

The Notre Dame Scholastic

A LITERARY—NEWS WEEKLY

PUBLISHED AT THE UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME

ILLUSTRATED

Disce Quasi Semper Victurus : Vibi Quasi Cras Moriturus

Vol. LVIII.

JANUARY 15, 1926.

No. 13.

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Advertisers in Notre Dame publications
deserve the patronage of Notre Dame men.

Entered as second-class matter at Notre Dame, Indiana. Acceptance for mailing at special rate
of postage, Section 1103, October 3, 1917, authorized June 25, 1918.



THE 1925 FOOTBALL SQUAD

THE WEEK

"Many are the hearts that are weary to-night"—the Notre Dame finale hopper has returned to his alma mater and again taken refuge in the habiliments of the alleged and much-editorialized he-man. The Kute-Kut Klothes that set off so admirably the balloon-type chests of the Fighting Irish for an all-too-short fortnight are again hidden away in scornful seclusion. And many are the girlish hearts that are desolate, deprived of their men for long moons. What to do, what to do?

The men know what to do. They are entering frenziedly into campus life, and meetings, smokers, banquets, and the thousand other time-killers are being employed to the utmost. The *Juggler*, pursuing its role of comforter, is announcing to the interested world that its next will be the "South Bend Number," and that said number will be jammed with cracks, quips, drawings, and other interesting things concerning the "city so near and dear to us." It adds that contributions will be received until tonight. Humorous muse, do your stuff! Just to inspire the laugh-smiths, the Funny Fellow, under the paternal direction of Editor Lester Grady, started the year with a *Juggler* banquet, at which the editor did not demonstrate the latest in the Charleston.

J. A. W., regular and highly-talented conductor of this column, is forced to turn over this "Week" to less experienced but equally willing hands. This move, as the reporters say, was necessitated by Mr. Withey's untimely breaking of one very useful collar-bone. Was he Charlestoning? Well, you may well imagine, but only J. A. W. may answer with certainty.

Have you taken cognizance of that gurgling, liquid sound of recent and frequent occurrence? Fah upon thee for the thought! A college man speaking of Scotch inhibitions! Nothing of the sort. The sounds

are the results of Jerry Rhodes' attempts to clip the seconds from his breast stroke time in the Irish natatorium. That's the gurgle. The splashing is caused by the invaluable Sievers, who can plunge—can he plunge! Yes, the Irish navy is expected to out-manuever all oponents this season.

The Dogs of Day are loose at night! Another smoker at which a prominent member of the faculty will furnish elocutionary entertainment is in the offing.

The feminine lead! Who will take the feminine lead? Who, of the graceful grid-iron trousers, will don knee-length skirts and ankle-mufflers and flirt with tall, handsome male Barrymores? Who? The question is moot and disturbing, but it must be settled before the time arrives for the Monogram Club show. We are promised something unique this year—something in the musical comedy line. We are promised—fah upon thee again! We said this is to be unique—and what could be more unique than a musical comedy without—yes, we shall say it—without legs? Egad, unique is the word!

"Yes, sir, that's my baby"—"Ah, I have sighed to rest me"—"To arms, ye brave"—the band will demonstrate Thursday night to the girls of St. Mary's what the word versatile actually means. Considering the band's effect upon us and the added susceptibility of female hearts, we may expect response at St. Mary's to be one moment from dancing feet and the next from tear-wet eyes. For the band slips gracefully from classics to jazz, and vice versa. Listen, girls!

Thus the week passes—swiftly—no, not silently, stupid! You're thinking of the snow. Yes, indeed, ma'am, we have terrific snows in Indiana. Really quite like "Way Down East." No, ma'am, this isn't a snow-fall—just a flurry. You should have been here last year—Period.

—J. A. B.

HAMILTON TO PLAY FOR PROM

"Spike" Hamilton and his orchestra, who created a sensation with their musical offerings at the affairs given by eastern universities, before coming to Chicago where they are now entertaining at the exclusive Opera Club, will play at their first mid-



"SPIKE" HAMILTON

western collegiate dance, when they appear at the Junior Prom to be given in the Palais Royale on February 12 by the Class of '27.

This announcement followed the efforts of James W. Coleman, chairman of the music committee, to secure a prominent orchestra after Lawrence H. Hennessey, of the arrangements group had selected the Palais Royale as the ballroom. "Spike" Hamilton and his orchestra were induced to accept the offer to play, after the committee which visited Chicago last Saturday and heard several groups of musicians, had agreed upon a selection.

"Spike" Hamilton, director of the orchestra of ten pieces which gained distinction in eastern collegiate affairs, was graduated from Dartmouth in 1923. Starting last summer at Young's Million Dollar Pier in Atlantic City, his organization finished the season at the Chicago Beach Hotel. Besides broadcasting frequently over the radio,

Hamilton and his associates have contracted to play for the Columbia Record Company.

James J. Jones, chairman of the favors committee declares that attractive favors have been prepared, but Lester C. Grady, who has charge of the decorations, refuses to reveal the plans of his committee.

Tickets for the Junior Prom will be placed on sale next Monday and will be in charge of Thomas F. Green, chairman of the ticket committee. They may be procured from the following at five dollars each:

Thomas C. Green, Corby; Robert E. Shields, Badin; John D. Murphy, Sorin; Arthur C. Hohmann, Corby; Edwin L. Ryan, Walsh; Paul M. Butler, Day.

LIBRARY RECEIVES GIFTS

Miss Hannah Reid of Brighton, Mass., a friend and benefactor of Notre Dame recently donated the following material to the University Library and Museum:

Laity's Directory 1825.
Metropolitan Catholic Almanac 1854.
Longfellow—Skeleton in Armor 1st ed.
Longfellow—Poems 2 v.
Longfellow—Prose.
Lowell—Last poems 2d ed.
Lowell—The Rose.
Whittier—Ballads of New England.
Holmes—School boy 1st ed.
Byron—Childe Harold's pilgrimage (bound in tree calf).
Wiggin—Affair at the Inn (autographed by Mrs. Wiggin with a letter to Miss Reid).
Two autographs of Archbishop Williams of Boston.

Many of the books are bound in full leather and are beautiful examples of the book-maker's art. The Skeleton in Armor is profusely illustrated with wood cuts done when this art was at its peak in this country. The books are a welcome addition to the Library's collection of fine and rare volumes.

The Museum received a heavy silver watch, dated 1782. This watch belonged to Miss Reid's father. Two leaves from a tree over Father Damien's grave, a small cream pitcher decorated by Celia Thaxter the poetess, a bronze medal struck at the U. S. Mint in Philadelphia to commemorate the Golden Jubilee of Notre Dame, an old

fashioned silk purse containing a gold sovereign of 1824, an American gold dollar with several three cent American coins, a child's gold ring engraved August 19, 1750, complete the gift.

This material came through the Rev. D. E. Hudson, C.S.C., Editor of the *Ave Maria*.

The very Reverend James A. Burns, C.S.C., former President of Notre Dame, has shipped to the University Library over 800 volumes of Father Zahm's library from Holy Cross College at Washington, D. C. Father Burns is now President of Holy Cross College.

The Very Reverend Charles L. O'Donnell, C.S.C., Provincial of the Congregation of Holy Cross, has presented to the Library a facsimile copy of Cardinal Newman's, "Dream of Gerontius."

SEMESTER EXAMINATIONS SOON

Announcement is made from the office of Director of Studies that the semester examinations will begin Tuesday afternoon, January 26, and be concluded by Friday night, January 29. The date of beginning is a half-day earlier than that stated in the university calendar in order to give more time for the work of registering for the second semester.

The semester examination will cover the work of the entire period since the opening of school in September, although the larger number of questions will deal with the work of the second half-semester since the middle of November. Three factors will be taken into account in determining the student's final grade, viz., the grade received for the first quarter (to count one-third), the value of the student's classwork during the second quarter (also to count one-third), and the grade received on the semester examination, which will supply the remaining third. The final grade will be determined by averaging the three grades together. It is this final grade which will determine the student's status as passed, failed, or conditoned.

Students who fail a course will be required to repeat the semester's work in its

entirety. In some cases this may be done during the current year, as certain courses are repeated during the second semester, as in English and Philosophy. Conditional examinations will be given during the first week of March. This will allow the conditioned student one month for reviewing his studies.

The schedule for the semester examination is as follows:

TUESDAY, JANUARY 26

Classes taught on Tuesdays (but not taught on Mondays) at 9:10 and 11:10 A. M. will be examined at 1:15 and 3:30 P. M. respectively.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 27

Classes taught on Mondays at 8:10, 10:10, 1:15 and 3:15 will be examined at 8:10, 10:30, 1:15, and 3:30 respectively.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 28

Classes taught on Tuesdays (but not taught on Mondays) at 8:10, 10:10, 1:15, and 2:15 will be examined at 8:10, 10:30, 1:15, and 3:30 respectively.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 29

Classes taught on Mondays at 9:10, 11:10, and 2:15 will be examined at 8:10, 10:30, and 1:15 respectively.

Instructors will arrange for the examination of classes not provided for in the above schedule.

CAGERS AT GEORGETOWN

Joe Dienhart and Charlie Ward, ex-Notre Dame cage luminaries, are now attending the law school of Georgetown University and due to the one year ruling at the Blue and Gray school, have cast their lot with the Yankee Athletic Club quintet of the Capitol City. By their brilliant efforts this team has come to be recognized as one of the leading amateur teams in the East this season. Both men will be remembered by many upper-classmen at Notre Dame. Joe was captain-elect of Keogan's net snipers this year but failed to return to school when September days rolled around. The men are roommates and have expressed a desire to hear from some of the "old gang" out here. They can be reached at 1506 Twenty-first Street, N. W., Washington.

HOME TO SUBSCRIBERS ONLY

According to latest reports emanating from the *Dome* office, the 1926 publication will be off the press somewhat earlier than usual this year, and will be distributed only to those who have subscribed in advance for it. There will be no cash sales of any sort after the book is out. If extra copies are desired, they must be ordered by subscription, and ordered now. No subscriptions will be accepted after February 1. This is an important deadline and the *Dome* asks that it be kept in mind, because after that date the actual printing of the book will begin and will be strictly limited to the subscription list.

Progress on the book is keeping pace with the fleeting days. Most of the *Dome's* staffmen labored in some manner or other at their various assignments over the holidays. As a result, the majority of the departments are well in hand, and the others are not far behind. The scenic section, judged by those who have been privileged to see it in advance as the most beautiful that has ever graced a *Dome*, is at the printer's, waiting for the final O. K. The senior section is also completed, except for some minor touches. The junior section is nearly finished, while that concerning the administration is at a favorable stage. These sections are the most important in the book, and with them out of the way, the *Dome* staff can cease worrying o' nights and get some sleep.

Work will begin soon on the club section, and on the other departments which till now have not felt the full force of the *Dome's* mailed fist. The satire section will be handled this year by Terence Donahue, who juggles with the *Juggler* now and again.

As a secret, this reporter was told that the *Dome* has several "new and novel" features up its sleeve, and will shake them down to delight the gawking multitude on publication day. One of them has to do with a special offer to those Seniors who order two *Domes*, more of which will be revealed later. Our tip to the Seniors, however, is to order a brace of the books (before February 1) and thereby encounter an

agreeable surprise.

It has been learned definitely that Porter Wittich, elected Art Editor of the publication last year, and forced to leave school shortly thereafter because of ill health, will not return to the University till next September. No successor has, as yet, been appointed. Gene O'Brien, of the Art Staff, is also on the retired list for the same reason.

The business end of the annual is being well taken care of by Marc Fiehrer, Jimmy Jones, and their numerous crew, with the other Mark—one Nevils by name—discreetly in the background, egging them on. Already the circulation figures of last year have been bettered, while the advertising is not taking anybody's dust (only the advertiser's!).

BROWNSON INSTALLS RADIO

The Brownsonites were becoming restless. The prefects had neglected to include a course in bedtime stories in their studies. So Brownson was compelled to install a radio. The tent-dwellers are now lulled to sleep nightly by the best bedtime story tellers in America.

A six-tube superheterodyne receiving station, manufactured by the Bremer-Tulley Company, has been installed in the recreation room of the famous hall, and the strains of orchestras nightly issue from the Sonora loud-speaker, "one of the most modern and finest reproducers of the human voice manufactured" according to one of the fiends.

Someone has expressed a suspicion that Brother Aloysius, lord of the manor, was driven to the installing of the radio by the non-stop piano recitals rendered by certain tireless artists, but this has not as yet been verified.

SEVERAL PENS FOUND

A number of fountain pens have been found and left with Brother Alphonsus. The owners may obtain their pens by applying at Brownson Hall. Hours 5 to 6; 7:30 to 9:30 p. m.

ALUMNUS OUT AGAIN

Not all publications ceased work at Notre Dame during the Christmas vacation. The December *Alumnus* came out.

Whenever you have an opportunity it is well to read the *Alumnus*. It is a good means of looking into the future. You learn that some one has married or is president of some bank. That is an accident of names. Some day it may be you who will be reported as being married or as having acquired the presidency of some banking institution.

In the December *Alumnus* there are two speeches delivered before the National Catholic Alumni Federation at New York City. In themselves these two are sufficient reasons for reading the December *Alumnus*. One of the speeches, delivered by Admiral Benson, is "The Call to Catholic Lay Activity." The other, delivered by "Al" Ryan, concerns "Alumni Office Organization." Everyone on the campus knows (or is it knew?) "Al." Both speeches are vastly interesting and of great importance to us. After we read them we know something of the problems concerning our alma mater that we will have to face after we get our degrees.

But those are not the only items of note in the *Alumnus*. "Jim" Armstrong, '25, now the acting Secretary of the Alumni Association, tells all that has happened between September and January in a way that—just read it! Mr. E. Morris Starrett, '21, shows how the nation is accepting the Notre Dame system. For the moment he sets aside the saying that statistics prove anything. When Notre Dame graduates actually coach other schools, isn't that proof sufficient that they take with them some of the Notre Dame system? Bert V. Dunne goes over the football situation in his customary enjoyable manner. He also makes happy prophecies about track, hockey, basketball, etc., etc.

Another article of interest is a lecture on the League of Nations delivered by Rev. J. M. Ryan, C.S.C. The theme of the lecture is that the League of Nations idea is as old as Christianity itself. Still another article

concerns the Notre Dame Club of Cleveland. In it, we future alumni may find some ideas to take back to the Notre Dame club of our towns.

And last come the "Alumni" columns. If we were alumni, we would always read the "Alumni" columns first. There we read the news of Notre Dame alumni, what they're doing, where they're doing it and with whom they're doing it. Even we, the undergraduates, can see the names of some of our schoolmates in every issue. All praise to the "Alumni" columns! To each issue of the *Alumnus* they are a fitting finale!

THURSDAY AUDIENCE BEST

"That Thursday afternoon audience of Notre Dame boys is our best audience of the week," said Mr. W. H. Gordon, manager of the Palace Theatre, when seen at his office recently.

"Of course," he continued, "the actors do their best all the time, but when the boys show their appreciation as they do on Thursday afternoon it stirs enthusiasm in the actors and they give everything they have." "You know," he went on, "that the South Bend people are so reserved that they are put in the class who 'sit on their hands' by the profession. Not that they don't appreciate good shows but they will not show their approval. The students really get more for their money than the residents because they encourage the actors more."

Asked who were the favorite movie stars of the city, Mr. Gordon was a bit dubious. "You see," he explained, "that's a difficult question, but I guess that Milton Sills is the most popular man at present. The men and women both like him. The men like him because he's red blooded and the women like him because—um—because—let's see now what else was it we were talking about? Oh yes, the favorite woman star. Colleen Moore without argument."

About what type of vaudeville appealed Mr. Gordon was emphatic that it depended entirely on the performers, "although the universal appeal of comedy and girls holds true here as everywhere else."

Campus Opinion

QUESTION: *What did you do during the Christmas vacation?*

WHERE ASKED: *Freshman Hall.*

FRANCIS ROTH, '29:

I stayed out late and slept late just to see how it feels to be unrestrained. I ate everything but staple food to keep unpleasant memories of the refectory from troubling me.

EDWIN MEDLAND, '29:

Ate, slept, and enjoyed life. I tried to see how many different things a fellow can do in three weeks and get away with.

JOHN ELDER, '29:

Had a good time in general. I did everything I couldn't do at school.

PETER BRYSSSELBOUT, '29:

I gave all the girls in the home town a treat for three weeks.

JOE COLLEGE:

Missed trains. Got pinched twice. Ate too much fruitcake Christmas. Elks dance New Year's Eve. Fell in love (as usual). Came back on time and slept through three classes for a total of six cuts.

James McNicholas, '25, of Chicago and Charles Sollo, '25, of Moline, successfully passed the November exams for admission to the Illinois bar.

MONOGRAM CLUB TURNS TO DRAMA

Listed among the coming attractions which no Notre Dame man can afford to miss, is the play given and sponsored by the members of the Monogram club. The athletic Barrymores of the campus will start splashing grease paint and rouge sometime next week and on Saint Patrick's day will favor the common masses with an exhibition of their histrionic art. Thereupon if the applause is voluminous and the vegetables a minus quantity the line-plunging, fast-charging actors will betake themselves to a South Bend theatre where they will

again make a bid for the plaudits of the discerning multitudes.

Vincent Fagan is in charge of the production and a meeting will be called by him in the near future for the selection of those all-important committees, without which no truly collegiate project could function worthily. The cast as yet is the matter of mere conjecture but rumor has it that McManmon and Wallace are leading contenders for the role of hero. Should a tie result as in the election of football captains, the difficulty may be solved by allowing one of the men to play the part of the fair and distressed heroine.

Last year the play was not put on due to the football team's journey to the Pacific Coast. For a number of years, however, the Monogram Club's offering has been an annual occurrence at Notre Dame. In previous years, it took the form of a minstrel show but this time we are assured by "men who know" that a departure is to be effected and that an all Notre Dame performance will be presented as a comedy or light drama. Perchance it may result in a musical comedy. "Kid Boots" may do well to look to its laurels.

DEAN ATTENDS MEETING

The organization meeting of the National Catholic Philosophical Association was held in Caldwell Hall, Catholic University of America, Washington, D. C., on January 5, 1926. Rev. Charles Miltner, C.S.C., Head of the Department of Philosophy and Dean of the College of Art and Letters here, represented Notre Dame at the meeting.

The object of the new society is the promotion of the study of scholastic philosophy and cognate subjects, and the establishment of contacts with Modern Thinkers. There will be four divisions of membership: constituents, including all those engaged in scholastic philosophical work; fellows, including graduate students in philosophy; associates, including those interested in the work of associations; and life members, including those willing to contribute one hundred dollars to the association.

Dr. E. A. Pace was elected president and

Dr. H. James H. Ryan, secretary-treasurer of the organization. An executive committee of six, two of whom were elected for one year, two for two years, and two for three years, was chosen in such a way as to represent as many different institutions and geographical areas as was possible. Father Miltner was elected one of the members of this committee.

The Society will publish a philosophical journal, the time of publication and form of which will be decided upon by the executive committee.

Father Miltner and several other of the leading students of scholastic philosophy read papers which together covered the entire field.

The meeting was well attended. Great enthusiasm was shown for the subject—a subject which has long held a leading position in Catholic education.

MUSICAL AND THEATRICAL NOTES

The Notre Dame Band and Glee Club record has been accepted and will be received around the first of February by Elbel Bros. for distribution in South Bend and vicinity. The recording was made for the Victor Company and the New Orthophonic Victrola, and is said to surpass the University of Illinois record.

The Band, limited to 40 members, and 12 members of the Glee Club journeyed to Chicago December 16 to make the Notre Dame record. The recording was done at the Victor recording offices on the seventh floor of the Webster Hotel. It was necessary to make four test records of each number to be recorded, and then when the tests were pronounced satisfactory four master records were made of each number. "The Victory March" will appear on one side of the record, and "The Hike Song" will appear on the obverse side. The recording of the records took slightly over three hours, with only small periods of rest between playing and singing of the numbers.

The Victor is releasing a series of records by college organizations, and Notre Dame will be the second institution to have her

songs recorded; the University of Illinois record being the first.

The record will be received by Elbel Bros. a week or so before any other firm in the country, thus giving Notre Dame and South Bend first chance to get copies of it. The first shipment of the records will probably be limited, so printed numbered slips are being sold at the music store, which entitle the holder to one of the records, in the order of the number held.

The Notre Dame Band, assisted by the Varsity Quartet, gave a concert in the auditorium at St. Mary's last evening, January 14. Practically the same concert that was given in Washington Hall some weeks ago was given last evening.

The officers of the Glee Club are gradually working the itinerary of the winter trip into shape, and so far, concerts in Tiffin and Chillicothe, Ohio; Pittsburgh and Connelsville, Penn.; and Steubenville, Ohio, have been scheduled. Other cities will be visited during the week of the trip, which will start with the concert in Tiffin, Ohio, on the first of February.

Prior to the winter trip, concerts will be given in Washington Hall and in Mishawaka. The exact date of the latter concert has not yet been made public, but mention will be made of it in a later issue of the SCHOLASTIC.

Several good movies and a Glee Club concert are promised as entertainment in Washington Hall during the month of January. The Glee Club concert will be given at 8:00 p. m. Monday, January 25.

The moving pictures announced for this month are as follows:

"The Iron Horse" with George O'Brien	Jan. 16
"Classified" with Corrine Griffith	Jan. 21
"The Lost World" with Wallace Beery	Jan. 29

Dr. John M. Culligan, '15, of Minneapolis, Minn., was married on Tuesday, January 5, to Miss Margaret McGovern of Rochester, Minn. Dr. Culligan took his pre-medical course at Notre Dame and finished at the University of Minnesota.

SCHOLASTIC ESTABLISHED 1867

More than a half century ago the first SCHOLASTIC was published. In 1867, after 23 years of successful teaching, the authorities of Notre Dame decided that a student publication was desirable for the chronicling of scholastic events. As a result of this decision was born a magazine which has recorded the interesting and important activities at Notre Dame and St. Mary's for more than half a century. It tells of youthful trials and successes, of men who are today leaders in industry; of women now socially prominent; gives intimate glimpses of athletes now heroes of tradition. Such prominent names as Hugh A. O'Donnell, Byron Kanaley, Francis Zahm, Angus McDonald, K. K. Rockne, and Charles O'Donnell, men now leaders in science, literature, industry and sports, appear on its pages.

The deeds of famous athletes such as Salmon, Vaughn, Gipp and Castner, to the day of the "Four Horsemen and Seven Mules" are recorded in this periodical by annalists who were companions of the men about whom they wrote. Here also do we find accounts of all the noteworthy events that have occurred at Notre Dame within the last half-century written by men who participated in them—the Golden and Diamond jubilees, the burning of the Administration Building, the first *Dome* and the first Homecoming. The rapid progress made by Notre Dame from its infancy, with its struggle for life and recognition, to its present state of greatness and leadership.

The first issue of this publication appeared during the presidency of Father William Corby, September 7, 1867, as "The Scholastic Year, a weekly devoted to the interests of the students." In a foreword, Father N. H. Gillespie, editor, stated that the purpose of the magazine was "to give parents frequent accounts of the institutions in which they have placed their children." The contents were to include accounts of arrivals at colleges and academies, visits, progress made by students in classes, distinctions gained by students in classes and athletics, and items of student interest. It was published in union with the *Ave Maria*, an established magazine, in order to insure its

success. Students attending Notre Dame and St. Mary's were listed by name and state. An interesting feature of the magazine was the weekly "Table of Honor," and the "Honorable Mention List" of students of both institutions who led their classes. Interesting comments and observations of students appeared in its columns.

Among the advertisements, all of which were small and peculiar as compared with those of today, was one giving particulars as to the expenses of a student at Notre Dame. Board, lodging, tuition, laundry and care of clothing, doctor and hospital fees, were included in a charge of \$150 for a five months semester.

At the beginning of the school year, in 1868, a new system of editing the SCHOLASTIC was introduced. An editorial staff of 20 students was selected and from this group three were chosen each week to edit the magazine. Each issue contained the names of the editors of the next number. This relieved Father Gillespie, and placed the paper in the hands of students. In 1869 this practice was discontinued, and one editor again took charge.

An account of the inauguration of the college of law at Notre Dame, February 1, 1869, is contained in the number of the SCHOLASTIC of that date. The cover page of the first SCHOLASTIC always contained a speech or an essay upon some literary or scientific subject, thus affording a means of education and expressing the views of the times. Pictures of the graduating classes appeared in the SCHOLASTIC before the time of the *Dome*.

The change of mottoes in the SCHOLASTIC is interesting. From 1867 till 1862, the period of birth and early struggle, it carried the motto, "Labor omnia vincit"—(Labor Conquers All). From 1872 until 1875, period of progress, the motto was "Vita sine literis mors est"—(Life without letters is death). In 1875 a motto was selected which has continued in use until the present day "Disce quasi semper victurus; vive quasi cras moriturus"—(Learn as if always to live; live as if to die tomorrow).

Thus the SCHOLASTIC, besides being a student medium of news and literary effort for

longer than half-a-century, has also acted as historian. Persons wishing to learn more thoroughly the history of Notre Dame will find it fully tabulated on the pages of past SCHOLASTICS. Here is a panorama of Notre Dame life for the greater part of the existence of the University, as portrayed by those who lived it. There is no better source of true impressions of Notre Dame than in the bound volumes of the SCHOLASTIC preserved on the shelves of the Library.

—F. J. P.

K. OF C. STARTS NEW YEAR

Notre Dame Council started the New Year with a bang at the meeting Tuesday night. The new members were present in goodly numbers and the session proved to be a live one. Father George McNamara, C.S.C., was to be the "prominent member of the faculty" and his little talk went over big. Father Mac's talks always do.

The chief subject of interest in the Council at present is the basketball team. At the first practice session last week some 20 candidates appeared and prospects for a winning combination are excellent. Several out of town trips are "on the fire." There will be practice Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday nights of each week in the gymnasium of the K. of C. Home in South Bend. "It won't be long now."

THOSE DANCES!

The yearly fortnight of frenzied activity is past, and the he-men have lapsed into the enjoyment of the second installment of the long vacation. The girls found the he-men perfectly stunning. So well-mannered, cultured, so perfectly attired—and such marvelous dancers!

The point has been reached. A comment upon the Notre Dame—What Have You? dances is in order. There were many of them—from the Metropolitan shindig in the Plaza Hotel to the Pumpkin Center very informal on the floor of the leading citizen's new barn. There were many of them—more than ever before—statisticians notice!—and they were of a grade to proclaim to

all the world that when Notre Dame does a thing, it is done well. It might be added that many assiduous sport-column readers found that Notre Dame men do shave, after all. Which is important.

The climax of the round of Irish affairs was reached at the New Jersey Club Dance, when numerous sharp-eyed representatives of the press of the country were unable to discover the genial countenance of Governor "Al" Smith of New York among the merry-makers. It was a faux pas of no mean proportions, but the Jerseyites (reporters are philosophical, if nothing else) received publicity of the highest grade. We suspect the unadvertised presence of a press-agent par excellence among the Jerseyites.

The affairs were too numerous to mention all, but anxious ones can be assured that newspaper makeup men the country over spent large portions of the Christmas season searching for capital N's and D's.

REGISTRATION TO BEGIN EARLY

There will be a complete re-registration and enrollment in classes for the second semester, similar to the registration in September, according to an announcement made this week by the Director of Studies. Two days will be set aside for the process, —Saturday, January 30, and Monday, February 1. Saturday will be reserved for the registration of all upperclassmen; Monday for Freshmen, new students, and graduate students. An extra fee of five dollars will be charged for registration on any day other than the one appointed; this will apply to upperclassmen who delay registering until Monday.

Students who wish to change from one college of the university to another must signify their intention to the dean or assistant dean in charge of their program and to the dean of the college to which they wish to transfer. This must be done before January 20, as all transfers require a considerable amount of checking up and this cannot be left to the day of registration itself. Freshmen are required to submit a letter from their parents or guardian giving their approval to the transfer proposed.

LINDY LOU ON SALE

"Lindy Lou, I love you." And the campus fairly sways to the rhythmic motion of this latest song hit, the product of Victor Labedz and Norbert Engels, Notre Dame students. The musical creation has caused a stir on the campus in the first week of its sale and from present indications is destined for nation-wide popularity.

Norbert Engels and Vic Labedz, members of Harry Denny's Collegians, have composed several tuneful numbers but by popular acclamation, "Lindy Lou" takes precedence over any former compositions. The song is on sale at the various music stores in South Bend. Miles Ryan, Sorin Hall, and John Gallagher, Corby Hall, are acting as campus representatives for the firm of Labedz and Engels.

Station WSBT, the South Bend *Tribune*, featured the hit on Friday and designated the evening as "Lindy Lou Night." The response which met the playing of the tune by Harry Denny's Collegians was phenomenal and close to one hundred requests reached the broadcasting station clamoring for more "Lindy Lou."

APPOINTS SENIOR COMMITTEES

One committee to handle the senior exercises in Washington Hall on February 22 and another to have charge of the caps and gowns, have been appointed by Francis J. Bon, President of the Senior Class. They include the following men:

Flag Day Committee: George P. O'Day, chairman; John C. Bulger, Edward A. Byrne, Thomas A. Farrell, Victor F. Lemmer, and Joseph F. Sexton.

Cap and Gown Committee: Herbert A. Eggert, chairman; James E. Bourne, Andrew F. Conlin, Gerald W. Hayes, Ralph H. Jordan, and James M. McQuain.

The January *Pan* will be on the campus next Tuesday or Wednesday. The editors promise some surprises. Several Notre Dame writers will appear, and one of the best known campus artists.

ALUMNI SECRETARY NAMED

James E. Armstrong, '25, Director of Publicity for the University, was named acting secretary of the Notre Dame Alumni Association last week. He succeeded "Al" Ryan whose resignation was effective January 1. For the present at least, Mr. Armstrong will continue in his duties as publicity chief.

The January number of the *Alumnus*, the first from the hands of the new secretary, will be out about January 20 according to present plans.

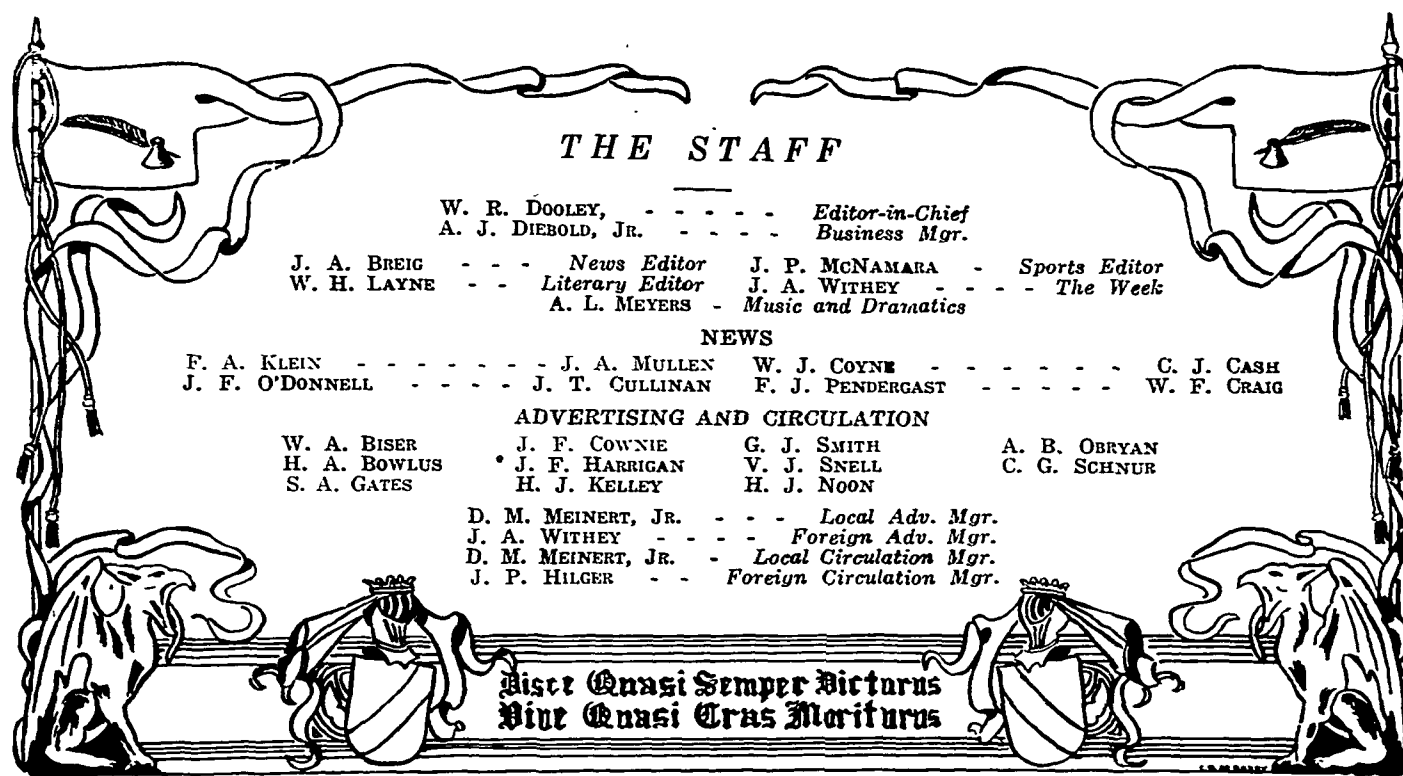
MILLER TALKS HERE

Mr. F. A. Miller, editor of the South Bend *Tribune* and a director of the Associated Press, spoke to the students of the Department of Journalism in the Library this morning. This was the first of six lectures which Mr. Miller is to give at Notre Dame during the current scholastic year.

DORMITORIES FIRST

The insistence of the authorities of Notre Dame university that a football stadium shall not be built until needed dormitories, class rooms and laboratories have been supplied is noteworthy in this day of "stadiumitis." The picture of the modern university which appears in Harold Lloyd's "The Freshman" with the stadium as the center of the university's activities is doubtless exaggerated, but it represents a trend which has been marked, particularly in the state universities of the middle west.

Notre Dame's determination to keep football in its proper place is particularly significant because her teams year after year have been among the strongest and most spectacular developed anywhere. It would be easier perhaps for Notre Dame to "go football crazy" than for any other university in the country. The ability of her faculty and officers to keep their heads in the face of agitation by students, alumni and townspeople for a great stadium reflects a point of view which has become all too rare in American university life.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.



BACK TO THE BATTLE

Yes, it was an enjoyable vacation, thank you! All our expectations were more than fulfilled. We had a wonderful time. We speak of it only because we believe our experience typical of that motley army promiscuously called "the undergraduates," and because it is one way of introducing what we have to say.

The vacation was enjoyable,—yes; but it is over. Work, serious work, looms ahead. We are in college to get an education,—the best that our individual abilities and those of our professors can give us. Such an education cannot be obtained without work and plenty of it. This may be "so true a fact that it lacks interest" but it will at least bear consideration.

The best time to do that work is *now*. Forget the rosy vacation as speedily as possible, and dust off the ammunition for a renewal of the "battle of the books." And don't be sparing with the shell.

Most generals avoid battles in winter-time. Even in the late war, so ultra modern and so highly efficient in all respects, the action was slowed appreciably by cold weather. But in our battle, winter is the strategic time to strike. When snow is

heaped against the windows, when the rattling panes defy the shrieking blasts, when the radiator sings in the corner,—*that* is the best time for Mr. Undergraduate to elevate his slippered feet higher than his head and dig into the books. Study, never easy, becomes easiest when outdoor activity is curtailed. When the long, lazy April days and the longer, lazier days of early summer roll around, books become a bore and the cozy recesses of the Library deserted. Out-of-doors calls and most of us are human enough to yield. Prepare now, and then the yielding will cause no conscience-twinges.

It must not be forgotten, either, that the major engagement of this metaphorical battle will be fought in something less than two weeks. The semester exams this year are all-important. Previously the quarterlies had acted as shock-absorbers, but they have been discarded, much to the regret of the struggling, harassed student, and now the bumps must be taken "on high" (to mix our figures a trifle.) Therefore, if one "goes West" in the semesters, he stays dead for half a year. That's a thought which should pucker the serenest forehead. Let us hope the puckering will bring victory to "our side."

THE CHILD FAILED TO GROW

What a calamity! And the dear thing had such a bright future but it failed to grow. Notre Dame is harboring an anemic organization which is afflicted with a severe attack of megacephalis. This is a woeful situation. It is a true situation. The Players Club is an anemic organization. From its birth, environment has affected the child until now it has become a pitiful sight, pointing an accusing finger at the student body crying out, "Help me! Help me! I need assistance." And in reply the student body calls, "Less talk and more action."

It was with deep satisfaction that we attended the organization meeting of the Players Club and heard outlined the very acceptable plans for the present scholastic year. Accordingly a most capable set of officers were chosen with care. To date the activities of the organization have been confined within this narrow scope. Pardon. There has been the usual pseudo activity which, seemingly, is a component part of the Players Club, and at frequent intervals the press agent of the organization sends out glowing accounts of intended productions. But the productions cease where they found inspiration—in the fertile brain of the press agent.

There is latent dramatic talent at Notre Dame. It should be unearthed and given impetus. The Players Club has failed to accomplish its mission in life. What then? Men who fail to accomplish their various missions in life are compensated with everlasting banishment. Is the Players Club to meet the same fate?

Is it no wonder that a disgruntled student body, with fiendish glee, scoffs at the dramatic organization? There are many on the campus who crave action and desire an outlet for their talent. They are following an elusive phantom. The Players Club offers nothing in the way of satiating a dramatic hunger. With 1926 should come a revival of Notre Dame dramatics. The students are willing to lend assistance time, encouragement, and talent. What of the organization? Should not a fifty-fifty

basis be established? Give and ye shall receive." A verdant oasis on the Notre Dame desert of dramatics would be a wise move for 1926. Let the officers and students join talent and capabilities, furnish nutrition, and the anemic organization will grow.

STREET CAR SMOKERS

Sometime within the last two years a hitherto unknown specimen of student has invaded the campus. He is the street car smoker who disregards all orders in his passion for nicotine during the ten or fifteen minutes he is riding to or from South Bend. To him the presence of ladies aboard is only additional passengers for whose comfort and ease he has no respect.

The car company is extending a rare privilege to the students when it allows them to smoke on the car when ladies are not present. In most cities no one at any time is afforded this same freedom. Most of the student body is aware of this courtesy and show their appreciation by refraining from smoking at times when fellow passengers will be inconvenienced. Others, of less intelligence, take the proverbial mile when given an inch.

We have already spoken of the invasion as having taken place during the last two years. Up until that time there was no noticeable deficiency in this field of student conduct. The brunt of the attack is therefore placed on the two lower classes, who have, no doubt, not been properly instructed as to the conduct of gentlemen while riding street cars. The company has not issued a book on the subject yet, nor does it intend to; for college men should be considerate enough, as well as gentlemanly enough, to refrain from smoking when ladies are aboard.

The time for New Year's resolutions has passed and with it most of the resolutions themselves; but it is never too late to resolve to refrain from smoking until you get off the car and on to the street where the air will blend with the fumes from the artificial stimulant which man has addicted himself to.

Dream Forest

WILLIAM J. HOLDEN, '28

JOHN MORTENSON returned the hypodermic to the drawer and set the bottle of morphine beside it. He had felt himself weakening both in body and in determination. But now he was prepared to carry out his plan. Everything was ready.

Mortenson lived in a small shack on the edge of town with his only friend, Thomas Gaile. Until a month ago they had both worked in the same factory, but Mortenson had been dropped from the payroll because of his addiction to dope. Since then he had taken to it more strongly than ever, in spite of Gaile's pleadings. Then, three weeks ago, a lawyer had come to Gaile and presented him with seven thousand and fifty-three dollars which an uncle, his last relative in the world, had willed to him. Gaile was still undecided as to what he should do with all that money. But Mortenson had gloated over the crisp, new bills while Gaile was at work during the day, and a devilish scheme had begun to germinate in his mind. He would get rid of his companion in some way, and the money would be his. But he could not find a way to accomplish this—that is, a safe way.

The newspapers were filled with accounts of murders badly worked out and still more badly executed. He searched the newspapers for days for some sort of suggestion which might lead to a successful murder. He had almost lost hope when one day he came across an account of the accidental death of three people from eating what they took to be mushrooms but were in reality poisonous toadstools. These people had picked the supposed delicacies themselves and had been unfortunate in their choice. The article even mentioned a damp, shady forest as the place where the fungi usually grew.

There was his plan all made for him. He had found the toadstools in a swampy strip of woods a short walk from the shack. He had cooked them and set them on the table, and now everything was ready.

II.

Thomas Gaile, just returned from the factory, was seated at the table opposite Mortenson. They were both the same age, thirty-four, though even the most conservative observer would have said there was ten years difference between them. Gaile's was a trusting countenance with wide blue eyes and comparatively regular features. He appeared to be in his middle twenties. Mortenson's features were lined and hard. A weak mouth—a mere slit which drooped at the corners, long aquiline nose, glistening, dark eyes and jet black hair gave him a sombre and morose appearance.

"What have you got there?" asked Gaile, pointing with his fork at the dish containing the toadstools.

"They're just some mushrooms I got today. I hadn't had any for a long time, and I thought I'd like some. But I've lost my appetite again. I don't believe I could eat a thing."

"You're not sick are you, Mort?"

"Well, I don't feel so good. Think I'll try going to bed if you don't care, Tom."

"No, of course not; go right ahead."

Mortenson got up and walked unsteadily across to the open door of the bedroom. He half closed the door behind him and felt suddenly limp and faint. He reached for the needle and shot the morphine into his arm. Through the crack left by the door, where it was hinged to the wall, he watched Gaile. He saw Gaile smell the poisonous mushrooms curiously, saw him taste them with evident relish and eat them all. Mortenson was satisfied but a bit unnerved. He filled the needle and again emptied its contents into his arm. He threw himself on the bed and fell into a dreamless sleep.

III.

Three hours later he awoke with a start. It was now very dark outside, and the lamp from the other room threw but a dim ray of light through the half open doorway.

Mortenson got up and glanced stealthily into the other room. There on the floor in the far corner of the room was Gaile. His body was horribly contorted and bent upon itself, but all that Mortenson could see were the eyes which reflected the lamplight in a ghastly manner from their glassy surfaces. He turned away hastily. He couldn't go in there tonight, he told himself. He would have to wait until morning. He found the needle and again jabbed it into his arm. Stumbling to the bed, he lay on it, awake, for nearly half an hour thinking of that dead man in the next room. But at last the morphine did its work and he went to sleep. But his sleep was no longer dreamless.

He thought that he was walking along a dusty road that showed white in the gathering darkness of a summer night. Whence and whither it led, he did not know, nor why he traveled it, though all seemed simple and natural as is the way in dreams; for in the Land Beyond the Bed surprises cease from troubling and the judgment is at rest. Soon he came to a parting of the ways; leading from the highway was a road less traveled, having the appearance, indeed, of having been long abandoned, because, he thought, it led to something evil; yet he turned into it without hesitation, impelled by some imperious necessity.

As he pressed forward he became conscious that his way was haunted by invisible existences whom he could not definitely bring his mind upon. From among the trees on either side he caught broken and incoherent whispers in a strange tongue, which he but partly understood. They seemed to him fragmentary utterances of a monstrous conspiracy against his body and soul.

It was now long after nightfall, yet the intermediate forest through which he journeyed was lit by a wan glimmer having no point of diffusion, for in its mysterious lumination nothing cast a shadow. Something whitish growing by the roadway caught his eye. He stooped and saw it was a toadstool. Shuddering, he crushed it with his foot and scattered the pieces about. To

his horror and astonishment the small bits of fungus expanded and grew, as he watched them, into new toadstools. Some topped his shoulder, and others grew up, never seeming to stop. Sleek, abominable things they were, and he kicked at them viciously. Their parts in turn flew about him and sprang up larger and more hideous in an instant. He turned away to flee the way he had come.

The road was obliterated by fungus growths which towered high above his head. They frowned down at him from the under sides of their incongruous umbrella-like tops. In sudden frenzy he beat his hands against their gangrenous trunks. His arms sank into the soft fungus up to the elbows. He drew them out hurriedly and, by shaking the trunk, caused a soft, choking powder to drift down on him from above. Frantically, he made his way around the small circle of open ground beating and kicking the living wall which held him. And everywhere as he broke off pieces and made wounds in the fungi, a new and more hideous shape grew up to mock him.

Finally, blinded and stifled by the thick, penetrating dust which filled the air, he stood gasping in the middle of the circle. His futility increased his terror. So frightful was the situation—the mysterious light burned with so silent and awful a menace; the noxious plants, that seemed by common consent invested with a melancholy or baleful character, so openly conspired against his peace; from overhead and all about came so audible and startling whispers and sighs of creatures so obviously not of earth—that he could not endure it longer, and with a great effort to break some malign spell that bound him, he shouted with the full strength of his lungs. His voice broken, it seemed, into an infinite multitude of unfamiliar sounds, went babbling and stammering away into the distant reaches of the forest, died into silence, and all was as before. But not for long. Suddenly a low, wild peal of laughter broke out at a measureless distance away, and growing ever louder, seemed approaching ever nearer; a soulless, heartless, and unjoyous laugh, like that of the loon, solitary by the lakeside at

midnight; a laugh which culminated in an unearthly shout close at hand, then died away by slow gradations, as if the accursed being that uttered it had withdrawn over the verge of the world whence it had come. But the man felt that this was not so—that it was near by and had not moved.

He felt it was near him—some supernatural presence of malevolence. He knew that it had uttered that hideous laugh. And now it seemed to be approaching him; from what direction he did not know—dared not conjecture. Suddenly he found himself staring into the sharply drawn face and blank, dead eyes of Thomas Gaile, standing white and silent in the garments of the grave.

The apparition confronting the dreamer in the haunted wood—the thing so like, yet so unlike his companion—was horrible! He tried to turn and run from it, but his legs were as lead; he was unable to lift his feet from the ground. His arms hung helpless at his sides; of his eyes only he retained control, and these he dared not remove from the lusterless orbs of the apparition, which he knew was not a soul without a body, but that most dreadful of all existences infesting that haunted wood—a body without a soul! In its blank stare was neither pity nor intelligence—nothing to which to address an appeal for mercy.

For a time, which seemed so long that the world grew gray with age and sin, and the haunted forest, having fulfilled its purpose in this monstrous culmination of its terror, vanished from his consciousness

with all its sights and sounds, the apparition stood within a pace, regarding him with the mindless malevolence of a brute; then thrust its hands forward and sprang upon him with appalling ferocity. The act released his physical energies without unfettering his will; his mind was still spellbound, but his body, endowed with a blind, insensate life of its own fought like mad.

But what mortal can cope with a creature of his dream? The imagination creating the enemy is already vanquished; the combat's result is in the combat's cause. Despite his struggle—despite his strength and activity, which seemed wasted in a void, he felt the cold fingers close upon his throat. Borne backward to the earth, he saw above him the dead and drawn face within a hands' breadth of his own, and then all was black. A sound as of the beating of distant drums—a murmur of swarming voices, a sharp, far cry signing all to silence, and John Mortenson dreamed that he was dead.

IV.

Two days later some men found the two corpses in the shack. An autopsy revealed poison as the cause of Gaile's death. But no autopsy was thought necessary for John Mortenson. His throat showed horrible contusions; not mere fingermarks, but bruises and lacerations wrought by two strong hands that must have buried themselves in the yielding flesh, maintaining their grasp until long after death.

FLOWERS

Flowers are fragrant, tinted tears,
At times when friends have passed away,
Flowers are joyous, love-filled smiles,
Upon a wedding day.
Flowers are God's own perfect thoughts,
As in a silken breeze they sway,
On altars, flowers are gifts of thanks,
Like prayers from one who kneels to pray.

—ARTHUR STENIUS, '28

Nerves

W. J. TROCHANOWSKI, '26

Characters:

MICHAEL O'BRIEN (Spike)
JOHN MULCAHY (Biff)
CHARLES O'TOOLE (Chick)
JACOB KARAPOULOS (Jake)

The scene is a room in a tenement. There is a battered iron bed in one corner of the room. At the head is a scarred dresser with a cracked mirror. A table and two chairs stand near the center of the room. A window in the rear wall is covered with a tattered blind. A door at left leads to a back room. A door at the right opens on the hallway.

As the curtain ascends Spike is discovered lying on the bed. Biff is seated at the table playing solitaire under a dimmed gaslight.

(There are a few moments of silence.)

(The sound of a distant door slammed into its frame comes from off-stage. Spike starts.)

SPIKE: What was that?

BIFF *(who has not heard the noise)*: What was what?

(Sounds made by some one climbing the stairs reach the room.)

SPIKE: *(terror stricken)* They're coming! *(He sits on the edge of the bed)* Outen the light! *(He rises.)*

BIFF *(assuringly)*: Take it easy. Sit down.

SPIKE *(frantically)*: Outen the light!

(The sounds become more distinct. They seem now to be in the hallway.)

BIFF *(angrily)* Brace up. How do they know you did it? You make me sick. How do they know where you are? It's your nerves. *(He rises and starts for the door)* It's probably Chick. *(Knocks on door.)*

(Biff turns to Spike and whispers.) Get into the back room.

(Spike exits. Biff turns the key in the lock and opens the door. Chick enters.)

CHICK: Where is he?

BIFF: In the back room. Hey! Spike.

(Spike enters. Biff takes his seat at the table and resumes his game.)

CHICK *(to Spike)* Halloran was at your house today. *(He removes his overcoat and hangs it near the door.)*

SPIKE *(sits on the bed)* Halloran?

CHICK *(walks over to the bed and sits beside Spike)*: Yeh. Wanted to know where you was. I told him you went to St. Louis Monday night.

SPIKE: What did he say?

CHICK: Nothin'.

SPIKE: Did he say anything about—*(hesitates.)*

CHICK: Muldoon? No. *(pauses)* He was buried to-day,—big funeral. Wait, I brought a paper. *(Chick goes to his overcoat and pulls a paper from one of the side pockets. He unfolds the paper, then looks at the light. He advances to the table and turns up the flame.)*

SPIKE *(excitedly)* Turn it down. Turn it down, I said.

(Chick turns the gas off. The light goes out.)

BIFF: What the—?

SPIKE: What's the idea? *(He fumbles for matches)* First you want it out and now you want it lit. *(He lights the gas.)*

BIFF: It's his nerves, Chick. When they get nerves they're through. He's been that way all day. Wouldn't let me turn it up. *(Chick lights the gas)* That's more like it. I couldn't see the spots.

SPIKE: Not so high.

BIFF: Aw shut up. *(to Chick)* Leave it alone.

CHICK: Don't let nothin' worry you, Spike. I wouldn't be worried.

SPIKE: You haven't killed a cop.

BIFF: Give him time; the kid's young.

CHICK: Well, I didn't get worried when Halloran trailed me.

SPIKE *(excitedly)* Halloran trailed you?

CHICK: Yeh. He followed me when I left the house. I gave him the slip though.

SPIKE: What did you want to come here for? Why didn't you go back when you saw him?

CHICK: Don't get excited. I gave him

the slip all right. I went to Helen's and beat it out the back door. I bet he's waitin' there yet.

SPIKE: You'll queer me. Halloran's no dumb bell. I bet he's outside now. You should've stayed away. Do you want me to swing?

CHICK (*rises and walks to the window. He lifts the blind.*) Well, look for yourself.

SPIKE: Hey are you crazy. Get away from that window. Pull down that shade—you stool-pigeon.

CHICK (*moves toward Spike*) Stool-pigeon. No man ever called me that an—

BIFF (*rushes between them*) Easy, easy. Sit down Spike. (*to Chick*). It's his nerves, it's his nerves. He's not right, Chick. You didn't mean it, did you Spike?

SPIKE: Well it looks to me like—

BIFF (*reprovingly*) Spike.

SPIKE: No, I didn't.

BIFF: Get out your paper and forget it, Chick. Let's hear about the funeral.

CHICK (*takes a chair at the table and reads*) Thousands throng funeral of slain policeman. Subscription for relief of widow and three children reaches four thousand nine hundred and six dollars.

SPIKE: Don't read it. I don't want to know about it.

(*Several moments of silence.*)

CHICK: Here's something good. Listen to this. (*reads*) Police find a clue. The police have found a clue at the scene of the bandit duel, which may lead to the arrest of the slayer.

BIFF: That's the old stuff. It's always good. I wonder what the cops do with their old clues.

CHICK: Use 'em in new cases. (*Biff and Chick laugh.*)

SPIKE: Quit your laffin'. It's no joke. They got me now.

CHICK: Got you?

SPIKE: It's my chaffeur's license they found.

BIFF: Are you sure?

SPIKE: I had it at Jake's. I saw him after that. When I come here it was gone.

BIFF: Well, anyhow they won't know where you're at.

SPIKE: Halloran followed him here.

CHICK: I tell you I gave him the slip.

BIFF (*to Spike*) Forget it. (*to Chick*) We'll have to work fast. We'll get Spike out of here tonight. Go to Cunea and have him fix things up. (*Chick puts on his coat. Biff follows him to the door*) Cunea knows what to do.

CHICK: I'll be back in two hours. It's eight now. (*He leaves.*)

(*Biff takes his seat at the table.*)

BIFF: Spike. (*Spike sits with his face buried in his hands.*) Spike!

SPIKE: What?

BIFF: Everything will be allright now, Spike. You better get a little sleep. You'll have to take the eleven-twenty for New York. (*Biff reads the paper left by Chick.*) Say, they hung Rags today. He died like a man—cracked a few jokes before they sprung him. I always knew Rags was a game one. Ate a hearty breakfast—always did like his meals, Rags did.

SPIKE: They'll never swing me, I'll—

BIFF: Die fightin'. That's the spirit, Spike. I was afraid for a while that your nerves had got the best of you. I'm glad to see you're O. K. now. You know the way you've been actin' today made me think you was yellow. Thought that maybe if they did get you you'd go back on the gang by wiltin'.

SPIKE: Don't talk of swingin'.

BIFF: I'm tellin' you I was wrong. I just told you what I thought because I was wrong. I'm glad I was wrong. You know the gang's rep., Spike. I don't have to tell you that. Jerry, Dinny, Squirt and Rags swung like men: and then, there was Jim, Tom, and Mike that died fightin'. They was all game.

SPIKE: I tell you they won't get me I'll—(*Door slams off-stage.*) Who's that? (*Sound of footsteps.*) It's Halloran.

BIFF: It's Chick. (*Listens*) No, there's two of them. They're runnin'. (*He rises and turns the gas off.*)

SPIKE: They won't get me. They'll never swing me. I'll—

BIFF: I forgot to lock the door. I'll let 'em in. Maybe you can get the two of them.

SPIKE: I won't fi—

(*Knocking at door.*)

BIFF (*whispers*): Sit tight, maybe they'll go away.

(*Knocking grows louder.*)

SPIKES You won't swing me. (*There is a report and a flash of a revolver. The door opens and the light from the hallway*

reveals the fallen body of Spike. Chick and Jake stand in the doorway.)

CHICK (*after a moment*): Jake found his license in his poolroom.

(*Curtain.*)

Hints On Conducting A Wake

ARNOLD WILLIAMS, '29

THE careful hostess never knows when she will be called upon to conduct an affair of this kind. The many technical details which must be observed serve to increase its difficulty and render it the supreme test of the aspirant for social honors. It is here that the thoroughbred can be distinguished from the *parvenu*.

It is desirable that a corpse be procured before the celebration. If the hostess does not possess one herself she may borrow one from a neighbor; or they can be purchased at a small cost at any morgue. The next step may take either of two forms. The older is to insert a notice in the newspapers, but of late it has become the custom to issue invitations. These usually follow the form here given.

*Mr. and Mrs. Mory Bunde
invite you to a wake and funeral
to be given in honor of the late
Mr. Suripides I. Hemlock
at their home, two fifty-nine and one-half
Pearl Street,
Monday Evening, at seven thirty o'clock,
March the thirty second,
nineteen hundred and twenty six.*

If the affair is to be a simple one this is sufficient. However, if a more elaborate function is planned the letters E. G. B., meaning Erin Go Braugh, indicating the

wake is to be held in Irish style, must be placed in the lower left hand corner, latitude 96° 5'3", longitude 15° 39'7".

Long before the date on which the party is to be given, the hostess should prepare a list of the guests she wishes to invite. It is well, however, not to issue the invitations until the person in whose honor the wake is to be given has actually died, as he may recover and cause the hostess no end of embarrassment.

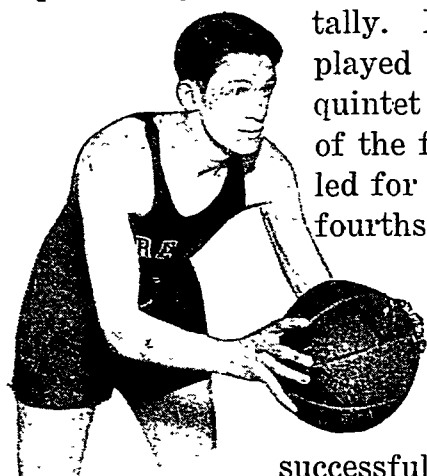
A large room should be selected in which to receive and entertain the guests. Barking dogs and crying children should be kept out of this room. They interfere with conversation. Decorations must not be too ostentatious. Thus, carmine red and emerald green would be out of taste. Refreshments may or may not be served depending on the service which one is able to receive from one's bootlegger. Such tradespeople are often hard to deal with.

But to return to the subject, the guest upon his or her arrival should be immediately presented to the corpse. It is a violation of good breeding to say, "Pleased to meet cha," the correct acknowledgment being, "How do you do." At this juncture some such remark as, "Don't she look natural," or, "To look at him you'd never think he drank, would you," should be made by the hostess. The conversation should then be changed to the latest styles or the proposed cut in taxation.

SPORT NEWS

Blue and Gold Bows: 33-22

With the great Vandiver back in the game Franklin lived up to its name of the "Wonder Five" in handing the Fighting Irish their first defeat of the season in a rip-snorting fray that ended in a 33 to 22 tally.



CAPTAIN M'NALLY

Notre Dame outplayed the downstate quintet throughout most of the forty minutes and led for more than three-fourths of the playing time. It was only a wonderful spurt in the way of five long shots that successfully navigated the net that put the game out of the reach of Captain McNally's aggregation. The Hibernian offense functioned well and at the end of the half had piled up a 17 to 11 lead. They maintained this advantage until the closing minutes when the Franklin five pushed ahead.

The greatest blow to the Irish victory chances came when Johnnie Nyikos was taken out in the first half. This broke up the perfect co-ordination that has bested every team met this season, but with Victorn working at forward and McNally at the pivot post the Blue and Gold continued to hold the lead. Franklin was functioning in its top-form from the start with Vandiver, Friddle and Gant starring. For Notre Dame, Dahman was the high point man with Crowe and Nyikos close behind. Louie Conroy took care of the guard position in big league manner. Captain McNally played a whale of a floor game, and led his men in great style.

SUMMARY

Notre Dame (22)—	G.	FT.	FTM.	PF.	TP.
Crowe, f.	2	1	2	2	5
McNally, f.	1	2	1	1	4
Nyikos, c.	2	0	2	4	4
Dahman, g.	3	0	0	1	6
Conroy, g.	1	1	1	2	3
Totals	9	4	6	10	22
Franklin (33)—	G.	FT.	FTM.	PF.	TP.
Vandiver, f.	5	1	1	1	11
Friddle, f.	2	1	2	1	5
Gant, c.	4	2	1	2	10
Underwood, g.	1	1	2	2	3
King, g.	1	2	1	3	4
Totals	13	7	7	9	33

VARSITY TRACKMEN WIN

The annual freshman-varsity handicap track meet was held in the new Notre Dame Gym, last Saturday, the Varsity winning 72 to 27. Some excellent material that will be available for next year's squad was unearthed in freshman ranks. The varsity runners and field men showed excellent form despite the fact that they had but a few days to get in condition following a two week's vacation.

The annual Blue and Gold meet between two squads composed of mixed varsity and freshman material will be held to-morrow. Northwestern comes here January 23. A relay team will represent Notre Dame at the I. A. C. meet at Chicago, January 29. On February 13 the team goes to Illinois, and the following week Marquette comes to Notre Dame.

Summary of the freshman-varsity meet:

440-yard dash—Stack, varsity, first; Prelli, varsity, second. Time, :52.4.

440-yard dash—Connolly, freshman, first; Coughlin, varsity, second. Time, :54.3.

Pole vault—Harrington, varsity, 12 feet, three inches; Carey and Hammill, varsity, tie at 11 feet.

Two mile—Dolmage, varsity, first; Vaickulis, freshman, second; Ryan, varsity, third. Time, 10:55.2.

Half-mile—Masterson, varsity, first; Nulty, varsity, second; Fischer, varsity, third. Time, 2:11.

Half-mile—Ryan, varsity, first; Stack, varsity, second; R. Collins, varsity, third. Time, 2:07.

60-yard high hurdles—Barron, varsity, first; Stack, varsity, second; Griffin, varsity, third. Time, :8.2.

220-yard dash—Dolan, varsity, first; Pluchel, varsity, second; Gurnett, varsity, third. Time, :25.

60-yard dash—Elder, freshman, first; Della Maria, varsity, second; Gurnett, varsity, third. Time, :6.5.

Mile—Phalin, varsity, first; Griffin, varsity, second; Young, varsity, third. Time, 4:39.

Shot put—Smith, freshman, first, 42 feet, two inches; Boland, varsity, second; Backman, varsity, third.

Broad jump—Elder, freshman, first; 19 feet, seven and one-half inches; McDonald, freshman, second; Bannon, varsity, third.

High jump—Carey, varsity, tie with Doan, freshman, at six feet; Van Mowrick, freshman, second, five feet, eight inches.

Varsity, 72; Frosh, 27.

TRIM HAWKS' WINGS 17-16

Those who missed their trains on the evening of Friday the eighteenth decided that they surely would have missed it had they caught a home-bound loco without getting to see the evening's attraction at the Gym. For boy, it surely was some game and what is more, it was a neat victory for the home talent. McNally's crew effected their corner on corn only after forty minutes of snappy basket repartee with the tassel-top tossers. It has the third Big Ten team to be met by the Irish and the third to emerge on the short end of the counting. The contest was one of these affairs not conducive to deep breathing. It started with a bang and ended with another besides the bark of the timer's shooting iron. Notre Dame outplayed the Hawks in the first half and when intermission was called the score stood: Notre Dame 11, Iowa 8.

The second frame was an intensification of the first and started out well when Notre Dame forged into the lead from the

start, taking the score to 15 to 8 before the Hawkeyes realized what was happening. Then the scoring lagged for the rest of the evening with the exception of non-interference tosses ruled from time to time by the officials. Van Deusen and Harrison made things interesting for the Blue and Gold spectators during this time and made the final outcome look mighty uncertain. For the Fighting Irish, Conroy was undoubtedly the star. Louis was the best man on the floor. Dahman "ate 'em up" and between these two guards the visitors were held to three under-the-basket attempts, none of which registered. The whole team played a great game and sent the students home rejoicing, although Nyikos and Crowe seemed to be having an off night in navigating the iron hoops. Notwithstanding this, it will be agreed by all that they played a whale of a game. For Iowa, McConnell and Van Deusen were the top-notchers.

SUMMARY

Notre Dame (17)—	G.	FT.	FTM.	PF.	TP.
McNally, f. (C) -----	0	3	2	2	2
Crowe, f. -----	1	3	2	3	4
Nyikos, c. -----	0	5	5	2	5
Dahman, g. -----	2	0	0	3	4
Conroy, g. -----	1	2	0	2	2
Totals -----	8	13	9	12	17

Iowa (16)—	G.	FT.	FTM.	PF.	TP.
Van Deusen, f. -----	1	4	3	1	5
Harrison, f. -----	1	3	2	3	4
Miller, c. -----	0	2	0	3	0
McConnell, g. (C) -----	1	1	1	3	3
Hogan, g. -----	1	2	2	2	4
Totals -----	8	12	8	12	16

Officials: Kearns, De Paul, referee; Maloney, Notre Dame, umpire.

NORTHWESTERN NICKED: 38:21

Plum puddings, fruit cake and all that sort of thing were hinted at by the performance of both teams in the second meeting of Notre Dame and Northwestern in the Gym on the second last night of the old year. But the Keoganites still had enough of the old supremacy to lace the Purple quintet by a 38 to 21 score. While the initial period was a bit ragged both teams seemed to be recovered sufficiently at the

end of the lecture period to put up a snappy last half. It took seven minutes for the Blue and Gold offense to get under way but when it did the Celts were never headed. At every stage of the fray Coach Keogan's men showed that they had the "edge" over their Big Ten opponents.

The half saw them leading by a 10 to 9 count and at the start of the second half they counted with machine-like regularity. Johnny Nyikos was the real star of the game. His record shows that the "scoring ace" chalked up some eight field goals and a brace of foul tosses. Clem Crowe was next with eight points scored. McNally, Dahman and Conroy played a nice game as did Johnny Victoryn, a comer in the forward ranks. "Moon" Baker was the high point man for the Purple and Matthews, although not scoring, was a co-star.

SUMMARY					
Notre Dame (38)—	G.	FT.	FTM.	PF.	TP.
McNally, (C) f.	1	0	1	2	2
Crowe, f.	4	0	0	1	8
Nyikos, c.	8	2	4	3	18
Dahman, g.	1	0	1	4	2
Conroy, g.	1	1	0	1	3
Ley, f.	1	0	0	0	2
Victoryn f.	1	0	0	0	2
Moore, c.	0	0	0	0	0
Besten, g.	0	1	1	0	1
Purcell, g.	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	17	4	7	11	38
Northwestern (21)—	G.	FT.	FTM.	PF.	TP.
Baker, f.	4	1	1	3	9
White, f.	1	3	2	2	5
Fisher, c.	0	3	2	1	3
Christmas	0	0	2	2	0
Matthews, (C) g.	0	0	1	3	0
Rusch, c.	2	0	0	0	4
Quinter, g.	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	7	7	8	11	21
Officials—Kearns, referee; Schommer, umpire.					

MERCER MAULED: 48-29

The popular song writers are reported to be in despair due to the fact that Notre Dame romped off with the proverbial bacon from our friends from far-famed Macon by a 48 to 29 pointage. The victory was clean cut and the Mercer team fought all the way before giving in to the Fighting

Irish, as the curfew note sounded. The Irish scorers fought on nearly even terms with the southern gentlemen in the first frame and the score at the inter-act stood: Notre Dame 25, Mercer 23. In the second half Dahman and Conroy allowed the visitors but three baskets, while the regulars and later the substitutes piled up the majority. Mr. Ray Dahman was the individual luminary of the fray and time after time broke up the visitors' attack. Captain McNally and Johnny Nyikos led the offense, the former accounting for thirteen and the latter for twelve of the grand total. Clem Crowe also turned in a great game. Conroy, at backguard, turned in his usual steady, heady performance. Dunn looked best for the Southerners.

SUMMARY					
Notre Dame (48)—	G.	FT.	FTM.	PF.	TP.
Crowe, rf.	3	0	0	0	6
Victoryn, rf.	3	0	1	0	6
McNally (C) lf.	4	5	1	0	13
Ley, lf.	0	0	0	1	0
Nyikos, c.	6	0	0	1	12
Moore, c.	2	0	0	1	4
Dahman, rg.	2	0	0	0	4
Purcell, rg.	0	0	0	0	0
Conroy, lg.	1	1	0	3	3
Besten, lg.	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	21	6	2	6	48
Mercer (29)—	G.	FT.	FTM.	PF.	TP.
A. Hewyard, rf.	1	0	1	1	2
Long, rf.	1	1	0	0	3
Smith, lf.	3	0	0	0	6
Alfriend, lf.	0	0	0	0	0
Green, c.	4	0	2	0	8
D. Heywood, c.	0	0	0	0	0
Dunn (C) rg.	3	4	0	3	10
Butts, rg.	0	0	0	0	0
Parks, lg.	0	0	0	3	0
Tipton, lg.	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	12	5	3	7	29
Referee—Kearns, DePaul. Umpire—Warren, South Bend.					

KANSAS CYCLONE STOPPED: 38-23

It was plenty slippery outside but that didn't hold a candle to the brand of attack that Coach George Keogan's Ramblers unleashed in the new Gym to welcome the gang back after the vacation. There was

a big crowd on hand to see the Kansas State aggregation take the short end of a 38 to 23 count. McNally and Company displayed a fine brand of ball, and time after time took the ball down the hardwood court with all the speed and ease of a portly old gentleman who has trodden unexpectedly upon a lowly banana peel.

The Fighting Irish took the lead from the first and were never headed. Conroy's brilliant defensive work and that of Mertel of Kansas featured the game. The Mule State lads fought till the final gun and fought mighty well. It was a nip-and-tuck go although the outcome was never in serious doubt. The Aggies displayed a great offensive game and Notre Dame had every reason to be proud of the victory which was theirs. At the half the tally stood 16 to 10 in favor of the home five. In the second half the Fighting Irish ran the pointage up to 38. McNally led in pointage.

SUMMARY

Notre Dame (38)	FG.	P.	GG.	TP.
McNally (c)	5	2	4	14
Victoryn	0	2	0	0
Crowe	1	0	1	3
Nyikos	5	1	1	11
Dahman	2	0	0	4
Conroy	2	3	0	4
Lay	0	0	1	1
Mock	0	0	0	0
Moore	0	0	0	0
Purcell	0	0	0	0
Beston	0	0	0	0
Kansas State (23)—				
Beyers	3	1	0	6
Osborne	0	2	0	0
Tokow	2	1	1	5
Mertel	4	2	0	8
Koch	1	1	1	3
Edwards	0	1	2	2

COE PLAYS HERE

It has been announced that Coe College of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, will meet Rockne's Fighting Irish on Cartier Field October 1, 1927. Coe has turned out great teams in past years and has Drake prominent upon its list of victims. Coach Morry Eby is a good mentor and a personal friend of "Rock," who uses some Coe plays in his book of "Coaching."

PUCKMEN AT WORK

The sudden cold snap at Christmas time rendered the ice on the lakes safe for skating and since the re-opening of school the Notre Dame hockey squad has been working out. The team will be coached by Tom Lieb and Hector McNeil. A rink has been constructed between Badin and Walsh halls, but at present practice is being held on St. Joseph's lake.

Meets, dependent upon the weather, have been scheduled with Minnesota, Wisconsin, Marquette and Boston College. A trip to Toronto, Canada, is being considered. Likely candidates for the team are: Captain Timmins, Stidell, Hicok, Boeringer, McSorley, Holland, Murphy and Martin.

BOXERS MEET KANSAS STATE

If, some fair winter afternoon, your slumbers are disturbed by something that sounds like field artillery in operation, don't think that the Kluxers have begun bombarding the Main Building; most probably it is only the boxers tuning up on the punching bags. Coach Springer, arriving from Miami, where he spent an enjoyable vacation helping the Notre Dame All-Stars get in condition for their game with the Princeton aggregation, was faced with the problem of getting his men in condition for a dual meet with the Kansas Aggies tonight. At eight o'clock in the gymnasium the Fightin' Irish will clash with one of the toughest teams the Middle West has to offer.

Since returning from the Christmas vacation, the boxers have spared no effort to get the effects of the annual let-up out of their systems, and will be in fine shape to participate actively when the gong sends forth its clarion summons this evening. It will be the first time a boxing team from the Kansas institution has visited Notre Dame, and the Farmers can be expected to attempt to make the invasion successful.

If Jesse James had had the advantages of a movie education, what a bandit he would have been!—*The Outlook.*

Interhall Basketball Schedule

JANUARY 10

Corbyvs..... Brownson
Walshvs..... Off-Campus
Badinvs..... Sorin

JANUARY 11

Carrollvs..... Freshman
Sophomorevs..... Howard

JANUARY 17

Sophomorevs..... Brownson
Off-Campusvs..... Sorin
Badinvs..... Freshman

JANUARY 18

Carrollvs..... Howard
Walshvs..... Corby

JANUARY 24

Off-Campusvs..... Freshman
Badinvs..... Howard
Sophomorevs..... Carroll

JANUARY 25

Walshvs..... Brownson
Sorinvs..... Corby

JANUARY 31

Badinvs..... Carroll
Off-Campusvs..... Howard
Sophomorevs..... Walsh

FEBRUARY 1

Freshmanvs..... Corby
Sorinvs..... Brownson

FEBRUARY 7

Sorinvs..... Walsh
Howardvs..... Corby
Freshmanvs..... Brownson

FEBRUARY 8

Off-Campusvs..... Carroll
Badinvs..... Sophomore

FEBRUARY 14

Howardvs..... Brownson
Carrollvs..... Corby
Off-Campusvs..... Badin

FEBRUARY 15

Sophomorevs..... Sorin
Freshmanvs..... Walsh

FEBRUARY 21

Badinvs..... Corby
Carrollvs..... Brownson
Howardvs..... Walsh

FEBRUARY 23

Freshmanvs..... Sorin
Sophomorevs..... Off-Campus

FEBRUARY 28

Off-Campusvs..... Corby
Carrollvs..... Walsh
Badinvs..... Brownson

MARCH 1

Howardvs..... Sorin
Sophomorevs..... Freshman

MARCH 7

Howardvs..... Freshman
Badinvs..... Walsh
Carrollvs..... Sorin

MARCH 8

Sophomorevs..... Corby
Off-Campusvs..... Brownson

INTERHALL BASKETBALL IS BEGUN

Just where to store all the baskets that the interhall basket ball quintets are going to make during 1926 is the problem that confronts the campus. The hardwood aggregations went into action last Sunday, Walsh, Corby Badin, and Freshman being forced to bow in defeat to the Day Dogs, Sorin, Brownson and Carroll. Interest in the game of the drapery artists is running high and the 1926 season promise to be one of the best that interhall has enjoyed for some time.

BROWNSON 27—CORBY 16

The Brownsonites introduced the interhall leather pushing ability to the new gym basketball floor last Sunday by scoring a 26 point tally to their opponents 16. The boys from the white tent region demonstrated a keen knowledge of basketball and trained eyes for the drapery. McCaffery of Corby was the outstanding player of the fray and the biggest obstacle in the pointage path of Brownson.

DAY DODGERS 33—WALSH 17

Although a hardwood floor is used by

many to twist their feet into the many maneuvers of the Charleston, the Day Dogs made use of it to waltz around Walsh Hall and defeat them to the tune of 33 to 17 last Sunday afternoon. The Day Dodgers really dodged around the Walsh outfit, locating the loop from every angle. The passing of the Day Dogs was especially well handled. The Walsh quintet were poor masters at close range and seemingly couldn't locate the pointage hoop. Ripley, Herbert, and McGary were the stars of the winners.

SORIN 25—BADIN 19

You can defeat some of the teams, some of the time, but you can't defeat all of the teams all of the time. This was greatly in evidence last Sunday afternoon when the

winners of the inter-hall football honors were defeated by the Sorin leather pushers with "consummate" (to quote Mr. Dunne) ease. "Red" Edwards, aided by Nolan and Crowley proved to be the best of the hardwood artists.

CARROLL 27—FRESHMAN 19

The leatherteers of Carroll attested their hardwood superiority over the goal-gatherers of Freshman. The game was the season's opener for both aggregations, and was rather ragged throughout, neither team showing much co-operation. The speedy floor work and accurate aim of Corcoran enabled the Tentmen to forge ahead in the game. Their furious assault completely blanked all efforts of the Frosh, and the scorer wrote down 27-19 in his little book at the end of the fray. For the boys from the pasteboard palace, Smith did the best work. As it was the opening of the season, neither team had the benefit of much practice, but as the schedule progresses, both should show a great deal of improvement.

BOXING SCHEDULE

January 15	Kansas Aggies at Notre Dame.
January 25	Tournament for School Championship.
February 5	Iowa State at Ames.
February 13	Navy at Notre Dame.
February 27	Penn State at Penn State.
March 2	University of Virginia at Charlottesville, Va.
March 10	St. Xavier at Cincinnati (pending).

BASKETBALL GAMES

January 15	U. of Detroit at Detroit.
January 16	City College of Detroit at Detroit.
January 20	Wabash College at Crawfordsville
January 23	Michigan State at Notre Dame.
January 30	U. of Detroit at Notre Dame.
February 6	U. of Illinois at Urbana.
February 13	Wabash at Notre Dame.
February 16	Michigan State at Lansing.
February 20	Carnegie Tech at Notre Dame.
February 27	Franklin at Notre Dame.
March 5	Creighton University at Notre Dame.
March 6	Creighton University at Notre Dame.



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SPLASHERS CONTINUE WORK

Moving pictures, college, jazz, and prohibition have made many things famous that used to slumber under the dust of the ages or existed only in the imagination of inspired men. Not so the art of propelling oneself through the water without the aid of extraneous objects such as steam, gasoline and the w. k. paddle. For swimming was a popular sport when men clothed themselves in robes and called thumbs down. The lovers of the older days were a hardier lot than our modern wouth. Why? Do you recall the tale of Hero and Leander? The lad swam across the Hellespont to call upon his light-of-life. We have always wondered why he did not succumb to pneumonia sitting around in his damp clothing. Of course another hypothesis presents itself, but we shall not dwell upon it at the present time. We only wish to demonstrate the uses of swimming.

All of which leads us up to the point of the present dissertation. The aquatic sport has found an abiding home at Notre Dame; whether for the above reasons or not is a matter for speculation. It is necessary as a means for greater safety to let the student body as a whole realize the danger of entering the natatorium unless properly clad. For the NAVY is well under way in its practice and the consequent splashing assumes the proportions of a fair sized surf. There are a number of earnest workers trying for the team all of whom are proficient in their event. It is going to be a difficult task to choose between them, but the result is sure to be satisfactory. Captain Rhodes wears a big smile these days and when a captain smiles, things look rosy for the future.

George Haller, Journalism '19, has recently been made editor of the *Catholic Vigil* by the Bishop of Grand Rapids. He succeeds Rev. Speer Strahan, Class of '17, who is now teaching at the Catholic University, Washington, D. C.

Better learn soon to play handball. It's popular nowadays at Notre Dame. No! Say, try to get a court.

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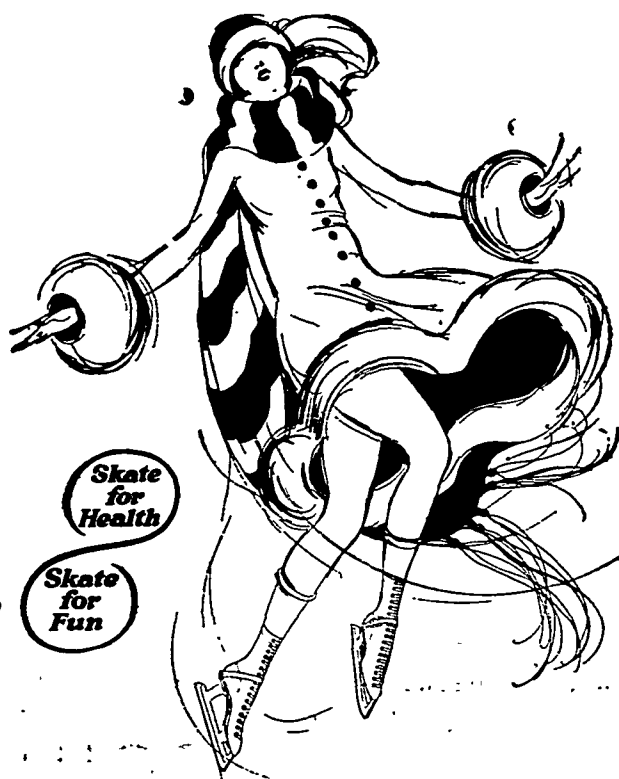
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SPRINGER PICKS BOXERS

They traded swats in a mean fashion in the Gym last Wednesday evening to decide some of the fistic contenders who are to represent the University in the bouts against Kansas State in the Gym this evening. The three bouts staged were nip-and-tuck affairs and the taped-fist boys went at it hammer and tongs fashion. In two of the melees extra sessions were necessary so that the judges might award the laurels aright. In the final fight a round was cut off when one man scored a technical knock-out.

The first two gentlemen to step through the ropes were Guy Loranger and Morry Welsh, bantamweights, whose bout went to four rounds. In the final frame Loranger pulled into the lead and took the decision, and the right to oppose the Kansans this evening.

The epilogue round in the Benny Di Pasquali vs. Jimmie Moran fracas was not added "just for good measure." Like the curtain-raiser it was a fierce fracas from the start and when the third round was over it was adjudged a draw so that nothing could be done except call for another go. In the appended time Jimmie Moran convinced Di Pasquali that a play of that kind should never go over three acts. Moran clearly took the decision when he clubbed the opposition all around the arena.

The fans who dote on slugging had their fill in the final mix-up of the evening when the heavyweight contenders got together. It was a battering match from the start. Clarence (Fighting Bob) La Follette showed he had all the pugnacity of his namesake when he smashed Tom Noon around in great style. In the second round Noon's second was forced to toss in the towel in order to save that worthy from what was evidently unnecessary pounding.

Beside these three winners Notre Dame will be represented by Donnelly, Pat Canny, Charlie Springer and Le Fevre in to-night's meet. There will be eight bouts. The officials in last Wednesday's tourney were: Charlie Springer, referee; Bert V. Dunne, timer; Andy Doyle and Jack Lavelle, judges.

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VACATION PASTIMES

Dear Entire Student Body: We can not let this occasion pass without, as they say, wishing you a very prosperous New Year, and hoping that you don't flunk in all your exams.

And how did you enjoy the holidays and are you glad to be back? And are you reading Mr. Yost's weekly put-out in the *Herald-Examiner*, and isn't he a whale of a literary genius?

Things here are about the same. Mr. Dan Brady is still agitating for a Shelter Station, and the car company is still stalling. Mr. Brady is thinking of hiring a South Bend lawyer, in which event we can give him the names of a few who aren't busy, and won't be for several years.

The new well is waiting for the new pump, which may arrive any day now, or may not. Quod erat demonstrandum.

* * * * *

Well, we attended a New Year's Eve party in which one man sang, via the record route, "Just before the battle mother," though why not "just before the riot, mother" is a mystery. Then a would-be impersonator spoke out of the machine as follows: "Mr."—bla-bla—"now speak"—whee-whee-squee-squee- and "and I say"—whee-a-whee-a-r-r-r-r—"and I know"—r-r-r-r-whee-ee-a-whee-ee-a. "I thank you."

* * * * *

Last week a play by the boys of Moreau was rather good, only it was altogether too tame. Let's have more killings in our dramas. In this play there is only one accidental death and one hanging. Whereas in the well-known tragedy "River of Blood" there are four major killings in the first scene. Well, the story of the play evolves, as they say, around one Canute, a brigand, who kills a man in Lakeville, Ind., and very naturally hides in Chicago. A person named Knapp—no, not our friend—is accused of the crime and is hanged at the end of a scarlet cloth when the black flag goes up. This causes Mr. Fred Henneghan—one of the jury men—to see scarlet ever after, so he can't drink out of his empty mug. Then Canute is run over by a truck at the right time and dies confessing. The entire ensemble then heaves off a few more empties, and the curtain comes together. The scene is laid in the rec-room. The scenery was the creation of local artists, as one could see at a glance.

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We can not conclude this paper, without, as they say, expressing deep personal appreciation of the kindly words spoken of our week-end efforts during the past season. Perhaps the most pleasing tribute comes from the Cercle Francais: "Bah! Such rot."

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Also we desire to thank all those who so spontaneously and yet so thoughtfully, said "Merry Christmas" and we here and now retort with "Happy New Year."

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