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VOL. LVII.

NOVEMBER 30, 1928

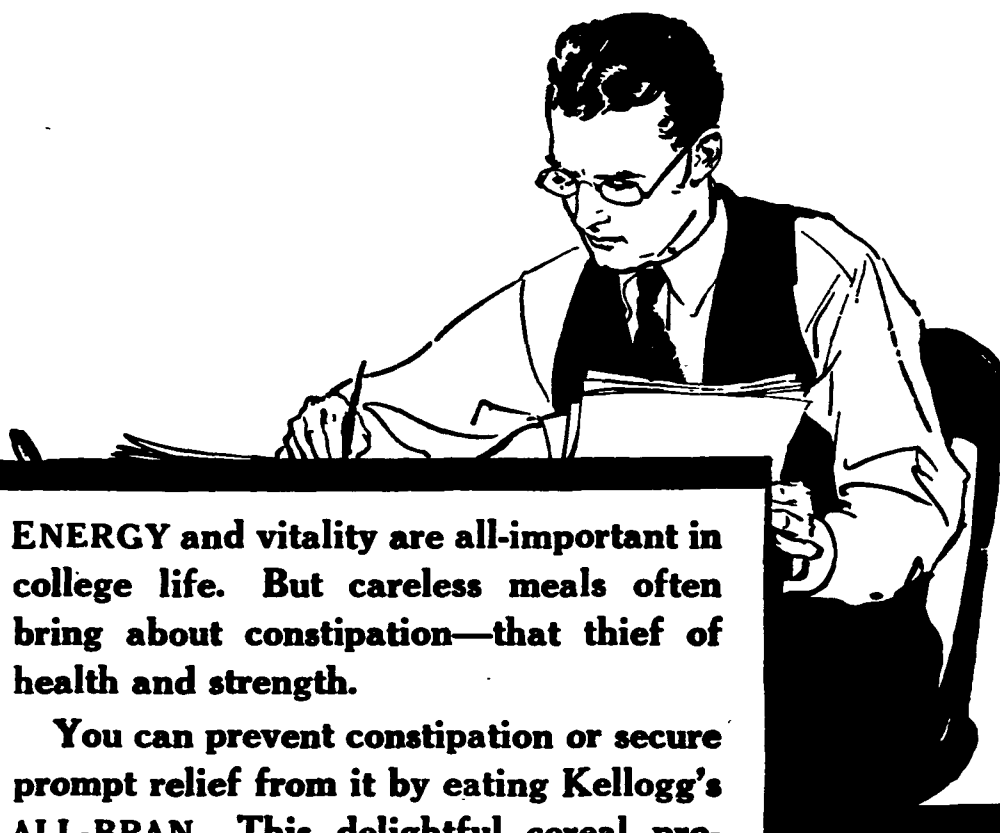
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THE GROTTTO AT NOTRE DAME

THE WEEK

Our football team left Sunday for the land of real estate and oranges, and more than one envious soul has been seen to gaze wistfully, wishing he were an athlete. The team ought to appreciate the trip, leaving behind snow and biting winds. The time is ripe for speculation on the score, and our opinion is perhaps as good as the experts, who can always *dope it out*.

The Scribblers gathered in Rockefeller hall Monday night to forecast the future of American literature. After every man had given his humble opinion the votes were taken, and the unanimous concensus of thought was that we need entertain no fears. The bright look on the faces of Messrs. Mullens, De Roulet, and Young, have done much to alleviate our premonitions of impending doom.

Yesterday was Thanksgiving. The number of absent brothers more than proved our suspicions that turkey "a la home-cooked" holds greater attraction than the offering "a la refectory" given to the "left behinds." We had plenty to give thanks for too. First, we had turkey; second, we had a holiday, and third, we had a chance to sleep in without fear of getting a cut in a class. We also have some consolation for remaining at the University. All who went home for that wonderful meal payed dearly in many cases for the privilege. According to custom or precedent, all absentees from classes, fore and aft, were penalized with double cuts. Indeed, the way of the transgressor is hard. Shortly after supper Thanksgiving night, the air was filled with stentorian voices and eloquence par excellence. Upon investigation we found that Brownson and Carroll were debating in Hoynes hall the merits and otherwise of the

direct primaries in such volume that "all the world might hear."

Probably one should not record the eventuality of a dance, fostered by the Villagers of South Bend. Dances have become as frequent as yawns in those classes that assemble the last hour before dinner. Soon steps will be taken to limit them to one a day and not to exceed eight hours in length.

Approached by various ambitious club secretaries to mention something of their activities, I accepted the suggestion quite willingly. The result was rather embarrassing. The requests for publicity in this venerable column evidently did not include an invitation to attend the meetings, or maybe it was just a case of mistaken identity. At any rate I was gently but firmly removed from several meetings by the sergeant-at-arms. Other functions that were not witnessed were due to no invitation, authorized leave of absence, my inability to be in two places at the same time, or else the fact that some meetings were held in secret session.

The pre-Christmas lethargy seems to have descended upon the campus once more. There is a noticeable lack of interest in classes, if there ever was any. Almost every student can tell you how many more days we must live through before we go home. The voices of the professors have become a drone, fewer notes are written, more eyes are filling with vacant stares, and more minds are wondering what will come in the Christmas mail. The professors too seem to recognize the symptoms. If the minds of the students will turn to thoughts of coming vacation pleasures, no academic power on earth can bring them back to a state of activity. For the benefit of the few that have not kept track of the days, there are only four hundred and eighty more hours until vacation. That isn't really so long. We best sit back and wait. The sooner it comes, the sooner it's over. T.V.M.

NEIGHBORING TOWNS DISPLAY INTEREST IN SOUSA CONCERT

The coming of Sousa and his band to Notre Dame is hailed as a significant event, not only on the campus, but also in South Bend and neighboring towns. His visit will give all the local musical enthusiasts the opportunity of hearing the most famous band in America.

Sousa has never appeared before an audience in this part of the country until now, so it is feared that the gymnasium will not be large enough to accommodate all those desirous of attending. It is advisable to obtain tickets for the reserved seats as soon as possible.

“Semper Fidelis,” “Sabers and Spurs,” and “The Stars and Stripes Forever” are among Sousa’s best known compositions. He is to play these for the local audience as well as the “Victory March” and the “Hike Song.”

In addition to these selections he has many novelty numbers on the program and carries a host of soloists with his troupe. The program calls for instrumental novelties by the Sextette of Flutes, the Triple Octette of Clarinets, and the Sextette of Trombones.

Among the soloists are: Miss Marjorie Moody, soprano; Miss Winifred Bambick, harpist; Harold Goulden, xylophone; Edward J. Heney, saxophone; Noble P. Howard, euphonium; Edmund Wall, cornet; John Dolan, clarinet; and Jay G. Sims, trombone.

Sousa's appearance on the campus next Tuesday has been brought about through the efforts of Grand Knight Edward McKeown and the Notre Dame council, Knights of Columbus. Its purpose is to bring an international figure to the University and to swell the fund for the proposed Knights of Columbus Union building.

ARMSTRONG TO ATTEND MEETING OF ALUMNI COUNCIL EXECUTIVES

Mr. James E. Armstrong, Alumni secretary, will leave Monday, December 3, to attend a meeting of the executive committee of the American Alumni Council in New York City on December 5 and 6. Mr. Armstrong is vice-president of this organization.

BISHOP McDEVITT MAKES GIFT TO LIBRARY

The University Library has been the recipient of a gift from the Right Reverend Phillip R. McDevitt, bishop of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. The gift consists of bound volumes of the London Tablet, of the years 1886 to 1916. The London Tablet is an old English magazine form, and is still published.

Considerable value is attached to the collection and the library is very fortunate in having been selected by the Right Reverend Bishop in making his presentation. Patrons such as Bishop McDevitt have enabled the Library to obtain a valuable and interesting collection of books, paintings, old manuscripts, and other articles.

KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS CONFER DEGREES ON LARGE CLASS

The Notre Dame council, number 1477, of the Knights of Columbus initiated 53 members into the order at an impressive ceremony held Sunday afternoon in the chambers of the South Bend council. The new members took the first degree Tuesday evening, and the second and third degrees were administered Sunday. The local council had charge of the initiation while the degree team of St. Patrick's council of Chicago put the new members through their paces.



EDWARD P. McKEOWN

Following the ceremonies, 200 Knights of the Notre Dame, South Bend and Chicago councils assembled in the ballroom where the initiation banquet was held. Professor Clarence E. "Pat" Manion acted as toastmaster and his witty remarks kept the crowd in a jovial mood.

The Reverend Eugene Burke, C.S.C., chaplain of the council, spoke on the spiritual benefits to be derived from the order and congratulated the new members on their being initiated. He was followed by Edward P. McKeown, Grand Knight of the Notre Dame council; Howard Phalin, Past Grand Knight of the Notre Dame council; Dean Thomas F. Konop, of the Hoynes College of Law; John Hiss, district deputy of the order for Indiana; Judge Francis Borrelli, of the Municipal Court of Chicago, and Mr. George Carroll, Grand Knight of Detroit Council and Knights of Columbus Commissioner in the state of Michigan.

Judge Borrelli spoke on the needs of the young man of today and stressed the benefits that they derived from membership in the order and from a Notre Dame education. Mr. Carroll told of the great work being done by the Knights of Columbus in Michigan for

the University of Detroit and the Catholic students at the University of Michigan. He pointed out that higher education was needed among the Catholic people and the Knights of Columbus were pledging themselves to see that the Catholic young men and women attending colleges were better taken care of. Both Mr. Carroll and Judge Borrelli complimented the local council on the work done in the past few years and stated that they had a special interest in Notre Dame, as each has a son entered in the University.

Joseph Casasanta's recording orchestra played during the meal and Anthony J. Kopeccky sang a number of songs.

The committee responsible for the success of the banquet was headed by Lecturer John W. Dorgan; the other members of the committee were: John Fahey, Fred T. Haw, James Carroll, Louis F. Niezer, Raymond T. Angsten and James Kearney.

On Monday evening the regular bi-monthly meeting was held in the council chambers in Walsh hall. Grand Knight Edward P. McKeown presided and welcomed the new members to the council. Short talks were given by various officers of the local council and prominent Knights from South Bend. It was also announced that the council will conduct two more classes through the first three degrees of the order this year, one just before Christmas and the other shortly before Easter.

PRESIDENT ATTENDS INAUGURATION OF CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY HEAD

The Reverend Charles L. O'Donnell, C.S.C., president of the University, was one of a large number of dignitaries, including President Coolidge, present at the formal inauguration of Monsignor James Hugh Ryan as the fifth rector of the Catholic University of America in Washington, D. C., on November 14.

At the same time the honorary degree, Doctor of Laws, was conferred upon President Coolidge by Catholic University. Archbishop Curley of Baltimore presented the degree.

ST. JOE VALLEY ALUMNI FETE FOOTBALL TEAM

More than 1,000 persons are expected to attend the Testimonial banquet, which will be held in honor of the football team in the Dining hall Thursday evening, December 6, at 6:30 p. m., under the auspices of the St. Joseph Valley Alumni Association.

The affair will be held whether Notre Dame wins or loses to Southern California tomorrow, and will go down in history as one of the greatest testimonial dinners ever tendered any football team. The entire Notre Dame squad on their return from Los Angeles will be the guests of the club at dinner.

Mayor James J. Walker of New York City will be the principal speaker of the evening and will vie with other famous coaches, alumni and newspaper men in entertaining those present. The Reverend John Cavanaugh, C.S.C., former president of Notre Dame, will preside as toastmaster. Music will be furnished by the Notre Dame Jugglers and Anthony Kopecky.

Among those attending will be: the Reverend Charles L. O'Donnell, C.S.C., president of the University of Notre Dame; the Reverend Charles Burns, C.S.C., provincial of the Congregation of Holy Cross; Richard Hanley, coach of football at Northwestern University; Glenn Thistlewaite of Wisconsin University; James Phelan, of Purdue University; William Ingram, athletic director of the United States Naval Academy; K. K. Rockne and Tommy Mills, of Notre Dame; Dr. Clarence Spears, gridiron mentor at the University of Minnesota; Mayor Chester Montgomery, of South Bend; Warren Brown, sports editor of the Chicago *Herald-Examiner*; Harvey Woodruff, of the Chicago *Tribune*, and many other prominent persons of the midwest.

The committees in charge of arrangements for the affair announced that the Notre Dame team will be seated in the center of the banquet hall on the coming occasion, and not at one end as was the case last year. Plans have been made whereby the speeches and music will be broadcast by radio station WSBT of the South Bend *Tribune*.

OUTLINE OF BOOKS EXPLAINED BY HUSTON IN LECTURE

The mechanical steps through which a book must pass from author to publisher were outlined by McCready Huston, managing editor of the South Bend *News-Times*, Tuesday evening in his third lecture on the novel for the student writers of Notre Dame. Consideration of the final or third draft of the manuscript, its form, the series of readings at the publisher's, the reports made to the editor by the readers and the complicated rights and privileges of the publisher and the author were discussed.

A list of selected books, made by Mr. Huston in 1915-16, for outside reading was read to the students at the close of the lecture. Next week, the lecture will take place on Monday night at the library at eight o'clock instead of Tuesday, because of Sousa's concert on Tuesday. The development of the plot and the characters will be the subject.

LIVINGSTON'S TO AID SCHOLARSHIP FUND

The management of Livingston's Clothing Store in South Bend has very generously offered to donate ten percent of the sales made by their store Thursday, December 6, to the Notre Dame Scholarship fund. This scholarship fund is used to give financial aid to Notre Dame men who are in need of it. Further particulars will be found in the Livingston advertisement on page 322 of this issue.

EDWIN MCHUGH, '13, REPRESENTS UNIVERSITY AT CENTENNIAL

Mr. Edwin C. McHugh, '13, of Cincinnati, Ohio, a director of the Alumni board, represented the University at the centennial celebration exercises of the Ohio Mechanics' Institute in Cincinnati last week.

LAW STUDENTS TO HEAR LECTURES

Mr. P. H. Perrenton of the West Publishing Company will give a series of five lectures to the students of Law College on the use of law books. The date and time of the first lecture will be announced in an early issue of the Scholastic.

OFF-CAMPUS MEN TO HOLD SMOKER

For the last few years there has been a noticeable lack of any organized assembly of the men living off-campus. Now, the downtowners are planning the biggest smoker in the history of campus activities. It will be held Wednesday evening, December 12, at 8 o'clock, in the Knights of Columbus gymnasium in South Bend.

Tickets went on sale Wednesday, November 28, and sell for half a dollar. It is expected that about 700 students will be present. Judging by the group enthusiasm that was manifest by the Day Dogs the night of the "Beat Army" pep meeting, they have spirit enough to make this gathering a big success.

Besides the usual eats and smoker every effort is being made to arrange an excellent program. Already the services of a ten-piece orchestra have been procured, as well as speakers, a quartette, and other entertainment.

Art Goulet is general chairman, and Ed McCrimmon, secretary. The committees are: Tickets—Larry Johnson, chairman, Al Goulet, J. Dwyer; Program—J. J. Canty, chairman, A. Caruso; Refreshments—Ed Sweeney, chairman, C. McDermott; Hall—W. Hoppe; Publicity—Ed Brennan, chairman, J. Klouck, F. O'Brien, Abe Zoss.

PROFESSOR ROEMER'S ARTICLES
APPEAR IN "AMERICA"

A series of three articles have been written by William Francis Roemer, Ph.D., of the department of Philosophy of this university for the weekly Catholic publication, *America*. These articles, which began in the issue of October 27, consider international law and the tribunals of justice.

CLUBS TAKE NOTICE

About ten campus clubs have not as yet had their pictures taken for the *Dome*, according to Editor Thomas Keegan. These clubs are requested to see Keegan at 247 Corby hall for appointments for the group pictures.

NOTED EXPLORER VISITS CAMPUS

Captain Donald B. MacMillan, famous polar explorer, was a visitor on the campus last Friday afternoon. He came to the campus previous to giving a lecture in South Bend Friday evening. Captain MacMillan bears the distinction of being the only man now living who has been lost in Labrador for a period of four years. He came back to civilization in 1917 to find his country at war. He has been going to Labrador yearly on scientific explorations for more than twenty years.

While here the Captain made a tour of the grounds and was much impressed by the Notre Dame campus, of which he had heard so much but had never seen.

RED CROSS GAINS LARGE MEMBERSHIP
AMONG STUDENT BODY

The Red Cross membership drive which was held on the campus last week succeeded in gaining the largest enrollment in the history of the University, according to Miss Miriam Patrick, executive secretary of the St. Joseph County Red Cross chapter. The various halls were canvassed and members of the faculty were also enrolled. Burke Motsett and Professor John Cooney, head of the department of Journalism of the University, were in charge of the drive which will help finance the work being done by the Red Cross throughout the United States.

APOLOGIES FROM THE EDITOR

Through an unintentional oversight, the names of Mr. Francis J. Reitz, of Evansville, Indiana, and of Mr. Fred J. Fisher, of Detroit, Michigan, Members at Large of the Associate Board of Lay Trustees, were left out of the list of the members in attendance at the annual meeting of the Board, Monday, November 19, which was reported in the last issue of the *SCHOLASTIC*. The Reverend Bernard Ill, C.S.C., was also erroneously reported as treasurer of the University in the same article. Brother Florence, C.S.C., serves in that capacity, however.

The editor herewith takes occasion to apologize for the omissions, and also for the misspelling of the name of the former caretaker of the natatorium. The caretaker's proper name is Michael Ennis, instead of Michael Esch or McInnis as reported.

DEAN MILTNER AT DEDICATION OF NOTRE DAME COLLEGE

The Reverend Charles L. Miltner, C.S.C., dean of the College of Arts and Letters, attended the dedication of Notre Dame College,



THE REVEREND CHARLES L. MILTNER, C.S.C.
Dean of the College of Arts and Letters

South Euclid, Ohio, Sunday. The new college under the direction of the Sisters of Notre Dame is one of the most prominent in the diocese of Cleveland. Father Miltner left here Friday night as a delegate of the University and returned Monday morning.

The dedication services took place Sunday morning at ten o'clock at the new college. The buildings, according to Father Miltner, are modern in every respect, including excellent laboratories, a library and gymnasium. The school is now prepared to give a complete college program.

The Sisters of Notre Dame, in charge of the college, have been pioneers in the work of higher education in the Cleveland diocese. The president of the new college, Sister Aloysi, has attended the University of Notre Dame for three years.

UNIVERSITY RECEIVES BEQUEST FOR ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING FELLOWSHIP

A gift of \$25,000 from the estate of the late Mr. P. C. Burns of Chicago has been received by the University. The fund, which is in the custody of the Board of Lay Trustees is to provide for the establishment and maintenance of a fellowship in the Department of Electrical Engineering, to be known as "The P. C. Burns Fellowship in Electrical Engineering."

While this gift was made by Mr. P. C.

Burns himself, the assignment of it to the Department of Electrical Engineering is the thought of his heirs. In directing this bequest into the field of electrical research they feel that will not only his favorite study be promoted, but his own inventions in it will receive some measure of fitting recognition.

The interesting point of this bequest is that Mr. P. C. Burns had never had any direct contacts with Notre Dame, not even to the extent of witnessing a football game, though he was an ardent follower of the sport as reported in the press and over the radio. He knew the University only as the general public knows it, yet that knowledge was sufficient to inspire him with the confidence of which this gift is the practical proof.

HOWARD WINS OVER CARROLL IN INTERHALL DEBATE

The second of the Interhall Debates sponsored by the Wranglers was held last Thursday evening in the Law Building. Howard and Carroll halls were the participants. Howard Hall, coached by John Keefe and John Houlihan, had much the better of the argument, presenting the negative of the question debated in such a manner that they won the unanimous decision of the judges, Father Doherty and Walter Staunton. The Carroll team is coached by Frank McGrail and James Walsh.

John Driscoll, Neil Hurley, Louis Williams, Thaddeus Kelowski, John Wilson, and Henry Parrodie were on the winning team. Carroll Hall was represented by: C. Hannan, Roy Fone, Wm. Tunney, Frank O'Malley and Larry Broestl.

CLUB SECRETARIES ATTENTION!

Secretaries of the various campus clubs are invited to bring or send to the office of the Alumni Secretary any notices of dances or entertainments which are being planned for the Christmas vacation in order that they may be brought to the attention of the alumni. Inasmuch as the next issue of the *Alumnus* will be out on December 15, notices will have to be in by December 5 at the latest.

❖ The SCHOLASTIC is on sale every ❖
❖ week at the newsstand in the Cafe- ❖
❖ teria. ❖

The following committee chairmen, under the general chairmanship of Warren S. Fogel, are working to make the dance its usual success: J. Vincent Lenihan, reception; John A. Walker, refreshments; Harley L. McDevitt, publicity; Martin G. Foley, programs; Frank G. Dunn, music; Colman O'Shaugnessey and James Friel, patrons; Henry Frey and F. Norman Davis, tickets; Arthur T. Flynn, decorations; Carl Grunning, ballroom.

THE CAMPUS CLUBS

By Thomas A. Cannon

NEBRASKA CLUB FORMED

Twenty-five men from the "Cornhusker State" held a meeting Thursday evening, November 22, for the purpose of forming a Nebraska Club. In recent years the number of students matriculating from this western state has been increasing rapidly and in order that these men become better acquainted with each other this club has been organized. At this first meeting a constitution was drawn up and has been submitted to the S. A. C. for approval. An election of officers was held with the following men being chosen: John Doarn, president; Charles Gass, vice-president; John Preece, secretary; and Jack Donahue, treasurer.

Membership in the club is open to all men residing within the state of Nebraska and it is hoped that every man from this state will become an active member.

LOUISIANA-MISSISSIPPI CLUB

The regular monthly banquet was held by the Louisiana-Mississippi Club at the Hotel Oliver on Thursday evening, November 22. Professor "Pat" Manion was the honorary guest and principle speaker. He gave an interesting talk in which he urged co-operation among the members from the two states.

The next meeting of the club will be held some time next month. Christmas plans will be discussed at this meeting.

INDIANAPOLIS CLUB

The Indianapolis Club held an important business meeting Friday evening, November 23. John Roca, general chairman of the Dinner Dance, outlined the plans for the dance, which is to be held Thursday night, December 27, in the Roof Garden of the Hotel Severin. He stressed the importance of every member co-operating with the committees if the dance is to be successful. The chairmen of the various committees also gave brief talks. It was announced that Charlie Davis, a Notre Dame alumnus and his band have been signed to play for the evening. It is only upon rare occasions that Davis' band will leave the stage to play for private affairs and the club is indeed fortunate in securing him. The committee is now at work selecting patrons and patronesses for the dance.

PHARMACY CLUB

The Pharmacy Club held its regular bi-monthly meeting in Chemistry Hall Tuesday evening, November 20. Two very interesting papers were given: "The Use of Colored Glass Containers to Protect Chemicals and Pharmaceuticals," by Mr.

Rudduck; and "Try the Drug Store First" by Mr. Berardi.

During the business session three committees were appointed by President Phil Tompkins to communicate with various pharmaceutical companies to obtain data necessary for trips to these companies. An amendment was also added to the constitution.

The next meeting of the club will be held in Chemistry Hall at 7:45 p. m. on Friday, December 7.

CHICAGO CLUB

A short informal meeting of the Chicago Club was held in the Lay Faculty Dining hall Thursday night, November 22. President Collins, who presided at the meeting, announced that the Christmas Formal would be held on Thursday night, November 27, in the Main Dining room and Palm room of the Hotel Drake. Bill Donahue and his Merry Makers from the University of Illinois will play the program of dances. Tom McNicholas, general chairman of the dance, requests that all members make their reservations in care of the club at Hotel Drake as soon as possible.

PHYSICAL EDUCATION CLUB

The first of a series of instructive gatherings was held by the Physical Education Club during the past month. At this meeting Mr. Elmer Burnham, supervisor of physical education in South Bend and coach at the High School, gave the members a very entertaining and educational lecture on the scope of their profession. The various angles of the field were treated in such a manner by Mr. Burnham that all present felt a sense of satisfaction that they were associated with such an undertaking. Intra-mural programs, disciplinary and supervising problems were touched to complete a thorough analysis of the situation.

Possibilities of joining the American Physical Education Society were discussed and Tom Quigley and Bill Reaume were appointed as a committee to carry out a further inquiry in this matter.

MINNESOTA CLUB

Plans for the Christmas Dance were discussed at the meeting of the Minnesota Club held Tuesday evening, November 27. The dance, as in former years, is sponsored by the Twin City Notre Dame Alumni Club, which has a membership of two hundred and fifty, assisted by the sixty-five undergraduates of the Minnesota Club at school. This year the dance is to be held in the new Hotel Lowry in St. Paul on Thursday night, December 27. It is expected that over three hundred couples will attend the dance, which has promise of being the best ever given by the club.

THE EDITOR'S PAGE

THE SOUSA CONCERT

Lieutenant-Commander John Philip Sousa and his famous band will be heard in two concerts at Notre Dame the afternoon and evening of next Tuesday, December 4. The appearance of the famous composer and band leader on the campus is undoubtedly the greatest musical attraction held in this section of the country since the John McCormick concert in 1925. Possessing a reputation as the finest musical organization of its type in the world, featuring a galaxy of prominent soloists to supplement the regular program, and led by a leader of the caliber of Commander Sousa, the band will draw a huge crowd to Notre Dame on that date.

The concerts are sponsored by a campus organization, the Notre Dame Knights of Columbus council, excellent entertainment is provided at reasonable prices, and proceeds of the concerts will go to a worthy cause—the construction of a Union building at Notre Dame. Considering these facts, it is not too much to expect of any student at the University that he will, if at all possible, attend these concerts and thereby show his appreciation in a way for the efforts of the Notre Dame Knights of Columbus, both in sponsoring an affair of such high magnitude, and using the proceeds for such a worthy purpose.

ATTENTION CRITICS!

Two more convincing answers to those critics who aver that Notre Dame produces few worth-while things other than football teams were recorded during the past fortnight. Ten students from the Department of Architecture at the University were honored in the awards of the Beaux Arts Institute of Design, New York City, and the University Orchestra made a special trip to Chicago to record two prominent campus songs in dance tempo for the Columbia Phonograph Corporation.

Both achievements were in fields in which college and university undergraduates such

as these men, are but little known and but little encouraged. Therefore, their success is the more remarkable and the more deserving of commendation.

In the Beaux Arts contest, over 500 students from many of the leading colleges and universities in the United States, including Massachusetts Tech, Georgia Tech, Carnegie Tech, Harvard, California, Princeton, Michigan, Yale, and others, submitted contributions. The competition was for the best design for a frontispiece to a volume on ancient architecture. A committee of prominent New York architects served as judges. The drawings of the Notre Dame students were selected by this committee as deserving of further recognition. One of the men received a first mention, the highest honor awarded by the Institute. The others were close behind, receiving honorable mention for their work. Considering the number of entries, the standards laid down by the Institute, and other requirements exacted by the judges, the showing of these men is considered to be one of Notre Dame's most notable achievements in that particular field.

The University Orchestra by recording the two campus songs for Columbia set a mark for other similar collegiate organizations at which to aim. In addition, it completed another distinction for Notre Dame, which so far as known, is enjoyed by no other college or university in the country. This distinction is the fact that all three Notre Dame musical organizations, the Glee Club, Band, and Orchestra, have each recorded for one of the leading companies, Victor, Brunswick, and Columbia. Other institutions have had one or even two of their musical groups record, but Notre Dame is the only university which has had all three record at various times. In addition, the University's Glee Club enjoys the further distinction of being the only collegiate glee club at present, which has been featured on the Vitaphone. —J.V.H.

The Wink

And so we are named; at least, so we are informed! The Delphic Oracle has functioned and this functioning has resulted in a name for our hitherto "questionable column." If the Delphic Oracle will kindly call at the SCHOLASTIC office all of those SCHOLASTICS published last year, that is all that have not been sold to the ever-gullible frosh, will be awarded as the Grand Prize for this, our first contest. Oh, crown that head with laurel and "tread the Attic Hay"—that is, if you do not object to hectic history!

* * *

Vegetarian Verse!

A LAKE

*A salad bowl! of shrub and tree—
Umber—gold and green—
For sauce, a wisp of fluffy cloud,
And the blue sky's sheen.*

—GERARD AIKEN.

* * *

In looking for a title for our page, we sought one intimately related to Notre Dame tradition, one that would be appreciated by our contributors and by the rest of the students. Those too-facetious individuals who, we regret to say, are prone to visit the neighboring metropolis may hold that while students have been known to "wink" it is not a practise considered inseparable from the traditions of the institution of learning. We protest that it is not this kind of a "wink" to which we dedicate our column.

* * *

Luckless Lad:

"One Alone" asks, what is in a name! Well, there's a "lot" in Lancelot.

—MORRISSEY AL.

(The Morrissey of cracks like that, the more I see red.)

* * *

Some students, prone to recline upon their roommate's pillow of an afternoon and to indulge in a wink or two, may believe that they are the heirs to our recently "questionable column." We protest that this could not have been the intent of the Delphic Oracle, because the practise of sleeping before "lights" has never been considered anything but an extra-curricular activity, although we understand that many of our fine young men have attained a remarkable proficiency in this line.

* * *

O Lad Most Luckless:

It hath been quoted that 'tith a pity that the national elections were not stayed until this date.

My brother hath said that had it been so decreed, we would have elected our own president since we had beaten the Army and Navy.

—ALI BOOB00.

* * *

It seems that in many of the halls, shortly before the lights are turned off, a brief signal is given, warning to the boys that in five minutes the rooms will be plunged into "stygian gloom" (for the phrase in quotes we thank Edgar Rice Burroughs, creator of Tarzan, etc. N. B. McDevitt collect for ad!). This signal consists in a simple maneuver—the watchman snaps the lights off and then snaps them on again. Maneuvers must be the essence of simplicity for the sake of our watchmen. This signal, we are told, in campus terminology is known as "the Wink." As there is no other college enforcing that delightfully primitive custom of retiring at eleven, the Delphic Oracle feels that it is a custom which has become part of the institution's personality. Hence, we feel that the new title is one singularly suited for the column which, we are informed, is dedicated to student wit and song.

* * *

The Weather and The Why.

LAMENT.

*Can't you think of nothing better
Than the campus when its' wetter
Than the lake?
While the mud and water sloshes
In my elegant galoshes
I will take—
Yes, a potent mustard-plaster
While I read the play, Philaster
In my room.
Though my lungs seem to be missin'
Still the muddy waters glisten
In the gloom!*

—EIGHT BALL.

* * *

And that seems to be that, none other! I mean I really wink; or do I? Anyway, the column is complete which is "something accomplished, something done to earn a night's repose." But there we go quoting again and we can't keep that up! The Luckless Lad hopes that you are satisfied with the name chosen by the Delphic Oracle, but then when oracles are concerned, one just can't object. At any rate, we have named the orphan, consequently we feel that we may expect some comment and, we hope, a few contributions. Don't disappoint

—THE LUCKLESS LAD.

LITERARY

Cowardice

BY EDWARD J. TULLY

HERDER felt that he almost loathed the three men seated at the table. He had detested them almost from the time he first knew them, two years ago. It was peculiar, in a sense, that he should so hate them for they were really his only intimate acquaintances. He had associated with them almost constantly for two years, had worked with them, drank with them, played with them. Herder realized that the reason for his antipathy was that they were colloquial "small town boys." They had lived all their lives in the same small city. Their interests were narrow and their concerns self-centered and bigoted. Herder, on the other hand, was a comparative stranger in the town. Previous to his coming to work as a draughtsman in one of the local factories, he had traveled a bit. As a result, he was more liberal minded and less petty and colloquial than the other three.

These three men, Drury, Scott, and Lesure, were the first acquaintances Herder had formed in the town. As a friendless stranger, two years before, he had eagerly accepted their friendly advances and their companionship. He was soon to regret his impetuosity. He was not long in discovering that he had affiliated himself with three men whose tastes and habits were wholly foreign and even repugnant to his own. He could not bring himself to sever the bonds which bound him to the others, however. He felt that time had forged and strengthened the ties until they were well-nigh obdurate.

The four men, Herder, Drury, Lesure and Scott, were in the habit of assembling in Herder's apartment, once a week, for a friendly game of poker. Very often the poker games were anything but friendly. Drury, Scott, and Lesure were far from being philo-

sophic gamblers. They were exultant when they won and suspicious and surly when they lost. Herder disliked these games more than he disliked any other medium of association with the other men.

The poker game had been in session for about an hour. The four men were playing stud poker, three of them with feverish earnestness, and the other, Herder, with indifference. Herder had been winning steadily. The others, as usual, when they lost, were sullen and ill-natured.

Drury was dealing. He growled as the cards from the top of the deck slid from his hand onto the floor.

He gathered up the scattered cards, shuffled the pack clumsily and dealt them around, the first card face downward, the others facing upward. The men pondered, fingered their chips, finally betting cautiously. Herder, turning up his hole-card, showed a straight, jack high, and raked in the pile of chips amid the grumbling of the others.

There was a lull in the game as Lesure paused to light a cigarette. Scott was fingering the shiny new pack of cards. Herder tilted back in his chair, sighed, and pushed his green isinglass eye-shade up on his forehead. He was forced to wear an eye-shade constantly while using his eyes under artificial light.

Scott said in his high voice, "Where'd you get the new cards?"

Herder answered carelessly, "In that novelty store on River Street."

"In Eaton's? Why that's where they sell all this trick stuff for carnivals and shows, ain't it? What made you buy them there?"

"Because I had to work overtime an' I was in a hurry to get home an' that was the nearest place I could buy cards. There isn't any-

thing the matter with buying them there, is there?"

"Not that I know of."

"All right, you guys, let's go." And Lesure picked up the deck.

Herder straightened himself in his chair. Lesure handed him the deck of cards. Herder distributed the cards, laid down the pack, and looked at the face of his card that lay back upward on the table. As he raised his head, it so happened that he looked through the eyeshade across the table at Scott's cards. He was almost petrified with surprise as he saw two symbols outlined on the back of Scott's hole card.

For a moment Herder was too bewildered to move his head. Then he raised his head and looked at the cards once more, this time with his naked eye. The marking on the backs had entirely disappeared. Again he lowered his head and glanced through the eye-shade. The marking stood out glaringly against the sombre backs of the hole-cards. An explanation of the phenomena slowly came to him. He shuddered.

His attention was brought back to the other players with a jerk. He was suddenly conscious that they were staring at him. Lesure said querulously:

"What's the matter with you? What're you moving your head and shivering like that for?"

Herder said, "Nuthin'" suddenly and loudly.

"You must be nuts," grunted Drury, "its your bet, hurry up."

Herder did not look at his opponents' cards again either through the eye-shade or with the naked eye. He was feeling ill. Not daring to show his anxiety, for he was terrified lest the other three should discover the symbols on the backs of the cards, he bet crazily and without thinking of anything save those luminous markings. Somehow he won the pot and automatically raked in the chips as the others rose disgruntled and growling at their ill-luck. The game was over. Herder had won practically all the money.

Every motion made by the three men seemed to indicate to Herder that they suspected the cause of his nervousness. Cer-

tainly his uneasiness was very marked and the three discussed it and wondered at it as they were leaving Herder's apartment.

As soon as Drury, Lesure, and Scott were gone, Herder hastened to the table and examined the cards. He rubbed the backs with his fingers. They were absolutely smooth. He scrutinized them carefully with his naked eye. Not a mark was visible. But when he pulled the eye-shade down and looked at the backs of the cards through it, the markings were as distinct as chalk marks on slate. All the cards were marked with two symbols, one a numeral, the other a figure. Thus, for example, the five of hearts was marked with a numeral five and a figure of a heart side by side.

Herder automatically fingered the cards and reviewed mentally the night's events. When he had first noticed the markings he had not realized what they signified. He had discovered the truth soon enough, however. Racking his memory for an explanation of the presence of the marked deck, he remembered that he had been in a hurry on his way home from work at the factory. He had dropped into the first store along the way, had seized a pack of cards at random, and casting a coin at the salesman, had hurried out of the store. He recollected that the man had shouted something after him but he had been in too much haste to pay any attention.

It was fairly clear to him now. He had inadvertently picked up a pack of marked cards. Apparently they had been prepared for some professional gambler for they were cleverly marked with phosphorescent paint and in such a way as to escape detection. Unless one were provided with some transparent green medium through which to observe the cards, the markings would remain invisible.

Herder cast around him for the packet in which the cards were sold. That would explain everything about the marked deck. He reached into the pocket where he thought he had stuffed the packet just previous to the beginning of the game. At that time he had not bothered to read the inscriptions on the outside of the pasteboard box. His hand encountered the torn lining of the pocket. He

was not sure that he had put it in his pocket at all. He was too much engrossed in his calculations to search for it. He withdrew his hand and once more studied the cards.

The very thought of what would follow should his three friends discover that the cards used in the game were dishonest made Herder grow cold all over. His very position, his hopes and plans for the future and for advancement in his trade, rested upon the purity of his reputation. His friends he considered petty, distrustful and meanly parsimonious. Knowing them intimately as he did, Herder had no doubt that if they should suspect for a moment that their money was won under fraudulent circumstances, they would never heed his protestations of innocence but would circulate the story and his reputation would be hurt terribly and irrevocably. He knew that they were disgruntled over the fact that they had lost money in the game. This lack of sportsmanship in their makeups alone would cause them to derogate and malign him and the ears of the small town bigots would drink in the tale of his alleged perfidy with greedy relish.

There remained, however, some doubt in Herder's mind, as to whether his companions were conscious of the presence of the marked cards. A few moments before, when his mind was in confusion, the players had appeared to be suspicious. Now that he took a clearer and more dispassionate view of the situation, he was half convinced that they knew nothing. But there was that horrid element of doubt that still remained in his mind. He was incapable of drawing any definite or satisfactory conclusion on the matter.

He racked his brain over the problem and at last decided to postpone his worrying, and, lighting his pipe, he picked up the deck of new cards. He was still immersed in a partial brown study as he automatically laid out the cards on the table in seven rows and started to play solitaire. From the remainder of the pack which he held in his hand, he drew off the top cards, three at a time, glancing at the seven rows and from time to time laying a card in the designated position.

His attention was suddenly arrested when he had come to the end of the pack he held

in his hand. He had been removing the cards three at a time. Ordinarily, there should have been three cards at the end of the deck. But only two remained in his hand. He was slightly puzzled at first but when he looked around a little in search of the missing card and it was not to be found, he was stricken with a feeling of terror. He jumped from his chair and searched the floor around the table, the cushions on the chairs lately occupied by the other three men and finally the entire room, but the card was still missing. He went back to the table and counted the cards with trembling hands. His worst fears came back a hundred fold. There were only fifty-one cards in the deck.

Herder was almost completely demoralized by this discovery. To him it meant but one thing and that was that one of the men, either Drury, Lesure or Scott, had suspected that the cards were marked and being unwilling to declare his unfounded suspicions to the others, had slipped one of the cards into his pocket in order to examine it when he had left Herder's house. There seemed to be no other explanation. One of them had noted his guilty actions and, once he had proved conclusively that the cards were marked, he would communicate his discovery to the others and they would not leave one shred of his reputation intact. They would undoubtedly have recourse to physical violence upon Herder, to boot. Herder was fearful and despairing. He felt that his hopes and dreams had been completely effaced. His two years of hard and faithful work in the factory were as nothing now. Assuredly he would be discharged, once the story of his dishonesty had been circulated.

Nothing that he could think of pertaining to the poker game of an hour before gave him the slightest consolation. His friends had been particularly grouchy all evening. His phenomenal luck had been consistent throughout the game, which added to their ill-nature and which now must pile up evidence against him. Assuredly, one of the players, his suspicions aroused, had filched one of the cards from the deck in order to examine it. Even now the marking might be discovered and his erstwhile friends pouring

the tale into the distended ears of their wives, who would be even more effective than their husbands in spreading the story.

Herder felt like weeping with rage and disgust. To be so neatly trapped and destroyed by these narrow townspeople who hated him because they looked upon him as an intruder. He swore in short choking phrases, vehemently, as he beat with his fist on the table in a paroxysm of despair and fury.

His emotions gradually became less excited and he began to form plans. He quickly made up his mind to leave the town before morning when the tale would have made the rounds of the inhabitants. Without stopping to change the suit he wore, he threw a few clothes snatched at random into a suitcase, and tossed the rest into his trunk along with his books and drawing instruments. Taking the suitcase, he ran down the stairs, after first leaving a note to his landlady pinned to his door, instructing her to ship his trunk to an address which he would send to her within a few days.

He walked to the station, which was a block away, in a state of apprehension. He was anxious that none of his acquaintances should witness his flight. Furtively he hurried along, keeping close within the shadow of the buildings. It was fortunate, he thought, that the hour was so late. Only a few people were on the streets. He gained the station without attracting undue notice.

One hour later Herder sat in the club-car of a west bound train. The other passengers had retired. He sat there alone at the writing desk, his head propped up on his fists, gazing out into the sliding blackness. On the desk before him lay a telegraph blank with a few words scrawled on it.

When the train pulled into the next station, Herder alighted, strode inside the telegraph office and pushed the blank toward the clerk, paid the charges and once again boarded the train. The telegraph was addressed to the president of the firm for which Herder had worked. It read:

"You can't fire me. I resign. To hell with you and the whole damn town.—Herder."

The last bridge was burned. Herder in the early morning was sleeping fitfully in his

bunk aboard the west-bound train, as the messenger boy delivered the telegram to the president's house.

Twelve hours later and Herder had put some nine hundred miles between him and Drury, Scott, and Lesure. He had one meager source of satisfaction. Never again would he be forced to listen to their silly chatter or to shudder passively at their hated whims.

He rode along spiritless and without courage or energy to look toward the future. He felt that the receding past carried with it his ambitions and his hopes. Success, it seemed to him, was impossible now. He was in a state of despair from which he had not the courage to rouse himself.

He reached into his pocket for his cigarettes. His hand encountered the torn lining and he realized with a sort of thrill that he had groped in that self same pocket the previous evening when in search of the packet in which the cards had come. The bottom of the pocket was ripped half open. His hand went through the slit and his fingers mechanically sought the bottom of the rift. Herder stiffened as the fingers touched something firm and glossy between the linings. Slowly he clutched the object and drew it out of the pocket. He gave a snort of disgust as his eyes met it. It was a small thin oblong pasteboard box of the sort in which cards are sold—the missing packet.

Herder scanned the printed matter on the surface of the packet. He ground his teeth as he read "Trick Cards—Marked Deck—For Conjurers and Magicians Only—Not for non-professional trade"—and the directions for the use of the marked deck. He was infuriated at his own carelessness for not scrutinizing the packet before the game on the preceding night. What tortures he would have been spared.

He was about to rip it frantically into a thousand pieces when he saw something printed in black ink across the edge of the box. It had escaped his notice the night before. His eyes dilated as he read the black inscription.

"Faulty pack. Not to be sold. There are only fifty-one cards in this deck."

A Creature of Habit

BY DAVID BARRY

"Abeunt studia in mores"—Ovid.

AGAINST the dingy front of Tony Galucci's saloon, situated in the hottest oven of Hell's Kitchen, lounged a disconsolate and seedy-looking young man. To the casual observer he seemed to be merely a common loafer. Yet his whole aspect was one of deep thought. He allowed his gaze to wander aimlessly up and down the squalid street with its twin rows of filthy tenements; but he was not interested in the prospect. He had seen too much of this street to be aroused by its sordidness and its outward indications of the vice and crime that raged behind the uninviting doors facing it.

The young man stirred, slowly turned, and entered the saloon. He was at once greeted by voices inviting him to have a drink, to sit in at a game of poker, or to indulge in other kindred amusements. Ignoring these suggestions he moved over to a corner table and slumped down in the chair.

"Whiskey straight," he mumbled to the waiter.

The front door of the saloon swung open, and a dark and brutally powerful man entered. He was respectfully greeted by the men loafing about the bar. He walked around behind the counter, opened the cash register, and began to count its contents. Presently he finished and looked up at the waiter with a scowl.

"This business is going to hell, Bill. What's the matter?" he growled.

"The cops have been working this neighborhood lately, Tony. I guess they're scar-ing trade away," said Bill.

Tony grunted.

"Where's Pete," he asked.

The waiter pointed to the corner table. Tony lumbered over and sat down beside the musing figure. Pete looked up and nodded.

"H'lo Tony."

"Aw, pipe down," growled Tony. "I got a good notion to fire you. Here my liquor

business is going bad because of the cops, and, just when I need some dough, you go back on me too. You haven't brought in anything for over a week. What's wrong with you?"

"Cops have been onto me lately too," Pete mumbled.

"Aw, you chicken-hearted rat," Tony broke out. "You've been my best man, and get scared of the cops. You've got the fastest pair of hands of any pickpocket in this gang. What chance has a cop got of seeing you in a crowd when even the guy whose money you lift doesn't see you?"

"To tell the truth, I ain't been feeling well lately, Tony," said Pete.

"Aw, don't be a fool," snapped Tony. "If you don't settle down to work pretty soon, I'll——"

Pete arose impatiently and left the saloon. As he walked down the street he continued his pondering. Suddenly a cheery, "Good afternoon, Pete," brought his aimless wandering to a stop. Pete looked up.

"Hello, Father Burke," he answered, his eyes brightening.

"What's wrong with you, Pete?" said the priest. "You seem rather despondent."

"I've been thinking over what you said about stealing, Father, but I'm afraid I can't quit," said Pete.

"Afraid of Tony?" asked the priest.

"Naw, that big bluff can't scare me," Pete muttered. "He knows I've got too much on him."

"Tell me the trouble then, Pete. Perhaps I can help you," said Father Burke.

"The trouble is with myself, Father," answered Pete. "When you first talked to me a month ago about stealing, I saw right away how wrong it was to take things that belong to other people, and I tried to quit. But it's no use. Every time I get in a crowd my fingers sort of begin to itch, and my hand just

reaches out and lifts somebody's roll without me wanting to take it."

Father Burke smiled. Having been pastor in the toughest section of the city for years, he had many opportunities to observe human nature at its worst. No one realized more than he the forces of environment and habit.

"I believe I can help you, Pete," he said. "Have you ever tried to pray?"

"Aw, that's a lot of bunk," Pete muttered. "Only kids and old women pray."

"Pete!" exclaimed Father Burke. "Do you think I am a kid or an old woman? I have had many of my prayers answered. I am praying for you too."

"I'm sorry I said that, Father. I must be kind of out of sorts," said Pete apologetically.

"Won't you try my plan, Pete?" asked Father Burke. "You can come down to my church this evening. It is open until eleven o'clock. Nobody will be there to disturb you. Just go in and kneel down before the altar, and ask God to help you. Ask Him in your own words; He will understand."

"I'll think it over, Father," said Pete musingly. "Maybe I'll try it."

"Good-bye, Pete, and God bless you," said the priest as he started down the street.

Pete walked slowly away in the other direction. There was a queer look on his face. Perhaps Father Burke was right, he thought. Perhaps he would give prayer a chance after all. The suggestion seemed so foolish, but there wasn't any harm in trying it.

Evening had come and had covered the squalor of the Kitchen with a merciful blanket of darkness. The inky blackness was broken only by a few blinking arc lights at the street corners. Here and there unkempt men and slatternly women were seated on door steps. The bluish light of gas-jets issued through the open doors behind them. All was quiet except for an occasional burst of ribald laughter from the saloon.

Presently a man appeared, walking slowly down the street. As he passed the saloon, one of the loungers greeted him.

"Hey Pete, c'mon in and shoot a game of pool."

"Don't feel like it now, Tim."

Pete continued down the street. At the next corner he turned to the right. Several squares away a stately church spire lifted itself clear of the sordid darkness and was outlined sharply against the star-lit sky. A sudden, vague emotion seized Pete. Perhaps he, like the spire, might be able to life himself from the filth and crime of the Kitchen.

In front of the church Pete hesitated. Curiosity impelled him to go on, to follow Father Burke's advice, to give prayer a chance. Another force, the spirit of the street behind him, called him back. He gazed at the dark doors. Something behind them seemed to compel him forward. With faltering gait he ascended the broad steps and entered the church.

Inside all was darkness except for the suffused red glow of the sanctuary lamp. Pete looked about with a feeling of awe commingled with terror. Two ghostly statues stood to either side of him in the rear of the church. The faint outline of pews stretched before him. He wanted to turn and run, but something drew him on. In an attempt at bravado he started up the main aisle with his characteristic swagger. In a moment he was at the sanctuary rail with the red glow, now above him, casting a wavering, rosy light on the altar.

Even with this dim illumination Pete could make out the details of the altar. It was covered with exquisite linens. On either side of the tabernacle stood three heavy bronze candlesticks. Two delicately slender vases—apparently silver—filled with flowers stood beneath them.

Dim memories of childhood says, when he had, for a time, gone faithfully to church, returned to Pete. He genuflected awkwardly and half ashamedly. Then he knelt down at the rail and blessed himself furtively. A few almost-forgotten prayers came back to him, but somehow they did not seem to suit the occasion. They made no mention of stealing. Besides, had not Father Burke told him to pray in his own words?

Pete had been kneeling motionless for many minutes. A change seemed to have

come over him. His eyes were unduly bright, and there was a look of peace and content on his face. It seemed to him that his troubles were over.

Finally Pete arose to leave. He took one last look at the altar. The look of peace began to fade from his countenance. In its place appeared the expression of conflicting

emotions, of a struggle between the pick-pocket and the penitent at prayer.

As Father Burke ascended the altar steps the next morning before starting Mass he was shocked to find flowers thrown carelessly over the altar . . . and his exquisite pair of silver vases gone!



Ghosts, Devils, and Hangmen

MIDNIGHT a small, stuffy room lit only by the gasping flame of a dying candle a door, bolted on the outside, a lone window, barred with iron a table in the center of the room, on it a corpse beside the table, sitting nervously on a ricketey chair, a man the corpse moves the man, paralyzed with fear, jumps

Such a background of suspense is merely one of many fashioned by that great American master of the short story, Ambrose Bierce. Anyone searching for a writer of American "ghost" stories of the first water, is invariably confronted with the name of Edgar Allen Poe, and lulled into an exquisite contentment with his delicately fantastic carvings in onyx. But America has another writer in this vein, one who is, in his way, superior to the melancholy Virginian. And he is Ambrose Bierce.

By reason of his curiously lived life, Bierce was well supplied with material for his work. Born in Horsecave, Ohio, in 1842, the youngest of thirteen children (the Christian name of every one of the offsprings beginning with A) he managed to secure a grammar school education. Then came desultory periods in an academy, followed by a great deal of rigorous self-education.

One of his peculiar traits in his life at school was his inveterate habit, whenever he become involved in trouble of any kind, of notifying his father in an elaborately composed and finely written letter—then, later, his written white flag having preceded him, he would present himself in the flesh.

After a brilliant and reckless performance in the Civil War he was, upon the conclusion of the conflict, appointed by the United States government, "collector and custodian of captured and abandoned property."

As a result of this gruesome experience, he was ever after steeped in a finely macabre atmosphere and opulent in dark and tragic themes.

In 1891 he issued "Tales of Soldiers and Civilians," (afterwards retitled "In the Midst of Life") and, two years later, followed it with "Can Such Things Be?" In these two books are collected his finest stories of the weird, the awesome, the unusual.

His "Death of Halpin Frayser" has been called "the most horrible short story in the English language." "The Horseman in the Sky" and "An Occurrence at Owl Creek Bridge" now occupy regular places in all anthologies of the American short story.

Bierce's stories move with terrific speed. They never lag; they have something to say and not a word is wasted in the saying. In a mere title alone he can strike a key that at once awakens every fibre of interest as, for instance, in his creation denominated "The Middle Toe of the Right Foot."

His works are perfect, stripped examples of one of the most economically minded writers in all literature. His stories are bullets, his sentences finely oiled parts of the firing rifle, each absolutely necessary in the discharge of the death pellet.

Ghosts stalk through his tales with playful devils in their trains; hangmen swagger across his pages talking earnestly with laughing madmen. Into the small, finely carved

goblet of one story, he empties the red wine of fear, the white gin of horror, and the purple gall of death. The resultant drink, tempered by the chastening waters of his razored and precise phrasings, is a hearty draught indeed.

In his story "My Favorite Murder," a man in high dudgeon at an accusation charging him with the slaying of his mother, proves his kind and gentle nature by a charmingly mild and good-natured recital of how he removed "Uncle William" from this earth by binding him, tossing him in a sack, attaching this to a pendulum, and then persuading a savage ram to batter the contents of the sack into nothingness.

And here we touch on a peculiar strain in the character of Bierce, the presence of a certain sadistic cruelty that is reflected, not so much in his stories, as in his "Devil's Dictionary."

This "Devil's Dictionary" (issued originally as "The Cynic's Word Book") is a compilation of over two thousand definitions that lash their subjects like whips curling over the naked backs of slaves. One can, to paraphrase Wilde, resist everything except the temptation to quote from this meaty, altogether quotable collection. A few of the many choice bits come immediately to mind.

Backbite, v. t. To speak of a man as you find him when he can't find you.

Back, n. That part of your friend which it is your privilege to contemplate in your adversity.

Imagination, n. A warehouse of facts, with poet and liar in joint ownership.

Quill, n. An implement of torture yielded by a goose and commonly wielded by an ass.

This use of the quill is now obsolete, but its modern equivalent, the steel pen, is wielded by the same everlasting presence.

Kiss, n. A word invented by the poets as a rhyme for "bliss." But the manner of its performance is unknown to this lexicographer.

Kill, n. To create a vacancy without nominating a successor.

Once, adv. Enough.

Truly, these hot coals reveal a burning, brilliant wit-a-wit that is one of the finest, if not the finest, in American letters.

Bierce wrote but one novel, "The Monk and the Hangman's Daughter." A grim and tragic affair, it afforded him opportunity for some fine descriptions of nature in her more sombre moods.

The story of his own end is fully as startling, as unexpected as the ending to any one of his stories. In 1913, still true to his lifelong, never-satiated craving for adventure, he wandered across the Rio Grande into Mexico—and was never seen again.

No one knows for certain just how he wrote the ending to his own story; however, the most generally accepted opinion concerning the manner of his death (though one man swears that he is still alive!) is that Villa, the Mexican chieftain, angered at his acrid wit, placed him against a stone wall—and gave three commands to a firing squad. Another reputed authority declares that he was assassinated one night shortly after he had left a Mexican village, again by order of Villa.

Be that as it may, Ambrose Bierce died as he had lived, violently, swiftly, and above all, mysteriously. —MURRAY HICKEY LEY.



SPORT NEWS

Trojans Determined To Banish One-Point Jinx**Game Tomorrow to Climax Season's Intersectional Battles**

Twice thwarted in their annual efforts to check Rockne's Fighting Irish, the Trojans of Southern California have resolved that at last their day has arrived. The scores of the previous encounters of these mighty teams were 13-12 and 7-6 respectively — as



LARRY "MOON" MULLINS
Fullback

close as mathematical computations will allow, barring tie games of course. But this season, U. S. C. feels that she has every reason in the world to believe that no mere one-point margin can separate her point total from that of the

Irish, either in one direction or the other.

Southern California boasts the finest record on the Pacific Coast this fall, having already cinched the championship of the conference by virtue of having conquered four conference rivals, being tied only by California. The Trojans are still numbered among the sadly-depleted ranks of undefeated elevens in the country at this late stage of a season of football miracles. Utah Aggies, Oregon State, St. Mary's, Occidental, Stanford, Arizona, Washington State, and Idaho have all fallen before the U. S. C. onslaught. The Methodists have amassed a total of 240 points against 45 by their opponents.

The only blur on Southern California's record is a scoreless tie with the Golden

Bears of California. This contest was particularly heart-breaking from the Trojan point of view because of the fact that the Los Angeles aggregation completely outplayed the Bears and threatened to score several times. Incidentally, this game marked the first occasion since he took over the reins at Southern California in 1925 that Howard Jones' men have failed to score. Another remarkable feature of Jones' record is the fact, with the exception of the California game and the Notre Dame affair at Chicago last December, the Trojans have always succeeded in registering a minimum of at least two touchdowns in every contest.

Stars Galore in California Firmament

Howard Jones believes in specialization: He holds fast to the theory that each of his players should be an expert in one particular branch of offense. In his backfield he generally has two wing backs whose specialty is blocking; one outstanding line smasher; and an ace-in-the-hole in the form of a great triple-threat man. Saunders and Thomas, two expert blockers, are the chief runners of interference in the Trojan attack. Both of these backs have seen active service against Notre Dame in the past and may be expected to cause considerable trouble in to-morrow's game. Not only are these men adept at blocking, but they may also be relied upon for reverse plays and cut-backs.

The bruiser in the Trojan offense is Edelson, a powerful fullback and a dangerous all-around man who will be remembered for his brilliant performance at Chicago last fall. Edelson is a mighty line-plunger and a valuable man for defensive play.

Williams an All-American Candidate

The one name which is found on the tongues of all close followers of the grid-iron game in California at the present time is Williams—Don Williams! Two years ago Kaer was the idol of the coast, and last season it was Morley Drury, both U. S. C. quarterbacks. The difficult assignment of filling the shoes of these two supermen was bequeathed to Don Williams—and how that man has filled them! Williams can run the ball, pass, and kick with equal dexterity. His speed is truly dazzling; critics have pronounced him even faster than the great Drury. However, Williams does not possess the marvellous physique that Drury had, and this failing may prove costly to him to-morrow.

Perhaps the Trojan line is not quite as brilliant as the backfield, but the fact remains that seven determined linemen, all hard fighters and vicious tacklers, will face the Irish linemen. Captain Hibbs, one of the nation's finest tackles and a prominent All-American prospect, will in all probability start at left tackle. Hibbs has also seen some service at end, along with his task of doing the bulk of the punting for his team. Playing at end, next to Hibbs, will be McCaslin who is especially skillful in breaking up interference and ruining the enemy's running plays. McCaslin has the distinction of having blocked at least one punt in every game that Southern California has played this year. The other wingman will be Tappan who has caused much woe to opponents by his habit of intercepting forward passes. Shaw, a giant lineman, will be Hibbs' running mate at right tackle.

The Trojan line will be greatly strengthened by the presence of Barrager at center. Although his performance on Soldier Field last fall was not especially worthy of comment, Barrager has been attracting considerable attention out on the coast this year. In the California game, he was the individual star of the entire contest, stopping the Bears' plays before they got started, getting down the field fast under punts, and playing a beautiful offensive game.

The guards, Galloway and Steponovich, are not particularly strong, but they are burly and physically capable of taking punishment. Anthony is another lineman who will very probably see action at either a tackle or a guard position.

Alternating at quarterback with Williams will be Duffield, a game, hard-playing, and altogether dangerous man. Duffield has played a large percentage of the Trojans' schedule and has acquitted himself well on all occasions. Aspit, a reserve halfback, saved the day for U. S. C. against California by a sensational tackle in the last minute of play; and he will quite likely be seen in vigorous action in to-morrow's fray.

—J. GILBERT PRENDERGAST.

OLD FRIENDS TO MEET IN GAME TOMORROW

When Notre Dame plays Southern California tomorrow at Los Angeles one of those friend versus friend episodes will come up for two Californians, Johnny O'Brien and Larry Mullins playing for Notre Dame will meet old friends and high school rivals playing for Southern California.

Francis Tappan, regular Trojan tackle, in high school played one tackle and O'Brien the other. Then they were the best of friends, now they are friendly rivals, for if O'Brien breaks in the Notre Dame lineup he will play opposite Tappan.

Mullins, on the other hand, while at South Pasadena High school played against many of the men on the regular Southern California lineup and tomorrow old rivalries will be again renewed.

HOWARD CRUSHES FRESHMAN, 21-0, TO WIN DIVISION I TITLE

Running wild after being fought to a stand-still for the first half, Howard opened the third quarter with three touchdowns in almost as many minutes to decisively defeat Freshman Hall for the honors of Division I last Sunday. The Gold Coasters played a great offensive game, threatening from the opening whistle till the final gun stopped their last offensive threat. From every viewpoint it was a well deserved victory.

Howard won the toss and elected to defend the west goal with a strong wind at their back. This strategy proved its worth on the first exchange of punts. Williams punted out of bounds on Freshman's four yard line and Hamilton's return kick rose high into the teeth of the wind, was caught in an eddy for a moment, and then blown earthward to drop dead on the five yard line. Chevallier carried the ball to the one yard line and then to the one foot line in two successive plunges, but Freshman suddenly stiffened and held for downs. Hamilton this time punted out of danger and both teams settled down to a strict defensive battle for the remainder of the half.

Howard opened the third quarter with a rush. Freshman ran the kickoff back to their own 35 yard line. Hamilton was smothered by the entire Howard line as he attempted to pass and Higgins scooped the ball up as it fell from his fingers to dash 35 yards for the first score. The extra point was awarded Howard when the Freshman coach stepped on the field to protest, the decision on the play which had just resulted in the Howard touchdown.

The Gold Coasters' second touchdown came immediately after the kickoff. While the Freshman backfield was arguing a penalty, time in was called and Chevallier ran through their disconcerted midst for 35 yards and a touchdown. Higgins place-kicked the goal.

To complete the downfall of the now thoroughly bewildered Pasteboard Palace squad Gene Williams, aided by beautiful interference on the part of Dunlevy, stepped 65 yards straight down the field for the third and final Howard score. The quarter ended just as Higgins again tallied on a place-kick.

Howard rushed in a flock of reserves at this point and even they romped over the dazed Freshman team—the gun finding Howard in possession of the pigskin on their own 45 yard line.

Higgins, Chevallier, Williams, and Dunlevy starred for Howard while Hamilton, Georgio, and Durcott looked the best for the losers. Howard will meet Lyons for the interhall championship on Cartier field Dec. 6, at 2:00 p. m.

TRACKMEN START LONG GRIND

Coach J. P. Nicholson has issued the call for track and field men to prepare for one of the hardest schedules in the history of the University. Although the official schedule will not be completed until December 8, several meets have already been arranged and the team has a number of hard propositions to handle. Coach Nicholson believes that the team that upheld the colors of the Blue and Gold last year cannot be improved upon to any large extent and places much faith in these same men to serve as the nucleus for this year's team. A number of the hurdlers are gone, however, and practically all of the weight throwers have graduated too.

Stace and Griffin, two of last year's star hurdlers have received diplomas, as have Lavelle, Repetti and McSweeney, the weight throwers. Coach Nicholson has a number of promising sophomores, however, and no doubt these vacancies will be filled suitably. Joe Abbot, one of the fastest quarter and half mile runners in the country, had a severe case of pneumonia last August, and Nicholson is in doubt as to whether his services will be available for the coming year.

A number of candidates for the field events have reported to date and they will be kept busy with limbering up exercises and the strengthening of their legs and wind for a few weeks. Jack Elder is at present in the sunny land of California with the football team, but will report to Coach Nicholson when he returns, as will all other varsity candidates.

The opening meet of the year will take place on the third Saturday in January, when the Irish will trek up to Northwestern University to oppose the representatives of that institution. There will be several meets to follow that have not yet been decided upon, and then on the third Saturday in February, the strong Illinois team will face the Irish here. This contest will arouse more than general interest, for the Illini are coming here determined to avenge the defeat handed them by our cross-country runners, on their home course at Champaign. It was the first time in the history of cross-country relations that they were beaten by Notre Dame.

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On the following Saturday, the Irish will invade Wisconsin, where they will strive to avenge a set-back handed them by the Badgers in the initial cross-country meet of the season. On March 16 the "spiked-shoe" artists will participate in the relay races at Illinois. Coach Nicholson intimated that he is striving to stage the Central conference meet here, at a date to be decided upon later. It is expected that the first Saturday in June will be the date of the meet. The State inter-collegiate meet will be held here on the third Saturday in May, while Michigan State will be here the second Saturday in May.

The outdoor team will probably be sent to Georgia Tech to participate in the meet to be held there on the second Saturday in April. On the following Saturday they will venture into Kansas, where they will display their wares, and the following week will be shipped to either Drake or Penn State, to strive to uphold the prestige of the Gold and Blue. Illinois will also be met outdoors, but the date is not fixed as yet.

The following field men reported to Coach Nicholson last Monday: Weisbecker, Fishleigh, Slattery, Howard, Cronin, Oulette, Purtell, Rigney, Bailey, McDonald, Christman, Greer, Reiman, Konop, Welchons, Murphy, Savoldi, Hoffman, Herwitt, Mortenson, and Culver.

—E. D.

**BASKETBALL PRACTICE IN FULL
SWING**

Prospects for another winning basketball quintet to represent the Gold and Blue are more than good. Coach George Keogan, who enjoys a reputation among basketball coaches for decrying the chances of having a successful season, went as far as to say that the prospective team looks to be a bit better than mediocre, which means that it will be very good indeed. Though Keogan has not yet picked a first team, the following men will probably be in the main cast:

Co-captains Crowe and Jachym, forwards; Bob Vogelwede and Colrick, centers; Smith, Donovan, and Bray, guards. Colrick, Bray, Tim Moynihan and some



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other good basketball men are on the football squad and will report to Keogan after the Southern California game. A number of very promising sophomore candidates will probably get a chance to get into some of the games so as to gain experience in Notre Dame's style of play. Among the raft of second-year men who are striving for recognition, Gavin and Teters are in particular showing good form.

Keogan is driving the men hard. Daily workouts are being held, with scrimmages between picked team featuring each session. The squad is rapidly rounding into shape and after a few more weeks to add the finishing touches and polish the rough spots in the play, the boys will be fit and "rarin" to go against Armour Tech in the first game to be played here on December twelfth.

This year's schedule for the Irish cagemen will have very few soft spots. Some of the fastest teams in the Middle West and the East will be met, including Pittsburgh, who defeated Notre Dame last year in a nerve-wrecking struggle that was not decided until the final whistle blew; Pennsylvania, another of the East's crack teams; Northwestern and Indiana, who always tear things wide apart in Big Ten basketball circles; Michigan State and Franklin, two quints that always put up strong fights against the Keoganites; and Butler, Wabash, Marquette and Detroit; along with other teams just as strong.

While on the subject of basketball, Coach Keogan commented on the attempts of a very small minority among the coaches to do away with the dribble. He stated that the coaches who were clamoring so loudly against one of the most spectacular features of the game were doing so because their teams did not have an effective defense against it. Naturally, Keogan does not wish to see the dribble done away with since it has been one of the most effective and flashiest features of the play of Notre Dame teams. As for those coaches who claim that the dribble is unstoppable, he claims that given two good guards that know guard-play, any team could stop the fastest dribbler.

—E.L.T.

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Carnegie now appreciates what it means to try to peak twice on two successive Saturdays. Just as Notre Dame could probably have beaten Tech on the day of the Army game, so could Carnegie have probably beaten N. Y. U. the day they played Notre Dame.

* * *

If Southern California is as weak as it has always been against the forward pass the game tomorrow should not be so tough.

* * *

Harpster looks more like an all-American selection every game he plays. Seventeen of his passes were completed against N. Y. U. last Saturday.

* * *

Two hundred and thirty-four colleges and universities, and 279 preparatory and high schools were represented at the dedication of the Walter Camp Memorial at Yale. No more fitting tribute could be paid this great athlete and sportsman, as possibly no one has done more to make football what it is today than Walter Camp.

* * *

This year's track team should be about the best developed at Notre Dame in the last five years. Coach Nicholson's ability was proven last year and this year he has even better material to work with.

When Tennessee meets Florida the Army-Notre Dame rivalry will be carried forward. Major Neyland, of West Point, coaches Tennessee, and Bachman, of Notre Dame, coaches Florida.

* * *

As predicted earlier in the season, Villanova has become one of the country's outstanding teams. It is one of the few remaining undefeated aggregations. Harry Stuhldreher has worked hard and deserves his success.

* * *

The halfbacks on Southern California surely have to like it; they are used exclusively for blocking, as the quarterback and the fullback do all the ball carrying. The former carries the ball some four out of five times and the latter carries it the rest.

* * *

The Trojans number two outstanding candidates for the all-American team among their players, in Captain Jesse Hibbs, who made the mythical eleven last year, and their hard-running quarterback, D. Williams.

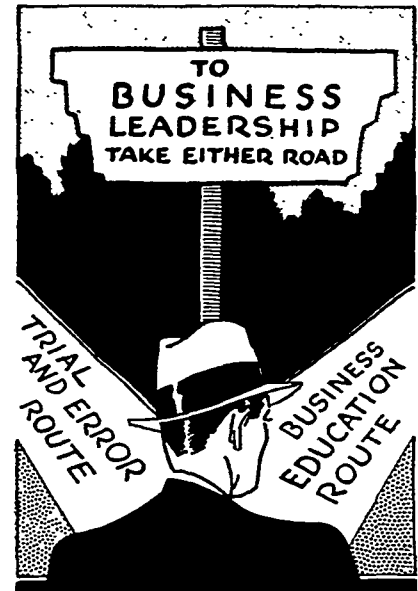
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Another undefeated eleven took it in the neck when Ohio Wesleyan bowed to the practically unheard of Wittenberg College eleven. This is the time of the year when almost anything may happen to a football team. Mental and physical staleness is rife.

* * *

Predicted score of tomorrow's game: Notre Dame, 13; Southern California, 7.

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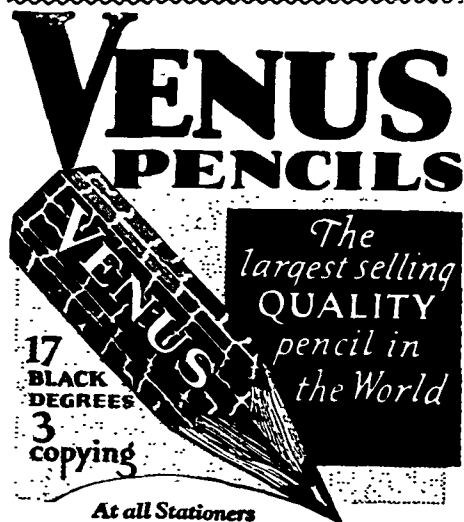
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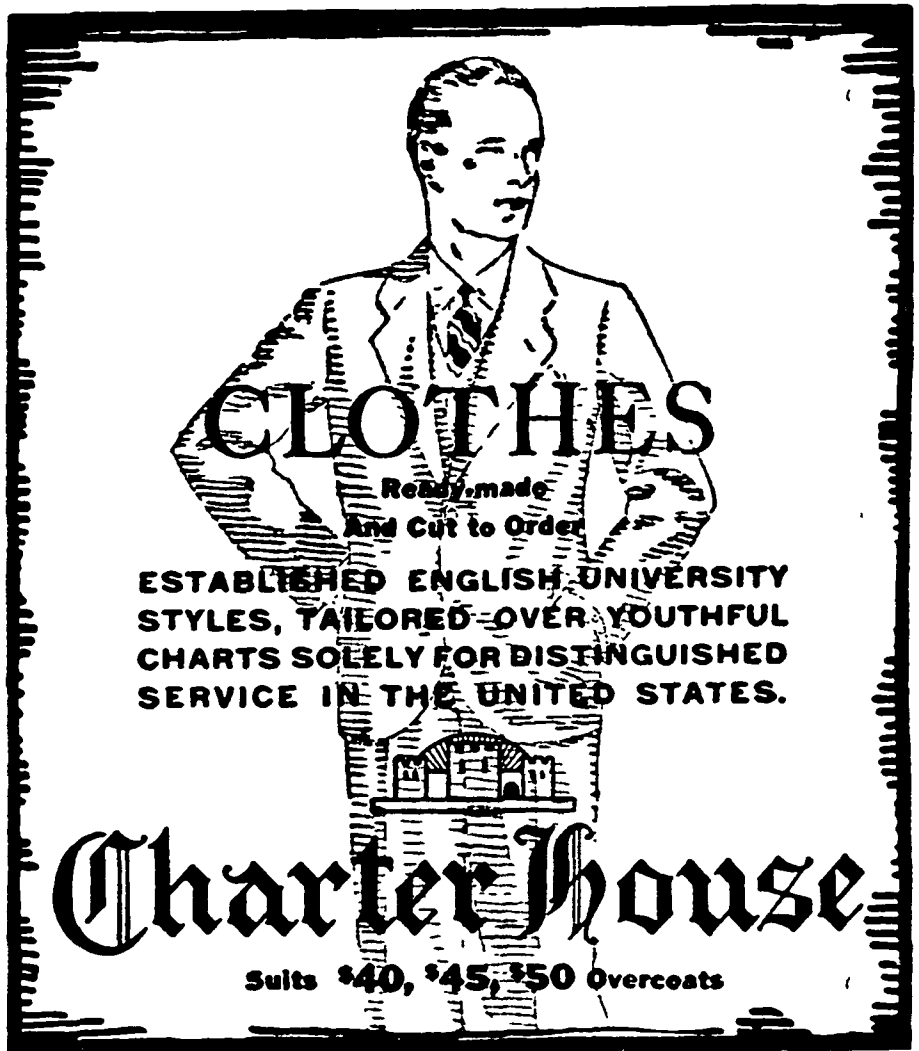
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