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THE WEEK

To Jasper Brent who was threatened and coerced into a substitute position as writer of this page, I am indeed grateful. For those who called to say they would be pleased when the regular correspondent returned, I bow my most gallant bow; and for those who called to say Jasper made a far more interesting column conductor, I smiled sweetly and thought with the Two Black Crows, "Probably we shouldn't have mentioned that."

The mid-semester examinations have come, seen, and conquered. Some professors hurl five questions for the quarterly tests and return at the semesters with seven hand-picked offerings. This proves that you should be able to answer five questions in one hour and seven questions in two hours. Higher mathematics! One English instructor decided that he would enjoy having his men memorize ninety-two names of authors. Several conceived the brilliant idea of arranging them alphabetically before taxing the mental apparatus, and when asked to assign the authors to historic periods they cried out indignantly, "Aw, you didn't tell us to do that." Result: several picturesque conditional grades.

But more important than football, exams, or absent writers is Jim Shocknessy's alleged attack of appendicitis. To those of you who don't know him, Jim is a Senior, a leader of charitable endeavor, and a ranking politician; to those of you who do know him, add your own knowledge of his activities. However, Jim was seized with cramps and pains, rushed to St. Joe Hospital, swathed in ice bags for a night, and turned out the next morning for a return to classes. But the damage had been done. Sorin Hall had been informed that it was a question of hours before his death. Excitement prevailed through the night but Jim sailed in the following morning, appendix and all. He insists that the surgeons refused to remove his innards, because he was unable to stand the strain. But from one who has eaten with him at

table for three months, be sure that Jim has sufficient energy and stamina for any ordeal.

And the second issue of the *Juggler* arrived; a trifle—just a trifle—late but good. To Waltah Lane, any outside inspiration which he might have, and the staff, the *Week* extends felicitations. It has been reported that the third issue is now in the making. If the Scribblers fail to hold their weekly session next Monday night it will be an omen. But if the book continues as late as its predecessors, we'll be able to turn the scheduled Christmas number into a post-holiday enterprise, competing for sales and jokes with the *Football Review*. "Here you have a permanent record of the football team," is the Review salesman's chatter. Forewarned and all that sort of thing.

The Southern California tickets have been doled out, one to a man, for the small price of \$1.25 and tomorrow morning begins the general exodus. Just what the odd pennies are for has never been explained, but we presume there'll be a fair return on the investment in band music served with the much advertised capes. Governor Len Small and "Big Bill" Thompson with his bosom chum, Super Andrew, have promised to come waving Notre Dame banners. The Mayor of Los Angeles will sit on the other side of the field. All in all it looks like a big day for the public servants. The double cuts which were scheduled for today drove enough back to warrant opening both sides of the refectory.

Every club on the lot is calling for long lost brothers to come and make plans for that annual Christmas dance. To date Cleveland, Chicago, New York, Wisconsin, Louisiana-Mississippi, and Grand Rapids are assured of entertainment. The incidentals of a ballroom, orchestra, tickets, and guests have not been considered with much gravity, but those details can come later. The fact remains that everyone is going to dance—how and where? Why continue this unceasing questioning?—J.T.C.

INDIANA ACADEMY OF SCIENCE MEETS HERE NEXT WEEK

On Thursday, Friday and Saturday, December 1, 2, and 3, Notre Dame will be the scene of the Forty-Third Annual Meeting of the Indiana Academy of Science. On these three days the campus will be alive with scientists from every part of the state. Botanists, Physiologists, Chemists, Physicists, Geologists, Archaeologists, Zoologists and workers from nearly every field of science will be here.

The General Session will be opened Friday morning, after the registration, with the Address of Welcome by the Very Rev. Matthew J. Walsh, C.S.C., President of the University, and this will be followed by the business session. At this time six papers of wide-spread importance will be read. On Friday afternoon, the technical sessions which will be open to the student body, non-members and the general public, will be featured by the presentation of over one hundred papers on scientific subjects by Academy members. This session will be divided into the following groups: (1) Bacteriology, Physiology and Hygiene; (2) Botany; (3) Chemistry, Mathematics and Physics; (4) Geology and Geography; and (5) Zoology. If one is interested in the latest developments of Chemistry, he will attend the papers given in the Chemistry Group; or if one wishes to learn the latest "Theory of Thunderstorms," then he will naturally go to the Geological and Geographical Group.

On Friday evening the Notre Dame Glee Club will render a complimentary concert in Washington Hall. This concert will be followed by a public lecture by Dr. Wilfred H. Osgood, Curator of Zoology at the Field Museum of Natural History, on the subject "Nature and Man in Abyssinia." This talk will be illustrated by motion and still pictures, and promises to be the outstanding feature of the convention. On Saturday morning the visitors will terminate their sojourn by inspection trips around Notre Dame, St. Mary's College, the industrial organizations of South Bend, and other points of interest in the vicinity.

All students as well as faculty members

are extended a cordial welcome by the Indiana Academy of Science to attend as many of the meetings and lectures as their time will permit. Details of the meeting and the complete official program will appear on all the hall bulletin boards next week. Examine the program, select the topics which are most interesting to you, reserve a part of Friday to hear your favorite papers, and lastly, do not forget Dr. Osgood's lecture on Friday evening.—R.W.M.

FIRE VISITS SORIN HALL

A serious conflagration was narrowly averted in Sorin hall at about nine o'clock Sunday evening when a fire, which was gaining rapid headway in a pile of refuse near the newspaper rack on the first floor, was extinguished.

Fire Chief Walsh of the Subway Volunteers, ever on the alert for smouldering cigarette "butts" and fire bugs, was suddenly arrested from his studies by the unmistakable odor of burning papers.

Leaping into his fire togs, and summoning his cohorts, he dashed up out of the "Sub" and threw himself into the flames and smoke. His cohorts were right behind him.

Meanwhile Chief Wendland of the second floor company, unable to concentrate and sensing that all was not well, set out upon a tour of inspection of the hall. After a careful search he discovered the fire on the first floor and dashing back to his headquarters he relayed the alarm to Lieutenant Schultz of the Third floor company.

Almost instantly both officers had marshalled their men into action and had two powerful streams of water playing on the blaze, and the rapidly spreading tongues of flame soon were reduced to wet, smoking papers.

With the assistance of the two powerful streams spouting down from the floors above, the Subway Volunteers soon had the flame well in hand.

At 9:20 the fire gong rang out to inform the waiting world that the fire was officially out. Thereupon tranquil quietude returned to the sober corridors of Sorin, the sanctum of seniority.

WRANGLERS SCHEDULE DEBATING TOUR

A debating tour of Indiana, Illinois and Ohio has been scheduled by the Wranglers club. They will meet colleges, universities, city clubs, in fact, any organization, and will debate upon any subject these diverse units may desire. Their schedule includes dual and single debates, as well as many one-man addresses before various civic clubs. Some fifty debates will be participated in by the members of the club. The committee in charge of arrangements is composed of James C. Roy and Arthur Stenius.

SIGNS AND TICKETS.

Do people believe in signs?

If J. Arthur Haley, business manager of athletics at Notre Dame, or Herbert Jones, manager of ticket sales, were asked that question the chances are ten to one that they would thunder a decidedly vehement "no!" They might even go further, but we will let that pass.

"Signs" to these hustling Athletic Department men has an entirely different meaning than that generally accepted. Possibly they believe that rain on a sunny day means Indiana weather tomorrow, but for them a "sign" is a conveyor of a fact. Until recently they had a childlike trust in signs: they believed them effective; they were of the opinion that the public believed in signs; but they have changed their views.

Why have these men "lost the faith" in "signs"? The answer is contained in these words: the Notre Dame-Southern California game ticket sale!

For a number of weeks there have appeared numerous signs about the campus, there have been signs used as advertisements in newspapers, there have been warnings in letters, and various papers have carried certain news: all having to do with the fact that the 110,000 tickets available for the game in Chicago tomorrow have been sold out for some time.

But these signs, apparently, have meant nothing to students, alumni, and patrons of Notre Dame games. Daily, hundreds of requests for tickets to the game have been

pouring in, literally flooding the floor and desks of the athletic department office.

Recently, seven thousand letters were sent to seven thousand football fans advising them that, as had been so well advertised, all seats had long since been sold out. Judging by the number of requests, it is estimated that at least 150,000 tickets could have been sold, had the Stadium, for instance, been made of rubber.

BROWNSON HOLDS SMOKER

On Thursday, November 17, 1927, Brownson Hall held another of its famous gatherings in the Brownson "Rec" room.

The enthusiastic audience that numbered between two hundred and fifty and three hundred warmly applauded the efforts of the various entertainers, and joined heartily in the mass singing led by Mr. Pierce. A seven piece orchestra under the direction of William Eastman and composed of Jess Wood, Pat Mangon, George Pope, Walter Phillip, Louis Birardi, and Hilly Beiriger, rendered selections throughout the evening.

The smoker was opened with a short speech by Brother Alphonsus in which he welcomed all those present. The first number on the program was an impersonation of an old colored lady, and a dance, by George Spaulding. Needless to say George was a sensation. For the second number there was a boxing bout between two very clever boxers Spike McAdams and Jack Priest. James McShane then gave the boys a treat with some of his well-known, fancy steps. A boxing bout between Shine and Kid O'Brien furnished a thrill that was to last all evening. Andrew Hayes and Arthur Evans two well known members of the Glee Club then proceeded to draw the applause of the audience with several clever duets. The final number on the program was a lively boxing bout between Juns and Tom Schrainger.

Ice cream, cake and coffee was then served and cigarettes were furnished by Gilbert Clothing Co.

Brother Norbert is to be commented for the splendid success of the smoker, and it is hoped that it will not be long before another one is presented.

THE CAMPUS CLUBS

By J. D. Murphy

This page will be devoted to club news each week. Club secretaries are requested to send all club news or announcements to J. D. Murphy, Club Editor, Room 18, Morrissey hall, so as to reach him by Tuesday noon.

CLEVELAND CLUB

Meeting Hoynes hall, Wednesday evening, 7:45 P. M. Attendance imperative.

CHICAGO CLUB

The Chicago Club will operate a general information booth in the lobby of the Auditorium Hotel. Students are invited to register at the booth.

There is a possibility of obtaining a ticket for the Alumni dance at the Stevens Hotel if any men at the last moment decide to attend the celebration after the game.

A supply of railroad tickets will be on hand for those who will have their return transportation to South Bend.

The members of the Club who are participating in the burlesque football game can secure their tickets to the game at the booth.

WRANGLERS CLUB

Father William Bolger, C.S.C., has been appointed faculty advisor of the Wranglers Club, the honorary forensic society on the campus. Father Bolger, who is head of the Economics and Politics department of the University has been varsity debating coach for many years.

BUFFALO CLUB

The Buffalo club held a very successful business dinner in the Rustic room of the LaSalle Hotel Saturday evening. Bernard J. Bird, vice-president of the club acted as toastmaster. Each member of the club was called upon for a talk. Plans for the coming Christmas dance were completed and George Doyle was appointed general chairman of the several dance committees. The dance is to be held at the K. of C. home in Buffalo and all Notre Dame men in the vicinity of Buffalo are invited to attend. Judging from the success of last year's Christmas formal a treat is in store for those who attend this year's event.

SCRIBBLERS

The Scribblers met Monday evening at eight o'clock in the Law Building. The possibilities of a Poetry contest were discussed and a committee appointed by President Walter Layne.

Two papers were read by members. One, an essay entitled "The Vice of Too Much Virtue" by John De Roulet and a group of five poems entitled "Promenades Before Twenty" were read by Murray Young. Both papers were received favorably.

MISSISSIPPI-LOUISIANA CLUB

The Mississippi-Louisiana club will meet on Monday, Nov. 28, in the Law building.

CLEVELAND CLUB

The Cleveland club met on Monday evening, November 21, in the Law building. This was the first meeting for quite a time, and the boys manifested an enthusiasm that may be explained by the proximity of the Christmas season, and the Christmas dance.

Speaking of the Christmas dance, Bill O'Neill, club proxy appointed the dance committee. The chairmen read as follows: George A. Kiener, General Senior Chairman; Bud Wihelmy, Junior Chairman; Harold Ruppel, Chairman Orchestra Committee; Dick Weppner, Chairman Hall Committee; Norm McLeod, Publicity; John Victoryn, Tickets; Pierce O'Connor, Patrons; Gene Milliff, Decorations; George Leppig, Reception; John Igoe, Entertainment; Frank Belting, Favors; and Chuck Rohr, Efficiency Chairman.

Talk centers about the Union Club and the Mid-day Club, both social meccas, as possible places for the dance. Ruppel wants Emerson Gill's Bamboo Gardens orchestra, and if he gets it, the Cleveland club will dance to slightly thermal syncopation.

Thomas Raleigh was elected Freshman Chairman; a good move, inasmuch as the Freshmen are the coming senior, and to get their cooperation means much for the Cleveland club.

The club looks forward to a banquet *in town* between now and Christmas. Tom Kiener is chairman of the banquet committee.

ACADEMY OF SCIENCE

The Notre Dame Academy of Science held its third meeting of the scholastic year in Chemistry hall on Monday evening, November 21.

Dr. K. B. Smith, Professor of Mining Engineering featured this meeting with a lecture on "Geology and Its Uses." After a discussion of the general history of geology, Dr. Smith classified the subject into its many useful fields. A few of these latter include such topics as Minerology, Petrology, Paleontology, Agricultural Engineering and Petroleum Geology, and General Economics Geology. The latter part of his talk dealt with the formation of many of the natural wonders of the United States, taking into consideration Niagara Falls, the Grand Canyon, Yellowstone Park, Mammoth Cave and the Natural Bridges of Arizona.

The next meeting of the academy will be a student meeting, and the feature paper will be on the subject "Study of Endocrine Glands," by Mr. A. S. Romano.

THE COLLEGE PARADE

-:-

By J. F. Mahoney

You saw last week on this page what an enthusiastic reporter could do with the story of the Minnesota-Notre Dame game. Now the topic has been given over to the amateur humorists on the staff, who come out with a remark which is unparalleled for bad taste, to wit: "It is said that '7 to 7' is to be put on the index expurgatorious."

Advantages in being a man at St. Olaf, that up-and-coming College at Northfield, Minn.:

"The spoiled darling of St. Olaf is the male. He is catered to, coddled and pampered . . . The vanity of the St. Olaf male is positively sickening. He struts about the campus perfectly oblivious of every living thing." The article, which was written, I suppose, by a girl, concludes with some splendid poetry:

A college man
With brilliant mind
That beats the co-eds
Is hard to find.

No sir, you just can't beat these co-eds.

High degree of proficiency in a gentlemanly sport at Michigan State:

"The pocket billiard tournament is producing some close games and high runs, but last week's high run of 13 has not been beaten."

New and fascinating sport at Tulane:

PROPHET PICKS
PROBABLE PING
PONG PLAYERS

Specimen of humor in the *Mountain Echo* of Mt. St. Mary's:

"Before we go any further we might state for the reader's peace of mind that, although the frogs croaked, they did not die. We cannot linger here in our story to explain such a phenomenon." I never heard of such a *phenomena* either.

What makes a college a college, from the *Butler Collegian*:

"But there is something else that is needed to give Butler the final touch—the touch

that will make it a real, live university. That is a musical show."

How the sorority girls whoop it up at Indiana State Normal:

"Another alumnae, Louise Wright sang a solo which was enjoyed very much by those present, Elizabeth Isaacs played a beautiful saxophone solo and last, but not least, all present sang the Pi Zeta song, 'Take Me Back to the Dear Old Pi Zetas' which is dear to the heart of every Pi Zeta girl, active or alumnae."

A Rising Young Journalist Makes Good, from the *Student Life* of Utah Agricultural College:

"Dale Gibson, Aggie of last year . . . is sub-editor, linotype foreman, floor manager, chief make-up man, reporter and delivery boy for the *Nephi Times-News*."

Letter received by Captain Wilcox of Purdue from a rabid admirer:

Captain Chester Wilcox,

My Dear Captain:

Your yellow head is just like your yellow heart. We showed you that two years ago in Bloomington and — darn you we will show you up again this year.

You won't even get started. You notice what we did to Northwestern—well, Purdue don't beat us on our home lot. Not with that yellow coach you have.

(Signed) Indiana Forever.

Extracts from another received by Welch, also of Purdue:

"I suppose you think you are good on account of what the papers have let you think. But you won't be so proud when we get through with you, you big hick. I don't think you are so hot anyhow, and Page says you are yellow, and we agree that the whole lot of you are yellow. The answer is your coach is ignorant. O baby what we will do to you all Saturday.

Hooray for Indiana,

J. F. McGinnisse.



THE EDITOR'S PAGE

THE INTERHALL REVIVAL

When the Freshman Hall defeated Lyons Sunday for the championship of the campus, the most successful season of interhall football in recent years came to an interesting and decisive end. The schedule was efficiently run off from any viewpoint that you might care to take; the teams themselves, coached by seniors in the School of Physical Culture with the assistance of some of the rectors, showed genuine skill and ability in most of the games.

Stricter ruling by the officials, as compared with the methods of past years, had a direct bearing on making the contests more attractive for spectators and in preventing the usual long list of casualties among the players. There were a few serious injuries, but not nearly so many as there have been. The comparatively small number of forfeits in the thirty games scheduled showed that the teams were themselves interested in the championship. Neither Carroll nor Brownson succeeded in winning a game, but they put teams on the field every Sunday.

Probably the greatest difference between the interhall league this year, and the same league in other seasons, lay in the crowds that turned out to watch the games. For the time at least, the hall teams were something in which to be interested, instead of something to be laughed at. Freshman and Sophomore had vociferous cheering sections, and Freshman had a band.

All of these things point to the fact that the interhall sports are neither dead nor dying. Certainly they should not. Any enterprise that gives an opportunity for competitive athletics to two hundred students, and that will hold the attention of a large part of the non-combatants, is worthy of a place on the Notre Dame calendar of sports.

SINGING OF THE VICTORY MARCH

The Victory March is the official out-of-doors Notre Dame song. It is sung at most of our athletic contests particularly at football games. Perhaps at the present time no other college song is so well known or sung at so many gatherings. This for the reason that it is intrinsically a meritorious composition in words and melody, and also because our Glee Club has popularized it through the victrola. If another good stanza were added the repetition of the words could be avoided and the march would be given added charm. This, however, is inserted in brackets.

Now because the Victory March is official and is recognized everywhere as the Notre Dame song, it is of grave importance that it be sung always with the proper setting and with the dignity and decorum that will win it respect. It stands for fight, hope, enthusiasm, courage, and victory.

We suggest the S. A. C. add another service to their long list of good works by consulting with University executives and then giving some regulations about the time and place for singing the Victory March.—P.J.C.

U. S. C. COMES EAST

When the native sons of Southern California prance out on Soldiers' Field tomorrow clad, we are led to believe, in bear-skin jackets and fur-lined helmets, our football season will be within two hours of its end.

It has been a long season and, with regard to opponents, probably the hardest that a Notre Dame team has gone through. Of the four major games on the schedule, Navy was beaten, Minnesota tied, and Army was victorious. U. S. C. is the fourth opponent. A victory over the Trojans will go a long way toward making this 1927 season a success.

—J. A. M.

HOBNAILS

CASUAL

*You gave me up with the wave of a hand
With the puff of a cigarette,
I know that I will remember
But I wish that I could forget.*

*You threw me a smile as you turned to go
But pausing at the door
I caught a look upon your face
That I shall see no more.*

*Oh, I shall be very casual
To the last and lonely end,
And you will hold into the night
The hand of another friend.*

*And if sometime we two should meet
Where we but lately met
We'll nod and pass with the wave of a hand
And the puff of a cigarette.*

—DIEGO AND PIERRE.

WE'LL TRY; BUT DON'T HOLD YOUR BREATH WAITING

DEAR AL: Aren't you tired of Black Bottom-ing your way to and from classes? I'm told that this famous system of terpsichore is effective only in the mud, "Down on the delta." Well, N. D. is no delta.

Why not use your persuasive powers toward influencing someone to "Contrib" a few honest-to-goodness cement traffic-lanes across the campus? You know me Al—and—anyway, nobody likes the black bottom any more.

—THE SASSY KID.

BOOKS, A ODE

*Pals of my study hours!
At your dread name my poor brain cowers
Too much I stand you off. Askance
My eyes see you but at a glance.*

*Pals of my lonesome hours!
My mind no longer shirks nor cowers.
A poem, story, mystery,
Refreshing mind and heart for me.*

—J. EUSTACE TEWKSBURY

AH, BUT YOU HAVEN'T BEEN GIVEN THE LAKE YET

DEAR ALLAN: I climbed the Main Building steps, once, in search of my "Crock of Gold" here, saw the Four Horsemen beat Nebraska, looked forward, once, to the "caf," saw the barn fire, met the '25 team at the NYC, crashed the Palace, read the Anthology, made the Sunday pilgrimage to St. Mary's, met the team at the Post Office, shooed birds in the refectory, read "Hobnails" and now strive for their imprint, to be truly representative.

—LEPRECAUN, '28.

HITH MOTHT EMBARRATHING MOMENT

Oh Al!—Did you hear about the girl who lithped? Well, she lived out in the sticks, somewhere, but modernism finally touched even there. She began to use paint, powder, rouge and all the other modern accessories; so when her "feller" called he was rather dumbfounded. They sat at opposite ends of the sofa for a time; finally she broke the ice with: "Don't I thmell theet?"

And he came right back: "No, yer don't. I just washed mine afore I come."

—THE SENTIMENTAL PUP.

FOREVER

*Once more I find myself alone on the old parade
ground;*

*Ghostly battalions march quietly up and rally 'round.
Heads erect, figures stiff, they step out from the past
Old, familiar faces, strangely grey, here at last.*

*A wraith-like banner flies in an unfelt breeze,
The leaves flutter slowly down from the ancient
trees,*

*The rusty guns bark once again in a silent salute,
Companies form, commands ring out from lips still
mute.*

*With slow, sure, step they pass as on review,
Clothes tattered and torn—yet curiously new.
Swinging along with the grace of youth long since
dead,*

*Into the rays of the sun flooding the grass with red,
Back into the past they go. Not a trace of them
can be found,*

*And once more I find myself alone on the old parade
ground.*

—THOMAS M. LEE.

BRAVO, OLD HOLE; YOU MUST COME UP FOR TEA

"I say old sweet, tell me, is it true Notre Dame 'as no bally Fraternities?"

"Quite so, quite so, old fricnd. Sort of a tradition—equality and all that, don't you know!"

"But I say, old thing, 'ow can a lad be a big man on the bloomin' campus?"

"Yo and a 'orrible ho! Old bean, make 'obnails."

—"ANN HOW."

AESOP—1927

DEAR MR. DALE: I know a fable: once there was a Junior Class that didn't have the biggest and best Prom ever held at Dear Old Boo-Bah.

—JEFF.

Thanksgiving Time—the air is full of zest, the world is full of food, Hobnails is full of wit, Notre Dame is full of admiration for it, and we are full of thanks for the contriptions. A toast, then, gentlemen: "To the contriptions; long may they rain."

—ALLAN-A-DALE.

LITERARY

*Gretchen Graves**The Story of a Story-Book Name*

RAYMOND M. HILLIARD

STRANGE that a mere name should affect him in such a way. Most names were quite common, but this one, though not so different from others that it might be called distinctive, was most certainly not ordinary. These and kindred thoughts ran rapidly through Glenn King's mind as he slouched comfortably in his father's favorite overstuffed chair. It was most enjoyable, he reflected, just to sit here and dream. Never before had he realized how pleasant and comfortable home could be. The parlor, with its deep mahogany chairs, its familiar bulging sofas, and its great open fireplace furnished an ideal retreat that he, up to the present moment, had never fully appreciated. How he had waited to finish school, to get out and work, accomplish his ambitions, and now, here he was content to go back to the scenes of his youth, slouch into a comfortable position, and dream.

He interrupted his vagaries by turning his thoughts sharply back to that name. It was through his aunt that he had learned of it; she had told him just before she went home. Perhaps his mother knew something about it. He arose with great effort and, after a preliminary stretch and sigh, shuffled out to the kitchen where he knew he would find his mother.

"Morning, Mom." Mrs. King turned from the table on which she had every imaginable cooking utensil, and viewed her son. There could be no question about it; every time the little rotund, sharp-eyed woman beheld her son, a look of unmistakable pride flashed into her eyes. She found it hard to believe that this curly-headed six-foot grown man had once been her baby.

At any rate his face had not changed much; the same delicate pink tint was still in each cheek and the blue eyes were the same as those that had looked up at her from the cradle. Instead of running over and hugging him as she wished to do, she said reproachfully:

"Well, it's about time you got up. It's a disgrace the way you sleep, Glenn." Mrs. King scrutinized her son's face. "Hm — you might have washed your face. Didn't you ever wash while you were at school?" Glenn stretched again and his mother applied herself to the task of adding more flour to the shapeless mass of dough on the table.

"Listen, Mom, what does this girl look like?" Glenn surveyed the back of his mother's dress.

"Heavens, Glenn, I don't know. I can't imagine who you mean."

"You know, the one that Aunt Mary met so often on the train. She said her name was—uh—" Glenn would find it impossible to forget that name, but it would never do to let people know that he was interested. It would result in interminable joshing. The idea of making such a fuss over a mere name. "Let's see, what was her name?"

"Oh, I guess you mean that Graves girl. She's very nice looking, small and—— oh, I don't know, Glenn. She's just like a lot of girls you see every day. Very pretty name though, don't you think?"

"What is her first name, Mom?" Once more, very childishly, he lied his ignorance.

"Gretchen—Gretchen Graves, and Glenn, she looks just like her name, if you know

how I mean. She is a—" but Mrs. King's power of description failed.

"Where does she live; do you know?"

Mrs. King realized that she was being pumped.

"Goodness, Glenn, you ask as many questions as you did when you were five years old. Now that you are five times that age you should have five times as much sense. I don't know where the girl lives. Aunt Mary said she was visiting some relatives and spending part of her vacation here, but I don't know another thing. Now go and get dressed and let me finish this pie."

"All right, but say, when was it that Aunt Mary used to meet this girl, in the morning or in the evening?"

"Both, I guess. You seem far too anxious about her. Please, Glenn, get dressed. Your father would have a fit if he could see you still in a bathrobe."

An hour later young Glenn King was on a suburban train going down town. People thought it quite strange that Tom King's only son should ride on a train after his father, only two weeks before, had bought him a roadster of his own for a graduation gift. It was strange, even to Glenn himself. He told himself he was an utter ass for making such an idiot of himself and wasting his time just to see a girl of whom he knew absolutely nothing except her name. His mother told him she looked just like her name. Gretchen Graves. It sounded like a German fairy tale; undoubtedly she would look like the heroine that Hans Christian Anderson invariably created for his delightful children's stories. He tried to picture her. Small and very nice looking, his mother had said. Plenty of girls were that but surely Gretchen was not just one of so many thousand merely nice-looking girls.

For all his incoherent mental ramblings Glenn could form no definite picture of the girl. She was pretty. Cute, his aunt had called it, and had told him no more. What was the color of her hair? Glenn wondered. To him brunettes were always more attractive, but if Gretchen were the flaxen-

haired, blue-eyed, slender, fairy-tale princess that the Germanic name caused him to believe she was, then a blond would be more desirable, since it was connected with this infinitely agreeable Gretchen. Time passes quickly when our minds are occupied in pleasant thoughts, and before he knew it Glenn was down-town.

Walking about the hurrying, bustling business section and seeing all about him men whose daily task of toiling for an existence left little time for any other thoughts, brought Glenn unpleasantly back to the world of fact and obliterated, for the time, all visions of that celestial world of romance. All about him were walls of massive, forbidding stone, rising sternly on either side of the narrow avenue and shutting out forever from the lives of those who dwelt therein the rays of sunlight from that far-off land of dreams.

The change sickened him. At the present moment Glenn wanted to dream forever. But now these surroundings brought the dreadful thought of having to work here day after day for the rest of his life. He hated the prospect, hated this place, its noise, its darkness, its prosaic people.

As a man retreats from the scene of murder, so Glenn abandoned his hope of seeing the girl and left the scene of the city's turmoil of business. High-powered Rotarians called it the heart, the throbbing pulse of the mighty city. Glenn abhorred it.

The ride home gave him plenty of time for thought. He knew full well that he would have to go to work, and that in a short time. It would be impossible to live forever on the goodness and generosity of his father. No one had ever accused the Kings of being lazy and Glenn most certainly was no exception to the family trait. He could do the hardest kind of work, and yet the outlook of slaving in such a place as he had just left filled him with horror. He longed for a place in the open, where in the cool of an afternoon, beneath the shading branches of some fatherly tree, he could watch the sun sink in a last blaze of splendor behind the western horizon and

the fleecy wisps of cloud float lazily across the sea-blue heavens. There he could dream and work; there his ambitions might be realized and his dreams come true. Into this Utopian setting he fitted a Gretchen Graves. It galled him to think that he could not picture the girl. She was vague, indistinct, lovely, supremely desirable.

A harsh voice, snarling the name of a station, again broke up the wanderings of Glenn's mind. He could have strangled the conductor and gleefully broken his arms and legs, merely because the fellow performed his duty and barked out the station. Glenn left the train and went home.

His father was awaiting him there. He had tentatively secured a position for his son.

"Where is it, Dad?" Glenn asked.

"Down-town—in the Williams Building. I know you will like the work, son. Of course it will be hard at first but you know, my boy, we must all go through our apprenticeship." Mr. King rambled on and Glenn listened, attentively on the surface, rebelliously in his heart. He excused himself directly the first opportunity presented itself, and went to his room. For an hour or more he read and then after having tossed the book to a far corner of the room, he went to sleep.

Little sunbeams dancing on his closed eyelids awakened him early the next morning and, strangely for him, he arose immediately and dressed. Without waiting for breakfast, he left the house and found himself going in the direction of the suburban station.

"Unconscious fool!" he muttered to himself, "What good will it do to go to the train?" Everything he said or did seemed motivated by one thing, a name—Gretchen Graves. He cursed himself as an idiot, a child, everything, but still he tried to picture the girl. He could not.

A perfect June morning such as this was no time to ride trains. It would be far more pleasant to drive down-town and enjoy the fresh, sweetly scented early June air. With the least possible noise he

wheeled his car out of the garage and started for the boulevard. At first he drove aimlessly southward but finding nothing of interest or beauty along that thoroughfare, turned around and headed for the hated down-town district. At least, he could just skirt the metropolis proper and continue his drive northward.

Passing the rail-road station Glenn noticed the last train pulling out from the platform. He drove along for another block and then pulled up for a red light. In stopping, he placed his car between the crowded motor-bus and the curb, the light changed and the bus started out before the yellow had given way to the green light. Glenn, being in no hurry and knowing that he was not blocking traffic behind, did not start immediately. Just as he was about to pull away a breathless feminine voice struck him full in the ear.

"Damn!" was what it said, in a distinct, panting undertone. Startled, Glenn turned his head and stopped his car. A girl of about nineteen years, dressed in a becoming little green dress, stood viewing the departing bus. Glenn looked closer. He liked the chic little green hat that just revealed a mass of close-cropped, coal-black curls from under one corner. Glenn stared. It was inconceivable that such an innocent face could twist itself to form the word "damn." The girl looked quickly from the bus, directly at Glenn. He realized he had been staring idiotically and, after a preliminary gulp, tried to say something. Words refused to come.

"Do you realize that if your car hadn't been in the way, I would have caught that bus?" The girl's voice was musical, but it affected a stern tone.

"Oh, I didn't mean—that is, I'm awfully sorry. You see I— Say, if you will get in, I will catch that bus for you. Will you?"

"No."

"Oh—! There won't be another bus along now for three quarters of an hour. You'd better come. Please, I owe you that much."

The girl was unmoved. Glenn opened the door.

"Please," he said, "there's no catch to it."

Hesitatingly the girl climbed in. In great haste Glenn started away. The bus was quite some distance ahead, and to speed in such congested traffic was almost impossible. Glenn was obliged to slow down. The two rode in silence for some distance. Finally Glenn spoke.

"Really," he said, "It will be very hard to catch that bus. I'm going down-town and I can take you all the way, if you will let me and, of course, if you go that far."

"Yes, I go that far but I never make a habit of letting strangers pick me up on the street. I was foolish to do it this time."

"Please," protested Glenn, "I didn't pick you up. I made you miss your bus and it was my place to do something to atone for that."

Perhaps it was the appealing tone of Glenn's voice; perhaps it was the earnestness of his blue eyes as they turned to assure her, that made her relax and let down her barrier of ice.

"All right," she told him, "you may take me all the way down." Glenn cut down his speed ten miles an hour. The girl sank back into a more comfortable position, smoothed the wrinkles out of her green skirt and gazed intently at the automobile-covered boulevard that stretched before them. Occasionally she looked at a small wrist watch, seemed reassured each time, and maintained her silence.

As for Glenn, he apparently was giving all his attention to the task of dodging hurrying autos and death-defying pedestrians. At the same time he was thinking, thinking as he had been for the past three days, of Gretchen Graves. Now, however, his thoughts of her were mingled with thoughts of the girl next to him. He wondered how Gretchen would compare with her. Was Gretchen as pretty? Was she haughty in the same charming fashion? Did the corners of her mouth show the same bewitching tendency to turn upward in a smile? Did she look so beautiful, so lovable in green dresses and smart little green chapeaux? He wondered. Gretchen was thrust into the background. Why

dream about a girl you had never seen? Undoubtedly Gretchen would be a disappointment, and here, sitting next to him was a girl worthy even of a poet's dreams. Glenn realized it was time he said something.

"Isn't it a beautiful morning?" A discussion of the weather was permissible on such a June morning.

"Perfect," the girl answered, "that is why I didn't take the train. I thought a ride a-top a bus would be more pleasant."

"Do you usually take the train?"

"Why, yes. This is the first morning in several weeks that I haven't. I despise the ride, too. There is always a crowd and I don't like crowds."

"Neither do I." Glenn was delighted to find that they both felt the same about one thing at least. He would find out more. "Do you like to be down-town?" he asked.

"Oh, no. The big buildings and the people and the noise frighten me. But I shouldn't say that when I myself am one of those people who go down-town every day and spend my time and save my money." Already they were coming into the center of the city. Glenn wished he had prolonged the ride even more.

"Is there any place in particular I can take you?" he asked.

"No, I can get off right here and walk over the extra half-block. It was certainly kind of you to take me down and I want to thank you ever so much." Glenn brought the car to a stop and the girl climbed out. She paused for a moment on the curb.

"I assure you it has been a pleasure to take you down. Is there a chance that you might be going down to-morrow morning? I'll be driving, and with your consent, I could do you the same service again." Eagerness was evident in every line of Glenn's face.

"Well, I don't know. Possibly, if it is such a lovely morning, I may decide to take a bus."

"And is it possible that I might interfere with your catching that bus as I did this morning? Really I'll be passing at the same time to-morrow. Will you be there?"

"I wouldn't promise, but if I see you pass, I'll scream and attract your attention."

"No need of that, I'll be watching for you. My name is King, Glenn King. May

I be so bold as to ask yours?"

"You may. My name —, oh, there that light has changed and I can cross. My name is Gretchen Graves. Good bye, Mr. King," and she hurried off.

How To Be Popular

In the Lap of Society; First Lap

N. LOTI

HOW many of us have passed on the street an acquaintance with three or four girls dangling on his arms, all eagerly seeking his attention, without saying to ourselves, "Lucky runt! How does he do it?" How many of us have ever stopped to analyze the situation; to ask ourselves, who are invariably more handsome, why the girls are so crazy about this abbreviated piece of humanity? The answer is that not many of us have ever given it a thought; but I have, and the conclusions I drew from these observations are directly responsible for my immense popularity. At the request of my many friends, I am giving you gratuitously an opportunity to benefit by my multitudinous experiences.

To be popular is very simple. Yes, you have guessed the answer: one must be simple. Dumbness is not absolutely essential but it helps immensely, and if you are fortunate enough to have been born dumb, half of your problems are automatically solved. In fact experience has taught me to weed out of my lines of endeavor those who are mentally vacuous because they are so far ahead of me that I am quite often bothered and embarrassed with their intellectual questions.

The first half of this paper shall be devoted to the complexities involved in acquiring popularity with the fair sex and in the other half I shall explain minutely how one may captivate and retain the admiration of the not-so-fair sex.

PART I

How to Become Popular With the Fair Sex
Immediately upon arriving at college one

should lay in a supply of the various preventatives for halitosis. If you have watched the unfortunate results of the non-users, the reason for laying in the aforementioned supply becomes quite obvious. Then too, several perfumes of different moods should be selected with great care and each should be used for specific occasions. Consult Dr. Stinkoe's *Arabian Nights or Atmosphere Through Perfumes*. If it be winter and the girl's home be not romantically adapted, *Toty's Garden of Allah* will furnish the proper atmosphere; or if your girl thinks in terms of jewels use again *Toty's* famous scent *Emerald*. But a short time ago a Freshman came to me in great distress. He had fallen in love with a beautiful girl who could neither speak nor understand a word of English and in spite of the fact that he had used every type of scented bath-salts, brilliantine, soaps, and perfume, he could not make her understand that he loved her. My solution to the problem was quite simple. I merely asked him if he had tried *Djer Kiss*. In a flash he disappeared and later I discovered that my suggestion had hit the nail on the head.

Another item of extreme importance is that of fraternity pins. These should be bought by the dozen, but if the student is inherently dumb his popularity will become so great that to meet the demand the pins should be purchased in gross lots. The candidate for popularity should also provide himself with monogrammed shirts, handkerchiefs, underwear, pipes and cigarettes. Soft, velvety patent leather shoes, a handsome jeweled pocket comb, and a sweet, thin, well

modulated voice are also necessary. A valet is absolutely indispensable, for it is he who supervises the creasing of the uncreased creases of your wearing apparel. He also serves in the important role of a reliable Horatius when bridging the insults of annoying he-mannish males. Thus equipped, you are ready to proceed in quest of a killing.

The first step necessary in making a killing is to locate an establishment where your personality will radiate to good advantage. This place is invariably a dance hall, but care should be taken to select one in which the English language is both understood and spoken by all the girls who attend. I remember well the unfortunate case of John Floozy who on his first night in quest of popularity ran into a disappointing situation. At Prophylackski's dance pavillion he met a girl whom he found a very good dancer and quite beautiful. But throughout the evening, in spite of the fact that he had used up all his advanced lessons on popularity on her, he could make no headway. She just wouldn't speak. After the last dance she finally turned to exasperated Floozy and said "Denks; me have hotsy time," and then drifted majestically off the floor. So we see that Floozy's greatest mistake lay in selecting a dance-hall with a "ski" at the end of it.

In view of the fact that the dance-halls are crowded with so many girls of varied tastes and moods, to please them all requires scientific application of your numerous scents. All your stock should be applied at once for what might not please one will be certain to entrance another. To be specific: if the odor on your handkerchief does not please Mary, then surely she will not fail to collapse when she gets a whiff of that on your tie.

As you enter the crowded hall bear a haughty mien, especially when passing the jealous males. As you pass they are sure to sniff suspiciously in your direction; pay no attention to their envious persiflage, wise cracks, or menacing looks but stroll majestically on. When you have given everyone in the hall the opportunity to censor you in open admiration, you reptitiously begin the search for the lucky girl: the one who is to

have the honor of dancing with you. When you have finally located her, your approach should be made in somewhat this manner; "Hm! Pardon me" (at this point, with monogram outward, pull out handkerchief scented with Dizzy's *Desire*), but you have been the cynosure of my eye all evening and I have come to the conclusion that I should deem it a great pleasure if you would be so kind as to accord me the next dance." (This little speech should be practiced many times so that it can be repeated without coming up for air more than once.) This usually gets them, provided that they are not very recent immigrants to this country. If she fails to capitulate, stop right in your tracks and reflect. Perhaps you did not use the right "hankie;" perhaps your approach was wrong; or perhaps she wasn't the girl you really wanted to dance with after all. In any case do not become discouraged. By way of variation approach the next one in this fashion. Unbutton your coat so that the frat pin becomes plainly visible; then with hands dug deep in your pockets and a look in your eye that would knock a Dinosaur unconscious go up to the lady and declare, "Say baby, d'ya want the next dance?" If she says yes, ask her if she is a good dancer, and if she still replies in the affirmative, tell her that you'll take a chance. Now comes your real work, your chance to make her yours forever; to show her that you are the very acme of personality. As you glide into a waltz coo into her ear some of your favorite poetry about tropical moons, languid limpid waters, and caressing breezes. If she responds with the inevitable sighs, you have the situation well in hand. If not, switch over to Dan McGrew which never fails to conquer them. If at the end of the dance your girl is in a daze you may safely add one more link to your chain of popularity; if not, put the link back in your pocket.

In taking the girl home always use a taxi, and absolute indifference should be shown to the meter at all times. The conversation should be aimed at the weather or your great desire to meet her parents, and incidentally the hint should be dropped that you would like to part with your frat pin. (This never

fails to reach the point.) Before saying "good night" *you do not kiss the girl*. On this point I am adamant for many a girl has been lost through this fault in technique. Always, always kiss her after saying "good-night" because it is usually difficult to say "good-night" after holding one's breath so long.

After having mastered this lesson thor-

oughly it should be repeated at least five times a week with a separate and distinct girl. At the end of a semester one will have disposed of quite a number of frat pins and will have acquired a harem that will easily stamp him as one of the most popular men in college.

(To be continued)

The Unknown Soldier

*The drums are rolling and the bugles tell
Again their muted, sad farewell
Over the white crosses, where so many fell;
Where I, too, died!*

*But there's no cross that gleams for me,
Nor on my grave will flowers be,
Except the poppies, nodding free
On the crater-side.*

*No flowers. But a heart remembers yet,
What bugles, flags and crosses soon forget.*

—STRATTON O'IERNE.

No More Tea

*There's no more tea in the samovar;
The cups stand empty on the cloth;
A white rose droops in a slender vase,
And a petal falls like a dying moth.*

*You've dropped your glove from your slim,
white hand;*

It lies like a dead bird on the floor.

How can you smile and say "good-bye"

When we will have tea no more?

—JOHN DE ROULET.

On Critics

In Which the Author Criticises

JOHN DE ROULET

THE professional critic is, I believe, essentially a parasitic individual, for he lives upon the lives, the hopes, and the ambitions of those whom he criticizes. For his livelihood he depends upon the creative work of others whether or not it be good or bad. To earn his living he must keep his public informed on the quality of artistic endeavor in painting, in drama, and in literature. It is his duty to prevent the spread of doctrines which would tend to destroy the esthetic sense or the moral appreciation of those who are supposedly less intelligent than he. In this age when education is widespread, when the greater majority of people who read are capable of drawing conclusions, of separating the good from the bad, there is no need for the professional critic. The only excuse for the existence of such a profession is, I maintain, that it provides a means of livelihood for those who are willing to sacrifice kindness for superficial cleverness, who are willing to destroy illusions and ambitions so that they may gain a modicum of renown and some pecuniary reward.

Criticism has been defined as "a critical judgment, or detailed examination and review." This definition does not exclude favorable evaluation of work, but unfortunately most critics seem to hold the opinion that unless their judgment be unfavorable, that unless they slash, and cut, and tear down attempts at artistic creation, they are unworthy of their profession. It is not difficult to understand how this perverted idea of criticism has come into existence. The average reader expects the critic who guides him to be more clever than the artist that he criticises. The public interprets cleverness as a sort of verbal cruelty.

I once knew an old woman, a former opera singer, who had been connected with the company at Vienna, and who gave a concert in Chicago. Let us remember that this lady was nearly sixty, that her once glorious voice could not do as it had done in the past. She lived, however, in the dreams of her old tri-

umphs, and she believed that she could repeat them. The morning after her concert the following review appeared in the paper:

"A year ago we heard Madame — sing, but we could not judge her abilities because she suffered from a severe cold. It would seem that this cold is of remarkable tenacity!" And in this manner the critic disposed of that woman, dispelled her dreams and shattered her illusions. Criticism, such as that is unnecessary. The artist could do no harm; she would sing few concerts; why strip from her the happiness which she found in the belief that her voice was as fine as it had ever been? Was a clever line worth the pain that it caused?

Unfortunately most of our campus critics, and they are many, believe that recognition of merit cannot be considered criticism. In their endeavor to be acknowledged as critics they become hypercritical. They have a tendency to pronounce all work puerile instead of taking into consideration the youthfulness of the author.

It would be ridiculous to compare a writer who is still in college with those literary men who have had years of experience. Yet, this is exactly what the campus critic does. He upholds the theory that all men should write as well as Conrad or Galesworthy, whom he sets up as standards by which to judge. It would be as foolhardy to compare the embryo with the fully developed man as it is to judge the campus writer by those whom experience has taught all the tricks of the craft.

After all, it would be kinder for the critics who crowd every campus to consider all university men who attempt literature as being in an embryonic stage and to judge them accordingly. Young writers should not be expected to do fine work now. If they did, it would be unusual, an unmistakable sign of genius, for as yet they are in a phase of development. The critic, therefore, should keep in mind Disraeli's theory that it is much easier to criticise than it is to create.

Of Historical Interest

A Story of Nature and of Human Nature

BASIL G. RAUCH

ON all that shimmering expanse of water, our canoe was the only sign of life. Far ahead, a green-covered island jutted into the channel of the stream, and beyond that the glittering water twisted to the west and was lost to sight. The sun, a livid ball of fire above us, fiercely burned our tortured skin. My companion and I rested our paddles while we surveyed the bank of the river for a suitable spot to enjoy our mid-day lunch and rest. A narrow bayou, entering the river a few rods below us, promised shade and seclusion.

We dipped our paddles into the water with renewed energy and in a few minutes our craft glided from beneath the glare of the sun into the cool shade of the backwater. Giant willows reached out from either bank to meet above. We paddled on to a turn in the inlet, and, rounding it, saw a small white house perched on the side of a hill which sloped down to the river bank. A cinder path, bordered with white-washed stones, meandered along a circuitous route from the water's edge to the door of the house. On either side of the path the willows and underbrush had been cleared to give place to cool green lawns dotted here and there with old-fashioned flower beds. The peaceful scene was as idyllic as it was unexpected.

Thinking it the home of a thrifty farmer, we decided to prepare our lunch on his inviting premises. We paddled a few more strokes, then let the canoe drift until the bow crunched against the gravel beach. We stepped ashore and stretched our legs a bit. Then Bill busied himself with making a fire of driftwood while I selected the things necessary for our meal from the pile of duff in the canoe.

These preparations completed, we decided to supplement our larder with supplies to be purchased at the house on the hill. We had walked only a few steps on the cinder path when a man, presumably the owner, ap-

peared in the doorway of the house above. He seemed old and stooped, but answered our greeting with a cheery wave of his hand. Coming closer, we saw that his tanned face was seamed with wrinkles and that he moved with great difficulty. He was dressed in shapeless garments that hung loosely about his bent frame. His expression was kindly, lighting up into a beaming smile as we stated our mission.

"I sell not'ing," he said, shrugging his shoulders, "but I gif' you ever't'ing you desire." His manner and accent marked him as one of the many French settlers' descendants who make a simple living on the shores of the Mississippi by farming and fishing.

He turned into the house, while we sat down on the doorstep, congratulating each other on our good fortune. Soon the old man came back, bringing milk, fresh eggs, and a generous supply of green vegetables. We did not offer again to pay him, knowing that he would consider it a slur on his hospitality. Gratefully we took leave of him and walked back to the beach.

We ate to repletion, set our little camp in order, then lolled back on the grass for our usual mid-day rest. Save for sun-burned shoulders, we were as free from care as a small boy on a holiday from school. High in the speckless blue above us birds poised, darted, recovered, in an endless kaleidoscope of dashing lines. Myriads of insects strummed a complaint of the excessive heat. Little waves propelled themselves along the surface of the bayou, lapping lazily as they broke on the shore. Presently we were roused from our lethargy by a step on the cinder path, and we turned to find the old Frenchman hobbling toward us. He sat down on a rock nearby. After filling his pipe with black tobacco which he carried loose in his coat pocket, he lit it with a match I offered him, and began to talk.

"When I am young, I paddle thees river

lak' you do now for the sport, for many, many year'. When I am feefteen, ever' som-mer I tak' the mail from Saint Louis to Saint Paul t'ree time'. When she blow a storm I am many time' copset. An' when the Indian' fight I am almos' keel. Ma father leef here where I now leef wit' ma whole family. Ever' time I come by I stop wan night. Wan time I hear down below, the Sioux Indian, he make beeg fight here. An' when I get here I stop, an' poof! ma whole family, he ees keel! I swear, Mon Dieu! I keel ever' Sioux I fin'." He pulled at his pipe a moment, then added impressively. "I have put seex notch' in ma peestol. Come, I show you." At that he rose, motioning us to follow. We did so, wondering at his strange tale; for it had struck the note of a turbulent past which was in strange discord with the placid present.

We entered the house a few paces behind the old man, and, after our eyes had penetrated the darkness, saw a room almost devoid of furniture. It evidently was a front room which was little used. An old-fashioned fireplace occupied nearly the whole of one side. Over the mantel hung a muzzle-loading pistol in the center of a group of four Indian tomahawks. The old man took the ancient pistol from its resting place, fondled it for a moment, then handed it to us, silently pointing to six tiny notches cut into the butt. I examined it curiously. After a moment Bill turned back to the tomahawks, and gingerly taking one down, asked the old man where he had got them.

"I fin' them in the ash' of the house of ma father," he replied in a low voice.

"Wouldn't it look great on the wall of the room back at school?" asked Bill, turning to me. "And think of the historical interest—a tomahawk actually used in a massacre!"

"What'll you take for it?" I asked the old Frenchman.

"You'll have three left—you won't miss it," persuaded Bill. The old man's gaze wandered out the window.

"I don't know," he slowly replied. Bill and I held a whispered consultation. We were afraid to offer him too little as it was probably a highly valued memento.

"How's twenty-five dollars?" Bill asked tentatively.

"It ees done," answered the old man simply.

That night we made our camp beside a group of summer cottages about a mile above the city of Winona, Minnesota. Late in the evening we were preparing for bed when a stranger came within the ruddy glow cast by our fire. He proved a pleasant individual, well acquainted with the river in that vicinity. After an agreeable half-hour spent in an exchange of experiences, Bill brought out the newly-acquired tomahawk and proudly exhibited it to our visitor. We related the story connected with the relic and the manner in which we had obtained possession of it.

O'Connell, our visitor, glanced at us keenly, then looked away, laughing shortly. "I hate to disillusion you fellows," he said, "but that sounds as though old Jean Lessard is back in business again. He makes those tomahawks in his woodshed and chars them in a fire, then sells them to any stranger who has the price and a hankering for such 'relics.' And as to fighting Sioux, he's been married to a Sioux squaw ever since anyone around here can remember."

Bill grinned at me sheepishly. I picked up the twenty-five dollar "tomahawk" and heaved it far out into the river.

"Think of the historical interest," I murmured.



SPORT NEWS

Rockmen Unleashed--- Trample Drake 32-0

*Reserves Carry Brunt of Burden—Runs by Niemiec
and Elder Feature*



WYNNE



FREDERICKS

RAYMOND P. DRYMALSKI

Bruised and battered from the gruelling Minnesota and Army contests, Notre Dame returned to its winning ways last Saturday by journeying to Des Moines, Iowa, and handily trouncing Coach Ossie Solem's Drake eleven by a 32-0 score. Rockne was extremely sparing in the use of his first string men during the engagement, most of whom were still somewhat badly worn from the two previous battles. Therefore, the reserves carried the burden of play for the major portion of the conflict and displayed a caliber of football almost comparable to that of the regulars.

The taming of the Bulldog served a double purpose. First, and most important, it strengthened the morale of the "Fightin' Irish" by giving them a little added confidence in their ability to retrieve some of their lost prestige in the game with Southern California tomorrow; and secondly, it gave Coach Rockne an opportunity to rest his regulars to a great extent in preparation for this same important tilt.

The Irish mentor kept his regulars out of action until the first half was almost over, but then the reserves, who had started the game, had amassed a trio of touchdowns to give the Celts a 20-0 lead at half time. Two brilliant runs by Irish ball-carriers featured the contest and were accomplished this first thirty minutes of play. Shortly after the game had started Niemiec galloped around end for a thirty-three yard run and deposit-

ed the ball behind the Bulldogs' goal for the first Notre Dame touchdown. He also kicked goal.

Niemiec was injured towards the close of the second period and to Elder, who replaced the Celtic star, goes the glory of making the most spectacular individual play of the battle. Snatching a Drake pass from mid-air on his own five yard line the "Kentucky flash" dodged, twisted and squirmed through the entire opposing team and sprinted ninety-five yards for Notre Dame's third touchdown. His attempt for the extra point from placement was blocked however.

* Several minutes before Elder made his stirring run in the second quarter, a short pass, Elder to Colerick, put the latter across for the second Notre Dame touchdown. The oval had been rushed withing scoring distance through a series of line plunges and end runs.

The Irish first string resumed play for Notre Dame at the opening of the third period and played about half the quarter before they were relieved by their understudies once more. While they were in the game the regulars flashed their old time form in collecting the fourth touchdown for the Rockmen. Wynne and Flanagan, with the able assistance of the rest of their mates, performed admirably in the first few plays of the last half, in rushing the ball to Drake's thirteen yard mark where a beautifully executed forward pass, Riley to Dahman, raised

the Irish total to twenty-six. Dahman's attempt for a goal and another marker failed and it was not until the fourth quarter that the Irish succeeded in pushing the pigskin across for their final touchdown. Prelli had replaced Dahman, and after a series of ground-gaining dashes through the Bulldog line, he broke loose on the Iowans' fifteen-yard line, evaded a trio of would-be tacklers, and crossed the final chalk mark for the last of Notre Dame's assortment of touchdowns.

The game brought forth some highly commendable qualities in the repertoire of the shock troops. It took the reserves out of their relatively obscure position and placed several of them on a par with some of their more distinguished brethren on the first eleven.

The Drake team displayed the same tenacious stubborn opposition for which it is noted and made its visitors fight for every point. The Bulldogs could do little against a powerful Notre Dame defense, making serious bids to score on their guests only twice during the game. Both times however, the Irish forward wall and secondary defense rose to the occasion and promptly averted the would-be scores. On the other hand the Celts tore through the Drake defense for gain after gain, and it was only by desperate rallies when their goal line was in serious danger of being crossed several more times, that Coach Solem's men repulsed the attacks of their visitors.

Colerick, Niemiec, and Collins, played a trifle better game than the rest of their mates, while Meyer, Holliday and Cook bore the brunt of the battle for Drake.

Lineup and summary:

NOTRE DAME		DRAKE
Colerick	L.E.	Delmerge
Ransavage	L.T.	Helser
Cannon	L.G.	Jones
Moynihan	C.	Simpson
Law	R.G.	Graustra
McGrath	R.T.	Holliday
Benda	R.E.	Barnes
Brady	Q.B.	Meyer
Chevigny	R.H.	Johnson
Collins	F.B.	Cocayne
		Cook

Score by periods:

Notre Dame	-----	7	13	6	6	—32
Drake	-----	0	0	0	0	— 0

Notre Dame scoring—Touchdowns: Niemiec, Colerick, Elder, (sub. for Niemiec), Dahman (sub. for Chevigny); Prelli (sub. for Dahman). Points from try after touchdown: Niemiec, Elder (place kicks).

Officials: Referee, Daniels (Loyola); umpire, Griffith (Beloit); field judge, Carruthers (Illinois); head linesman, Taylor (Fairmount).

IRISH-TROJAN CLASH CLIMAXES 1927 FOOTBALL SEASON

Gridiron history will be made tomorrow. On the chalk-marked greensward of Soldiers' Field two of the nation's most powerful elevens will do battle. There, in the magnificent enclosure erected by the City of Chicago to perpetuate the memory of its war dead representatives of Far and Mid West will come to grips in unquestionably the greatest intersectional classic of the 1927 gridiron season. University of Southern California, recognized football king of the Pacific Coast will clash with the University of Notre Dame, pride of the Mid West, and a mighty conflict will ensue. It is the first time in the long history of the most popular fall sport that a Pacific Coast team has travelled east of the Mississippi to participate in an engagement.

The Trojans are preeminently the leading moleskin aggregation in the Far West this fall. Participating in the same number of gridiron arguments that their hosts have thus far, eight all told, the proteges of Coach Howard Jones have yet to meet defeat—and they have played the best! A 13-13 deadlock with Stanford detracts but slightly, if any, from this brilliant record. In compiling this splendid achievement the Methodists have amassed a grand total of 253 points, against a mere 32 for their opponents.

Built around their versatile captain, Morley Drury, who is acknowledged the leading back of the Pacific Coast and a worthy recipient of All-American honors, the U. S. C. attack is not only one of the most brilliant, but also one of the most crushing offensives of any collegiate combination in the country,

barring none. The Trojan backfield quartet, Drury, Saunders, Thomas, and Moses, augmented by Williams, Edelson, and several other more than promising performers is exceptionally well coordinated, smooth-working, and scintillating to say the least. In addition, its main specialty is the gentle art of ripping: opposing lines wide open from end to end. Drury is the individual star of the team, and will be the man Notre Dame will have to watch. The Methodist leader who has so successfully filled the shoes of the graduated Kaer, has been practically unstoppable all fall. He is the Joesting of the Far West and alone has gained more than half the yardage earned by his team so far this season. He is a quarterback, and a particularly adept one. Incidentally, Lloyd Thomas, U. S. C. right half is the younger brother of the famous John and Harry Thomas, noted University of Chicago backs of former years.

The Southern California line is the most powerful and accomplished group of flankers on the shores of the Pacific. Husky, fast, and experienced it is bound to give the Irish trouble. Its main forte is repulsing would-be touchdown threats, and only four six-pointers have been shoved through them this season. Hibbs, a consistently fine punter, and Scheving, two tackles are among the nation's best, and together with McCaslin, and Tapaan, ends, Heiser and Anthony guards, and Barrager, center, compose a formidable forward wall indeed.

As usual, the Rockmen will be up against an opponent which outweighs them considerably, as both backfield and line of the Trojans average around 185 each. In addition, the Methodists have the usual healthy desire for revenge, as memories of that last 13-12 defeat handed them last year before their home folks in the huge Los Angeles Coliseum, are unusually vivid in the minds of the Californians. Therefore, an atonement in the form of a victory over their hosts will seem mighty sweet to them.

The Southern California record so far this fall is as follows:

U. S. C. -----	33	Occidental -----	0
U. S. C. -----	57	Santa Clara -----	12
U. S. C. -----	13	Oregon Aggies -----	12
U. S. C. -----	13	Leland Stanford -----	13
U. S. C. -----	51	California Tech -----	0
U. S. C. -----	13	U. of California -----	0
U. S. C. -----	46	U. of Colorado -----	7
U. S. C. -----	27	Washington State -----	0

FRESHMAN CAMPUS CHAMPS— DEFEAT LYONS 6-0

The Interhall Championship Football Cup goes to Freshman Hall by virtue of the 6-0 victory of Reilly's pupils over Lyons on Cartier Field last Sunday afternoon.

The Frosh lost no time in getting their scoring machine started, putting a touchdown over early in the first quarter. A twenty-yard pass, Gavin to Rohaim, placed the ball close to the final marker. After which a line-buck and an end run made the situation still more dangerous for Lyons. Then Jimmy Comerford, right half, electrified the frosh by going off-tackle for the only touchdown of the game. The try for extra point failed.

Throughout the game Freshman clearly demonstrated their superiority to the 2,500 spectators present for the gridiron festivities. Several times they were within easy scoring distance only to lose the ball on a fumble or on downs. One time the oval was so close to the Lyons goal line that the one seemed to be joined to the other. Freshman, however, fumbled when another score seemed imminent, and Cy Costello's proteges recovered to promptly avert the danger. Lyons never did offer a really serious threat to score. Their advantage in weight was more than offset by the coordination and fight the Freshmen showed.

Entertainment between periods and during the game was furnished by the Lyon's Symphony Orchestra and by the Harmaniacs from the Pasteboard palace. Another evidence of the spirit shown by the two sides was the snake dance of both factions between halves.

Gavin, the Frosh right half, was the outstanding star of the day with Douhitt, Com-

erford, Garver, and Ruppe of the yearling eleven giving him valuable aid.

The honors of the Lyons aggregation were shared by Walker, Daignault, Cannon, and Stackpoole.—D.W.S.

The lineup and summary:

FRESHMAN		LYONS
Ruppe	L.E.	Rouche
Beaupre	L.T.	Flannery
Longfield	L.G.	Cannon
Douhitt	C.	Schaeffer
Petrauskas	R.G.	Reisert
Garver	R.T.	Stackpoole
Citro	R.E.	Sullivan
Rahaim	Q.B.	Fitch
Gavin	L.H.	Daignault
Comerford	R.H.	Brautigan
Hugger	F.B.	Walker

Touchdown—Comerford.

Substitutions: Lyons—McBride for Resiert; Lennon for Cannon; Rouchant for Flannery; Rear-don for Rouchant; Brachel for Loughran; Yoch for Brautigan; Sidensticker for Daignault.

Referee—Jack Lavelle; Umpire “Botts” Crowley. Head Linesman—Frank Crowe.

The game was capably handled by competent officials, who deserve recognition for their fine work.

BURLESQUE FOOTBALL GAME TOMORROW

While the second meeting between the Fighting Irish and the Trojans of Southern California will be the principal event tomorrow, another football game, put on by two teams composed of members of the Chicago Club will also attract some attention from the 110,000 spectators.

This lesser contest will take place between the halves of the main event, and will be fought out by the Rough-necks, representing the West Side, and the Tiller Boys of Roger Park.

If the field is dry, the Tiller Boys are favored to win. They are light, graceful, and are said to weave well. Tommie Enright, a quarterback, and Spike McAdams, elusive end, are the stars of the combination. Both are expert fumlbers, and neither has ever been known to make a tackle.

A wet field is more favorable to the bone-crushing line attack of the Rough-necks, McPartlin and Gore are deceptive ball-carriers; their trick of running up to the opposing line

and stopping without hitting it has been most confusing to past opponents. The West-siders make frequent use of the famous reverse play by which one of their backs takes the ball from his center, pivots, fakes a pass to another back, and then runs for his own goal. The play has never been stopped.

Each time the ball changes hands during the game, refreshments will be served: tea for the Rogers Park men, and Plow Boy for the West Siders.

As we go to press, both teams are bidding for the services of Scarface Al Capone, All-American star. The Rogers Park representatives threaten to use King George in case of a scoring opportunity.

BROTHERS OF FORMER STARS WITH TROJANS

Among the great backs that Coach Howard Jones is bringing east tomorrow for the game in Chicago, there are two brothers, Max and Lloyd Thomas, who are members of one of the most famous football families in the history of the sport.

John Thomas, oldest of the quartet, was one of the most powerful plunging backs that the country has produced. Harry, second in line, besides being a fine plunger was also a passer, kicker, and runner of ability. Both played at the University of Chicago.

College Men Wanted

Resulting from the success of their first summer scholarship subscription campaign, the publishers of *Delineator* magazine will employ during the summer of 1928, approximately six hundred college men as student salesmen, team captains, and supervisors; on the most liberal terms ever offered for this work. College men having previous experience in magazine subscription work or other forms of direct selling, as well as inexperienced men interested in sales work, are invited to communicate with Arthur Zorn, Manager College Division, Butterick Building, New York City, for further particulars of our salary, bonus, and scholarship plan. State age, detailed experience, college attended, etc.



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