

The Notre Dame Scholastic

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

A Literary — News Weekly

VOL. LIV.

JANUARY 28, 1927.

No. 15.

1872--1927

So Played My Daughter
George Scheuer

My Friend and I
Vincent Ducey

The Style of the Letter
Karl Martersteck

A Tirade on the Deified Westerner
E. W. Brown

Ballad of Ther
Porphyro

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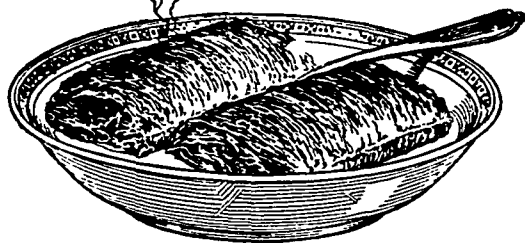


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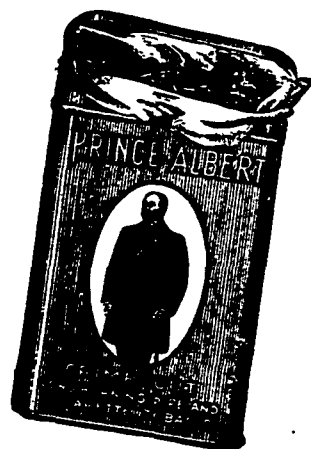


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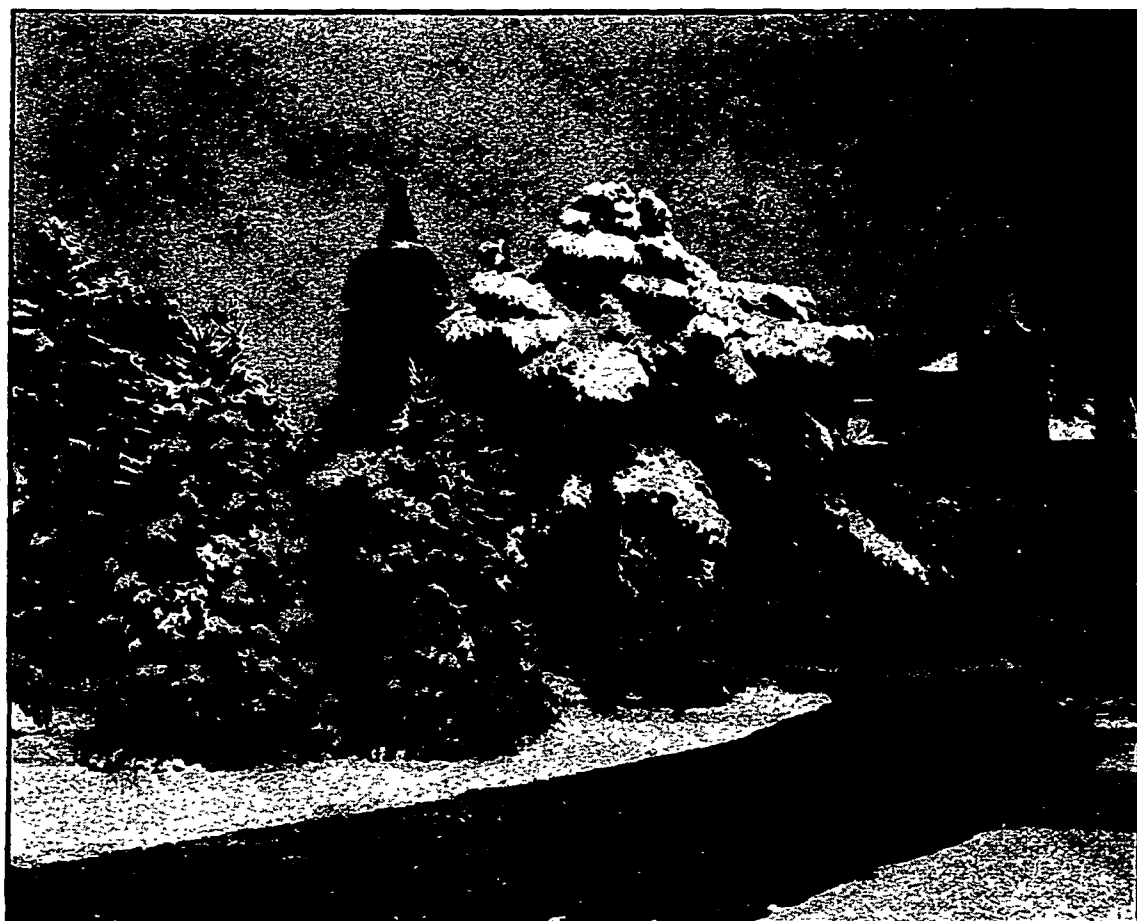
1872 = 1926

INDEX

	PAGE
The Week	W. H. Layne 452
Campus Opinion	454
Stage and Screen.....	A. S. 461
Editorial	462
Hobnails	Cyrano of Chicago 463
So Played My Daughter	George Scheuer 464
Ballad of Ther (<i>Poem</i>)	Porphyro 467
My Friend and I	Vincent Ducey 468
The Style of the Letter	Karl Martersteck 469
A Tirade on the Deified Westerner.....	E. W. Brown 470
A Preliminary to Friendship	John J. Lane 471
Circus (<i>Poem</i>)	472
Sport News	473
Among Interhall Athletes	475

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



NATURE BEAUTIFIES CAMPUS

THE WEEK

Something different. That's just what the campus needs now. Enough of examinations and professors who endeavor to hear the echo of their lectures from the pens of those who were supposed to have listened. Although most of us never intend to follow the teaching profession we are mighty happy to get back to normal.

Jim Roy, of Sophomore Hall and Fort Wayne, Indiana, won the Breen medal for oratory last Thursday evening in Washington Hall. The subject of Roy's winning speech was law enforcement. This probably sounds like humor, for after all there exists very little of the theme of the speech today. Roy, however, treated his speech in a masterful way and won from a field of the finest orators that ever entered the competition for this honor. John Cavanaugh spoke on anarchy and Arthur Stenius went into the explanation of the child labor problem. William Craig, a member of the class of '29 with Roy, displayed some of the best logic of the evening in the presentation of his subject. All of which goes to prove that there is a great amount of oratorical talent among the student body. Rather tragic that the other students who are not actively interested in this art cannot be passively interested enough to reduce the number of vacant seats at such contests.

The relief from examinations will be enjoyed Friday night when the Villagers' Club present their dance at the Palais. This being the season for the men who find polish on the ballroom floors, an event of this type should be an unusual success. The plans for the Junior Prom have molded themselves into almost complete perfection by this time and the tickets are beginning to disappear until the evening of the dance. We have learned that the entire allotment to the senior class has been exhausted and that from

the present outlook there will be many disappointed juniors when their ticket supply is gone. Therein can be found space for a great amount of optimism. With an excellent orchestra, decorations of the highest order, and beautiful favors . . . and the one other necessary requirement for a wonderful evening it all appears that on February 11 there will be the presentation of the finest Prom the university has witnessed in many years.

The election of the football captain will have taken place by the time the SCHOLASTIC makes its weekly appearance. With a good leader next year's team should do about as much damage in the collegiate circles as the championship group of twenty-four. One of the features of the season will be the appearance of Southern California in Chicago. It will be the first appearance of a western team in the mid west in many years and should attract great interest.

The announcements of the winners of the Scribbler's poetry contest are to be made next week. The enthusiasm shown in the contest was more than pleasing and bolster the hopes of those men whose effort it will be to present the Scribbler's Anthology. The Wranglers will gather sometime this week to listen to the arguments of the South Bend minister on the prohibition question. He will take the side that has afforded more humorists material than any other single thing in the history of humor.

Les Grady announces the Indiana number of the *Juggler* for next Monday night. This will be the first appearance of the Funny Fellow of the year and promises to be pregnant with wit and satire. It is a well known fact that there is room for a great deal of humor in the well chosen theme of the issue.

—W.H.L.

 CAMPUS OPINION

EDITOR OF THE SCHOLASTIC:

Dear Sir:

It appears that THE SCHOLASTIC is on the pan, and that the fire for the frying is being furnished by our own School of Journalism. Now I will admit that our Journalists *should* know what they are talking about, and according to them we, the present members of THE SCHOLASTIC staff, are at least damp if not soaking wet. Maybe we are. Far be it from me to consider myself a writer. I'm not kidding myself at all. But nevertheless I possess the guts and insolence to do my writing, poor as it is, and to make the staff of a publication for which our highly touted journalists are either too proud or too incapable to work.

There is but one man on the entire SCHOLASTIC staff who is majoring in Journalism—a sad commentary on those preparing for publication work. Why do not some of our prize future Heinie Menckens at least contribute if they are ashamed to see their names on the staff? It looks as though the best any of them will achieve is some such job as news items editor on the Podunk Bugle, printed monthly at Podunk, Nevada.

Of the entire SCHOLASTIC staff, probably not a half dozen intend to follow writing as a profession. Heaven knows I don't. I know lots of better ways of starving to death. But we are afflicted here with some thirty men, journalists, who intend to write—always “later.” Not five of the entire group have contributed to THE SCHOLASTIC during this year. Why? I don't know, unless they think that they are too good or that they object to doing free work. They'd better get the latter idea out of their heads, because they will be doing gratis work from now on if present indications mean anything.

There isn't a man on the SCHOLASTIC staff, from the editor down, who will not freely and cheerfully admit that the SCHOLASTIC is not what it should be. But there is not a single man of the bunch who will grant that the Journalists have any sort of

right to criticize. We don't mind so much when the engineers kick, or the lawyers growl, but men of those schools have no special responsibility to dig in and help instead of howling. As a matter of fact, criticism from these men is far less frequent than words of encouragement, because they are busy with their own interests and have better things to do than hammer other people. But of all men, the Journalists have the least right to knock. The SCHOLASTIC was instituted for their benefit, and they are sitting on the side-lines grumbling while A. B. men, engineers, lawyers and commerce students do their work for them. And they roar because these strangers in an unknown field violate some of the theories which they have gleaned from occasional moments of attention in class! They are holding the lantern of criticism while their journalistic grandmother chops literary wood—and they raise the roof if the axe doesn't fall true at every stroke! All hail our industrious men of letters!

Judging from what our present Journalists have shown of their abilities, it appears that no one connected with any newspaper, be he printer's devil, reporter, or editor, need worry about his job so far as the present class at Notre Dame is concerned.

Sincerely,

—A STAFF MEMBER.

—♦—
ROY TO CONTEST

James Roy, winner of the Breen medal, will by virtue of his outstanding victory represent Notre Dame University in the Indiana Intercollegiate Oratorical Contest to be held in Evansville, Indiana, on the eleventh of February, has had a remarkable record as a speaker at this school. While in his freshman year he was one of the four freshmen that made their varsity awards as varsity debaters. This was the most first-year men that ever placed on the school teams and Roy was easily one of the best among these. This fall he was selected as one of the men to represent the Blue and Gold against the invading University of Sedney Australia, team. He has always been a favorite with the audiences to which he spoke.

PROM MEN AND GUESTS

TO OCCUPY SPECIAL SEATS

A special section of the student stands will be reserved for the Junior Prom men and their guests when Notre Dame meets Franklyn on the local court Saturday, February 12. This is another addition to plans that promise to afford the attendants of the Junior Prom a week-end filled with pleasure. Only two tickets will be allotted to each man and the necessary requirements for the section include the presentation of an athletic book, a junior prom ticket, and the payment of one dollar. The tickets will be given out in the gym on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday of next week.

The Franklyn five is the only team that has placed the Irish basketballers on the wrong end of the score this season. For this reason a great amount of interest is being shown in their second and final meeting. A special train will bring the Chicago Alumni to the contest.

Students who do not hold reserved seats in the special section are asked to please remain in the section allotted them and allow the Junior Prom guests to occupy the seats for which they hold tickets.

SCIENCE LECTURE ANNOUNCED

The Notre Dame Academy of Science announces a lecture by Rev. F. J. Wenninger, Dean of the College of Science, to be held in the north room of the Law Building at 8 o'clock Monday evening, January 31. Fr. Wenninger's title is "Tendencies in Modern Biology." Everyone is invited.

CHICAGO CLUB WILL DINE

The Chicago Club wishes to announce that on Thursday, February 3, at Robertson Tea Room at 6:30 P. M., a dinner will be served. An attractive program has been arranged which includes as speakers the Reverend John Cavanaugh, C.S.C., and Professor Manion. Entertainment for the guests between courses has also been provided for. Tickets at \$1.00 per plate can be secured in Sorin Hall, Room 109. The Club intends to give a series of these dinners in an effort to

bring the members together more often. A number of noted speakers are being obtained to address the Club on important topics of the day. An effort is being made to have Mr. Samuel Insull of Chicago attend one of these gatherings in the near future.

ENGINEERS HEAR TALK ON POWER

A talk on the development of electricity given by Mr. White and Mr. Diedrich, engineers with the Indiana and Michigan Electric Company, was the feature at the January meeting of the Notre Dame Engineers' Club, Wednesday, January 19. The lecture was richly illustrated with slides and covered the whole subject of electric power from its generation to its final use. The comparison of old and new methods of the industry, and the practical solution of construction difficulties were particularly emphasized.

The lecture was the first of a series sponsored by the Engineers' Club for the purpose of acquainting students with the applications of their technical training. The Club hopes to arouse in this manner greater interest in the profession as well as a more enthusiastic and intelligent devotion to study among the undergraduates.

Entertainment was furnished by the K. of C. Orchestra. The Knights were appreciatively received, and responded generously to the applause of their audience.—R.G.H.

CAP AND GOWN MEASUREMENTS

Cap and gown measurements for seniors will be taken in the K. of C. chambers, Walsh Hall basement, from one o'clock through the afternoons of January 31, February 1 and 2. One dollar deposit is required with each measurement, and the caps and gowns will be ready for Feb. 22 and well be used for Commencement. Every senior is urged to have his measurements taken on one of these days, as it will be positively the only opportunity this year.

Gerald Holland, class of '25, who was a member of the staffs of every Notre Dame publication, has left the *Niles Star* and taken a position on the *South Bend News-Times*.

ONE ACT PLAYS TO BE PRODUCED

In keeping with the high standards established by its first production, the "Fool of God," the University Theatre will produce three original one act plays in the near future. Organized as a clearing house for student play-writing, production, and direction, the Theatre will continue its present policy of fostering all-Notre Dame programs.

At the present time a number of acceptable plays are being considered, but as yet there has been no final selection. The material has been furnished by Professor Phillips' Play-Writing Class, working in conjunction with the parent organization. The tentative date for the next performance is March 17.

The amalgamation of all the drama activities of the university into a single unit has made possible a great revival of interest along historic lines. The Players Club, again active and under faculty supervision, is expected to produce capable men to act in the plays that will be selected some time in the near future. In all probability Professor Frank W. Kelly, whose direction and production of the "Fool of God" was a splendid achievement, will again supervise the staging. He will be assisted by a number of students with special training and knowledge of the theatre.

The Monogram Club is also expected to furnish a "bigger and better" show. No date has been announced for this annual occurrence, nor has anyone been able to find out definitely just what kind of a performance to expect. However, with such dramatic offerings promised, it seems that the University Theatre will justify all the hopes that have been placed in it.

The designing of sets will again be taken care of by John O'Neill, whose splendid work was so much in evidence at the last production. O'Neill designed all necessary stage adjuncts for "The Fool of God," and proved himself entirely capable and possessed of a striking grasp of the atmosphere desired.

Ed Cunningham, as technical director, will again have charge of lighting and sound effects and will supervise the back-stage. Cunningham's knowledge of stage production

and technique added much to the last presentation, and was particularly noticeable in the production of "Lord Byron," the opera written by Norb Engels and Jack Graham.

GLEE CLUB IN CONCERT

Announcement has been made of an Intercollegiate Glee Club concert to be held in Chicago on March 21. Dan Hilgartner of the class of '27 has been appointed as Alumni Representative. Mr. Hilgartner visited the University last Sunday where he attended a conference with the club to perfect plans for the concert.—R.M.W.

LAW AND FORMAL

Chairman Don Laskey announces that final arrangements have been made for the first annual Law Club Formal, to be held at K. of C. Ballroom, Monday, February 21. Tickets are limited to lawyers and one invited guest. Those wishing to attend dance should see their lawyer at an early opportunity. Tickets are now on sale, and lawyers are requested to turn in their bids to Paul Butler. An invitation, consisting of a *subpoena*, is to be issued with each ticket and is to be served upon the fair lady, summoning her to appear as witness in the proceedings. An attractive program has been secured.

A committee consisting of Hugh McCaffery, Ray McClory and Don Laskey invaded Chicago, and from the vast field of orchestras engaged Hugh Swift and his Orchestra, a colored organization. Swift and his band are now playing at Jeffery Tavern, located at 8301 South Chicago Avenue, and through the courtesy of the management will be allowed to leave the Tavern for the night of the dance. They also may be heard from Station WSBC, Chicago, every night except Monday. Hugh McCaffery, Chairman of the Music Committee assures us that this band ranks with the leading exponents of Southern syncopation, and should lend a dash of color to the occasion. The price of a ticket is two dollars.

Permission has been given St. Mary's girls to attend the dance.

PROM PLANS COMPLETE

"Overcoming the many difficulties in the selection of an orchestra for such a function as the Junior Prom; overcoming them only by means of much scrutiny and discussion, the music committee has finally engaged Jos. Rudolph's Rainbo Gardens Orchestra, of Chicago, for the prom of the evening of February 11." This comes from "Turk" Meinert, chairman of music for the prom committees.

Rudolph has played at several western collegiate affairs, and is going to get away from station WQJ, the Rainbo Revue of the Rainbo Gardens, at Chicago. He is also remembered for his playing at station WTAS.

Other arrangements in conjunction with the prom, nevertheless, have not been placed in any categorical second place. Not with the plans to reserve a special section of the bleachers at the Notre Dame-Franklin basketball game on Saturday evening, the night following the dance; at which time it is expected a representative portion of the prom guests from out of town will remain over. And with the possibilities of allowing the exchange of athletic books for two seats for the price of one.

Not with the plans of Joe Doran and the remainder of the decorators to lay the Palais Royal under well planned and laid out rigs which will make former evenings emblems of fidelity, and set them in a background somewhere out in the west-end,—of the horizon.

Not with the promulgation by John Frederick of the intended patrons and patronesses. They being: Judge and Mrs. Dudley G. Wooten, Mr. and Mrs. Knute K. Rockne, Mr. and Mrs. Hartley Anderson, and Mr. and Mrs. John M. Cooney.

Not with the appeal of the many voices of the publicity committee for the early submitting of prom guests; and the added appeal that all names be given to those of the committee who are taking charge of tickets at the time that each respective junior is obtaining his ticket.

Not with all the preparations that are being made across-the-street, at the woods, in the East, West, and South. Not with all the

hustle-bustle at the local photographers making pretty settings to be used in the South Bend papers; and then within the colorful pages of the *Dome* wherein they will become reminiscent with other campus occurrences.

No, the arrangements for the prom have not been placed in any categorical second place, for it's not going to be another night at the Palais, but just one good night, thanks to the endeavors of Joe Doran.

CHEMICAL SOCIETY MEETS

The 45th regular meeting of the St. Joseph Valley Section of the American Chemical Society was held in Chemistry Hall, Wednesday evening, January 19. The speaker of the evening was Mr. H. A. Griffith of the Oxwell Acetylene Company of Chicago. His subject was Oxy-Acetylene Welding and Cutting, which he treated from a decidedly practical viewpoint. He told of the discovery and gave the history of this modern industrial method, now used for almost every metal. He explained in detail the commercial methods of generating acetylene, and described the apparatus used in welding. Slides were used to illustrate the applications which Mr. Griffith described. Because the subject of oxy-acetylene welding is a familiar one, and of interest to every engineer, the talk was exceptionally well attended.

GERMAN CLUB MEETS

The German Club of the University of Notre Dame, one of the new-born of the University's organizations, held its weekly meeting on Thursday night. The Club was honored by the presence of Prof. Mathes of South Bend, a noted pianist and composer, who gave a few selections of Schubert and Beethoven.

The membership is composed of Professors Wack, Wenninger and Hafel, of Fathers Cunningham and Maher and of students of German. It is the purpose of the Club to further the learning of the language among those who are interested. Special emphasis is given to the poets and to the famous masters of music.

—R. P. C.

ENSEMBLE CONCERT SUCCESS

An unusual concert ensemble composed of Edna Swanson Ver Haar, contralto; Margaret O'Connor, harpist; Stanley Deacon, baritone; and Hubert Carlin, pianist, appeared in Washington Hall Monday night before an examination-deleted but enthusiastic audience that made up in appreciation what it lacked in size. The concert was well-balanced and entertaining, being comprised of classical and semi-classical numbers.

Miss Ver Haar's splendid depth and range and the lilting purity of her voice, coupled with her remarkable appreciation of the feeling in the numbers she sang made her appearance more welcome to the audience each time she stepped from the wings. She was encored enthusiastically, and responded willingly each time.

The personality of Miss O'Connor was equalled only by her mastery of her instrument, and she proved to her listeners that she is worthy of being rated one of the foremost harpists on the concert stage of today. Her touch and tone quality were excellent, and she performed confidently on the strings.

The hit of the evening must be conceded to Mr. Deacon, who was almost swamped under the storms of applause that greeted his appearances. Mr. Deacon is possessed of a voice combining the qualities of power and smoothness, and his renditions were received enthusiastically by the crowd. His selections were extremely apropos.

At the piano, Mr. Carlin refused to allow his fellow musicians to bury him beneath their talent, and his work scintillated throughout the performance.

JUGGLER OUT MONDAY

The Indiana number of the *Juggler* will invade the campus Monday evening in its premier appearance of the 1927 season. Les Grady, guardian of the Funny Fellow antics, announced that the usual prizes of five dollars for the best drawing, and for the best written contribution, were causing much fine material to be entered. The *Juggler*, which at present ranks high among similar college publications, is expected to advance

its superiority in humor circles, by its treatment of the fertile subject selected for this number.

PARISIEN LEAVES UNIVERSITY

Arthur Parisien, the tiny quarterback whose ambidextrous passes to Neimic were responsible for Notre Dame's victories in the Southern California and Northwestern games last fall, will leave Notre Dame at the mid-semester and will transfer to Boston University.

Parisien, according to word received last night, will start at the Boston school next semester. He plans to leave Notre Dame before the end of the week.

The announcement came just at the time the members of the 1926 football team were preparing for their annual banquet last night at the Oliver hotel, at which the 1927 captain was elected. Parisien was one of the men eligible for the captaincy, and was an outstanding candidate.

Parisien plans to study law at the Boston school, it is said, and is also desirous of being closer to his home. The young football star lives at Haverville, Mass.

During his two years on the team, Parisien has been a pinch-hitter.

The tiny quarterback is not heavy enough to stand the gaff of going through an entire game, but when things look dark for the Irish, he has more than once been shot into the breach—to hurl passes to win the game. As a rule, he succeeded when called upon.

In the Northwestern game last fall, which he won by tossing passes to Chile Walsh and John Neimic, Parisien was hurt and did not get into the contests all season, until the intersectional clash with the University of Southern California eleven at Los Angeles.

In the game, he went in at the closing moments of play, and hurled two forward passes to John Neimic which resulted in the Irish coming from behind to win.

Coach Knute K. Rockne was non-committal when asked about Parisien's loss to the team. He admitted that Parisien had told him he was leaving Notre Dame, however.

Parisien's loss will also be felt on the baseball team, on which he was the regular left fielder and lead-off man all last spring.

DEBATERS TO BE CHOSEN

The finals for the varsity debating team are to be held next week to choose those men who are to defend Notre Dame in forensic events this year. The field of seventy-five has been narrowed down to thirty-five and it is from this group that the varsity will be picked. There are several men from last year's team out for positions but even they will have to show up mighty well in order to retain their places as there is a wealth of material interested in the art of wrangling this season. William J. Coyne, J. P. McNamara, William F. Craig, John Dailey, Arthur Goldburg, Pierce O'Connor, James C. Roy, William H. Krieg, and Arnold Williams are the men that are left from last year's outfit. A rather long and intensive schedule has been arranged this year. Notre Dame's foes in the argumentative field are as follows:

Feb. 10—Marquette University. (here)

March 4—DePauw University. (dual)

March 11—Earlham College and Frankling College. (triangular)

March 18—Creighton University. (here)

March 25—Purdue University. (dual)

VILLAGERS DANCE TONIGHT

The Villagers Club of Notre Dame will give their annual Post-exam Dance at the Palais Royale tonight at 8 p. m. Coming as it does, immediately after exams are over, it should be largely attended by the students just recovering from the affects of a week of hectic struggle. The girls will probably be regaled with an unusually varied number of "lines," from the standard "I knocked 'em for a roll" to the realistic groan, "guess I'll change my course." All in all the affair should prove a great success.

REGISTRATION HECTIC

With a hundred men trying to jam into a cubic space appropriate for one small Freshman, the registration for the second semester started with a bang. Confusion will reign for several days until the slip-seekers are satisfied, when quiet will again appear. As they say somewhere, it will all come out in the wash.

ADDRESSES CONGRESS ON MEXICO

Mr. Joseph Scott of Los Angeles, California, who addressed Congress yesterday, spoke to the students of Notre Dame in Washington Hall last year. Mr. Scott was one of the principal attorneys for defense in the Oregon School Bill, and stopped at Notre Dame on his way West to visit his son, a student here. The *Daily American Tribune* says:

"Two hundred and fifty members of Congress attended an open lecture delivered Thursday night at Washington Auditorium on "Mexico, the Facts," by Joseph Scott of California, Knights of Columbus, who sponsored the event, announced. All senators and members of the House of Representatives were invited to attend the lecture. Most Rev. Michael J. Curley, archbishop of Baltimore, was present and the supreme council of the Knights of Columbus also attended. Many Protestant ministers, in addition to most of the Catholic clergy of the city, and interested persons from other cities heard the lecture.

The meeting was one of the largest ever held in the capital, with preparations made for 6500."

TO FORM CHESS CLUB

All students who are interested in chess are requested to meet in Room 219, Main Building, at 4:15 Monday afternoon. The object of the meeting is to allow persons interested in the game to meet one another and arrange for the formation of a Chess Club. This game, for centuries a favorite diversion of intellectuals, is frequently found to be pass-time in college circles. A good attendance at the meeting is expected.

DO IT YOURSELF

If you want publicity for your club, your team, your personal accomplishment, etc., write it up and turn it in. THE SCHOLASTIC is not all-knowing and all-seeing. Hide your light under a bushel and you'll be under there too.

ROY WINS BREEN MEDAL

This great Breen Medal, the diadem about which most oratorical ambitions at Notre Dame center, is going right back where it started from this year.

For its donor, Mr. William Patrick Breen, '77, is from Fort Wayne, Indiana, which is the town that held its head high last Friday morning when it heard that James Roy, a sophomore from Fort Wayne had won the Breen, the highest oratorical award that the University offers.

Speaking on "Law Enforcement" Roy climaxed a sensational career by taking this high award in his second year at the University. His stage poise, enunciation and sense of balance were all that could be expected while his oration was especially strong in its commencement and its conclusion. Roy treated his subject without bias and yet completely.

The three finalists who gave the victor a very stiff run for his crown before a large audience in Washington hall were John Cavanaugh speaking on "Anarchy," William F. Craig with the subject of "Divorce" and Arthur Stenius presenting a paper on "Child Labor." These three men deserve a great deal of commendation on their orations. While the contests are always close, nevertheless is indeed rare that three such evenly matched speakers have ascended the stage of historic old Washington in a Breen contest.

NEW COURSE IN STAGE CRAFT

Beginning the second semester of the school year, the Department of Speech of the university will offer a new course in Stage Craft. The class will be held two hours a week, Tuesday and Thursdays at 9:10 A. M., in the Little Theatre in the basement of Walsh Hall, which has undergone remodeling for the purpose. Professor Frank W. Kelly, head of the Speech Department, will offer the course as an elective to Juniors and Seniors.

It will embody intensive laboratory work in stage direction, production, and will con-

sider the problems involved in the business of the theatre. Students will be required to master the mechanics and the difficulties of play production from the director's point of view. This necessarily will call for much outside work and research. The course fills what has long been considered a definite need at the University, and will give to the embryo director the same outlet for his talents that Professor Phillips' Class in Play-Writing affords to the amateur play-wright. These two classes will work in conjunction with one another, each studying the theatre, but from a different point of view.

PHILLIPS DEBATES ON MEXICO

An audience that filled the large First Methodist Church of Evanston, Ill., floor and galleries, heard Prof. Charles Phillips, of the English Department, debate Sunday January 16, with Rev. Dr. Hubert Herring of Boston, Mass., on "The Conflict of Church and State in Mexico." Dr. Herring, who is chairman of the Social Service Commission of the Congregational Churches of America, has just made his third trip to Mexico, returning only last Friday. Prof. Phillips, who has also visited Mexico, gave an eloquent and stirring account of the work of the Church among the Mexicans, showing conclusively that whatever of civilization and culture Mexico has ever possessed is the fruit of the toil of the Catholic missionaries, and that the present condition of the country is due to the handicaps put upon the Church by her enemies, who now, by means of a bogus "Constitution," would wipe her out of existence. Dr. Herring proved a courteous and open minded opponent to the Catholic debater.

This is the third discourse given by Prof. Phillips on the Mexican situation before Chicago audiences this winter. The fourth, arranged, as the previous ones have been, by the Open Forum of Chicago, is scheduled for next Tuesday evening, Jan. 25, at Temple Anshe Emes, where Rev. Dr. Bolger recently debated, under the same auspices, with Prof. Ross of Wisconsin University on the question of Birth Control.

 STAGE AND SCREEN

It is seldom that South Bend is given the opportunity of harboring a musical comedy; but the occasion of playing host to a good one is such an infrequent one that Charles George's "Sensations of 1927" should play to packed houses both to-night and to-morrow. This musical production which carries Barbara Bronnell as its star, comes from the Pacific coast region where it gathered great success, and it is now on its way to New York to show Broadway that not all good shows must be produced in the East. Bessie Delmore and Kenneth Christy carry the humor of the show, while such spectacular scenes as a "Rainfall of Gold" promise to give all a touch of the highest type of musical comedy. "An excellent cast and chorus" "Superb costumes" "Boost it to the limit" are excerpts from telegrams received by the Oliver this week from managers of theaters where this production has chanced to stop. It should be well worth seeing.

The Palace headlines the new week's bill with Seymour and Howard's Revue which is rated as one of the best features acts brought here so far this year. Dooley and Sales a comedy team and Ed and Lee Travers another two-some of fun and song keep the entertainment up to the high standard set by the feature act; while Griffin and Young and Lou Fitzgibbons round out an evening's entertainment which justifies the time spent in seeing it. Aileen Pringle with the aid of Ben Lyon holds the screen in a picture entitled "The Great Deception;" just who is deceived and the why and wherefore of such a procedure makes an interesting story.

Again we can see the swirling sands and enjoy to the fullest the heat of a desert sun while others must plod along in the snow and slush if we but care to spend the afternoon at the Orpheum during the week. Milton Sills takes all his virility for which he is admired, into the heart of Morocco where, while serving in the Foreign Legion he fights the loves and lusts of the desert country. Viola Dana, Montagu Love and

Charles Murray make up the cast which defies one to find fault with it. It is the equal of 'Beau Geste' and South Bend is fortunate in having a show of such caliber.

The Oliver keeps John Gilbert upon the screen for another week, but this time in a picture somewhat more daring and thrilling. It is the picturization of Sabatini's "Bardelys The Magnificent," and Gilbert's feats approaches and at times equals, any stunts which Fairbanks has ever attempted. Eleanor Boardman is the co-star, and we are sure that everyone would gladly attempt some of the fights and rescues that Gilbert performs if the hand of such a person were at stake.

To-night and to-morrow Jackie Coogan continues to win the most exciting race ever shown upon the screen, and for those who missed last year's Derby, the Orpheum with all the thrills of a crooked race being straightened out seems to be the logical place to spend an afternoon or evening. "Johnny Get Your Hair Cut" is a good picture, not only because it shows Jackie's first real step to true boyhood, but because it is well directed, has sufficient suspense and is a rather interesting story. It is seldom that one gets the opportunity to see \$100,000 worth of animal flesh, but such is on display at the Palace until to-morrow night in none other than Joe Mendi the 18-month old chimpanzee who has the intelligence of a five year old child, if we are to believe the advance notices. Just how startling is his perspicacity and insight may be seen from the rumor that of late he nearly passed a Harvard entrance exam; but then, maybe the test given merely had to do with football knowledge at that institution. Jimmie Allard brings with him a company of dancers and singers who promise real entertainment; while Al Bernivici, a brother of Count Berni Vici who headlines a bill to be seen at the Palace in the near future, carries an act by himself which is good in spite of the lack of aid. Potter and Gamble and a dancing act entitled 'All Wrong,' which we hope will not live up to its name, complete the bill. Louise Fazenda gives a splendid performance in a comedy mystery called "Fingerprints." —A.S.



EDITORIAL

THE UNIVERSITY DRAMA AS AN INFLUENCE FOR GOOD

To the recent auspicious inauguration of dramatics at Notre Dame has now been added the further promise of persistence. The heads of the University Theatre have announced their decision to produce three one-act plays within the near future.

Such a decision is extremely gratifying. The fact that the plays to be produced will be written by members of the student body gives new interest to the expected production and new impetus to the move to place dramatics on a firm footing at Notre Dame.

The far-reaching influence for good of the University Theatre cannot be over-estimated. At the present time, when the American Theatre has lowered itself in many respects to the level of the drama of Rome which the Church was compelled to forbid, dramatists who possess the ability and the character to create worthwhile clean stage productions are sorely needed. That need must be supplied by Catholic men who write not of preachy themes but of decent, inspiring life; men who, not closing their eyes to the evil in human existence, recognize nevertheless the higher essence of man and create works worthy of that essence.

The world does not want sermons on the stage—as sermons. But the world does want and need the inspiration of beautiful dramatic treatment of the problems, the hopes and fears, the victories, the ambitions, the joys and sorrows of life. The world does need men who have within them the power of realizing and dramatizing the intensely gripping events of everyday life; men who know the weakness of the argument that because a thing exists, however remotely, it is fit and proper material for dramatization; men, in short, who recognize the fact that the only true art is universal art which finds its subject in the natural life of man and not in the horrible neurosis of perverts and degenerates.

We need not be concerned here with the morality of some of these modern productions. Let us speak from a viewpoint that even the most sturdy defender of “art for art’s sake” will understand. Disregarding the moral effect of questionable dramas, surely everyone will admit them to be at least generally distasteful, at least coarsening, disillusioning and even disgusting. But does not the average man or woman experience in everyday life enough of distaste, coarseness, disillusionment and disgust? Is it not rather idiotic to build our entertainment about themes inspiring such emotions?

The word “reform” is justly abhorred by most Americans. It is shoved down our throats by day and by night. It is truly, as Skippy would say, “disgustful to us.” Because of the hatred the very words inspire, legal reform cannot help the theatre. But replacement can help. What the world of today needs is men capable of building dramas as intensely interesting and as powerful as the distasteful plays of today—and capable of building them about themes that are encouraging instead of insulting to the intelligence and love of beauty and good that are ingrained within every man’s heart. What is needed is the replacement of technically excellent degrading dramas by inspiring productions of equal technical excellence. That replacement must be accomplished by men who have developed both their mentality and their morality to a high degree.

That is the need of the dramatic world of today, and it is eminently fitting that Notre Dame should bend every effort toward the satisfaction of that want. The University Theatre is the logical answer to the problem, and its immediate success gives ample promise that in time the problem will be solved. The aid and interest of every Notre Dame student and faculty member should be actively engaged in furthering the success of the Theatre movement here.—J.A.B.

HOBNAILS

MARTHA

*With your shiny jet black hair
You are the flash of steel, Martha,
Your bottomless brown-black eyes
Have inspired men to greatness.
Truly have they awakened
Slumbering ambitions and desires,
But never a wife will you be,
For your thoughts are of chivalry,
Conquest and eternal strife.
Many will the gallant warriors be
Who will carry your tokens
Into the battle of life on earth,
But God grant them rest of heart
When they return from their mission
With the light of failure in their eyes.
They will find no refuge in you—
Your steel would only cut deeper
And open the wounds of combat.
With you it is only the victory
That matters for the reward.
I am not equal to it, Martha.
Like the Roman Gladiators of old,
I, who failed, salute thee!*

—EDWARD B. CARROLL

Mr. Wheeler! Oh, Mr. Wheeler! Mr. Wayne B. Wheeler, please look in Book IX of Paradise Lost. You are due for a surprise, Mr. Wheeler. Right there, in line 645, John Milton mentions "Prohibition, root of all our Woe." Don't you think that the book is detrimental to public morals and should be destroyed, Mr. Wheeler?

Deer frends: Exams is hear and I ain't got much time to do writen in. I hoap to hear from you soon agen. My spellen is getten better the prof says. Think so? That's all. Yure's until Cleve lands. (The room-mate isn't with us no more so that is original.) —HARRY.

I weep; I cannot hear the voice I love,
The voice that sang and chased dull care away;
My heart is dead within me and I sigh:
The spring on my victrola broke today.

Funny how people deceive themselves. They believe what they like to believe, it seems, and scarcely anyone takes the trouble to look for the truth. We entered the war to save the world for Democracy; this is a free country; we rule ourselves; man is essentially honest; all men are created equal; there's no such thing as luck; this and other inspirational tripe is handed to us in great gobs which we swallow and are thankful for. We think now that there will be no more wars, but before

long we will begin all over again to sing about silver linings, and the horrible fate in store for the enemy (the brutal barbarian), and "dear old mother, we're coming back soon," while gallant youths are slaughtered to protect "American interests." And why will we do these things? Because we are told to, and do not stop to think.

—THE BOOB.

THE GREEK IN THE HASH HOUSE

Who lives in the hash house
With the plate glass windows?

A Greek—
Grey as grease—
Who wears battered boots
And a white coat.

He has
"Rusta biff,"
"Appla pie,"
And tomato "zoop"
To sink his brown thumb in.
And he has cautious cashiers,
And bustling bus boys,
And fat little waiters
With unshaven faces
To keep him company.

When he is sad
He gloomily beats a bread pan
With his brown fingers.

And when he is gay
He whirls in a dance—
(He learned long ago)—
From table to table.

And the cash drawers clink,
And the bus boys bustle,
And the fat little waiters
With unshaven faces
Scream orders.

That's who lives in the hash house
With plate glass windows.

—RHINOCEROS SCRIMMAGE.

We are inclined to believe that Rhinoceros Scrimmage has submitted his last as well as his first contribution to Hobnails. We are also inclined to believe that his body will be found in a secluded spot somewhere in Indiana. A little birdie told us.

Has anyone doped out the significance of the sign advertising the Junior Prom outside the Caf? If anyone has, he will communicate with us. We are somewhat worried as to what has happened to the young man in the case. —CYRANO OF CHICAGO

LITERARY

*So Played My Daughter**The Story of Two Violinists*

GEORGE SCHEUER

OF course it was several miles out of the way for Marguerite to drive over to "Uncle Joe's" for her weekly violin lesson, but to her the rough trail became a rosy path. Her music was her one love, and "Uncle Joe," as she called her violin teacher, understood this love and was in sympathy with it.

Certainly her parents did not understand Marguerite. Her father was a prosperous farmer who had gathered his wealth by hard work and her mother was a careful housekeeper whose only music was the tinkle of pots and pans. Both believed their daughter's study of music a waste of time and money; yet they loved her; so they humored her. The only possible return they could see was the social position which their money could not give them and their daughter's success might gain.

As the sleigh glided over the hills Marguerite thought of the joy she had to share with "Uncle Joe." At last her parents had promised that she might go away to college to study music.

"Uncle Joe" was out feeding his stock when Marguerite arrived; so she tied her horse and went into the cabin to practice a while. The old musician had few pupils and charged very little, preferring to make his living from the land rather than to make a business of his art.

"You are early, my child," said the old man when he came in.

"Yes. I hurried because I had something wonderful to tell you."

"Well now, what could that be? Did you master the new 'Minuet'?"

"Oh yes, but that's not the news. The

folks promised I could go away to study music next fall. Isn't that wonderful?"

"Yes it is," replied the teacher after a moment's thought, "but we must now work hard; so that your new master will not be disappointed in what the old has done. Play me that 'Minuet' once now."

The girl took up her bow and began to play. As she swayed to the lilt of the music so swayed the old man beside her. When she concluded, he dropped to a chair. He leaned forward resting his chin on his hand. His eyes seemed to look far past her through the window and out over the snow covered hills. The girl relaxed from her tense attitude and looked to her master for criticism.

"So played my daughter," said he at length. "You have learned well. I'll miss you; for you take her place with me."

"Your daughter? Did you have a daughter? I thought you had always lived here alone."

"No, my child, I came here from the fatherland. Sit down and I'll tell you about Mary, my daughter."

And so "Uncle Joe," who had long been a mystery to all the neighbors, was moved to share confidences with this girl whose playing he had so carefully guided that she played like his long lost daughter.

Years before, in a little village in Germany, he had taught his only child to play as only he had played. His father, who had been both a player and a maker of violins, had at his death left two rare violins, one a Cremona, the other an excellent copy of it by his own hand.

"Mary chose the copy and left me the Cremona. And how my Mary could play!

She made the fiddle talk, made it sigh, and laugh, and cry. And then she ran off to America with the miller's boy."

"Oh!"

"I would have forgiven her, but she didn't know it. I even came to America to look for her, but America was bigger than I thought."

"And you never found her?"

"No. I wrote back to the miller once, but he was dead. One of his other boys wrote to tell me that Mary and her man had asked about me several times, but had finally gone West in America and had not been heard of since. I started West, too, but didn't get farther than Chicago."

"How sad. Perhaps she was sorry."

"Every night I pray to see my Mary again, and I remember how we played together that last night. We played one of my own pieces. It was written in memory of her mother, but I never gave it a name. I'll take down my Cremona and we'll play it together just like Mary and I, years ago."

The old man dug into a battered trunk and tenderly lifted out a few yellowed sheets of music manuscript, which he handed to Marguerite. Then, just as tenderly, he took from his case the Cremona and tuned it. He had the girl to practice various difficult parts of the music, then he lifted the Cremona, and nodded.

"Now we play it together, so—"

And they played.

A passerby would have believed the cabin haunted, so wierd and uncanny was the music this strange duo played. Now it was light and joyful as it told of his love for Mary's mother, now wailing and terrible when it told of his sorrow at the loss of her. It now seemed to apply to both Mother and daughter. At the end of the piece the old man dropped into his chair exhausted. Marguerite stepped over to him and tenderly stroked his silver locks.

"I feel as though I understood all about your daughter, now. The music told me so much about her."

"Such is the universal language of music," said the old man as he arose and walked to a window.

In a moment he turned and tenderly picked

up his violin, then extended it to Marguerite.

"From now on, you play the Cremona, and when you go away to school you take it along."

To Marguerite it seemed a long time until fall, but to "Uncle Joe," who was tirelessly working to give her all the music he knew, the time slipped rapidly away. During the summer months it was more difficult for Marguerite to find time to practice, but "Uncle Joe" dropped everything as soon as she came for her weekly lesson.

It was with mixed feelings of sorrow and pride that the old man gave her the last lesson. The girl, too, was deeply moved and resolved to do her best at college to be worthy of the pride her old tutor had in her.

At college Marguerite felt as if she were in heaven. She could practice as many hours as she cared. The tryout for positions in the orchestra was held. Marguerite was called upon to play several times; so also was a certain tall young man whom the conductor called Joe. Marguerite feared the conductor was making a choice between them and, though she coveted the position, she was so fascinated by the playing of the young violinist that she almost wished him to be chosen. At length the nervous little conductor pronounced them both first violins.

Marguerite glanced at the boy and smiled. He nodded and smiled too. As they had nothing to do while the conductor tried out other applicants, Joe moved over nearer Marguerite.

"Pardon me," he said simply, "but I was charmed by your playing."

"And I was fascinated by yours," returned Marguerite.

"You know, I think you play like my mother."

"I'm so glad we both made the same orchestra."

"Yes, I am too. I guess we'll not get to play any more to-day. He may give us some music to practice for the next meeting. At least that's what he did last year."

"Oh, then you've played in the orchestra before?"

"Oh yes, I'm a sophomore."

And so they chatted on until the orchestra

dispersed. Their friendship grew and they began to come to practice together. Sometimes they came a little early and practiced duets. As a parting gift her old teacher had given Marguerite a manuscript containing several of his own compositions. She and Joe practiced some of them. Joe was delighted with them, but he could not say with certainty whether on account of the music or the girl with whom he played it. At any rate, music was their common interest. Sometimes they talked about it.

"My old teacher told me that music is the universal language," said Marguerite one day as she gently laid down the Cremona.

"So it is. Why when we play together, I seem to understand thoughts I could never express in words. Music seems to me the language of the soul. I think a person who has not at least an appreciation of music misses the best part of life."

"Yes, but I think everyone has music in him if he'll only develop it."

"Well, I suppose so, but some inherit a greater aptitude for it," concluded Joe as he struck up a lively little march.

Once the conductor came in while they were playing. He listened for a while in silent admiration and as they broke off suddenly he danced about in ecstasy.

"Himmel! What a duet! Are you one or two? You must play that piece for the concert."

The public concert was to be given just before Christmas vacation. Joe told Marguerite that his mother was coming all the way from California to hear him play in it. He told her she should invite her folks to come, also. Marguerite wrote them about it but her father was not interested and her mother was too busy; anyway they felt they had done enough in sending her. Then Marguerite wrote to "Uncle Joe." He was overjoyed and said that he certainly would come, but might be a little late because he would come on an evening train, so

as not to be away from his stock too long.

By the evening of the concert Joe and Marguerite were on fairly intimate terms. He got the tickets for his mother and Marguerite's "Uncle Joe."

Joe's mother came early, and Joe rather awkwardly introduced Marguerite to her. Women, however, always seem to understand each other; so they were soon well acquainted. It came time to go to the concert hall, and still "Uncle Joe" did not come. His ticket had been sent to him; so Marguerite knew where to look for him in the audience. She was relieved to see him come in at the conclusion of the first selection.

The program for the evening was a varied one. The next to the last number was a violin duet by Marguerite and Joe. They had selected from "Uncle Joe's" manuscript, the nameless duet for Mary's mother.

During the whole program Joe's mother saw only her boy, and beside her sat the old teacher with all his attention directed toward his triumphant pupil. They had not been introduced; so naturally paid no attention to each other.

During the duet the woman suddenly sat erect and grew tense; Old Joe leaned forward to catch every note. He swayed and trembled with the music. Since his own composition was being played, he could anticipate it and began to lead an imaginary orchestra with his hand. Occasionally he whispered directions to himself.

The lady beside him seemed to be caught up in the spell of the weird music. She too, swayed and trembled. At the conclusion of the number, just before the applause thundered forth, there was a death-like silence. As the sorrowful wail of the violin died out, "Uncle Joe" bowed his head and spoke.

"So played my daughter and I."

"And, my father and I," said the lady at his side.

He turned,—"Mary!"

"Father!"



Ballad of Ther

*I*N the distant land of Ther,
Lived a lady, wondrous fair,
Who, by prince and king besought,
Saw their priceless treasures brought
To the city by the Artha
Where the lady, wondrous fair,
Sat upon a throne, all golden,
With a red rose in her hair.

Five great monarchs sent their crowns,
And the Huntsman King, his hounds;
Sent the Prince of Po, his carriage
(With a hope for early marriage)
To the city by the Artha,
Where the lady, wondrous fair,
Living in a gold-domed palace,
Kept the rose upon her hair.

Came a minstrel, clad in rags,
To the palace on the crags.
(From a penitential palmer,
He had heard, in far-off Lahmer,
That the city on the Artha
Held a lady, wondrous fair,
Who, though wooed by prince and monarch,
Kept a red rose in her hair.)

And the lady, Madeleine,
From her golden throne, within,
Heard the sprightly little song
Of the minstrel. It was long.
But she loved its every note,
And this lady wondrous fair—
Opening wide the latticed window—
Dropt the rose from out her hair.

In the city by the Artha,
In the palace on the crags,
Was a wondrous lady wedded
To a minstrel, clad in rags!

—PORPHYRO.

My Friend and I

A Lover of Leisure Finds a Kindred Spirit

VINCENT DUCEY

W H. DAVIES and I are great friends, although we've never met. In his poem, "Leisure," he says:

"What is this life if, full of care,
We have no time to stand and stare."

I was rather shocked at first reading this. Fancy a reputable poet condemning efficiency, high-pressure salesmanship, snappy slogans, and all the orthodox tenets of modern business! I'll bet he doesn't make much money, because, surely he wouldn't have a "Do It Now!" sign in his office—and what worthy office hasn't one?

Since coming to college, I have been rather worried by the never-ending stress laid upon the value, the intense necessity, of work, and the base criminality of not working. My friend, Mr. Davies, and I, would like to take time out and behold God's world (a picture painted by the Almighty,—(how many people prefer it to the movies?); to watch the doves flitting from the church belfry; to gaze out of my window across the still, polished lake and hear the distant shouting of carefree boys. Those boys are happy now; probably as happy as they ever will be, here on earth. God was kind when He gave them—our pastors and professors of the future,—time to play. He is kind when He holds down the curtain of innocence between them and their future responsibilities. I do not envy them these responsibilities; together with my friend, Mr. Davies, I would much rather sit and stare. Which, we plead to scornful and impatient superiors, is not wholly our fault.

" . . . And stare as long as sheep or cows." Lord, how blissfully impractical!

I've been staring at that line for at least ten minutes now (as long as any normal cow would stare at it) and haven't thought at all about it. But what a glorious stream of pictures it has conjured up in my mind's eye. An airplane high in the heavens; Lake

Michigan at sunset; Christmas in Moscow! a school of frolicking sea-dolphins—great objects all, for staring. (Oh, Adam! What an awful oil-can you turned out to be, when you invented work!) Of course, some people, like my good friend Mr. Davies, can outwit Adam, but they must be particularly gifted to do so.

Once, years ago, my father said: "Work is the only money with which you can buy happiness, my son." In a way, perhaps he was right. But to me, work has never brought happiness—happiness that is truly filling and satisfying. It has engendered a sort of fierce joy; a pride of accomplishment, of a duty well done; but these are poor substitutes for the calm of wintry nights, and peaceful rural meadows; for all the things that bring me happiness.

Is it a sin to be happy—idly, carelessly happy? I have often wondered. Of course, we know that true happiness cannot be achieved in this world, but shouldn't we get as much as is "gettable"? And if happiness is most nearly achieved by staring for hours across moon-lit waters, and dreaming of what you could have done, had you not so wanted to be happy—is this sinful?

"Bosh!" explodes the entrepreneur, in his decisive, energetic way. No waste of words with him; words cost money, time costs money, everything—money, money, money!

He may be right—money-grubbing may be more worthy than staring—and I may be right. Perhaps the content of happiness differs between us, and our differences are based upon a difference of natures. This is not for me to judge.

However, if you are curious, dear friend, try this: cut your ontology some afternoon and wander over to the St. Joseph river. Pick out a quiet secluded spot beside one of the channels where the water is still. Seat yourself on a bank a few feet higher than the level of the river—first (I forgot) collecting

some sticks and stones for ammunition. At random intervals toss a stick or stone into the pool, and watch the ripples come back to you. Whatever you do, don't think; dream as much as you want, but it is imperative that you must not think.

Stay there for a few hours, varying your watching, perhaps, between pool and sky, and you will have had but a taste of the happiness that has conquered my dear friend, Mr. Davies, and me.

The Style Of The Letter

A Third Phase of Letter Writing

KARL MASTERSTECK

IN HIS *Representative Essays on the Theory of Style*, Brewster states that "Style is frequently spoken of as if its revelation of the individuality of the writer or speaker were the main thing." As many and varied as are the definitions of style, this is the one I like to keep in connection with letter-writing. What, you might ask, has style to do with the friendly letter? For in this type we are given much latitude; yet this very lack of rigidity is allowed us that we might make our letters carry with them the significance that they belong to us, that they are a part of us, that they have style—the revelation of our individuality.

Last year, at Homecoming, I met an old friend with whom I had chummed for seven years. We have been separated the past two years and during this time we have carried on a rather desultory correspondence. Usually I have to write two or three letters before receiving a reply, and when one comes there is nothing in it that speaks of the boy I used to know. I asked him why he didn't write oftener. His reply was the usual excuse, "I haven't enough time, and you know I despise to write letters." This explained why his letters were uninteresting. Instead of thinking of me while writing he would put his mind on the actual work of trying to say something interesting; his letters became stiff, and he was aware of it. He then decided that he couldn't write letters, and naturally came to loathe the task.

This condition—a bad rut to get into—is entirely mental, and is overcome by focusing our attention on the friend to whom we are

writing, leaving in the background thoughts of the effort required. Since we remember many things by association, if we think of our pal, more than likely we will remember many pleasant experiences with him. These will put us in a pleasant frame of mind, and will affect the tone of the letter, enabling us to make closer contact with him. In addition the sight of our letter when he recognizes who it is from will carry pleasant thoughts to him, and will put his mind in a state parallel to ours, making him more sensitive to the style of our letter. If it is stiff and formal, he will enjoy reading it as much as if you called dressed in a Tuxedo. If it is chummy and personal, it will do him more good than a tonic. Recall his point of view on certain matters and shape your arguments to meet them. In other words anticipate his answers in your statements.

I recall a letter from a friend, the opening of which appeared very commonplace. Suddenly there was an interruption and he announced that there was a big fire down the street and that he would suspend writing for a few minutes. When he came back he gave a very vivid description of the fire; as questions arose in my mind he seemed to answer them. He accomplished this by telling me the things which he knew I would be interested in. The letter, of course, proved very interesting.

The interruption need not be a fire; a telephone call from a friend, or a visit will do; in fact anything that will break the letter and give it a personal touch is helpful in making letters pleasant reading.

A Tirade On The Deified Westerner

A Humorous Attack On The Man From the Open Spaces

E. W. BROWN

THE other day I read a little poem of sympathy for the simple, western he-man who is forced to come east into the restrictions and confinements of civilization. The poet was having a good time weeping over this individual person. I have seen other poets weep over the same theme many times; I have seen it played up in the movies. Never yet, however, has a tear been squeezed out of my eyes by the thought, for my experience with men from the wide open spaces has failed to show one who chafed at the so-called bonds of civilization. To me a far more pathetic thought is that of the helplessly civilized, city-bred fellow who is obliged to go west to start life anew. It is the so-called tenderfoot, and not the he-man, who has my sympathy. But the poet sobs when he sees a proud, self sufficient character irked by the rules and conventions of a mass of lesser men. And what does he do but laugh when he sees a worthy, invincibly ignorant man bullied and badgered by rough individuals who chew tobacco and carry guns.

Experience shows that yokels take very easily, if not indeed gladly, to civilization. At times they have even shown themselves over fond of it and have marched in and adopted it wholesale—much to the detriment of civilization. Those were sad days for the Romans when Attila and Alaric brought in the boys from the plains to enjoy the comforts and improvements of modern Rome. Alaric didn't mind a little stuffiness in his city dwelling, just so long as he didn't have to sit on the wall flaps during every tempest.

I myself knew a westerner who never found civilization too cramped. He is at present facing the prospect of a winter in a little cabin on a lonely Colorado mountain—real, thrilling, next-to-nature stuff, you know. Somehow or other, though, his letters convey the idea that he would not mind trading places with any city flat-dweller. He en-

viciously mentions such things as steam heat, keroseneless food, and feet unencumbered by snow-shoes. I actually believe he would live in the city this winter if he could—I actually believe he would.

When he was here last summer, he did not seem to grieve over the temporary loss of his beloved hills and woods. Strangely enough, he rarely mentioned natural beauty. When he did, the reference was invariably to animate objects, these objects having the further distinction of wearing skirts. How he would rave over this type of beauty! True naturalist that he was, whenever he saw a particularly interesting specimen, he took unending pains to become better acquainted with it. Yes, in this one respect, I will have to admit that he appreciated nature. All other "typically western" qualities, however, he lacked. Far from scorning softer, lesser men, he was often found in their company, a bottle in the middle of the table and cards in his hand. And as to practicing stern habits of bodily discipline, *his* feet were heaviest on a hike, and *his* voice was loudest in begging "lifts."

Many people who have lived in cities all their lives would make just as good plainsmen, woodsmen, and mountaineers as the real articles themselves. It is surprising the number of city people who spend several weeks of every year "roughing it." True, they are glad to get back home, but while they are in the woods, they handle themselves very well. The poor puny wretches make a much better showing out of their element than do the poet's sturdy plainsmen out of theirs. The self-sufficiency of the woodsman and the helplessness of the city dweller have both been greatly exaggerated. Many woodsmen are quite rattlebrained and undependable. A great many of them know how to get along in a certain place because they and their fathers before them have lived

cating young Americans in the appreciation of the wonders and beauties of nature.

In this connection, I again hold up my western friend as a horrible example. To hear him tell about it, you would think he lived in some low foothills, on the drab side of a sawed-off mountain in the most desolate corner of Colorado. Yes, there were a few wild animals around—he used to shoot jack-rabbits. What kinds of birds?—he had never noticed any; he dubbed all large birds “chicken-hawks,” all small ones “sparrows.” It was plain he could see no beauty in his surroundings. The other day he sent me a few colored photographs of his foothills. What was my surprise to find that the hills were as picturesque mountains as I have ever seen, their coloring being much like that of the Grand Canyon, and their characteristics showing promise of plenty of wild life.

No, sir, the hale, hearty man from the wide open spaces gets no praises nor tears of mine. My sympathy lies with the mean, clinging townsman.



The Advisability of a Slow Development

“Let friendship creep gently to a height: if you rush to it, it may soon run itself out of breath.”
—*T. Fuller.*

tiful, comes to maturity only by a steady growth.

Moreover, suitable conditions and materials are required for the production of beautiful things. It is inconceivable that the florist should attempt to produce fine roses on a sun-baked plain, that the painter should put his masterpiece on paper, or the sculptor carve in sandstone. The rose would soon be parched, the painting and the piece of sculpturing soon become unrecognizable. Friendship, likewise, if it is to be a lasting friendship must be wrought in materials that can give it stability and permanence. How then are we to know in whom the necessary qualifications for a genuine friendship exist? A period of acquaintanceship is the key to the problem. During this time it

should be ascertained whether the prospective friend has those characteristics which alone can form the basis of a solid friendship—a character that harmonizes with our own high ideals, and an unselfish spirit. Unless these qualities exist, in addition to our mutual attraction, the friendship even though once formed cannot long endure, and what can be more distressing than the disillusionment, the pain, the self reproach, the humiliation that follows the breaking of a friendship considered strong! It was well said that “a long novitiate of acquaintance-ship precede the vows of friendship.”

But once we are convinced that the necessary qualities for friendship are present we may begin to cultivate it. This should be done not suspiciously, but cautiously lest perchance by too hasty an exchange of confidence in the beginning, for a certain intimacy is certainly the prerogative of mature and tried friendship, we should destroy our work before it is well begun. Friendships must unfold gradually to their full beauty. We will make few mistakes if we follow the advice of Fuller. “Let friendship creep gently to a height: if it rushes to it, it may soon run itself out of breath.”



Circus

*Children ask such startling questions!
The other evening at a show
There was a child
Watching the comic antics of a clown
And all the wonder and the merriment
Of a child
Were in his eyes
When suddenly his whole face sobered
And he turned to his father:*

*Daddy, clowns make us laugh
But who makes the clowns laugh?*

*I was filled with surprise;
But God in His infinite wisdom
Makes parents wise;
And the father, after a pause, answered:*

*Son, the funny men you see
Once were little boys like you;
And now are men grown up like me;
Their happiness is in their fun and fuss,
And when they see us laugh,
They laugh with us.*

*And only the older people near us saw the lie
Glistening in a corner of the father's eye,
And in the sawdust ring near us, the trace
Of another tear in the grease on the fat
clown's face.*

—ONE OF HELL'S BEAUX.

SPORT NEWS

Irish Take Vengeance on Wabash: Win, 37-26

Resuming the form which carried them to the Western championship last year, and to a string of eighteen straight triumphs stretching over a period of two years only to be snapped by Franklin in the previous game, Coach George Keogan's aggregation of Celtic net-snippers sent the Scarlet and White of Wabash back to Crawfordsville last Saturday evening, smarting under the sting of a 37-26 defeat.

The Irish were out for blood in every sense of the word, and thought of the engagement they dropped to the Baptists the previous week as a spur to greater efforts rather than a morale-breaker. Coach Keogan seemed to borrow a page from Rockne and he sent his combination upon the floor in a fighting mood, and a mood which boded ill for the Little Giants.

His proteges had important things to demonstrate besides basketball, and these they did to the complete satisfaction of all. They had to prove to the school, to their myriad supporters, and to all Hoosierdom for that matter, that they had the necessary stamina to stand a setback and then come back. They had their new and ever-growing record of never having tasted defeat in their own gymnasium, to keep unsullied. And lastly, the most important, they had to prove to themselves that their morale was as strong as it ever was, even stronger. Only by defeating the invaders could they hope to accomplish these things satisfactorily, and the fact that they were on the long end of a 37-26 score is the answer to everything.

The downstaters invaded the Notre Dame lair with a team every bit as good as Franklin's and led by the gallant "Red" Robinson, and the brilliant Captain DeVol, heroes of Hoosier basketball, they were expected to plaster the second straight set back to the Gold and Blue. Captain Nyikos and his

mates felt different though, and from the opening to the closing whistle, displayed almost invincible form.

Scarcely had Referee Kearns' inaugural whistle blown when Jachym, Gold and Blue forward, sunk a foul toss for the initial score of the game. Play then see-sawed back and forth for a few minutes until Louie Conroy, Notre Dame's all-western guard, showed just why he was chosen for that honor last year by sinking a field-goal from mid-court. Scarcely had the fans ceased proclaiming their appreciation of this feat when they were again brought to their feet when Conroy sank another perfect shot from approximately the same place. These beautiful shots provided the necessity stimulus to set the Irish attack into motion, and soon after this Conroy's teammate, the hard-working Bucky Dahman not to be outdone by his fellow guard, added his contribution to the mounting Irish total by throwing a pair of pretty side court shots. His pair of baskets were interspersed by McNally's under-the-basket toss and from then on the Gold and Blue went way out in front never to be headed. Before the half ended, Nyikos and Jachym kept up the good work by a couple of two-pointers each, the result of a pretty pass by a teammate, a beautiful dribble, or a sensational long shot.

Meanwhile the Scarlet's attack could not get started due to the splendid defense of the Keoganites, and although baskets by Robinson and Devol kept the invaders in the running making the score read 21-13 at half time, with the Irish in the van.

Pete Vaughn's men were completely stopped for the first ten minutes failing to score a point, while Notre Dame, aided by Captain Nyikos and Jachym, was continually adding to her count until at one time the score stood 33-13 in favor of the Gold and Blue.

The Little Giants got started late in the Game however, when the heretofore impregnable Irish attack was unloosened a little, but enough to enable the visitors to run their score up to 26, while the hosts were adding a last quartet of tallies.

While Wabash put up a splendid and a courageous game, at no time did they threaten to overtake the Keoganites. But Notre Dame was not to be denied, and continually flashed what competent critics say to be the best all around basket exhibition that she has turned in thus far this year. Not only were the boys from Crawfordsville thoroughly subdued, but also their two scoring aces, the eagle-eyed Robinson, and their flashy Captain Dexol were held in check.

Robinson was held to a pair of baskets by Notre Dame's alert defense, but his three successful foul shots pulled him up even with his teammate Devol who scored a trio of two-pointers and only a pair of fouls, to carry off the scoring honors for the invaders.

Joe Jachym, classy Sophomore basketball player who played his first full game for Notre Dame, led his teammates in scoring during the engagement. His five baskets and three fouls were one point better than Capt. Nyikos' quintet of goals and pair of single-pointers.

The same team which started the battle carried the Irish colors all the way to the end, Coach Keogan wisely refraining from breaking up his winning combination by substitutions.

There were no outstanding stars for Notre Dame. Every man played just like a cog in a well-oiled machine, and gave everything to achieve the final victory in favor of his school.

—J.V.H.

Notre Dame:	G	F	P	Wabash:	G	F	P
Jachym, f.....	5	3	3	Robison, f.....	2	3	0
McNally, f.....	1	1	3	Adams, f.....	1	2	0
Nyikos, c.....	5	1	3	Brooks, f.....	0	1	1
Dahman, g.....	2	0	1	Harbison, c.....	1	0	1
Conroy, g.....	2	2	2	Biner, c.....	0	1	3
				McCorkle, g....	0	1	1
Totals.....	15	7	12	Taylor, g.....	1	1	1
				DeVol, g.....	3	1	2
				Th'nburg, g....	0	0	0
				Totals	8	10	9

Referee—Kearns, DePaul. Umpire—Reynolds, Chicago. Free throws attempted—Notre Dame, 12; Wabash, 15. Score at end of first half—Notre Dame, 21; Wabash, 13.

JACHYM EQUALS JACKIM

We were over at the basketball game last Saturday night. While our five stalwart basketball players were mishandling the Wabash basketball team through forty minutes of play for a 37 to 26 victory, five thousand spectators were mishandling the name "Jachym" over the same period of time for a 160 to 0 victory, or what have you?

We heard his name pronounced differently by some one every time he made a field goal. If you were at the game and saw Mr. Jachym looping in field goals in the same way that "Scotty" makes lops in meal tickets at the "Cafe" during the rush hour, you know what we mean. Among the various pronunciations of the name "Jachim" that night were the following: Yahkim, Jackim, Jockim, Jackheim, and Yackim.

The idea that one single name could permit of so many variations began to prey upon our mind; consequently, we decided to get at the truth of the matter. We went over to see Joseph George Jachym; he lives in 208 Sophomore Hall. We found him alone in the room poring sedulously over a formidable-looking textbook, ostensibly a book dealing with "Economics."

"How do you pronounce your name, Mr. J-a-c-h-y-m?" said we rather tactlessly, then.

"Well, after our game with Wabash, you could have pronounced it any way you wanted to and get away with it. Jackim, however, is the way the family pronounces it, and even some of the fellows here at school." The "Jack" part of it is pronounced the same as the nickname for John, with the accent on that syllable. The "im" part of it is pronounced the same as the "im" in impudent.

"Well Mr. Jackim, you surely have relieved our mind of a great weight. Thanks a lot. Good night."

The next time you have occasion to go over to the gymnasium to see our basketball team beat some other team, please bear in mind that Jachym is pronounced "Jackim," and not "Yakhim," "Jockim," "Jackheim," or what have you?

L. R. M.

BASKETBALL
TRACK

AMONG INTERHALL ATHLETES

SWIMMING
HOCKEY

Beginning with this issue, the SCHOLASTIC will print each week results of all interhall athletic contests together with scheduled sports events which are about to take place in the interhall leagues.

Interhall basketball got off well last Sunday when every hall team on the campus played its first game. Coaches, most of them members of the varsity squad, used dozens of prospective cagers in an attempt to get a line on winning fives. Here are the results:

SORIN 20, CORBY 13.

Sorin's last half strength was too much for the Corby five who ended up on the short side of a 13-11 count at the end of the first period. "Red" Edwards stood out as the Sorin star with six baskets while Andrews, Corby center, registered four field goals.

MORRISSEY 14, BADIN 12.

After putting on a low-scoring specialty in the first half, Morrissey and Badin cut loose in the second half, the Morrissey five barely winning at 14-12.

CARROLL 13, BROWNSON 8.

Those old rivals, Carroll and Brownson, went to it again Sunday afternoon, Carroll taking advantage of Brownson fouls to win 13 to 8. Fay's field shots were sensational.

LYONS 5, SOPHOMORE 17.

Sophomore continued its athletic glory with a clear-cut win over the Lyons contingent. Lyons never came close, Happer, the high-scoring ace being held to a single field goal. Bender stood out in the Sophomore offense, getting two field goals and a foul.

HOWARD 9, WALSH 10.

The most interesting tilt of the day was the Howard-Walsh struggle which the latter won by a one point margin. The Howard team led 8 to 6 at the half but could not slip through the Walsh defense for any more pointers.

DAY DOGS 23, FRESHMAN 6.

Freshman Hall tradition was not ruined with a 26-6 loss last Sunday for Freshman

Hall and basketball do not agree. The Day Dogs coasted along at will making baskets whenever the urge came. Moule of the Day-Dogs sunk six field goals, twice as many as did the 26 gallants who played for Freshman.

THIS SUNDAY'S GAMES

10:00 A. M.—Corby vs. Lyons.

11:00 A. M.—Soph. vs. Morrissey.

1:30 P. M.—Sorin vs. Badin.

2:30 P. M.—Brownson vs. Walsh.

3:30 P. M.—Day vs. Carroll.

4:30 P. M.—Badin vs. Corby.

More than 80 jumpers, runners and hurdlers are practicing daily for the Freshman-Varsity handicap meet which will be the first test of interhall athletics. According to Coach Rockne the annual indoor interhall meet will be held late in February.

SWIMMERS TO MEET

MINNESOTA SPLASHERS

Notre Dame finmen will begin an intensive swimming campaign Saturday night in the Engman Natorium, South Bend, when they meet the efficient University of Minnesota paddling crew.

Always noted as a winning swim team, the Minnesota water habits are living up to their reputation this season as they have met and defeated some of the best teams in the middle-west including their Western Conference rivals.

Captain Jerry Rhodes' and company have been training since late fall and Saturday's meet will find them in mid-season shape. Daily practices for the past three weeks have put the edge on all the Irish swim candidates.

The Minnesota-Notre Dame clash will feature the usual run of swimming competition including dash and relay races and diving specialties.

IRISH NOSED OUT BY NORTHWESTERN TRACKMEN

The margin of one yard in the mile relay was just enough to snatch victory from Notre Dame trackmen in the first dual meet of the season held in Patten Gymnasium, Northwestern University last Saturday. The Purple won 46 1-3 to 39 2-3.



A fighting Purple quarter-miler who took the stick far in front of the Notre Dame anchor man managed to breast the tape just an instant ahead and insure victory to the Wildcats.

Tough luck in the relay event caused the Notre Dame downfall, for after ekeing out enough points in the high jump to make a win possible by romping off with the relay, the Irish struck a sudden snag in the baton-passing event. Abbott, running in first, fell on one of the treacherous turns, and McDonald, running in second, barely missed enough yardage to swing the relay in the Irish favor.

Throughout the program, the two teams contested every event and the margin never stood at more than seven points. Northwestern got off to an early lead when it slammed the shot-put but Riley, Elder and Della Maria, placed one-two-three in the 40 yard dash and evened things.

Purple strength in the field events was evident and the Irish could not quite even matters with their brilliant efforts on the track.

"Scrap" Young, Notre Dame distance star, and "Tiny" Lewis, Purple fullback, were the luminaries of the meet. Young plugged to first places in the mile and two mile events while Lewis won the high hurdles and shot-put and tied for second in the high jump.

Coaches Knute Rockne and John Wendland began Monday to prime their squad for Illinois, who will be met here on February 12.

The summary:

40 Yard Dash—Won by Riley, Notre Dame; Elder, Notre Dame, second; Captain

Della Maria, Notre Dame, third. Time :04.8.

440 Yard Dash—Won by McDonald, Notre Dame; McGauley, Notre Dame, second; Garby, Northwestern, third. Time :53.

880 Yard Dash—Won by Reynolds, Northwestern; Abbott, Notre Dame, second; Quigley, Notre Dame, third. Time 2:02.8.

One Mile Run—Won by Young, Notre Dame; Furrey, Northwestern, second; Reynolds, Northwestern, third. Time 4:31.5.

Two Mile Run—Won by Young, Notre Dame; Sparling, Northwestern, second; John Brown, Notre Dame, third. Time 9:58.

Mile Relay—Won by Northwestern (Tannehil, Gorby, Furrey and Reynolds) over Notre Dame (Lahey, McGauley, Abbott and McDonald). Time 3:40.4.

Shot-Put—Won by Lewis, Northwestern; Karsten, Northwestern, second; Bagge, Northwestern, third. 43 feet, 8 inches.

Pole Vault—Won by Droegemueller, Northwestern; Bov, Notre Dame, second; Bannon, Notre Dame, third. Height 12 feet, 8 inches.

High Jump—Won by Rettig, Northwestern; Lahey, Doan, Griffin and McSweeney, Notre Dame, and Lewis and Verdell, Northwestern, tied for second. Height 5 feet, 9 inches.

40 Yard High Hurdles—Won by Lewis, Northwestern; Verdell, Northwestern, second; Griffin, Notre Dame, :05.5.

IRISH BEAT ST. XAVIER

BOXING SQUAD 6-0

Saint Xavier's found out why they call them "Fightin' Irish". It was a week ago tonight that they made this sad discovery, and before they realized that our boxers had improved 100 per cent since last year, the meet was over—and our mitt slingers were on the long end of a 6 to 0 score.

The first bout was the only one which was not rightfully ours by a large margin. Guy Loranger, scrappy little 118 pounder, fought hard to outpoint Billy Kline of the Cincinnati contingent. At the end of three rounds Kline and Loranger were even and the referee ordered the bout to go another round. Loranger made the better showing in this

last round. Again the judges disagreed and Referee Phil Collins awarded the fight to Loranger.

Battling Mike O'Keefe had things pretty much his way in the next bout. He scored a knock-down over Eddie Hahn in the very first round, and after that just coasted along, his superior reach proving poisonous to Hahn. The men were bantams.

Two light-weights were next on the bill, Manuel Garcia of Notre Dame and a clever leather pusher from St. Xavier's named Schmidt. Both of these chaps knew their stuff, and furnished what was probably the most interesting contest of the evening. A dizzy pace was maintained throughout the fight. The first round was even; but Garcia copped the last two and the decision from Referee Jim Mullen, the well known Chicago fight promoter, who came down from the Windy City to look the boys over. He saw plenty.

The next bout, the slowest of the evening, went four rounds. Frank Duquette, a new man at the Sock-'em-and-rock-'em sport, was in there for the Blue and Gold and, despite his inexperience, was awarded the decision. His long left gave his opponent, Boue, a lot of trouble. The men were welter-weights.

After a rather tame initial round our middle-weight entrant, Pat Canny, started throwing gloves in all directions and won the next bout by the biggest margin of the evening. His opponent, who was clearly not in Canny's class, was so tired of taking it that he several times claimed fouls on obviously fair blows.

It is not the most pleasant thing in the world to see a six-foot-four behemoth crawl through the ropes and take his place in the corner opposite, even if you are pretty hefty yourself. That is just what Jack McGrath, heavy-weight wearer of the Blue and Gold, was confronted with in the last bout of the evening. But perhaps Jack remembered that the giant-killer of childhood tales was a youth of the same cognomen as he; at any rate, he started out to prove once more that the bigger they are the harder they fall. He rushed out of his corner like a cyclone, planted a couple of smacks on his elongated

opponent's chin, and the big boy was soon as dizzy as a Sophomore. When they're groggy and foggy, Jack doesn't dally long, and a short-armed jolt seemed to be the one that did the business. The gloves were flying in wind-mill fashion, à la Harry Greb, so that it was almost impossible to see the blow that was responsible for the K. O., but that is neither here nor there, as Jack's antagonist, a chap named Berger, will probably agree.

The bouts were preceded by three wrestling exhibitions between members of the Notre Dame "allay oop" squad. In the first, Versteeger had the best of Tully, 135 pounds. In the next exhibition, announced at 155 pounds, things were about even. Ray Smith and Bob Rouchet were the principals. Metrailler threw "Red" Callahan with a head scissors in the last session, after 4 minutes and 25 seconds of grappling. The men were middle-weights.

MICHIGAN OUTFIT TRIMS

NOTRE DAME PUCKMEN, 3-0

Showing an unexpected speed and dash, hockey players representing the Michigan School of Mines out-skated the Notre Dame hockey team a week ago last Thursday and gave the latter its fourth defeat of the year. The score was 3 to 0.

After postponing the Wednesday game on account of weather conditions, the teams took the ice Thursday and played brilliantly all the way, but the sudden spurts of offensive power on the part of Michigan wings found the Irish defense wanting.

Shortly after the first whistle, clever teamwork on the part of the Michigan center and wing combination rushed the puck into the goal. Toward the end of the same period another score was registered and in the second period the last counter was made. Notre Dame's defense smothered the Michigan wings in the final period.

"Bud" Boeringer was the outstanding player of the day, his brilliant work at left defense being responsible for holding the Michigan margin down.

MR. GHOUL POSTS AGAIN

The other night we had nothing to do; consequently we thought we would pay our dear friend Mr. Ghoul Posts a visit.

The old foggy was very affable that evening. He almost hugged us as he led us into his sanctuary. We afterwards learned from his man-of-all-work that Ghoul Posts had been informed that day that he had inherited twelve thousand dollars (\$12,000) upon the death of a forty-second cousin in Denison, Iowa, and that his wife had gone away for two weeks to attend a convention of "The League of Women Home-Lovers."

We smoked in silence for a time; then explosively, as if he had been touched off with a lighted match, the old foggy said: "Critics! Bah! The world is choked with them! They are as numerous as gnats over a swamp, and about as troublesome. They are constantly wielding their hammers on some worthy object and, less frequently, on one not so worthy, smashing it to pieces. Already, they have relentlessly pounded on the pillars of morality, on the railroads, on Santa Claus and on the Easter Bunny, on the United States government, and on the existence of God.

"The worst of it is that almost all the critics are paid good hard-earned dollars by honest people for the privilege of being criticized. Obviously, people enjoy being criticized, else why would they pay men like H. L. Mencken and George Jean Nathan big dividends for battering away whole-heartedly at everything these people hold dear and sacred?"

The old foggy paused for breath; he continued with his diatribe after he had subdued several gulps.

"There was Jasper Jenkins back in Peoriat. He was a critic. I remember well the time he asked ten dollars of Bill Hitchins. Bill gave it to him and, as Jasper started away without so much as a 'thank you,' Bill called to him: 'Jasper got a match? I want to light up a fag.'

"Jasper drew one match out of a well-filled matchbox and handed it to him. Then he said: 'Bill, I didn't see why you don't learn to carry matches around with you; then you wouldn't have to borrow them all the time.'

"There was Jim Simpkins. He was a dyed-in-the-wool critic. Just as he was about to hand the necessary obolus to Charon, he cried to his wife: 'Myra, please pray to God so that he will have Saint Peter shave off his whiskers. I never could stand a man with whiskers.' For a critic, he was extremely optimistic. But, I suppose he was happy; he didn't find any whiskers at all where he went.

"Oh, yes, and there was Sed Hawkins. Sed owed the town grocer three hundred and ten dollars for more than twenty years. The town grocer made it a point to see that on the first of every month Sed received a bill for the full amount. Well, one month there, for some unaccountable reason, Sed didn't receive his bill until the third. Well, sir, he never did get through criticizing the town grocer for the slipshod way in which he handled his business. The three hundred and ten dollars? Oh, he was so angry at the grocer for his crass negligence, that he threatened to pay it several times, but never did.

"Do you know," said Ghoul Posts to me, after he had finished relighting his pipe, "We have Fire-Prevention Week, Music Week, Clean-Up Week, and as many others as there are States; I don't see why we couldn't have a 'Critics' Week'? During that week let the critics howl, and tear their garments to shreds, and pull out their hair because of the insufferable way in which the world is being managed. But, as soon as the week has passed, the first critic who opens his mouth before the advent of the next 'Critics' Week' should be burned alive at the stake."

"Good night, sir."

"Good night, Mr. Ghoul Posts." And I defy anyone to deny that it was a good night, considering what a man Mr. Ghoul Posts usually is.

—L.R.M.

BASKETBALL
SWIMMING
HOCKEY
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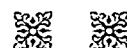
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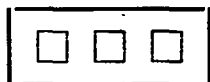


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Hot BISCUITS!

—made of real whole wheat, crisp and appetizing, nourishing and energizing—that's food for thought and exercise. For a good warm breakfast on a real cold morning try

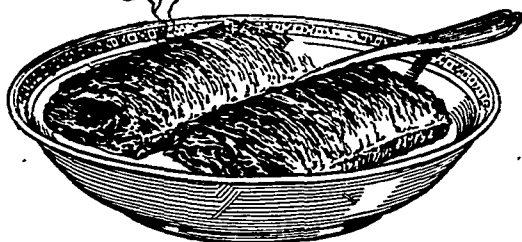


SHREDDED WHEAT

**HEATED *and* COVERED
WITH HOT MILK *or* CREAM**

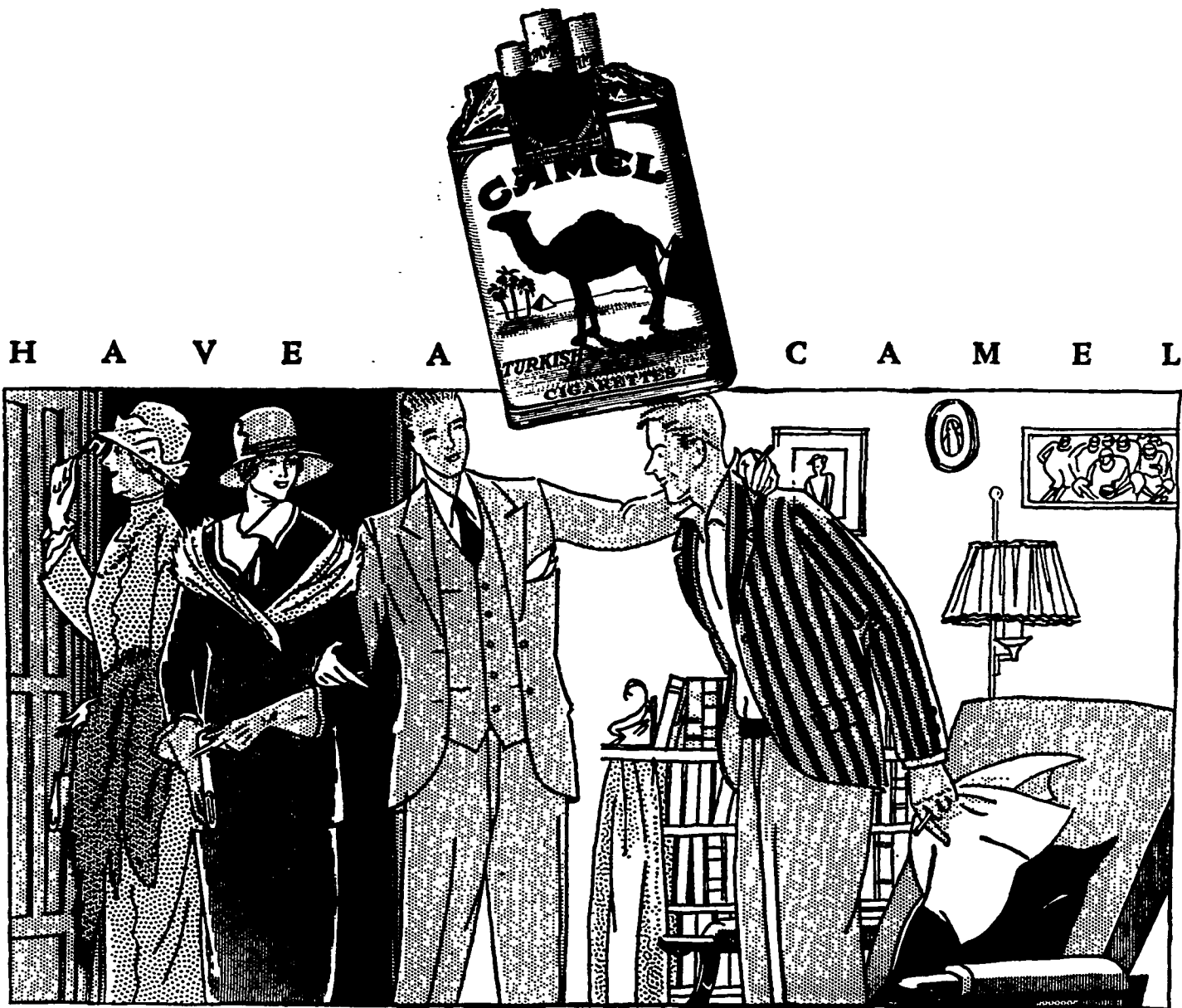
Contains all the BRAN, PROTEINS, VITAMINS and other food elements that your body craves in balanced 100% digestible, really delicious form.

Only takes a minute to prepare. Salt or sugar to taste and then sink your teeth into crisp, chewey, luscious mouthfuls of Nature's finest food.



Make a daily habit of just two biscuits of Shredded Wheat and watch your health and energy curve, go up and stay up.

MAKE IT A DAILY HABIT



[Mothers visit the club-house]

Camel attracts the quality smoker

CAREFUL observation will reveal that men of quality demand quality in a cigarette—smoke Camels. A Camel smoker goes straight to the point in cigarettes and demands enjoyment.

For there are no better tobaccos or blending than you get in Camels. There is no other cigarette taste and fragrance that can compare with Camels, because they are rolled of the choicest Turkish and

Domestic tobaccos grown. In a cigarette, as in the smoker, there is nothing that can substitute for quality.

If you want to know what experienced smokers like, just try Camels. Each year new millions try them all and find in Camels enjoyment realized. Camels *never* tire the taste. To test the quality of Camels, compare them with any cigarette made regardless of price. "Have a Camel!"

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.