLASTIC* and sophomore associate of the *Dome*.

"The Week," always a most interesting feature of the *SCHOLASTIC*, was written, last scholastic year, by Layne, while he was also engaged in such minor things as editing the *Notre Dame Anthology*, being associate editor of the *Dome*, still an associate editor of the *Juggler* and a member of the Blue Circle. This versatile junior still found time enough, however, to be treasurer of the Detroit Club and a member of the publicity committee for the Junior Prom.

As a senior, Layne is still one of the Blue Circle. He is president of the Scribblers, to which he was elected a member at the end of his freshman year. He is editing the *Juggler* which ranks among the highest of the country's college comics.

The greatest work with which Walter Layne has been associated is the *Notre Dame Anthology*—a book which has had no counterpart in this country.

UNIVERSITY LAUNDRY MODERNIZED

With the installation of the very latest methods devices and methods of laundry work, and under the direction of a new and capable manager, the University is now conducting a laundry which is without a peer in this vicinity.

It is the aim of the University to conduct

a laundry where the students may have their work done more reasonable than elsewhere and to give the clothes the careful attention which they would receive were their owner residing at home.

Mr. James Amerson, the new manager of the laundry, is a man of wide experience in this work. For seven years he supervised the laundry of the French Lick Hotel, French Lick, Indiana. He also, for a period of five year, held an important post in the laundry work of the Canadian Pacific and Canadian National Railroads.

Five large cascade washers have been installed; these are the latest and most efficient machines of their kind in use today. New drying and ironing processes have also been set.

There is a mending room where all needed sewing is taken care of before the clothes are returned to their owners.

In short the new laundry is possessed with the very latest equipment for the efficient handling of this work.

MAGAZINE ARTICLE TREATS OF
NOTRE DAME

In the October issue of *The South Shore Country Club Magazine*, the official monthly publication of the South Shore Country Club, of Chicago, there is featured a ten thousand word article on the history, tradition, athletics and advantages of the University of Notre Dame. The article is a continuance of a series of articles in that publication concerning the foremost universities in the United States.

The article commences with the founding of Notre Dame by Father Sorin in 1841, discusses the outstanding phases of Notre Dame's educational system, and terminates with laudatory statements in behalf of Notre Dame by the late Cardinal Gibbons, Cardinal Mundelein, the John D. Rockefeller Educational Foundation, and Dr. L. D. Coffman, President of the University of Minnesota.

The author of the article, Daniel E. Hilgartner, is a graduate of Notre Dame of the Class of '17. While at Notre Dame, he was a diligent pupil of Dr. Cooney's, in the School of Journalism.

THE FRESHMAN JUGGLER

Years ago, so the historians tell us, in the city of Paris, France, there lived a scrawny little old man, a juggler. His mastery of the profession was perfect, yet in the eyes of the simple peasant, the prosperous bourgeois and the haughty nobility he was merely a half-wit; instead of applause, ridicule was their gift to him. The only tranquility that was his was the joy that he received from performing before the statue of Our Lady in the Cathedral of Notre Dame. The massive walls were his stage, and the work of the greatest artists his background.

Centuries have passed since this jolly old fellow last performed. Today another *Juggler* has appeared. Unlike the Juggler of Paris, however, the *Juggler* of Notre Dame is well received. A host of new antics grouped with a background of well defined art make the *Juggler's* Freshman performance one of the outstanding numbers we have viewed.

In Walter H. Layne, we believe that the *Juggler* has a clever, although new, director. Chiefly commendable is the well balanced editing. The cover, the work of Richard Harrington is the kind that the writer has long awaited to see appear. Not only that, but the art work of the entire issue, especially that coming from the pen of Culliney, Ruppel, Harrington, and McElroy is most clever.

All in all, the Freshman *Juggler* is all that we can expect; if every performance is as good as his first we feel that the *Juggler* of Notre Dame will continue to be well received by everyone.

ENGINEERS ELECT OFFICERS

The Engineers Club, composed of the men enrolled in the various Engineering courses, met for the first time on October 20 and elected Richard H. Green president for the ensuing year.

It is the practice of the organization to select its officers in the spring for the following year. Last May C. Schuster was chosen for the presidency, but for personal reasons resigned the office.

After Dick Green had been unanimously

elected to fill the president's chair, the club voted to allow the officers elected last spring to remain in the offices for which they were selected, at that time.

The Senior Engineers discussed the matter of insignia; it being the custom among this class to adopt something novel in apparel to be worn as an individuating emblem of seniority.

No conclusion was arrived at regarding this matter, however, and a committee was appointed to consider the subject and report upon their findings at the next meeting.

The officers of the club for the year are: Richard Green, president; Thomas Bov, vice president; Ralph Garza, secretary, and Edward Boyle, treasurer.

ALUMNUS APPEARS

The October issue of *The Notre Dame Alumnus*, edited by James E. Armstrong, '25, and carrying several notable contributions, made its appearance on the campus last week.

The first article is by "Rock" and is written in the characteristic Rockne style. It is entitled "Football Still Has a Kick."

Interesting Alumni news is to be found in the Club section where the activities of a number of sectional alumni clubs are recorded.

Bart McHugh, representing Russell Studio, announces that *Dome* photographer will return Wednesday, November 2, to photograph seniors.

CATHOLIC ACTORS GUILD OFFERS PRIZE

The Catholic Actors Guild of America has offered an opening to Catholic playwrights for the most original play. The winning play will be given a showing on Broadway next March.

The attention of Notre Dame playwrights is directed to the contest, which is open to any Catholic University student throughout the country. Frank W. Kelly of the University Theater will furnish further information concerning the contest to any student interested in it.

THE NOTRE DAME LAWYER

Last night the Notre Dame Lawyer entered its third year as the official organ of the Hoynes College of Law. From the small in-



JOSEPH P. MCNAMARA,
Editor of the Lawyer

some twenty more pages have also been added.

To our mind the most significant and praiseworthy feature of the new *Lawyer* is that each topic is devoted to an outstanding and timely phase of law.

As to the specific contents, we believe that "Compulsory Sterelization: An Unwarranted Extension of the Powers of Government," by Clarence J. Ruddy, is as well a constructed and logical analysis of the scope of government and its relation to personal liberty as we have ever read.

A striking curiosity of the law entitled: "Animal-Prisoner at the Bar," by J. P. McNamara is an interesting and humorous report.

Paul M. Butler has done a most instructive article on "Constitutional and State Rights."

Edwin W. Hadley, former professor in the Law School, gives us a well condensed review of "The Law of the Air" by Carl Zollman, a professor in the Marquette University Law School.

Finally, we feel that we must comment on the logical as well briefed editorial of Joseph P. McNamara entitled: "Press Reports of Judicial Proceedings." Mr. McNamara brings forth the argument that the antagonism and critical contempt of our courts is many times due to an unwarranted press report by one who is unfamiliar with the technicalities of the law.

infant journal that it was when Clarence Ruddy, LL.B., '27, first took it into hand two years ago the *Lawyer* has taken its place alongside the best legal publications in college circles. It is now ten by eight inches in dimension in contrast to an eight by five volume last year;

The entire staff, assisting McNamara, has succeeded in publishing a very creditable volume.

LAW SCHOOL NOTES

Dan Walters, former professor in the University's College of Law, is on the steamer Olympic bound for London, England. He is to visit his mother, who is very ill.

Dean Konop gave a very interesting talk before the Wisconsin club in Carroll "Rec" room last Monday night. Mr. Konop is a former resident of Wisconsin, where he practised law for twenty years.

Professor Clarence Manion addressed the State Convention of Women's Clubs at Terre Haute Thursday, October 20.

A. I. E. E. INITIATION

The Notre Dame branch of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers admitted thirty-two sophomores into the organization by initiation, Friday, October 21, in the basement of Badin hall.

The initiation was conducted by Charles Topping, president of the organization, Joseph Horan, treasurer, and Richard H. Greene, president of the Engineers Club. Electricity played an important part in the initiation, according to the new members, who were in close contact with that agency a major part of the evening.

Addresses were delivered in the course of the evening by Dr. J. A. Caparo, head of the Electrical Engineering department, Father Steiner, assistant dean of the Engineering school, and Professors Northcott and Hafel, of the Electrical Engineering faculty.

TO REMIND YOU

That to-morrow night there will be a meeting of every senior, junior, sophomore and freshman at the Knights of Columbus ballroom. The Junior Class Golden Tornado Hop, featuring the new Art Haerens orchestra, is the event. If you or your roommate have not purchased that ticket as yet—you had better hurry!

MUSIC AND DRAMA

Before a truly appreciative audience last Monday evening, Reinald Werrenrath, the young but capable and ever-increasingly popular baritone, gave the first of a series of concerts which the Civic Music Association is presenting this season at the Palais Royale. To say that the program was delightfully given would be unfair to the singer, for when one speaks of such personages as Werrenrath, superlatives must be used. The program, as is none too frequently the case, was well balanced throughout; it being strong enough at times to bring out that force and dramatic ability which has placed this singer among that select Metropolitan Operatic group, yet at parts soft enough so that all present could enjoy that sympathy, understanding and intelligence which has always characterized this artist.

PROGRAM

Dank Sei Dir, Herr ----- *Haendel*
 Recit: Ah, When on that Great Day
 Aria: Blessed Resurrection Day
 Watch Ye, Pray Ye ----- *Bach*
 Aufenthalt ----- *Schubert*
 An den Sonnenschein ----- *Schumann*
 Liebesglück ----- *Hugo Wolf*
 Gavotte in B minor ----- *Bach*
 Rhapsodie in F sharp minor ----- *Dohnanyi*
 Mr. Herbert Carrick
 The City of Joy (Written for Mr. Werrenrath)
 ----- *Deems Taylor*
 (Words by Charles Towne)
 Spring in Town
 Poor
 But Happy
 The Roof Garden
 Home
 Over the Sea to Skye ----- *Robert Louis Stevenson*
 Time to Go ----- *Wilfred Sanderson*
 Duna ----- *Josephine McGill*
 Danny Deever ----- *Walter Damrosch*

Then too, Herbert Carrick is an accompanist and pianist who deserves more than mere mention, but space only permits us to say that South Bend was fortunate in hearing Werrenrath, and our only hope can be that the concerts which are to follow may live up to the standard set by the first one.

This Monday evening we also have a treat, although it is along somewhat different lines. "Fog" is here for a three day stay, and those

who enjoy true mystery and thrilling situations as only the author of "The Cat and the Canary" can create them, will, without doubt, spend Halloween or one of the two following evenings at the Oliver. A.S.

BUFFALO MEN ORGANIZE

The Buffalo Club held its first meeting of the scholastic year last Sunday in the south room of the Library. Freshmen were introduced to the old members by acting chairman Doyle, and then followed the main business of the meeting, the election of officers. Martin Ryan, '28, was elected president; Bernard J. Bird, '28, vice-president; Francis Connors, '28, secretary; Henry Burns, '29, treasurer. President Ryan, upon taking the chair, welcomed its new members and made a forecast of the club's program for the year. He emphasized the importance of regular meetings, and suggested that every other Sunday was the most appropriate time to convene.

CINCINNATI CLUB MAKES DEBUT

The men from the "Queen City" met a short time ago and organized what will henceforth be known as the Cincinnati Club.

Joseph Kinneary was elected president; Jack Carr, secretary and Bart McHugh, treasurer. At this meeting plans were made for a banquet; the banquet was held last week and proved to be a gala affair with fun galore.

Jack Carr has been selected to champion the plans for a formal to be given in Cincinnati during the Christmas holidays.

The new organization is well under way, enthusiasm is plentiful and future plans are many. The club bears the ear-marks of a "winner."

SENIORS ATTENTION!

Any member of the Senior Class interested in obtaining a senior pin by means of the Fall order of the Senior Pin committee should make reservation for the same with Dick Novak, Sorin hall. Reservations made after November 12 will not be considered.

WITTER BYNNER POETRY CONTEST

All poets of Notre Dame are urged to direct their attention to the Witter Bynner Undergraduate Poetry Prize for 1928.

The contest is held annually under the auspices of *Palms*, a magazine of poetry. Prizes of two hundred dollars will be awarded the winners.

Only undergraduates in American colleges may compete. Whether the offering be a single poem of a group of poems, not more than two hundred lines will be considered from any one poet. Manuscripts should be typewritten in triplicate, should bear on every sheet the writers name, address and college, and must be mailed by May 15, 1928, to Witter Bynner, 342 Buena Vista Road, Santa Fe, New Mexico.

ACADEMY OF SCIENCE MEETS

The second meeting of the Notre Dame Academy of Science was called to order at 8:00 P. M. Monday evening, October 24, by A. S. (Sam) Romano, president. After the discussion of the usual business, the chair was turned over to Father G. W. Albertson, Dean of the College of Science and Moderator of the Academy, who gave an informal (and untechnical) talk on the "*Pseudomonas aeruginosa* (*Bacillus pyocyaneus*)."
 Father Albertson ably explained the work done by him and his co-workers upon the isolation of the microorganism from the mouths of some of Mr. Pierce's snakes, fatally affected with a disease, which caused the skin on the roof of the mouth to slough off in a way similar to that in the case of diphtheria in man. The infected areas were greenish blue in color. No actual knowledge of the cause of this disease was known before it was investigated in the bacteriological laboratories at Notre Dame, where the actual culture was grown, and then studied and identified by Mr. R. Sheehan, C.S.C., M.S., '27. Another strain of this organism was discovered about sixty years ago by surgeons in the blue green pus of certain types of infections. It was found to be one of the least virulent of microorganisms, although it frequently caused death in ill-nourished

children. Unsuccessful attempts were made to produce an antitoxin by inoculating rabbits and other animals with the toxin produced by the bacteria.

At the next regular meeting, which will be held on the Monday following the quarterly examinations, Dr. K. B. Smith, Professor of Mining Engineering, will present a paper on "Mineralogy."
 —R.W.M.

WISCONSIN CLUB TO HAVE SMOKER

The next meeting of the Wisconsin Club, which will be a smoker, will be held Monday night, October 31, in the Brownson "Rec" rooms. Dean Konop, of the Law School, Father Carey, honorary president, and Tommy Mills, Assistant Coach of the football team, will be the speakers of the evening.

The refreshments for the evening will be furnished by Hunt's Restaurant, while the smokes will be donated by Gilbert's Clothing Store. "Red" Berry and his band has consented to furnish the music for the evening. F. Earl Lamboley, president of the Wisconsin Club, has appointed John G. Voss chairman of this smoker.

All Wisconsin men are urged to attend this important meeting. Further plans for the Christmas dance, to be held in Milwaukee January 2, 1928, will be discussed at this meeting. The freshmen are especially urged to attend.

GRAND RAPIDS CLUB MEETS

The Grand Rapids Club held its regular meeting in the Library, October 19. Committees were appointed by President Walsh for a smoker to be held in the near future, and also for a dance to be given in Grand Rapids during the Christmas vacation.

John Withey was appointed chairman of the smoker, to be assisted by L. Manus, D. Rau and J. McDermott. The president selected Carl Pettersch as general chairman of the Christmas Dance. Other committees appointed for the dance are: Music—John Withey; Tickets—Louis Norman; Decorations—Earl Leach; Favors—Gerald Roach; Publicity—Bernard Ducey.

"MINSTREL CHUCKLES" OCCURS NEXT WEEK

"Minstrel Chuckles," the mammoth minstrel show sponsored by Notre Dame Council, Number 1477, Knights of Columbus, will make its appearance in the gymnasium Thursday and Friday evenings, November third and fourth.

"Minstrel Chuckles," as its name implies, is one continuous round of hilarity. This need not be taken with a grain of salt when it is known that "Big John" Mc Manmon plays the role of "Little Nell"; Art Denchfield, "Little Red Riding Hood"; Pat Canny, interlocutor; Grand Knight Howard V. Phalin, "The Little Chorus Girl"; Tom Carey, "Icicle Ike"; Ed Brennan, "The Bull"; Bob Kirby, "Soubrette"; "Bull" Poliskey, "Little Lord Fauntleroy."

"Minstrel Chuckles" is a real minstrel, but the sequences are introduced in such a novel fashion as to almost disguise the fact. There are many musical numbers especially arranged for this production. The costuming and scenic equipment, the most elaborate in the repertory of The John B. Rogers Producing Company, arrived on the campus last Monday.

George Limerick, representing The John B. Rogers Producing Company, is directing the production. Frank W. Kelly and William Coyne, members of the Department of Speech and Drama at the University, are making the voice selections.

Jack Carr and his K. of C. orchestra will render the musical selections. A. J. Kopecky, tenor of the University Glee Club quartet, will have a part in the presentation. Jack Doyle and Jim McShane, the inimitable hot steppers, will regale the ticket-holders with some steps, especially conceived for "Minstrel Chuckles." Paul Farmer, who is easily remembered for his clever banjo comedy, will scintillate in "Chuckles."

The minstrel is held under the auspices of the University Theater. Father Matthew J. Walsh, C. S. C., President of the University, heads the University Theater. The executive committee of this organization consists of Father J. Hugh O'Donnell, C.S.C., prefect of discipline, and Charles Phillips, Frank W. Kelly and Clarence Manion.

PLAN NEW CHEERING ORGANIZATION

Bob Kirby, University cheerleader announced this week that, through the efforts of the S. A. C., the Notre Dame cheering section is to be reorganized and greatly improved.

The first step will be to furnish all students with megaphones to-morrow, for the purpose of giving the cheering a stronger volume during the game with the undefeated Golden Tornado. Next Saturday, at the Minnesota game, the freshmen will be given a place in the center of the stands. Each one will wear a white sweater, so that a solid back-ground for the exhibition of "silent cheering" formations will be made. There will be colored cards for each man to manipulate.

Freshmen will be charged fifty cents apiece for the sweaters; megaphones will be furnished by the S. A. C.

The ultimate goal of the new cheering organization is the Southern California game at Chicago. U. S. C. is famous for its "silent cheering"; Notre Dame hopes to rival the ability of the coast university in this regard as it undoubtedly will on the football field.

FRESHMEN ELECT OFFICERS

At a meeting of the Freshman class held Wednesday noon, October 26, in the gym, the following officers were elected: — President Frank Leahey; vice-president, J. O'Brien; secretary, James Doyle; treasurer, J. E. Phelan.

William Leahy, chairman of the S. A. C. election committee, presided at the meeting.

Plans were discussed by Joe Doran chairman of the S. A. C., apropos of the part of the freshmen in the class' new cheering program.

TRI STATE CLUB TO MEET

Members of the Tri State Club, a new organization composed of students from Texas, Oklahoma, and New Mexico, will meet Friday, Nov. 4, at a time and place not yet determined, it has been announced.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

Bayard Kurth's casual style looked promising last year in his "Yeast Is Yeast—A Romance Among the Enzymes." The simple poignance and easy readability of "Hey Lady!" in this issue confirm those good omens. Bayard will not be graduated until 1930; watch 1930; watch him in the next two years.



DICK ELPERS, Literary Editor of THE SCHOLASTIC

"Our Day and Age" reveals a new side of Cyril Mullen—a critical manner rather more caustic than that of "The Male Physique." You may not subscribe to his views, but the expression of that viewpoint and the basis of fact in it should pique your interest.

How we envy Jasper Brent the deftness of his light verse! Read "Engaged," and you will never forget those last inspired lines:

for I

*Have crossed my little Rubicon,
And cast my little die.*

"On the Cost of Convenience" introduces E. G. Fleming, an Arts and Letter junior, a self-confessed gentleman of leisure, and a new voice among the flashing wits of these columns.

—R.C.E.

NEW SCRIBBLERS ELECTED

Last Tuesday evening the Scribblers met in the Law Building for the purpose of electing new members. There were several vacancies to be filled and sixteen men applied for membership. Those elected to the society were: Cyril Mullen, Richard Parrish, and Harry Engel.

Cyril Mullen, a sophomore, has done a great deal of work on the campus publications. His poetry which has appeared in the Scholastic, has a simple, unadorned style, and it is quite excellent. He shows no little versatility for his essays are humorous and well written. Herry Engel has written for

the SCHOLASTIC under the name of N. Loti. His work has something of the unusual and the fanciful about it. Richard Parrish has done several fine short stories for the SCHOLASTIC, as well as a play which was published in the Scribblers' Anthology last year. All of his work has been such as to gain him a reputation on the campus.

Professor Charles Phillips, who has been intimately associated with the Scribblers since he came to the University three years ago, was elected honorary president for the year 1927-28.

After the election of members was closed, a publicity committee was appointed. Leo McIntyre, chairman, John deRoulet, and Art Stenius were selected to form the committee.

BROTHER TERENCE, C.S.C., DIES

Brother Terence, C. S. C., known in the life which he gave up as Jeremiah Greaney, died in the Community House here on Sunday morning after having labored for the past fifty years in the service of religion.

Jeremiah Greaney was born in Chilton, Wisconsin, on March 6, 1835. He came to Notre Dame for the first time in June, 1877, and received the religious habit in August of the same year. He made his religious profession on August 31, 1879, taking the name of Brother Terence.

Throughout his long life as a member of the Congregation of Holy Cross he served in various capacities about this institution and during recent years has been known to every man on the campus as a master locksmith.

Not only in the Community and among the students here will his loss be mourned, but likewise by the great host of Notre Dame men who have come and gone to Notre Dame during the half century which Brother Terence spent here.

The good Brother was buried Tuesday morning from Sacred Heart Church where the office for the dead was read and a High Mass at which Father W. R. Connor, C.S.C., Superior of the Community House, officiated.

The remains were interred in the Community Cemetery.—R. I. P.

THE BAND

When in the vicinity of Washington Hall on any afternoon one can not help becoming aware of the existence of one of the most prominent organizations on the campus. The wail of the sax, the rumble of drums, the blast of the tubas will unmistakably betray the presence of the Band.

The Band is "going to town this year" as the saying goes, under the direction of Joseph Casasanta. The officers of the band are: John Robinson, president; Paul Wendland, vice-president; Jack Carr, business manager; Joe Keefe, publicity manager. The Rev. Mathew J. Walsh is honorary president, and Rev. J. Hugh O'Donnell is faculty adviser. Jerome Bigge, formerly of Detroit, swings the baton in the capacity of drum major. The band this year has a new officer in the person of William Lahey, who is S. A. C. representative.

The band made an extremely fine showing at Detroit this year. They did not have much time to prepare for the trip, but the results show that the band this year is not one to be found wanting. New formations are being worked out for the remaining home games and the Student Trip to Chicago. The band will in the near future appear in capes which have been purchased from the proceeds of a highly successful dance which was promoted on the eve of the Navy game, otherwise known as the Navy Hop.

The officers of the band are now planning a concert trip which will take place between semesters. Several concerts at home will feature the organization. Possible dates have not been decided upon, but the University, St. Mary's, and South Bend will be given a chance to hear the band at its best. Prospects for a good concert band are very bright.

Partial List of Cotillion Guests

- | | | |
|-------------------------------------|------------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| Dorothy Dinan, Detroit, Mich. | Jean Savage, River Forest, Ill. | Margaret Farabaugh, S. Bend, Ind. |
| Mary L. Walmsley, Oak Park, Ill. | Audry Mooney, Joliet, Ill. | Mable Priddis, Kenosha, Wis. |
| Barbara Freitchie, S. Pasd'na, Cal. | Ann Eble, New York City | Virginia Dean, South Bend, Ind. |
| Margaret Buesche, S. Bend, Ind. | Thelma Porter, Cleveland, Ohio | Mary Robison, St. Mary's |
| Mary Muessel, Evanston, Illinois. | Lucile Kirk, Alton, Ill. | Genevieve O'Neil, St. Mary's |
| Winnifred Barker, So. Bend, Ind. | Jacqueline Dew, Mo. Valley, Iowa. | Florence Quinn, Massillon, Ohio |
| Betty Proctor, Elkhart, Indiana | Mary Hargrave, Newark N. J. | Marie Barr, Mt. Vernon, Ohio |
| Kathryn Singler, South Bend, Ind. | Agnes Lennon, St. Mary's | Mary Hicks, St. Mary's |
| Iva Billek, Cleveland, Ohio | Margaret Barrowman, St. Mary's | Dorothy Sullivan, St. Mary's |
| Teresa Ryan, South Bend, Indiana | Leona Burill, St. Mary's | Helen Thompson, St. Mary's |
| Margaret Miller, Lockport, Illinois | Gertrude Ambre, Hammond, Ind. | Mary Larey, St. Mary's |
| Augusta Maverick, St. Mary's | Jeanet Cuthill, Bedford, Ind. | Doris Bromann, St. Mary's |
| Arlene Esch, South Bend, Indiana | Mary Helen Corbett, Chicago, Ill. | Alice Burke, St. Mary's |
| Gertrude O'Brien, Galesburg, Ill. | Dorothy Neuhooff, Nashville, Tenn. | Helen Bryan, Chicago, Ill. |
| Catherine Vogt, Saginaw, Mich. | Elizabeth Halligan, St. Mary's | Irma M. Luke, Chicago, Ill. |
| Irma Thompson, Chicago, Illinois | Martha Watson, Louisville, Ky. | Sylvia Penner, Chicago, Ill. |
| Eleanor Murphy, Cadillac, Mich. | Marion Pack, Chicago, Ill. | Katherine Heinrich, So. Bend, Ind. |
| Madeline McCauley, Detroit, Mich. | Eleanor Dunlevy, Pittsburgh, Pa. | Dorothy Grede, St. Mary's |
| Phyllis Baer, South Bend, Ind. | Catherine Grosbeck, Mt. Clemens, | Elizabeth Friess, Dayton, Ohio. |
| Helen Redmond, Kalamazoo, Mich. | Louise Buckley, Galesburg, Ill. | Helen Smith, Springfield, Ohio |
| Marian Miller, St. Mary's | Alice Minehan, St. Mary's | Kathryn O'Toole, Chicago, Ill. |
| Mary Vaughan, Chicago, Ill. | Viola Baratto, Chicago, Ill. | Vienna Manerick, San Antonio, Tex. |
| Celia Riley, Youngstown, Ohio | Martha Barry, Indianapolis, Ind. | Bertha de Staye, Wilmette, Ill. |
| Dorothy McKenna, St. Mary's | Jean Walmsley, South Bend, Ind. | Ruth Miller, South Bend, Ind. |
| Grace Cusak, Chicago, Ill. | Lucile Redmond, Joliet, Ill. | Corine Ray, Shreveport, La. |
| Marge McHale, Chicago, Ill. | Dorothy Roby, E. Cleveland, Ohio | Ruth Koll, Cleveland, Ohio |
| Florence Orvis, St. Mary's | Frances Meyers, St. Mary's | Florence Leary, Mishawaka, Ind. |
| Josephine McNabb, Chicago, Ill. | Clare Alendar, Chicago, Ill. | Adrian Boniwell, Chicago, Ill. |
| Elizabeth Staunton, St. Mary's | Jane Karpen, St. Mary's | Catherine Wilhelmi, Cleveland, O. |
| Patricia Gane, Chicago, Ill. | Florence Arvis, St. Mary's | Helen Firestone, Akron, Ohio |
| Pauline Schmidt, South Bend, Ind. | Mary Leahy, St. Mary's | Isabelle Byrne, Chicago, Ill. |
| Augusta Maverick, San Antonio, T. | Katherine Habin, South Bend, Ind. | Elizabeth Tobin, Seattle, Wash. |
| Virginia Hearst, Chicago, Ill. | Bernice Barron, Waukegan, Ill. | Marie Shippacasse, Cleveland, O. |
| Eleanor McKenney, Wo'ster, Mass. | Frances Murphy, St. Mary's | Camille Oberwieser, Stevens Point, |
| Catherine Brislin, South Bend, Ind. | Mary Swords, St. Mary's | Wisconsin. |
| Mary L. Davis, Youngstown, Ohio | Isabelle Heintz, St. Mary's | Maria Adams, Detroit, Mich. |
| Georgia Cassidy, Joliet, Ill. | Betty Ann Kopes, Chicago, Ill. | Pauline Fisher, South Bend, Ind. |
| Clare Lyons, Chicago, Ill. | Eloise McCarthy, St. Mary's | |

THE COLLEGE PARADE

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By J. F. Mahoney

In accordance with a policy I inaugurated on this page several weeks ago, I present the latest news of the Intercollegiate Prohibition Association. This virile organization is making ready to send field secretaries to Pennsylvania, Ohio, Michigan, Tennessee and Illinois in an effort to stop drinking. I think the field secretaries hope to make drinking unattractive. I compliment them heartily on the ingenuity of their plan.

"Zebras Coming to Jonesboro", says a headline in the Jonesboro, Ark., High Times. I suppose that a circus is an event down that way, but I see no reason for headlines in the high school paper about it. The article goes on to say that—O, pardon me! I didn't read enough of it—the "Zebras" refers to the Pine Bluffs, also Ark., High School football team.

Unpatriotic observation of a writer in the Northwestern literary magazine: "Finding ten American writers who deserve to be mentioned in the same breath with ten leading English writers is a difficult, if not impossible task." The scholarly mayor of Chicago may differ with him.

Pity the poor, defenseless college man! The stalwart police force of Cambridge, Mass., is starting a campaign to protect college men of the vicinity from being picked up by flappers driving sport roadsters. In three weeks three girls were arrested for annoying the innocent students. There may have been some cases which were not reported to the police.

Messrs. Pyle and Rickard would do well to avoid promoting any soccer football games. When Colgate engaged in this noble sport with Maryland recently the total gate receipts were one dollar.

The hardships of being beautiful, as revealed by the Denver University Clarion:

"Many coeds claim that when a good-looking girl enters a classroom the professor at once sniffs suspiciously, thinking that he is being vamped. When grading time appears the so-called good-looking girls receive C's and D's." It's very interesting to know that there are enough beautiful girls at Denver to make mass action possible.

I suggest a wholesale reorganization of the editorial staffs of the college papers of the country. Two of the papers that I receive show originality in their editorial policies, the Minnesota Daily, and the Daily Princetonian. The others, and particularly those of the state universities, contain the most banal editorials I have ever read; except for a slight difference in treatment, they might all be written by the same person. They fall into several distinct groups, classified roughly as follows: those that take sly digs at the teachers, especially those professors who have made the mistake of committing themselves on any subject; those that defend Modern Youth (the capitals are not mine); those that decry the lack of sportsmanship in the home cheering sections; those that applaud the splendid sportsmanship evinced by the home cheering sections in the last game, which was won by the home team by a slight margin of forty points; those that advance the belief that education is a glorious thing, and getting better every year; those that go in for Art, and hint that the Auditorium was almost empty on the occasion of the last concert, while a local dance-hall was filled to overflowing the same night; and those, by far in the majority, which give advice to Freshmen. There may be some exceptions, and there are sometimes variations in the subject matter, but in the main, the classification is true.

THE EDITOR'S PAGE

AN UNDEFEATED CHEERING ARMY

Notre Dame now, for a great many years, has had a football army which has suffered as many defeats as there are humps on an elephant's back. Notre Dame's cheering army now, for a great many years, has suffered as many reverses as there are pebbles at the bottom of the Atlantic ocean. The football army has vanquished every other football army which summoned up enough courage to dispute its right to the football crown; the cheering army has been ground under heel by almost every other cheering army it matched lungs with and the only crown that ever graced its head has been fashioned from raspberry vines by the hand of ridicule.

Father Matthew J. Walsh, C.S.C., president of the University, Coach Knute K. Rockne, the old grads, and countless others, long have been cognizant of the impotency of Notre Dame's cheering army and have long devised ways and means whereby the cheering army could be revamped and rejuvenated so as to harmonize with Notre Dame's football army. The time expended by these men on the cheering problem this year has taken fruit.

It has been decided to build up and to perfect a cheering army that will be capable of the same exploits in the field of cheering as the moleskin, helmet clad army in the football firmament.

How, now, to go about the building up and perfection of Notre Dame's cheering army? There is nothing to it; it is as easy as spending money, provided that the cooperation of every member of the cheering army, which means every student at the University excluding the members of the football army, is given willingly. The freshman class will be the phalanx of the new cheering army; it shall be the unit around which the undefeated cheering section will be built. Thus, to be effective, it must be given a salient

spot, a place in the center of the field, for all future battles of lungs. This point of vantage should be not grudgingly given to the freshmen; let us give it wholeheartedly, with a genial flash of teeth; for they shall bear the brunt of the battles of lungs.

Head cheerleader Robert E. Kirby has written new cheers, megaphones have been purchased by the Students' Activities Council for the cheering army, colored shirts and cards to facilitate spelling and figure effects are being secured for the freshmen. All this in an effort to create at Notre Dame, the home of undefeated football armies, an undefeated cheering army.—L. R. M.

AUTUMN

Between the Sacred Heart statue and the post-office, the trees are golden once again; when the sun reaches them, they make a rich curtain for the hiding of prosaic brick buildings. Many of the leaves have already fallen and, with each new gust of the warm breeze of Indian Summer, another amber shower spills out obliquely to the ground. The trees themselves are like once beautiful bodies which, dying, are deprived of the soul that has given them their splendor.

Done to death by the perfidious wind, the leaves soar and side-slip, fall, rise again momentarily, and at last settle upon the soft bed created by their brothers. Some of them have turned to dull shades of brown but others, that are but freshly fallen, have retained the warm colors that were theirs at the moment of separation.

Not all the trees are golden. The leaves of a few have turned to scarlet, to bronze, to deep shades of red before dropping to the earth that has waited a year for their inevitable coming. And the pines, still green, speak softly of generations long gone, and of those many that will fall in future autumns.

—J. A. M.

HOBNAILS

WE'LL BE RINGMASTERS

ALLAN, OLD BUCK: Freshman Hall did it Sunday with their band. Now it looks like the old inter-hall meets are going to turn into one big carnival while each hall outdoes Freshman. Here's the line-up for the side-show activities: Sophomore Hall is laying in a supply of zebras; you can tell one jack-ass from another by the stripes on some of them. Carroll and Brownson went together to buy an elephant suit, and they're still fighting about the hind-end. Walsh got another bull-dog. Sorin is training some of its domestic fleas. Badin has the hot-air already; so they're furnishing the calliope. Corby's poor; they're selling peanuts. If Lyons ever gets to civilization, they're going to put on a Wild West rodeo, specializing in a bull-show. The Howard boys are too little to do anything but throw confetti. And the Day-dogs aren't spending a cent; they say they are freaks without wasting money on costumes. What is Morrissey doing?

—JO-JO, THE WHOZIT.

ALLAN-A-DALE

*He who sang for joy of singing
Dancing with the forest wind,
Ever leaping, ever laughing
Drank his wine and gayly sinned.*

*He, the dancer gayly charming
Wit and wooer of the band,
He, the lover and forsaker,
Laughed and kissed a maiden's hand.*

*He who swore he loved no other
Saw a maiden fairer still
Forgot my love, forgot my kisses
Strolling with her down the hill.*

—THE LUCKLESS LAD.

OH, LITERARY TALON, FASTEN ON HOBNAILS

ALLAN:—I think you are congealing something. I hardly think my friend Mrs. Malaprop would be so blump as to inter that we men of Notre Dame are deficiious in the matter of Mental Agility, but then she was never one to calculus on the results of her outspoken thoughts. It is true that we do expel in football and other virulent sports. But, also, it is a well-known histrionic fact that never before has there been such a redundancy of literary talon about the campus. Maybe she was deferring to the quality of the poetry you are forced to pursue in the curse of your job as deductor of this column, and in that case, she may be right.

—MR. JOE SAPPINGTON.

ATTA FIGHT, BEAU; YOU'RE A MEMBER

*I sat me down to write a verse
Of just two stanza's length;
I wanted something short and terse,
And yet with wit and strength.
But when dull wits will not obey
Nor fancy lend its aid,
I'm sure of pardon when I say
That this is all I made.*

—BEAU ROGUE.

DO YOU WEAR A RED TIE, FRIAR?

DEAR ALLAN-A-DALE:

Just a line from your old sidekick of Sherwood forest days to let you know that I have followed you to this old N. D. I am in terror of these wild, corn-fed Indiana flappers that flood this peaceful li'l burg. Bozo, they are the last word when it comes down to plain digging. I'll give you your pick of the gang and within an hour if you have anything left besides your imagination I'll climb the Woolworth building on stilts. These females are so fast they can grease the bottom of their shoes and climb an iceberg in nothing flat, and hard—why they would make Roc's gang of ruff-necks look like chorus girls. Only last nite in the theatre, a sweet l'il thing persisted in trying to hold my hand in her clammy paws. I sez "How dare you! Hussy!!" She gave me a disgusted look and began to pull the hair of another stude who sat in front. They didn't do that in Hickville you bet.

—THE FRIAR.

TO KAY

*Will you come like a dream,
Soft as breeze-blown fern,
To kiss my lips that softly sing
A song of your return?
Or will you like a rippling shore,
Laugh lightly in your way,
And pierce my heart by saying
That your love was only play?
Will you like a haughty rose,
Toss your head in scorn,
To take from me the dreams I've lived,
And leave my love stillborn?*

—THE PLUMELESS KNIGHT.

"John," said the Cotillion Girl in the taxi, "I was so ashamed of you; you didn't say a word all evening, and you haven't made Hobnails once this year. Oh, why can't you be clever like the other fellows?" John reddened; his sleeping manhood suddenly awoke. "Dear," he said, "I'm going to make you proud of me. I'll show you I have brains. I'll make Hobnails this very week!" The Girl's kiss brushed his cheek. "Oh, John," she whispered, "you're wonderful!"

—ALLAN-A-DALE.

LITERARY

*Hey Lady!**A Miniature Tragedy*

BAYARD KURTH

HE was of a quiet sort, was Johnny McClellan. During his first year at college no one paid any attention to him except the fellows living next door, and they noticed him only because he was so quiet. They thought he considered himself superior, but the truth of the matter was that he liked being alone.

His father was Irish, his mother French, but he was not like either of them. He never really had a girl, that is, none that he went with all the time. He knew some pretty girls at home, and when he was there he sometimes would take one or another of them out to a dance just because he didn't want to appear timid. He wasn't.

In his second year, he lived in a different hall, a large new one, and his room divided those of two intimate friends. They were jovial fellows with a word and a hello for everyone they met. During the first week, they were not in their rooms much and thus paid little attention to him, but when they settled down for the year they began to notice how quiet he was and how he always seemed to stay at home. A new fellow, they thought; probably he doesn't know anyone. So they began to drop into his room to borrow a match or to chat about the world series.

He did not discourage them. In truth he was beginning to feel a bit lonely seeing all the fellows come back to their old friends with a broad smile and a slap on the back. So they became acquainted, not really friends, but familiar enough to stop for a word now and then.

One Saturday afternoon when most of the fellows had gone downtown to the show or

to play golf, he was sitting alone in his room reading the verses in the Dial. On the desk in front of him lay a couple of sheets of theme paper with a few lines scribbled on them (they were verses that had not turned out well). He was beginning to get just a little tired of everything when Bill, who lived on the left, and Joe, who lived on the right, came in and dragged him out to go down town with them to see a high school football game. No, they wouldn't take no for an answer. Come down and see all the fair high school co-eds. Come down and laugh at the boys trying to sell peanuts. Well, anyway, come down. Because he was feeling a little bit listless, and because he was not sure of what he wanted, he came.

He had a lot of fun that afternoon. He kidded the boys that sold peanuts. He cheered for the visiting team with an enlarged gusto and when the girl who sat next to him glared, he laughed and said something so funny that she laughed even though it was at the expense of her own school.

He was not himself this afternoon. He was someone more jovial, more witty, and more good natured than even Joe and Bill. By the half he would shout "Hey Lady" and then say something that would make the girl laugh. The catch-phrase "Hey Lady" became rather a standing joke between them. He said it in the manner of a ditch digger, of a three-a-day comedy star, and finally began to use it as a name. The game was nearly over now; he had been so busy talking to her that he had not noticed. He meant to ask for her name and address but that could come later. Right now he was having too much fun calling her "Hey Lady."

He noticed that she had lovely light hair and piquant red lips, and was prettier than any girl had a right to be.

The referee fired the gun, and the crowd began to move toward the gates. The boy asked the "Lady" where she lived, but she laughed and would not tell him, and when she laughed a little dimple came into her cheek. Well if she would not tell him, he would follow her home and find out. Bill and Joe, in the true college spirit, decided to help him.

He tried to talk with her but she had become suddenly strange and unresponsive. Perhaps she was afraid of what her mother would say if she came home with three strange young men. Perhaps her mother had told her not to go around with the fellows from college. Nevertheless, they followed her. But surely she could not live in this direction; she was going right downtown. When she reached the heart of the little city she went into a book store. The fellows thought they would wait outside and again take up the chase. They waited ten minutes and began to feel a little uneasy; they waited fifteen minutes, and then went inside the store. She had gone out by the back way.

For a couple of weeks after that Johnny haunted the vicinity of the bookshop, but he never saw her and he gradually became his old self again. His old solitary self staying in his room to read the Dial and try to fashion some verses.

Three weeks later he was trying to turn out a bit of transitional verse when someone knocked on his door. At his reply Bill came in.

"Got your ticket for the cotillion yet, John? Here you go, three dollars."

"Just a minute, fellow," Johnny interrupted, "what do I want with a cotillion ticket? Who'll I take?"

"That's easy," Bill replied, "take anyone."

"Yes, but I don't know anyone."

"Why, you big handsome sheik, you," Bill laughed, and then with an inspiration, "Why don't you ask Hey Lady?"

"But I don't even know where she lives."

"That's easy," Bill came back, anxious to make the sale. "Go down to the High School and meet her as she is coming out."

This seemed to be such a real thought that Johnny bought the ticket.

But there was a flaw in the scheme. There were seven different doors to the High school. Since he couldn't watch them all he began to wander about the streets in the immediate vicinity hoping to see her on her way home. The first night, he saw her just as she was getting on a street car. He was a block away and sprinted madly, but just missed it. The next day, although he fairly haunted the district from three until the shadows lengthened, he did not see her. The day after that he had afternoon classes. The next day was Friday, and he again went down and walked until he was tired. Finally at a quarter to five, giving it up as a bad job, he went into a little drug store where he ordered a chocolate malted. Doggone, he thought as he placed the straw to his lips, but she was pretty. Well, it was too bad, but he wasn't going to let it bother him. He kept thinking of her wavy hair and those red little lips of hers. By the time he was finished he realized that like it or not, he did want to see her again even if she didn't go to the cotillion. Yes, he did want to see her again, often. But what was the use? There wasn't much chance of ever finding her this way. It was better to go out to school and forget her.

He paid his check and walked out, resolving that she was better not remembered. He rounded the corner and looked up the street deeply arched with trees, covered with fallen leaves. There, coming out of the late afternoon sun was Hey Lady, her young body lithesome and slender, a stack of books under her arm, her hair a golden haze.

His resolution was shattered. He ran toward her shouting "Hey Lady" at the top of his voice. Then suddenly he faltered and turned toward school. She had not even turned her head.



Our Day And Age

To Be or to Appear to Be—That is the Question

CYRIL J. MULLEN

THE learned horticulturist pompously mounts the rostrum, clears his throat, and addresses the sandwich-satiated members of the Ladies Betterment League on—horticulture? No; on The Evils of the Day.

The First Mourner of the nether branch of The Order of Sob-Sisters, speaks before a Fourth of July gathering on an even more popular theme than peace time flag-waving. She chooses for her subject: The Degenerate Ways of Modern Youth.

And the great Judge Hornpipe of Chicago, late of the "American Magazine," who believes that all murderers should be given another chance, writes a tearful article for a popular magazine entitled: Are Our Young American Men Losing Their Traditional Virility?

The horticulturist is overwhelmed with feminine effusions; the First Mourner of the O. O. S. S. receives so much applause that the speaker following must cut his speech in half; and Judge Hornpipe gets a personal letter from an editor, offering a year's contract if he will continue to write in the same vein. "That stuff," the editor writes, "always sells."

Proverbs to the contrary, I suspect that the average man gets twice as much satisfaction out of being decent and pretending he is bad, than out of being decent and letting the world know about it. If I am to believe Victorian writers, there was a time when righteousness was in vogue. The righteous were blatant about their virtue, and the secret sinners of the day were invariably "wolves in sheep's clothing." But the pendulum has swung. Then, nearly every one pretended that he was good; now, nearly every one pretends that he, or at least his set, has an idealized sort of waywardness; and nothing pleases him more than speeches, magazine articles, or scientific investigations proving that our century has reached the acme of

corruption, politically, socially, religiously and morally.

How else can the public's childish glee on hearing about its own perversion be accounted for? A beautiful example of this desire is the general twaddle concerning our younger generation. Any other theme as hackneyed and fussed-over as this, would long since have gone the way of North West Mounted Police Novels, and the Dangerous Growth of the White Slave Traffic. The younger generation it seems, is a topic of special juiciness.

Because the War had finally established the gentility of cigarette smoking among the solid inhabitants of our rural districts, and had brought about a few other momentous changes of a like character, somebody or other decided that the War had changed everything. This opinion gave an opening to the grandmas of either sex to shout about an aged idea, an idea very dear and very common to grandmas since Noah's wife caught her son's child twisting a monkey's tail and decided that the world was going to pot. Such a "new" idea was most enthusiastically supported by Ladies Reform Clubs, the motion picture producers, and the Anti-This-and-That societies who in a short time had created a perfect illusion. The younger generation have been trying to live up to it ever since. That they have not entirely succeeded is not their fault.

To say that youth will have its fling is one thing; but to say that youth, or middle-age for that matter, will magnificently realize a fling conceived in the brain of some bogie-conjurer, is in vulgar language, a horse of a different color scheme. The youthful modern finds that his parents are somewhat less care-free than everyone else's parents; that the local parties don't compare with movie parties; that playing the ukelele, although an accomplishment, is never mentioned on diplomas; that good liquor is rather expensive and although there is cheap alcohol to be had, it

predisposes him to acute attacks of indigestion and other inward disorders, which render him less, instead of more, sociable. There are, of course, many elderly believers in what we may call The Great Change who try to put its widely advertised methods into practice. They succeed, however, only in making great fools of themselves and in finding that the conventions are still very chafing, considering their theoretical non-existence. Yet they go on, believing that there is a change and that our age is different.

It is beside the point, I suppose, to question the intelligence of the normal man—if such a man exists—but why he persists in thinking that the twentieth century has introduced anything more startling than Freudian complexes, Fords, appendicitis operations, and phonographs is rather hard to understand. Even those who have confined their reading to the Bible cannot sanely imagine that immorality is a twentieth century innovation, or, for that matter, that

there are many innovations at all. Most of our qualities, I think, are as old as man's tendency to grow a beard and just as easily discouraged.

The disciples of The Great Change, however, serve one purpose. Like Mr. Conan Doyle's spirit tracking, their doctrine keeps their own minds occupied with something that is not; which, perhaps, is better than not having their minds occupied at all. The alarmists have something to shout or weep about, and the alarming factors experience the pleasurable complacency of being different. It is truly a beautiful example of contented self-delusionment.

I hope they will never read Montaigne. They might, unluckily, happen upon the words "It is too uncertain and unsafe a foundation, especially in so corrupt. . . an age as ours."

To know that another age has thought itself corrupt would spoil all the fun.

On The Cost Of Convenience

"Allow Not Nature More Than Nature Need s, Man's Life is Cheap as Beast's."

("King Lear"—Act III, Scene iii)

E. G. FLEMING

CONVENIENCE is the demand of the four hundred and the desire of the four million. It has been such since time began, and its cost has always been high. I remember that the plot of "King Lear" was built around the disastrous effects of the testy old king's desires for conveniences, and about his lack of them.

Look back into the history of our own country, and picture the immortal Paul Revere waiting breathlessly in the bell-tower for the signal telling him which route the Redcoats will use for their attack. He gets the signal—by land!—and charges over mud-covered roads to warn the waiting minute-men. But now how different all this would be! Instead of hanging uncomfortably in his bell-tower, Paul would nonchalantly enjoy his cigarette

—and, of course, he would not have to roll his own—while waiting for the telephone call. If he was not a thinking fellow, a Yellow with balloon tires, high-test gasoline, and an enclosed drive for the chauffeur would await to dash him through the country over smooth cement highways. But I am sure that the famous Paul would have been a thinking fellow, and would merely speak to the multitude through his microphone.

If he wished to go to war like a gentleman, he need spare only a few moments in his easy chair to have the barber, the tailor, the manicurist, and the omni-present shoe-shiner make him look like the advance man for Kuppenheimer.

I notice a growing tendency, even in myself, to look on these conveniences as neces-

sities. It shames me, but I insist on saving time by taking the course of least resistance, letting "George" relieve my mind of the irritating details of the days, and then wasting the time I tried so hard to save. In the barber-shop the three men that I often hire to work on me at once are idle half the day in order that they may be available at any moment for the convenience of customers like me. And the time saved goes for gossip over the luncheon table. When I see the rush to St. Mary's on Wednesdays, I think of the thousands of cabs that are often held in idleness that they may instantly be at the command of a voice over the telephone.

All this convenience must be supplied at an enormous cost to the general public. After thinking it all over, I decide occasionally that I am disgusted with both myself and the high cost of convenience. It is never too late for another resolution, I reason, and although I do enjoy the refinements of service and am flattered at having all my wants anticipated, I should be proud and happy to try to avoid making this matter of convenience a millstone around my neck. But then it occurs to me that I might be prouder and happier to ride down to my date in a cab.

And I do, for King Lear was right after all!

Engaged

*The young men in the market place
Were never quite so gay;
The maiden passing on the street
Is fairer far today;
The lazy road that wanders to
The hills that halt the sea
Is waiting for a wanderer,
A lazy lad like me.*

*Outside the town, a little brook
I used to call my own
Is playing lonely melodies
Upon a bed of stone,
And it is shyly whispering
That none but fools have wed,
That others follow brooks and fields
And forest paths, instead.*

*But I have passed the market and
The maiden in the street;
The dust from lazy country roads
No more will warm my feet.
From now I must be deaf to brooks,
And blind to hills, for I
Have crossed my little Rubicon
And cast my little die.*

—JASPER BRENT.

SPORT NEWS



FRED MILLER
Left Tackle

Irish Trample Hoosiers--- Score, 19-6

*Indiana's Unexpected Strength and Alertness Forces
Rockmen to Fight for Every Point*



CHARLES "CHUCK" RILEY
Quarterback

The spectre of Hoosierdom's annual gridiron Civil War, in the form of the yearly Notre Dame-Indiana battle, raised its perennial head last Saturday at Bloomington. Smouldering in fierce intensity since Pat Page's moleskin representatives of the home state suffered a four touchdown defeat at the hands of Knute Rockne's "Fighting Irish" in South Bend last fall, it flared up in all its pent-up turbulence. Blue and Gold mingled with Gray and Crimson. Upstate clashed with downstate, and when the Battle of Bloomington was concluded the spectre lay buried for another long rest under a 19-6 Notre Dame victory. And with the conclusion of the obsequies incidental to this interment, football partisans throughout the length and breadth of Indiana, the Middle West, and other sections of the country were informed that the long-aged Irish spell of Indiana state intercollegiate gridiron supremacy still remained untarnished and unbroken.

By a singular coincidence certain features of the game closely resembled the action in the Navy battle on the preceding Saturday. First, the score was exactly the same; then the Hoosier touchdown was secured in the initial period against the Celtic second stringers just as the Middie points; again, the sterling duet, Niemic and Flanagan furnished thrills for the crowd which jammed the Crimson's home lot; and finally, deadly tackling, mediocre forward passing,

brilliant end runs and smashing line plunges by the Irish were also similar to their performances at Baltimore the previous Saturday. The Indiana team was far from being a set-up. It was a spirited, fighting, combination of Crimson-jerseyed ball-carriers that the Celts opposed. It was a Hoosier eleven which had risen to unexpected heights the Saturday Notre Dame was trouncing the Midshipmen and had battled the powerful Minnesota Gophers to a tie. It was a keyed-up, keenly-alert aggregation that made the Celts fight their hardest for every point.

Notre Dame looked fully as good, if not better, than in previous games with Detroit and Navy. In ringing up their fourth consecutive victory of the current season, the Rockmen displayed all the courage and machine-like precision which even at this early date has carved them a niche among the nation's outstanding elevens. The Celtic backfield performers possessed their usual versatility in crashing the Crimson forward wall and running the Hoosier flanks with all their customary brilliance. The blue-jerseyed flankers gave an exhibition of line play that was interesting and beautiful to watch. Again outweighed by a heavier group of forwards they continually outplayed their opponents throughout the majority of the contest and refused absolutely to succumb to the terrific hammerings they were subjected to by the Indiana ball carriers.

Coach Rockne, as usual, started his sec-

ond team and it was on this combination that the Pagemen were able to ring up their only points and achieve a short lived lead. Shortly after the battle started, Rinehardt, flashy Sophomore halfback of the home eleven, furnished the outstanding play of the game when he skirted off-tackle for a forty-seven yard run and a touchdown. Undaunted however, the Irish second-stringers came right back and shortly after accomplished an almost uninterrupted march down the field for their first tally. Niemic played a prominent part in this offense, and scored the touchdown when he plunged through guard for three yards and the score on the first play of the second period. He also kicked goal to send his team into a never-to-be-headed lead.

Chris Flanagan collected the other scores for Notre Dame. The first came shortly after the kick-off starting the second half. Collins, Dahman and Riley, assisted by Flanagan, marched through the Crimson on a series of line plays and short end runs, until the ball reposed near enough to the Indiana goal to enable the last-named to plunge a short distance through the line for the six-pointer. Incidentally, Collins' thirty-six yard run off-tackle helped considerably. "The Texas Phantom" collected the final sextet of points in the last period when he again crashed through the Hoosier forward wall for the score which climaxed another Irish parade up the gridiron and deep into the territory of their hosts. On both occasions Dahman's attempts for the extra points were unsuccessful.

Freddy Collins, performing in his first game since he injured his hip in the Coe contest, played a bang-up game at fullback for Notre Dame and demonstrated very forcibly that he has the making of a splendid player for that job. Collins gained practically every time he was given the ball, and his thirty-six yard run in the third period was also the longest gain made by Notre Dame during the fray. Niemic, Flanagan, Smith and Miller also played well, although very little separated their efforts from those of the rest of their teammates.

Shields, Balay, and Rinehardt, were the backbone of the Indiana play.

Lineup and summary:

NOTRE DAME (19)	INDIANA (6)
Colerick	L.E. Baker
Ransavage	L.T. Shields
Cannon	L.G. Trobaugh
Moynihan	C. Randolph
Law	R.G. Ringwalt
Doran	R.T. Butts
Benda	R.F. W. Catterton
Morrissey	Q.B. Garrison
Niemic	L.H. Rinehardt
Chevigney	R.H. Bennett
Dew	F.B. Stephenson

Touchdowns—Rinehardt; Niemic, Flanagan (2).
Point after touchdown—Niemic.

Substitutions—Notre Dame—Voedisch for Colerick, Miller for Ransavage, Leppig for Cannon, Fredericks for Moynihan, Smith for Law, Polisky for Doarn, Walsh for Benda, Riley for Morrissey, Flanagan for Niemic, Dahman for Chevigney, Collins for Dew, Chevigney for Dahman, Dew for Collins, McCarthy for Moynihan. Indiana—Balay for Stephenson, Byers for Rinehardt, Harrell for Garrison, Hull for Butts, Rinehardt for Bennett, Bennett for Byers, McCracken for Baker, Garrison for Harrell, Faunce for Garrison, Fullam for Trobaugh, Todd for Faunce, Magnabosco for Todd, Hellman for Hull, K. Bennett for Fullan.

Officials—Referee, F. Gardner (Cornell). Umpire—G. Kiethley (Illinois). Field judge—P. Graves, (Illinois). Head linesman—L. Daniels (Loyola).

MIGHTY GOLDEN TORNADO HERE FOR CLASH

The wanderer has returned! Georgia Tech has regained its accustomed place in the football sun! The gallant Southerners after a temporary absence of several years due to a spell of bad luck and bad breaks have reclaimed their position among the gridiron elite of the nation. Woe be to the Irish on Cartier Field to-morrow afternoon, for they will have a mighty task on their hands to subdue their scrappy guests!

Leaders of the powerful Southern Conference, and a prime favorite to capture first prize in that league; conquerer of Alabama, Virginia Military Institute, North Carolina and Tulane; possessed of an eleven which is the equal, if not better, than the 1921 and 1922 combinations; and imbibed with the feeling that they have the best chance in years to achieve a much-

coveted victory over the "Fighting Irish," a team whom they have yet to defeat, the Yellowjackets arrived in South Bend yesterday morning ready to give their all against the Rockmen.

Mid-West will clash with South in the battle, which will be one of the few really classical intersectional gridiron battles of the present season. Fans throughout the entire country will be interested in the outcome, doubly so, because it will be an attraction between the outstanding teams of both sections.

Coach Alexander has whipped together a formidable outfit. Materially assisted by Don Miller, one of Rock's famous "Four Horsemen" in 1924, who in his capacity as backfield coach has turned out a neat set of backs, the Atlanta mentor is ready to pit his full strength against the Gold and Blue. His line, built round Waddey and Captain Crowley, is reputed to be one of the strongest in the country. Tulane's Green Wave was the only rival able to penetrate this stout forward wall for a single score. Alabama, North Carolina, and V. M. I. after forward-passing themselves to within a few yards of numerous tallies, battered in vain against the stalwart group of Yellowjacket flankers to push a touch-down through.

Barron, brother of the famous red-head of that name who also starred at the Southern institution several years ago, and "Stumpy" Thomason, diminutive Sophomore, are the bright lights in the backfield, although Mizell is not far behind. Thomason is hailed as the greatest backfield

artist in the South and a most promising candidate for an All-American berth. He is a triple-threat, but his greatest forte is brilliant end runs, at least one of which has featured every game thus far. Barron and Mizell are not far behind their teammate.

The Irish are well aware that they are in for a battle to-morrow afternoon and have been diligently grooming themselves all week for the clash. It will be a real clash in every sense of the word as Georgia Tech can be readily classed among the stiffest competition that Notre Dame will meet this fall, and also a combination that will fight its hardest until the last second of play.

CELTIC HARRIERS DROP OPENING CONTEST TO ILLINOIS

The jinx is still on! Illinois still seems to be an obstacle that the Notre Dame trackmen cannot overcome. This time it was the cross-country team who journeyed to Urbana last Saturday, and bowed before the mighty onslaught of the Illini cinder artists, 18 to 37. It was a hard battle to lose and despite the fact that it was strongly contested throughout the entire run—the better team conquered.

Fairfield of Illinois led the field over the four mile course in a lapse of 21 minutes, 32 seconds. The next three men to place were also Orange and Blue tracksters and it was Vichules of the Celts who gained fifth position. He undoubtedly lost one of his hardest fights for victory in the run.

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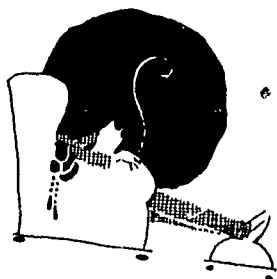
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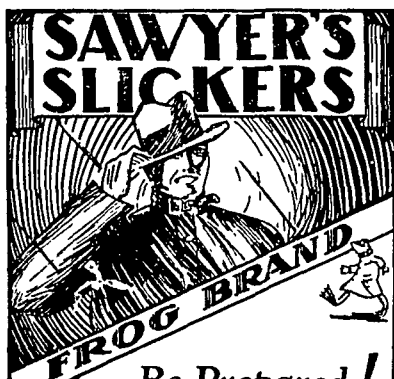
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but it seemed impossible to retard the winning stride of Fairfield and his teammates. May a word of tribute also be acknowledged the other members of the squad whose highest and fondest hopes were shattered by the exceptional running of the Illinois men. Evidently the goddess of chance had spread her mantle of good fortune over the athletic endeavors of the Illini over the last week end and caused them to prove themselves victorious in practically every engagement.

To-morrow the Gold and Blue invades Evanston with the desire of maintaining an unblemished record insofar as all encounters with the Northwestern "wildcats" are concerned. Perhaps last Saturday's defeat will spur them on to victory and in that way atone for the vanquishing handed them at Champaigne. Coach Nicholson has drilled and groomed the men arduously in the past week and although unsuccessful in its initial meet against a much more seasoned team, he looks forward to a win to-morrow. R. P. D.

ON THE ENEMY'S TRAIL

The Georgia Tech Tornado continued its relentless pace of late and swept to a 13-0 victory over the strong North Carolina outfit at Atlanta last Saturday. It was the fourth consecutive victory of the current season for the Yellowjackets.

The Tarheels gave the Georgians a terrific battle all the way. Employing a dazzling aerial attack they had the ball within the home five yard strip no less than four times. The Golden Tornado line held on each occasion thought, twice when the Carolinians were within one foot of a score.

Southern California romped to an easy 51-0 win over California Tech. The visitors started out strong but gradually weakened to allow the Trojans to practically gain at will. Aerial heaves were used with great effectiveness by the Methodists. Drury and Taylor led the U. S. C. attack.