The Notre Dame Scholastic
A LITERARY—NEWS WEEKLY
PUBLISHED AT THE UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME

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Advertisers in Notre Dame publications deserve the patronage of Notre Dame men.
Welcome, Men of '29.
For this issue at least, we thought "Three Weeks" should be an appropriate heading, but we dared not suggest it to the Editor lest he might suspect us of intending to ape friend Elinor Glynn. Besides, this page has always been quite singular (no: that's not a pun). The fact remains, though, that the happenings of nearly three weeks must somehow be crammed into a few meager paragraphs: sorry, but space is valuable, as our advertisers have discovered. They have been extremely busy weeks, too, with that unwilling bustle that distinguishes every new school year. The first official class-bell sounded at one-five on September tenth; but long before that, the days—and nights—of registration peopled the campus with hand-shaking upperclassmen, awed freshmen, endless waiting lines, thousands of cards to be filled out and carried on—to the next line before a glass window. The days of registration were hectic, and on the whole, happy, in spite of delays and misunderstandings and mid-summer weather. They form an experience which is wonderful to have—behind you. With the commencement of classes, things began to settle down and we could look about a bit and assure ourselves that the old place had managed to stagger through three months in spite of our absence.

Several changes of varying importance should be made a matter of record. The Morrissey Hall of last June has become the complete and artistic Howard Hall of the present, mothering, with all modern conveniences, some hundreds of otherwise homeless Freshmen. Hammers, wielded by union workmen, are pounding together a queer structure on the east campus where virgin prairie grass waved in the north wind last spring. The wayward Day Students have a new Director who persists in remaining genial and efficient in spite of the burden of a cool thousand off-campus charges. Father Burke has gone to Texas, and in his place, Father Hubbell has taken over the campaign for Bigger and Better Eight O'Clock Classes. That's all the New we've noticed, except the Freshmen, and they deserve a little extra attention.

In the first place they are a handsome lot—virile, bronzed, distinguished, ... that sort of thing. One happy lad threatened to succeed to the laurels of the checker champ when he lined up a score of earnest upperclassmen in the corridor of Sorin Subway and proceeded painstakingly to initiate them into some of the simpler twists of the Charleston, with variations for his more advanced pupils. Others, clad in futuristic bathrobes, have been observed picking a tender path to their afternoon swim. And of course the favorite old physical examinations go merrily forward among the medicos of Sorin. But on the whole, as the saying is, not so dumb.

Meetings have already begun to meet in the usual meeting place on the regular meeting night. We are thinking of holding a contest this year, prize to be awarded to the club which meets the most and does the least. The Scribblers are far in the lead, having met twice,—once formally to consider plans for the year, and again informally to offer encouragement to their founder and past president, Harry McGuire, who stopped off on his way to Yale. The Knights of Columbus consumed five hundred twoferanickel Websters and elected a new set of officers. The Keystone Club and five or six others listened to a dozen speeches apiece on that invigorating topic "Let's Get Going, Fellows." Pathetic posters begging for new blood were produced by the Dome, Juggler, Glee Club and Boxing team: no word, as yet, has come from Le Cercle Francais. Let us live in hope.

—J. A. W.
HOWARD HALL IS OPENED

Probably the most pleasing sight that greeted the returning students this year, both old and new, was the new dormitory building, located on the southeast side of the campus, known as Howard Hall.

It is a brick structure rising four floors above grade. For a building of its size, the hall does not make its height felt. The main lines of eaves and ridge work are low and rambling with ever-occurring gables of all sizes. The tower is without doubt the most compelling feature. It fuses well into the building, and has a broad hold on all around it. A carved and cusped bay grows out of the entrance buttress at the center archway, runs through two stories, and stops with the pierced coping of its parapet.

As one enters the building the left door leads to the south wing and the right to the north wing. Dull stained doors of heavy oak are equipped with rough iron hardware and a small pain of leaded glass harmonize with the random quoined and carved stonework which surround them.

A small vestibule paved with red brick and wainscoted awaits the visitor just inside the door. This opens into the terrazzo floored corridor. The student rooms lead off this corridor.

Most of the rooms are designed for single occupancy; but at the far ends of the corridors there are a few double rooms. The floors are of oak and are stained in a dull brown. Both the interior and exterior of the six-lighted windows benefit the scale. The furniture consists of the customary beds, tables, and chairs. These are of simple design but are made of the most durable material. The wardrobe cabinets are especially built of steel. Each room is outfitted with a washstand and toilet cabinet. Each section of each floor has a conveniently located toilet and bath with gray tiled floors and wainscot. The quarters of the rector and prefects are equipped in a like manner.

One of the special features of the building is the lounge rooms at the ends of the corridors. Three panelled openings allow admittance from the corridor. The room is lighted by steel casements and the walls are of panelled oak. The furniture is strong and masculine-like with built-in tables and seats, broad and heavy with bulbous turned legs. The proximity of the student rooms to the entrance should make it an inviting lounge, convenient and comfortable with an atmosphere of fine simplicity. Nearby is the hatted door to the chapel and, slightly apart, stairs to the floor above.

There are two chapels accommodating approximately seventy-five students each.

In the basement a recreation and smoking room is to be a meeting place for amusement lovers.

This is a short resume of the outstanding features of the new Howard Hall. The workmanship, the construction, and the material are all of the very highest quality. The dormitory is fireproof.

At the present time there are approximately one hundred and fifty freshmen making this their college home. The rector of the hall is Rev. John J. Margraf, C.S.C., late of the Bengalese Mission Seminary. The prefects include Rev. Thomas Lahey, C.S.C., who was transferred to the Hall after a residence of ten years in Corby; Rev. George Marr, C.S.C., who has been teaching scripture at the Holy Cross Theological Seminary in Washington; Mr. James Hogan, C.S.C., and Mr. John Whitman.

McCready Huston, associate editor of the South Bend Tribune, novelist, and short-story writer, will deliver his first lecture to students of journalism here October 15. Mr. Huston is one of the most popular lecturers to appear here, and is always greeted by a large and enthusiastic audience. His new novel, "Huling's Quest," has just been published.

Leo Berner, a journalism student of the class of '18, has been appointed editor and manager of a new magazine which will be issued shortly by the South Bend Council of the Knights of Columbus. The first issue of this magazine will probably be printed this month. The name has not yet been selected.
CARROLL AND BROWNSON HALLS RENOVATED

The Brownson and Carroll study halls were completely renovated during the summer months. The walls were cleaned and repaired and then repainted in shades of gray and light blue. Spots, where the plaster had begun to give way, were replastered. The floors were cleaned of ink stains and revarnished. New linoleums replaced the worn ones down the center aisles in both halls.

The desks were cleaned of ink stains and all of the old varnish was scraped away. Scratches and cuts in the tops of the desks were filled in with putty and the hinges and doors of the lockers were repaired. The refinishing job on the desks is a natural color, giving the onlooker the impression that they are new desks.

The halls look brighter and clearer, rendering studying easier. The halls have been in service since 1879 when the building was completed under the supervision of Father Sorin. A destructive fire had previously destroyed the main building and all its contents. Though none of the present furnishings have been in continuous service since the completion of the building, it has seen much service and, if the present care of it is continued, it will answer the purpose for many more years.

REGISTRATION IS HIGH

Notre Dame's enrollment for the academic year of '25-'26 is approximately 2500. There are 2345 regularly enrolled students and about 150 other students consisting of the members of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, members of other religious communities, "post grads," and boy guidance men.

Father E. V. Mooney, C. S. C., the new Director of Off-Campus Students said that there are now between 1000 and 1100 day students, but by the time various changes from town to campus residence are made, there will be about 1000.

S. A. C. MEETS

The Student Activities Council, Dan J. Brady presiding, met in the Library, Thursday night, September 18, at 7:30. This was the first meeting of the present scholastic year.

The Student Trip Committee, appointed by President Brady, is composed of the following: J. Worden Kane, chairman; Dan Cunningham, John Cavanaugh.

John Tuohy was appointed chairman of the Blue Circle.

The S. A. C. Dance Committee comprises Harold Robertson, chairman; Frank Bon. Dan Brady, William Daily.

Edward O'Neill is chairman of the Concessions Committee, which also includes Fred Collins and James Quinn.

The S. A. C. decided it was their wish that the student trip be made this year to Minnesota, but it still remains for the faculty to approve it.

The members of the S. A. C. for this year are at present: Dan J. Brady, president; Thomas Green, secretary; Ben Bourne, treasurer; Edward Collins, John Tuohy, Edward O'Neill, Francis Bon, William Daily, Fred Collins, Paul Fleming, Harold Robertson, Worden Kane, Paul Johnson, Urban Simons, Vincent McNally, Daniel Cunningham, James Quinn, John Cavanaugh. The president of the Freshman Class will complete the personnel of 19 members.

CUBS MEET AND LAY PLANS

Only those students who are majoring in journalism may become members of the Cubs, honorary journalistic society of the University of Notre Dame, according to an announcement by the news editor, William Carter, after the first meeting of the Club this scholastic year. This ruling does not apply to charter members in the organization.

The meeting convened in the journalism room of the Library, with editor-in-chief J. Raymond Hunt, presiding. Plans for an active year and especially for a banquet next Monday night were discussed.
DOME STAFF IS ORGANIZED

Temporary organization of the staffs to form the editorial, business, and art departments of the *Dome* of '26, was undertaken at a meeting of the candidates for that publication at 12:30 o'clock Friday afternoon, September 18, in the *Dome* building. Approximately 35 men were present, most of whom have had experience in publication work.

All were urged by Editor-in-Chief Wellesley Smith, to report the first part of this week when plans for the various departments were discussed in detail. The editorial aspirants assembled at 7 o'clock last Monday evening in the annual headquarters, while the business prospects met the following night at the same hour. The art men reported on Wednesday night. In this way, final organization was brought about and the respective duties of the staffs outlined.

After having spent the summer vacation planning what will be Volume 20 of the *Dome*, the editor announces that the scenic section is in the hands of a Chicago engraver, and that the photographing of the Senior Class will soon begin. The business department has confined its activities to obtaining subscriptions during registration but will inaugurate a thorough canvass of the halls next week. Incidentally, distinction for being the first subscriber to the *Dome* of '26 goes to Vincent Capano, of Yatesboro, Pa., a senior in the College of Arts and Letters, and a resident of Corby Hall.

Those editorial candidates, present at the opening meetings were: William Carter, Terence Donahue, William Murphy, Joseph Breig, Raymond Flannigan, Rupert Wentworth, Dick Novak, Frank Pendergast, Raymond Hunt, Carlos Lane, L. R. McIntyre, Frank Doan, Francis Ahearn, Stephen Sherry, Edward Brown, Harley McDevitt, Richard Parrish, and Paul Bartholomew.

The following are aspirants to the business staff: Mark Fiehrer, Jack Ohnemus, Paul Butler, Jack Daly, Art Hohmann, Luther Swygert, James Gray, Edward Slaven, James Jones, George Thomas, Daniel Bradley, Gerard Smith, Bernard Walsh, and Martin Callagy.

George Palomino, James Quigley, Paul McElroy, Eugene O'Brien and Arthur Denchfield have offered their services to the Art editor, Porter Wittich.

Any other men interested in doing work on the Notre Dame annual, who were not present at the first two meetings, may apply at 303 Badin Hall.

GYM ANNEX PROGRESSES RAPIDLY

Work on the addition to the Gymnasium is progressing rapidly. The outside walls and roof are nearly completed and the seats, for 5,000 spectators, are being laid. The more detailed interior work will begin soon.

Present word indicates that the addition will be finished at the latest, by November 20, the date of the John McCormick concert.

The structural iron workers, in their duties on high, attracted many onlookers who delighted in watching the deftness with which the hot rivets were thrown up from the heater on the ground and caught above by the top men.

ADDITION TO FOOTBALL STANDS IS STARTED

In response to the largest advance demand for football tickets in the history of Notre Dame, a contract has been awarded to the H. G. Christman Co., of South Bend, for an addition to the present football stands. The addition will seat 6,000 spectators, bringing the total seating capacity of the stands to over 30,000.

The new stands will be erected at the open end of Cartier field, the west stands being continued around the end of the quarter-mile oval to the 220 straightaway. The addition will be there joined to the east stands by an archway over the straightaway. It is expected that the work will be completed by November 1.
THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC

PUBLICITY DEPARTMENT IS ESTABLISHED

Notre Dame has established a news bureau. The national prominence that has come to the school during the past few years has necessitated the move. Rumors that came from the campus were seized by newspapers in all parts of the country as the nuclei for stories that varied from the foolish to the fantastic. It is to combat the results that spring from unorganized half-knowledge and half-speculation that the University decided to conduct its press bureau.

This bureau has the task of securing and issuing complete and authentic news of all the activities on the campus. It is in line with the duties placed in this new office that all student correspondence has been forbidden. Where one office is authorized and held responsible for Notre Dame news, it is impossible to allow independent students on the campus to correspond for various papers throughout the country.

Sports, scholastic activities, organizations, entertainments, all come under the scope of the news bureau and are issued from that office to the local papers and to whatever outside papers are concerned. While the school has not the need for publicity in the advertising sense of the word, it is the desire of Notre Dame authorities that the country become acquainted with other activities on the campus than those which have practically monopolized attention under the hit-and-miss system of news service previously existing.

To accomplish this end best, it is necessary to ask that the clubs and organizations on the campus prepare a list of the names of officers and members and at least a tentative list of activities to be available to the news bureau. It is believed that this field of Notre Dame activity, hitherto almost untouched, offers a source of benefit to the organizations as well as to the University.

Notre Dame has a more evenly divided enrollment than any other school of its size in the country. The Pacific Coast Club, the Cosmopolitan Club, the Mississippi-Louisiana Club and the Ohio Club vie with the Villagers in club activities. Individual members of the teams and societies are probably more geographically diverse than at any other school. This situation puts Notre Dame in a peculiarly adaptable position for publicity. The task of organizing this work is not one that can be done off-hand and even with the cooperation of campus organizations much of the field will probably remain uncovered this year. But the materialization of the Greater Notre Dame practically assures the permanency of a news bureau. And all that can be done this year will speed the efficient development of such a department.

Information concerning any matter on the campus for which its promoters desire publicity may be addressed: "Publicity Department," Notre Dame, Ind., or may be left at the Publicity Office, Room 101, Main Building.

James E. Armstrong, '25, is the director of the new department.

ADDITIONS TO FACULTY ARE ANNOUNCED

During the past summer many changes of interest in the various departments of the university have taken place. Rev. John McGinn, C. S. C., now heads the Department of Sociology. Rev. Francis Butler, C. S. C., who has just completed three years of post graduate work at the Catholic University, Washington, D. C., is now an instructor in the Department of History. Mr. Augustine Confrey is now devoting his entire time to the School of Education.

Other additions to Notre Dame's faculty are: Department of Modern Languages, Mr. Gilbert Cody and Mr. Philip Riley, Spanish; Mr. Felix Boyle, French; in the Department of English, Rev. P. J. Carroll, C. S. C.; Mr. Smithberger who comes from Ohio State University at Columbus, Mr. O'Neill, Notre Dame, '25, and Mr. David Campbell, who taught at DePauw University; in the Department of Ancient Languages, Mr. John Wenninger, Notre Dame, '25; in the Department of Politics, Mr. John Wendland, Notre Dame, '25; in the School of Engineering, Mr. Clare P. Hafel, Notre Dame, '25.
NEW ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICERS ARE ELECTED

Rev. Matthew J. Walsh, C. S. C., President; Rev. Patrick McBride, C. S. C., Registrar; and Rev. J. Hugh O'Donnell, C. S. C., Prefect of discipline, were the chief officers of the Administration who were re-elected to their respective offices during the past summer.

Rev. George Finiegan, C. S. C., was elected to the Vice-Presidency, succeeding Thomas P. Irving, C. S. C., who is now Superior of Moreau Seminary. Rev. Joseph H. Burke, C. S. C., the past Director of Studies, is now President of St. Edward's University at Austin, Texas. Rev. Leigh G. Hubbell, C. S. C., formerly instructor in the School of Education and Assistant Director of Studies, is now the Director of Studies.

Miss Mary Hagerty of South Bend, well known throughout northwestern Indiana, is the new Secretary of the University. She is replacing Rev. Bernard J. Ill, C. S. C., whose obedience has taken him to Columbia at Portland, Oregon. Rev. E. V. Mooney, C. S. C., is the new Director of Off-Campus Students. Father Mooney for the last two years has been at St. Edward's University at Austin, Texas, where he was Prefect of Discipline and instructor in the Department of English. Rev. George L. Holdreth, C. S. C., is the retiring Director of Off-Campus Students, now at St. Edward's University.

THE FRESHMEN CONVENE

A Freshman Convocation was held in Washington Hall, Friday, September 18, at 12:30, for the purpose of acquainting the men of '29 with the traditions and life of Notre Dame.

Dan J. Brady, president of the S. A. C., opened the meeting and presided throughout.

Father J. Hugh O'Donnell, the first speaker, extended an official welcome to the new class. He stressed the fact that Notre Dame was a unique University in that it had two important things to offer them: its religious life, and its spirit. He asked the new men to remember that there is always a reason behind everything done at Notre Dame, whether in disciplinary, spiritual, scholastic or athletic matters.

Father O'Hara, Prefect of Religion, spoke on the religious life at Notre Dame. He pointed out that that life was exciting favorable comment everywhere, even the Holy Father being interested in it. He also emphasized the fact that Notre Dame is a Catholic university whose primary object is to train character, but which does not try to force religion on anyone. He also explained the purpose of the Religious Survey, the Daily Religious Bulletin, and the pamphlet rack. The popularity and practicability of the latter is shown by the fact that, when started, it cost $40 a month to maintain; now, it costs $400. Speaking of Daily Communion, Father O'Hara stated that 216,000 communions were distributed last year, a daily average of 894. Spiritual advice need only be requested by the new men; any priest at Notre Dame will aid them.

Dan Brady then spoke briefly on Notre Dame's traditions, such as: respect for superiors, proper dress and conduct in town and on the campus, no smoking on the quadrangle, (the area bounded by the Main Building, the Sacred Heart statue, Sorin Hall and Washington Hall), and gentlemanly respect for the ladies who may be escorted by students to football games and other events at the University. He also pointed out that the first object of a student in coming to Notre Dame is to get an education, and that therefore the new men should get their studies first, and only after that take part in the various activities open to them. He also explained the election of Freshman officers.

Charley Springer, coach and captain of the boxing team, spoke briefly concerning his branch of athletics, and reminded the Freshmen that it took the place of compulsory Physical Training. He will sign up new men either at the gym, or at 17 Sorin.
FATHER O'NEILL DIES ON AUGUST 1

During the past summer the Congregation of the Holy Cross lost one of its well known and long esteemed members. On Saturday, August the first, at eight o'clock in the evening, Rev. Arthur Barry O'Neill succumbed. He had served forty-eight years as a member of the Holy Cross Order and during that long period had accomplished much. He was sixty-seven years of age at his death.

Father O'Neill's death was caused by cancer, which, it is believed, he ward off by his splendid physical health and by a systematic schedule of exercises. It is a known fact that Father O'Neill walked four thousand three hundred and fifty miles one year, a daily average of over twelve miles, and that too, in all kinds of weather.

Father O'Neill was noted as a scholar. He devoted an equal amount of time to the classics and to mathematics. He wrote three books exclusively for the clergy which made him widely known as a theologian. He wrote also extensively for other Catholic publications besides The Ave Maria of which he was associate editor.

He was also a great traveller. Many times he crossed the American continent, and he travelled extensively in Europe.

Father O'Neill was born in 1854 in St. George, New Brunswick, Canada. He was educated in Catholic schools, receiving the degree of A.M., at The University of Notre Dame.

His published works include "Between Whiles," "Poems," and pamphlets such as "The Cross and the Flag," and "Trying a Fall with Obesity."

The loss of Rev. Father O'Neill will be severely felt in circles of learning and among scholars. Those who knew him will grieve the loss of a true friend and a real inspirer.—R. I. P.

John Corbin Patrick, journalism, '26, who was editor of the Indiana Catholic during the past summer, has accepted a position with the Indianapolis Star.

FATHER DONAHAUE LEAVES FOR ROME

Rev. James W. Donahue, C.S.C., former superior of Moreau Seminary, left Notre Dame Saturday, September 19, to engage in a short missionary tour before he sails from New York on October 1, to become Superior of the House of Studies, maintained by the Congregation of Holy Cross in Rome. He will be accompanied by Messrs. James Moran and George Pellegrin, also of Moreau, and Brother Severin, C.S.C., who plans to leave the party at Rome and continue to India.

Father Donahue was graduated from Notre Dame in 1907 after having participated in many intercollegiate debates and achieved distinction as an orator. He then went to Washington, where he studied for three years. Afterwards he left for Rome, where he remained until 1912, when he returned to the United States to enter the missionary field. In 1912 he was appointed Master of Novices at the Novitiate.

Last year, he succeeded the Rev. Thomas Kearney, C.S.C., as head of Moreau Seminary, only to relinquish his office during the past summer to the Rev. Thomas P. Irving, former Vice-President of the University.

Although an artist of eloquence, Father Donahue has also achieved honors in the journalistic field, having been editor for several years of "The Annals of Our Lady of Lourdes," and maintained "Meditations," a column in "The Acolyte," a Catholic weekly.

Russell McClure, journalism, '24, has assumed the managing editorship of the Anderson News, Lawrenceburg, Ky. Mr. McClure was formerly connected with the Billboard, a theatrical publication.

Fox Hall is the most recent addition to Notre Dame's coterie of halls. Ten students are living in this, a large house, situated in a grove just east of Cartier Field. It is reported that the underclassmen, residing in the place, have to do all the work. Seniors ought to take note of this phenomenon,
PONTIFICAL MASS OPENS YEAR

The real spirit of Notre Dame was pre­
dominate in the opening of the school year: the deep-seated religious belief of the Notre Dame man was much in evidence.

The opening could not have been held in any more fitting manner. Solemn pontifical Mass by Bishop John F. Noll, D. D., of Fort Wayne, and the few splendid words of Rev. M. J. Walsh, C. S. C., President of the University, made the event one long to be re­membered.


The church was filled to capacity because of the extra large Freshman Class and a sprinkling of South Bend residents. The solemn procession of the faculty in cap and gown and the invested priests filed up the main aisle of the church to the Altar. The beautiful ceremony of Solemn Mass followed with its deep-founded splendor. The choir from Moreau Seminary added much to the beauty of the ceremony.

Rev. Matthew Walsh, C. S. C., president of the University, in his sermon outlined the spirit and ideals of Notre Dame. He stressed the grave responsibility of each student entering, the ideals to be fostered, the faith to be cultivated. Men of Notre Dame are trained to be real exemplary leaders, he said. They are fearless men with the glory of truth in their lives and the love of God in their hearts.

In his short, powerful sermon Father Walsh gave, as well as words can give, the ideals and aspirations of Notre Dame men. The congregation gave him its undivided attention while he gave out such persua­sive and serious logic.

The Mass was indeed an impressive cere­mony and an apt way to give the multitude of Freshmen their first taste of Notre Dame, and the older students a reminder of the work ahead.

At the conclusion of Father Walsh’s sermon Bishop Noll, here on his first visit since his consecration several months ago, imparted his blessing to all those in the Church.

BROWNSON TO HAVE SMOKER

Preparations for the annual Brownson Hall smoker, to be held about the middle of October, are going forward under the direction of Brother Alphonsus, C. S. C., rector of the Hall, and Brother Aloysius, C. S. C., prefect.

This smoker, one of the oldest institutions of the oldest hall on the campus, has taken on the character of a popular social event of the University year, affording as it does a fine opportunity for students to become acquainted. Boxing, music, speaking, and other entertainment, all furnished by the students themselves, feature this event. The annual talk given by Brother Alphonsus, one of the best-versed men on the campus in Notre Dame traditions, is always eagerly awaited by Brownsonites.

FATHER M'GARRY CELEBRATES GOLDEN JUBILEE

Rev. M. A. McGarry, C. S. C., an Assistant to the General of the Congregation of Holy Cross celebrated the golden jubilee of his ordination to the priesthood last Mon­day morning at 8:30 o’clock when he sang solemn high Mass in Sacred Heart Church. He was assisted by his nephew, Rev. John A. McGarry of Lowell, Massachusetts, as dea­con and by another nephew, Rev. Myles Kiley of Gloucester, Massachusetts, as sub-deacon.

Rev. William Connor, C. S. C., was Master of Ceremonies and Rev. Thomas Irving, C. S. C., delivered the sermon. Monsignor Moses Kiley of Chicago was in the sanctuary.

A cablegram from Cardinal Gaspari, papal Secretary of State, imparted the papal apos­tolic benediction to Father McGarry on the day of his golden jubilee.
TERPSICORE ARTIST UNCOVERED

"Who is he?"
"Where's he from?"
"How does he do it?"

The campus is in a furore of excitement. Everyone wants to know who, and why, and where, and how, and when, and several thousand other things which sound irrelevant, but which really are very much apropos to the matter.

And it all comes about because upper-classmen of Brownson Hall have discovered the riproaringest, slambangingest, hottest exponent of the art of Terpsichore who ever trod the paths of the quadrangle. At least, that's what the Brownsonites claim, and their press-agent stuff is given full support by men from other halls who have seen the hotfoot artist perform.

Can he dance? Ask a Brownsonite! According to the boys from the tent region, this lad can sling the meanest set of brogans this side of the footlights of the great white way. And what's more, the Brownson tent dwellers claim that in this prodigy they have a future champion. The tentmen have already begun the serious work of grooming their candidate for the coming trials, and they confidently expect to add the Charleston Medal for 1925 to their collection of trophies.

And meanwhile, bedlam prevails. Scouts from other halls are using their most effective tactics in an attempt to get a line on the artist from the land of throne-dodgers, and the entire campus population wants to see him perform. However, the deskmen are keeping their candidate under wraps, and refuse even to disclose his name. Scouts from Corby claim to have discovered his name to be Grogan, but the lads from Siberia merely draw the flaps of their tents a little closer and give the scouts the merry ha ha. So it is probable that the Corbyites have been given a bum steer, and that "Grogan" is a misnomer purposely given out by the astute dorm-dwellers who are managing the flashy floor-supper.

The campus wants to know, but the Brownsonites are adamant. So it looks very much as though the curious ones will be compelled to wait until the managers of the new sensation are ready to uncover their prodigy, which will not be until the Charleston Medal trials are held.

JUGGLER TO APPEAR NEXT WEEK

The first issue of the Juggler, Notre Dame's humorous publication, will appear about the middle of next week according to Editor-in-Chief Lester C. Grady, who succeeded Dan D. Hickey as head of the Funny Fellows' staff.

The Juggler's opening performance this year will be dedicated, in the traditional manner, (yes, freshmen, Notre Dame abounds with 'em!), to the "emeraldness" of the new men. This, however, need cause no alarm, because it has always been the Juggler's policy to tickle with a feather, and not with an axe. The Freshmen themselves will smile, perhaps wanly, but still they'll smile, at their own antics, as mirrored in pages of Notre Dame's "dynamiter of gloom."

An exact sequence of issues has not as yet been decided, but the Football Number, a Thanksgiving Number, and a Christmas Number probably will follow the curtain raiser and each other. After the holidays—but whose thoughts extend beyond them now? What Mr. Somebody said about the future keeping its secrets applies here.

The Juggler, not being modest where his own merits are concerned, desires it to be announced that a prize of $5 will be given for the best written work submitted each month, and also for the best art work, making two prizes of $5 each for every new Shakespeare and Michaelangelo uncovered each moon. Contributions for the next—the Football—issue should be mailed at once, to the Juggler office, this city, state and nation, or else should be slipped furtively under Mr. Grady's door in Badin Hall.

The other heads of staffs, for this year are: Wilbur J. McElroy, Art Editor (Mac enjoys also the distinction of being the sole staff-head left over from last year); Donald Wilkins, Business-Manager; and George W. Doherty, Circulating Manager.
THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC

Campus Comment

The SCHOLASTIC invites communications for this department. It will not be responsible for any views contained in these communications, however, nor will it consider for publication any letter not signed, in evidence of good faith, with the writer's name and address. Anonymity in print will be preserved if the writer desires.

To the Editor of the SCHOLASTIC:

When the writer, who happens to be a new student at Notre Dame, arrived at the University recently, the first thing he noticed was the neat, well-kept campus, with the grass trimmed evenly and with no paper littered about the grounds. That was two weeks ago last Sunday—just two days before registration opened and before most of the students had arrived.

During the two weeks he has been here, the writer has observed a change come over the general appearance of the campus—in many places now may be seen sections of old newspapers, chewing gum wrappers, empty cigaret packages, candy wrappers, and bits and scraps of paper of all kinds. So it would seem perfectly natural if he should be led to think that many students do not care how the campus appears to the visitor or to the student body.

But it is not that the students, or most of them, do not care when they throw such rubbish on the grass: it is thoughtlessness on the part of most of them. It seems to be much easier to toss refuse on the ground, instead of finding a trash box and placing the paper in the receptacle.

What must be the impression of the visitor on the campus when he sees paper strewn over the grounds? What is he going to think, and more important, what is he going to say about the University? He may be ever so much impressed with the Library, Sacred Heart Church, the Grotto and other things of beauty and interest on the grounds, but will not an untidy campus in a way mar his good impression of Notre Dame?

And now that the football season is at hand, there will be many visitors at Notre Dame, and even throughout the year, think of how many parents and friends of students will visit the institution. So when you want to throw a piece of paper to the ground think it over. Take pride in the appearance of the campus.

—A SOPHOMORE.

BIDWELL TO HEAD K. OF C.

Arthur J. Bidwell of Chicago, a Senior in the College of Law, was elected Grand Knight of Notre Dame Council, Knights of Columbus, at a meeting held Monday night in the Walsh Hall council chambers. Bidwell was Director of Membership for the Council last year and in that position was conspicuously successful, a fact which argues well for his administration of the Grand Knight's office.

Other officers elected were: Deputy Grand Knight, Daniel F. Cunningham, who was Treasurer of Council last year; Chancellor, Michael E. Murray; Financial Secretary, Robert Irmiger; Recording Secretary, Edward Broderick; Treasurer, Howard Phalin; Advocate, Hugh McCaffery; Warden, John McManmon; Inside Guards, Francis Schroeder and Richard (Red) Smith; Outside Guard, John McMullen; Trustee, Bernard K. Wingerter.

Harry A. McGuire, past Grand Knight, opened the meeting and presided until the election of the new Grand Knight.

NEW PUMPS BEING INSTALLED

Work upon the improvement of the present steam heating system of Notre Dame is now well under way, with one new pump already installed, and excavation started near Washington Hall for a second.

These new pumps, which are being placed under the ground for forcing water from the lakes to the boiler rooms, are expected to facilitate greatly the proper heating of the various halls during the winter months. The excavation near Washington Hall, which will be ten feet in depth, will allow the pump to connect with the main water line, which runs through at that point.
DR. MAX PAM DIES IN NEW YORK

With the death of Dr. Max Pam, philanthropist and noted attorney, at his home in New York, Monday, September 14, Notre Dame lost one of her best friends and greatest benefactors. Founder of the school of journalism here, former business associate of Vice-President Charles G. Dawes, and connected with many important business enterprises, he was a nationally known and loved figure.

Dr. Pam was born in Bohemia, July 6, 1865, and came to this country with his parents when he was three years old. He was educated in the public schools, and studied law in the office of a Chicago attorney.

In 1912 Dr. Pam established an endowment fund of $25,000 to be used to found a school of journalism at Notre Dame. Since then, under the direction of Dr. John M. Cooney, the school has grown from an infant department with 12 students and one professor to a department with over 100 students and ten instructors.

Dr. Pam became nationally known through his association with important business enterprises. The legal work connected with the consolidation of the United States Steel Corporation was under his direction. He was an associate of the late E. H. Harriman in many railroad affairs.

Dr. Pam was also connected at various times with the Kansas City Southern Railroad, the American Steel and Iron Company, the International Harvester Company, the B. & O. Railroad, the Southwestern Railroad, the Allis-Chalmers Corporation, the American Steel Foundries, the National Packing Co., and the United States Natural Gas Company. He was an organizer of many of these concerns.

Dr. Pam was a member of the board of lay trustees of Notre Dame for several years, and was a close friend of A. R. Erskine, president of the Studebaker Corporation, who is president of the board.

Dr. Pam leaves a brother, Judge Hugo Pam, of the Superior Court at Chicago, and two sisters, Mrs. Walter Blumenthal and Mrs. J. A. Biehr, both of New York. Burial was made in Chicago, where Dr. Pam had a home and his principal office.

MORRISSEY HALL UNDER CONSTRUCTION

The second of three projected buildings, which will comprise the new Freshman group here, is now under construction. The new building, which will be called Morrissey Hall, will accommodate 250 students and their prefects. An effort is being made to have a part of the Hall ready for occupancy in February.

The architectural character of Howard Hall, the first of the new Freshman dormitory group to be completed, will be carried into Morrissey Hall. The new building will be distinguished by a high central tower surmounted by a fleche, or arrowlike copper tower. An oak-panelled lobby containing a fireplace will lead to the interior. A chapel will be contained within.

The new hall takes its name from Father Morrissey, at one time president of the University and provincial of the Congregation of Holy Cross. The architects who prepared plans for the building are Kerwick and Fagan, Notre Dame men. Smoger and Sons of South Bend are the contractors.

MILLER AND NOONAN MARRIED

September 5 witnessed the "fall" of two men, well known to many upper classmen. On that day, Anselm D. Miller, '25, promised undying fidelity to Miss Edana Quinn, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Marshall A. Quinn of Port Alleghany, Pennsylvania (the bridegroom's home town), and Clifford Noonan, '24, swore unswerving loyalty to Miss Ethel Jennett, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William H. Jennett of Streator, Illinois.

The Jennett-Noonan marriage took place in the Immaculate Conception Church in Streator. Francis Howland, '25, was the best man and his sister Miss Mary Howland, a student at St. Mary's, was maid of honor.
MUSICAL AND THEATRICAL NOTES

The Notre Dame Glee Club resumed activity on Tuesday, September 22nd, when tryouts were held for the purpose of obtaining men to take the places of last year's graduates. About 130 applications were filed with the officers for entrance into the Club, and from this number the final selection will be made.

Dr. J. Lewis Browne of Chicago, the director of the organization, held the tryouts, assisted by Mr. Joseph Casasanta, the assistant director. The results of the tryouts will be announced in a later number of the SCHOLASTIC.

The officers of the Glee Club for the present year are: Victor Lemmer, president; Claude Pitsenberger, vice-president; and Arthur Haley, business manager.

The Notre Dame Band has been holding rehearsals during the past week, and will appear for the first time this year at the Baylor-Notre Dame game on Saturday, September 26th. Mr. Joseph Casasanta is the director of the Band.

The Orchestra had not yet commenced active work for the year, but meetings will be held in the near future at which all men interested in the orchestra are asked to be present.

Jay Masenich is president of the Orchestra and Bart Favero is business manager; George Schilder is vice-president.

Among the musical attractions which will come to South Bend during the first few months of the school year are several of the world's greatest artists, who will appear in concert.

One of the most important and perhaps the most interesting announcement to the Notre Dame men is that of the Scholarship Club, which will present John McCormack, the world-famous Irish tenor in concert at the Notre Dame Gymnasium on November 20, the Friday night before the Northwestern game. Further announcements of the arrangements will be made later.

Paul Whiteman and his Concert Orchestra will be presented in concert at the Blackstone Theatre on Tuesday, October 20, by Elbel Brothers and Mr. Rhodes of the Blackstone Theatre.

Amelita Galli-Curci will appear at the Palais Royale about November 2, as the first number of a series of concerts brought about in South Bend by Mr. Handlesman of the Palais Royale. Other artists to appear at the Palais Royale under the auspices of Mr. Handlesman are Tito Schipa, the famous tenor of the Chicago Opera Company, and Joseph Lhevinne, the famous pianist, who will both appear sometime in October or November, the dates to be made public later.

Among the attractions announced by the Oliver Theatre for the immediate future is Raymond Hitchcock in “Service for Husbands,” a comedy, which ran for some time in Chicago this summer. Mr. Hitchcock is now appearing in the play in Minneapolis, and will bring the play to South Bend for one night on September 30th.

Mr. Allan Dinehart will bring his Chicago success, “Applesauce,” a comedy by Barry Conners, to South Bend for October first and second. “Applesauce” played for many weeks in Chicago at the LaSalle Theatre.

Among the motion pictures announced by the Oliver for production during October and November are the picturization of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's fantastical story “The Lost World,” dealing with a lost country in South America. More of this picture later.

Another attraction announced is Douglas Fairbanks in his latest picture, “Don Q., the Son of Zorro.” Tentative bookings are also made for Lillian and Dorothy Gish in “Romola” by George Eliot, and “The Merry Widow” with Mae Murray and John Gilbert.

—A. L. M.
THE OPENING PERFORMANCE

Again the SCHOLASTIC, reproducer of Notre Dame life, steps out from the wings with his company, hurries to the center of the stage, and tries to bow gracefully into the campus spotlight.

Be kind for a while, ye good men of the optience, for though the act is old, the actors are new and therefore a bit shaky in their parts. With experience, they will improve. By the time they will have swung around the circuit and come to June they will be oldtimers; and long ‘ere then, they hope, they will be billed as headliners.

As regards helping with the act: the company maintains its quarters in Corby Sub, and it especially desires to have many callers. It wants these callers to come armed with presents, the product of a trusty Remington or Corona or Underwood. If there are many callers, the present act will become a better act; if there are few—then don’t toss the pennies on to the stage.

The first performance is done!

—W. R. D.

VARNISH OR TARNISH

A few dabs of varnish, a few gentle strokes of a brush,—and a piece of old furniture shines with the lustre of a newly built product. But should the foundation upon which this new brilliance is applied be imperfect and weatherworn, the outward appearance will soon lose its lustre and take on the aspect of an ugly, displeasing tarnish. It is only upon a clear, unblemished surface that this pleasing quality remains permanent.

Education is the varnish which skilled minds deftly apply to the youth who wishes to take advantage of every opportunity of making himself acceptable to the world. It, if rightly applied, makes him stand out among the rest of men as does the new, polished chair outshine the old, weatherworn kitchen stool.

But will this varnish, this lustre added to the young men, remain or will it sully and become dull at the first contact with something soiled? Its whole permanence depends on its foundation. All the polish of a product of an eastern girls’ finishing school will not retain its brightness against the onslaughts of modern life if it be not supported by a foundation of character, and a determination that refuses to yield.

How to obtain the quality which makes us sure of this permanence has often been pointed out. This is rather to remind those who think outward polish to be sufficient to
surmount the obstacles of the world that
their brilliance will soon be replaced by an
irremovable tarnish if the foundation of
their attractiveness is imperfect and un-
stable, just as quickly as would a glorious
sheen on furniture pale if used in a coal
mine.

It will be a sad moment when they will
have to say, as did a young lady when com-
plimented upon the coat of polish she had
acquired, “No, what my education resulted
in was not a varnish, but rather a terrible
tarnish.” Saving the surface isn’t all with
us, because there is something fundamental
beneath it which must underlie and uphold
the polish if we wish it to be ours perma-
nently. —CONTRIBUTED.

TIME IN ITS FLIGHT

“What time is it?”

“I dunno.”

The above is a facsimile of a spirited dis-
cussion between two students somewhere on
the campus of Notre Dame, sometime be-
tween dawn and the last check-mark on any
prefect’s dormitory list.

And it’s all because the clock on the tower
of the Church has changed from a self re-
specting timekeeper to a cuckoo clock.

The old time-piece has lost its sense of
decency. For glance at the east face and
it’s 12:45; take a slant at the south side
and it’s 8:30. And worst of all, no one
seems to know whether it’s a.m. or p.m.

When, under the skillful hand of some
mastodon jeweler, the old grandfather will
resume its former regular habits, nobody
can say. A faculty member eruditely opines
that it is simply a “question of time.”

When repairs are made, if ever, the
SCHOLASTIC recommends that the plan ad-
vanced some time ago by a student genius
be followed. That is: to have each face of
the clock registering fifteen minutes apart,
so that each group of halls eats separately.
By this method, the crush in the cafeteria
could be very simply abolished.
—J. A. B.

A 100-PIECE BAND

The Purdue Exponent, official daily publi-
cation of Purdue University, recently had
this to say in its news column:

“One hundred freshmen reported for try-
outs for about thirty places in the military
band at the first meeting, held yesterday
afternoon in the Armory. With this large
number of freshmen reporting in addition
to the members of last year’s band it seems
that the band will be even larger than it was
last year. A man winning a place in the
band will need to be an accomplished mu-
sician.

Tryouts for men playing cornets, mello-
phones, French horns, altos, trombones,
baritones and basses were given, but as the
tests have not been completed the work will
be continued this evening, to-morrow after-
noon and to-morrow night. Tryouts for
other positions will be given at the same
time. No definite announcements will be
made before Saturday of the results of the
tryouts.”

It is not presumptuous to hope, or even,
to expect that within two years, Notre Dame
also will have 100 Freshmen trying out for
30 vacancies in the Band. For a new policy,
as regards the Band, has gone into effect
this year; and it gives much promise of
success. It is founded upon the idea that
members of the Band, like members of the
Glee Club, must have something substantial
to work toward—and that even after the
football season. Hence the arrangements
for concerts and for scholastic credit in re-
turn for steady and effective application.

Won’t it be fine to see the 100-piece Notre
Dame Band playing at the Illinois game on
Cartier Field in 1927. —W. R. D.

It is not without reason, that “A Sopho-
more” calls attention to the littered condition
of the campus. The many and diverse bul-
etins, when escaped from their moorings,
help considerably; and the O. Henry wrap-
pers are likewise rather effective. The con-
dition should be corrected. The appoint-
ment of a Bulletin Poster will help some
but care will help more.
Dixie! What a beautiful word! What fascinating dreams are weaved among those five letters! What old-fashioned romances are seen, what enchanting melodies are heard, in that one magic word.... Dixie.

I had always longed for the South; the dreamy, care-free, hospitable South. The home of honor, the land of gallant chivalry, the one place on earth where courteous hospitality was extended whole-heartedly.

Last summer my dreams came true. I left for the South with all its charms and its home-cooking. Hot biscuits, corn-pone, maple syrup, sweet potatoes, crisp wheat-cakes, pink southern baked hams....! I decided to drive through: my appetite would be all the better.

I must have taken the wrong road for I got lost, somewhere between the northern boundary of South Carolina and the southern border of Georgia; but being lost mattered but little to me. Was I not in Dixie? Did I not breathe the mountain air? Was not the entire heavenly scene exposed to my devouring gaze? Was not the beauty of the South? I was. That is I was till my car caught on fire. I ran for help. No one anyplace! While I was away, someone came along, saw my car burning up, put out the fire, and drove off in the charry runs. I was stranded, I was discouraged, I was almost disgusted.

How far I walked I don't know. Distance is not reckoned in miles down there. It's just a state, and I wasn't sure just what state I was in. I was in the South I knew. I was wide-awake in the land of my dreams. After hours of walking I reached a house of rough logs and yellow mud. I hung my exhausted frame on a barbed-wire fence, while four hounds bayed their disapproval in my face, and two dirty children threw rocks the size of my head at me. I called for help, and was rescued by the housewife who chased off the dogs (ugly hounds) and children (dirty brats) with a loud "GIT!"

I told her I was relieved, also tired, hungry, thirsty, and homesick. She told me to come in, where I paid half a dollar for a glass of sour milk, cold fried potatoes and stale cake. I was startled by something sailing through the only window in the place, singing past my ear and thudding into the wall beside me. I asked her what it was.

"Just a bullet," she replied; "it was meant for Paw. He's out back feedin th' hawgs." I moved away from the window to the far end of the room. (It was all too small, I thought, for such a large family.) She continued: "Ever since Paw shot little Toby Janson our neighbors over th' hill they bin pestering th' daylights outta us. Only las' week one of 'em tried to kill 'r best mare and pison our dawgs. Here comes Paw now."

Paw came in on the run, a rusty stotgun in his hand. "I seen 'im; where's he at? I'll git 'im fer this. Lookit th' winder!" And with that he ran into the yard and down the road.

Some few minutes later I heard a shot, far off. I wondered if Janson was dead yet. My spirit was strangely drawn into the affair. "Get him?" I asked, as 'Paw' returned. "Naw," he snorted, "th' critter got away."

It was all too much. In three days, I returned to God's country, to the north of the Mason-Dixon line, and glad to get there. Dixie was left behind. Dixie. What a beautiful word! What fascinating dreams are weaved....! Say, does that word mean anything to you?
HE assured himself he had never seen a blacker night. Not only were the trees doubly ebony and dripping with tears, but the street lamps also, sputtering in the drizzly downpour, lamented their own lack of luminosity.

Dead! The word kept ringing through Spivens’ mind like percussions from an electric contact. Indeed he was dead. Spivens had left him dead... stone-wise dead.

Spivens was an inordinate chap to be out so late at night—it was 11 o’clock, almost. The rain had watered the stains of blood on his tan Oxford bags until they had grown into stupendous areas of red splotch.

Would the rain spoil the thirty one inches latitude in Spivens’ trousers? What would the Dean say when he looked over his blasted report card for the quarter? Would he like this item: Murder IV, 85 per cent?

He would go to the Dean right then. Eleven o’clock. The dean would be in bed. No matter.

The dean lived in a soggy place, even in dry weather, so it fairly lolled in a morass of mud now.

"Knock... Knock... Knock!" went the rusted knocker as Spivens methodically raised and released it.

There were bright bits of light in the back of the house. The somber Dean must be awake after all. Beastly luck.

The dean cried from the inside: "What ho! Who seeks entrance? Unusual hour this! Speak up."

Quivering Spivens replied: "'Tis I, Spivens, in great distress."

"Ah, it is Spivens," grunted the Dean. "One, Spivens, Arts III, registration 10760. You got a paltry .85 in Murder IV last quarter, Master Spivens. What is it now?"

The Dean opened the door letting a wet Spivens and several glistening rain globules in on the polished oak floor.

"Come into the library," mandated the Dean.

They went into the rich, deep library, which breathed of reclusive study and mouldy old books.

"Your hand, Spivens! I believe in being friendly, in spite of the disgraceful hour at which you have disturbed me."

Their palms met.

The Dean had on a linen duster and motor cap with house slippers and a pale blue Windsor tie.

"I apologize for my appearance," said the Dean. "I have been out picking radishes in the garden. It is wet, you know. Quite wet."

"I have committed another murder, Dean," Spivens cried wringing out the water from one of his Oxford bags so that the rich oriental rug was quite universally moistured.

"You like them. I cultivate them quite beyond the common cult. Unmercifully interesting. Unique hobby."

"I left him in his blood," explained Spivens. "Does that boost my mark in Murder IV?"

"What a rain we have," murmured the other casting his eyes aloft at the timbered ceiling where there resounded the monotonous monotone of rain patters. "I should have put those early spring onions out sooner. But no matter. They will all get strong later anyway."

"Can’t you see the red splotches here on my bags?" desperately pleaded Spivens. "Does this not merit a reconsideration of my case. Will you not give me a conditional exam sometime soon. My good parents would swoon if my average in a course like Murder IV would go below .90."

The dean shook his shaggy jaw and twitched with his beard.

"I see of no reason why onions are so disgracefully obstinate. When one onion is mild, why should not they all be mild, Spivens? For did we not learn in logic the formula: a dicto simpliciter ad dictum secundum quid?"
Just then a huge drop of rain, oozing succulently from a rafter overhead, implanted itself in Spivens' eye.

A Chinese man-servant came in at this juncture. "Will you have your carrots boiled or roasted for dinner, sir?"

"Carrots," philosophized the Dean, "Carrots are best broiled with a slight portion of parsley. Go out in the rain, Wong, and get us a sprig of parsley from the garden."

"The Parsley was frozen out, sir. There is ironweed and burdock, though."

"Burdock," settled the Dean with a wry face.

"I see you have oriental wall-paper on the wall and Moorish bookcases!" Spivens said with a gimance as acid as it was expressive.

"No, I consider love simply a psychological thing. In college fellows learn to love study. They waddle in it, I might say, like children in mud. Of itself it is a poor thing, but as an exercise it is quite valuable."

"Have you read anything from Robert W. Service?" continued Spivens. "I like his 'odes' and 'trilets.'"

"I have often wondered," said the Dean, "why the fourth dimension is not taught in colleges. It is quite real. . . quite real. It can not be seen, nor heard, nor observed, or put to any good use. . . . but is quite real. Spivens, will you have some tea?"

Wong came in betraggled and wet, with two cups of tea, which were cold and flat.

"The tea is cold, Wong. Put some ice in it to warm it up."

Spivens looked up aghast and said to himself: "Put ice in it to warm it up? Ha... Ha... Ha... How funny. Put ice in it to warm it up! Ha."

It still rained outside.

"It is hot in here," said the Dean. "I will remove the duster."

He did so.

It is a fact that men pay little attention to what each other man is saying. They are bent on the magnificence of their own wordage. They delight in the base umbplings of their own wis-domatic paradoxes, their own sonorous, meaningless idioms. What others say does not molest them. It nurtures their own "ego."

Wong brought in the tea with ice in it. The liquid was now real hot, although Spivens calmly remarked to himself that it would have been much hotter if he had used a little warm gas blaze instead of the slower process of icing.

"How do you like my wide trousers, Dean?" said Spivens, eyeing an old painting on the wall that had a cracked surface like a weathered red barn.

"I am persistently against some forms of study," said the Dean in reply. Racking is not good for the brain. It stretches its cavities until the cells are pliant like rubber, a _lusus naturae_, and useless for better applications. I am also opposed to cramming. I prefer rather to size a man up by his general mental contour, and give him a grade, as it were. I take the chance, don't you see."

The word "grade" recalled to Spivens the nature of his visit.

"But, Dean, the murder I committed tonight. It is a late one, but can't you arrange to give me credit for it? I need the credit, sir. Indeed I do."

"Indeed. I told Miss Heffelfinger this morning, she need not come to me again asking for heart-breaks. I ran out years ago in Bunkum University, and I do not intend to hunt more."

The clock struck melodiously in this fairy land, one o'clock. Spivens remarked it was only ten minutes until his astronomy class. This seemed to remind the dean of an ancient joke, for he laughed absently.

"Do you think the Riffians have any chance of trouncing the beastly French," said Spivens.

"There are too many murders now in the United States," commented the Dean. Spivens was getting restless. He abhorred being late for astronomy. But he recalled with consolation that it was usually so gloomy and dark the professor did not call the roll very closely.

"I must go. Dean. How about Murder IV?"

"I must go down and turn off the water meter," said the Dean. "The bill was terribly large last month."
The Dean took out his watch, a big silver horologe.

"After one! Indeed it is time for me to have dinner with Dr. Harcourt. Goodbye, Spivens."

Spivens sought the door and the rain. It was not ten minutes until his Oxford bags were wet and clinging. Under a streetlight our hero observed their sagging aspect with childish glee. FOR THE RAIN HAD WASHED AWAY THE STAINS OF HIS CRIME.

He went on again boastfully. Around a murky corner, just as he turned his ankle in a mudhole, a dark figure flitted up to him and cried out:

“You will get that extra credit in Murder IV, my son. Cherrio!”

The figure slopped on down the street while Spivens tried to get his foot out of the mudhole.

Spivens, finally disentangled, went into an adjacent hot dog emporium, and noticing a brown derby on the wall, crammed it down on his head and went out into the pluvial atmosphere.

"Now at least, I'll not get my head wet," he grumbled.

(Author's Note: This is meant to be a satire on the modernistic method of treating college life used by a few authors of futuristic nothings.)

THREE POEMS

Loves

Loves that wind among the dunes,
Like sands that shift and spray;
Loves that glitter through noons....
Aflame by night.... so cold by day!

Bread of Life

Few seek the Bread of Life that live,
That manna of an ever-living God!
Alas they are not satisfied to give
Themselves to an ever-giving God!

What a Poem Is

A poem is the dust of a dream
Wove on the quilt of night,
Mingled with colours of sunset,
Moiled in a crome twilight.

—FRANCIS MILLER, ’27.
“This game is sure a grind, eh, doc?”
The “doc” grimaced; suddenly looked up and frowned. The speaker, a slouchy figure, huddled in one corner of the Emergency Hospital Waiting room, yawned, rose to his feet and quizzically studied the interne seated at the information desk.

“Horace Greeley sure gave a lot of young fellows a bad steer when he vouched for that ‘Go West’ racket,” definitely snorted the slouchy one, vigorously tapping a cigarette on the back of his hand. “I’d been way ahead of this newspaper racket if I took the other guy’s advice and stayed where the dough is.” He casually lit his smoke and blew two clouds through tubed lips before speaking again. “You know,” he continued spiritedly, “I’ve overlooked some good bets, doc. Why I might a’ bean an actor.”

The interne was much perturbed. He made an exaggerated flourish and dropped his pen. Two eyes leered from a pasty face that suddenly seemed to become a shade pastier. A whining voice, with a rapier edge, cried: “Billings, I’m gettin’ damn tired of your recital of that Thespianic venture in third-rate Boston stock. This’ll make the thirty-seventh time in two weeks—” He broke off abruptly and studied Billings.

A gust of wind, fresh from the bay, piloting a thick, silvery fog, focussed its attention upon an open window. Both men shivered. The newspaper man cursed; the interne laughed; a sort of sardonic laugh tinged with irony.

“These damn fogs pierce and dampen the heart,” said Billings scornfully, “it’s no wonder I’m in a constant state of depression. Two years ago you couldn’t tell me that a fog was a murder-inspirer but now I believe it.”

The interne slapped his thigh and laughed uproaringly. “Ah! A show of temperament! Boy, page Barrymore!” he said mockingly. He drew a pipe and tobacco from one of the drawers in the desk; then fumbled for a match. A box flew through the air; he puffed indolently on the briar. Billings grinned as the interne placed the matches in his pocket; just a case of concentration.

The newspaper man had dropped back onto his seat in the corner and was dozing. “Billings!” roared the interne; his whining voice cutting the air like the shrill shriek of a peanut-whistle.

The prepossessed reporter opened an eye. “Eh?”

“Why not drop down the Victoria tomorrow night—amateur night—a rotten apple or so won’t hurt!”

Billings ignored the taunt and smiled; his lips came to a white line. It hurt; that caustic remark of the interne; for, if there was anything on this earth that Billings was jealous of, it was his acting. Often he would muse to himself that the “breaks” had gone against him; otherwise, he would be trodding the boards with the stars.”

The interne sighed. It was a long-drawn sigh, like the beating of greedy waves against a doomed ship. “Billings, you’re a damn fool!”

The reporter yawned. “No, not a fool. Just epicurean in my dramatic tastes.”

The fog sirens moaned again. The clock on the wall indicated eleven. Billings came out of his doze and lit another cigarette. He smiled a bit ruefully. He hated this “hack” work; just a constant grovelling in the mire of murders, suicides, robberies. A smile surged over his face as he thought of other days. Not so long ago Cleveland had worshipped him as one of the kings of the newspaper craft; yet, here in San Francisco, he had not risen up the mediocrity of newspaper serfdom; he was just a “man out on the street.” Liquor, as always, had finally conquered him. He had landed in San Francisco “broke” and very hungry. His flare for writing had attracted the city editor on the Record and he was hired, with the private provision that he “come up” with a couple of good “stories.”
The phone buzzed. "Yes, Emergency Hospital—What?—She got through eh! — Hm!—Quite a haul—Yes, at four— Same spot—" The interne hung up.

"What's up Doc?"

"Nothing—for you," retorted the interne emphatically.

"Thanks!"

The interne sneered; the phone call had irritated him.

Midnight. The window panes were thick with fog. The eerie notes of an automobile's horn was heard. The interne sprang to his feet.

"The wagon!" he cried, an eager ring in his voice.

Two policemen stumbled in, supporting a woman. A blanket was thrown about her. She was crying incoherently; water was dripping from a rumpled mass of hair. The interne was trembling with eagerness.

"Inside, Mulloy!" he commanded.

Billings sat in his corner. He was like a pugilist awaiting the gong. A certain feline tenseness had crept over him. His eyes were lustrous, glowing. His "nose" had warned him that something was in the air. In a moment Mulloy came out, followed by his brother officer. The interne, who had been searching for an instrument, tip-toed in.

"Attempted suicide, Mulloy?"

"Yeah! I guess it's more than just an attempt."

"She's done for?"

"Just about."

"Where'd you pick her?"

"Pier 18."

"Much trouble?"

"Naw," replied Mulloy, "grapplin' hook. No use wastin' a uniform. Got a family to look after."

The patrolman gave a nervous laugh. "Just a bit cuckoo, Bud. She said something about a Black Beetle—dames are funny in cases like this, "he went on to explain, "one night at the Palace I run across a guy with a girl. The girl had taken cyanide—the guy figuring he was to be the fall-guy was going down the fire escape when I—"

The door of the dispensary opened and the interne emerged to face them. His countenance bore a curiously strained look. "I've brought her to—just about two breaths of life in her—" The patrolman, who had been telling the story, sneezed; then started for the door; the story was forgotten. The interne closed his arms on a hogshead of chest and learned at Billings as the reporter started for the dispensary.

"No place for an amateur actor, Billings," he sneered.

The reporter narrowed his eyes and smiled. "One never knows, old man!"

At the edge of the girl's cot Billings paused. He bent over and listened; the girl was breathing softly. Her face was as clean-cut as a cameo; eyes sunk deep, with sockets the color of coal-dust, added a ghoulish effect; her hair was light and scraggly. There was a smile on her lips—a sort of hesitant smile—the sort of smile one sees upon those who prey upon their fellow beings for an existence. The girl drew a frenzied hand across her eyes to shut off the sight of something. She trembled as if stricken with palsy. "Take it away—the beast—his beetles—" Then she dropped off to sleep; it was to be a long sleep—one that would last until Gabriel summoned her to the judgment seat of God.

The "doc" was dozing in his chair when Billings came out of the room. The officers had left. The reporter crept to the desk and drew the mouthpiece from the receiver.

"Record, please!—Carson, this is Billings, Emergency Hospital—Girl suicide, yes—There might be—I'll take one more look."

He clamped down the mouthpiece hurriedly and flew to the dispensary. A close scrutinizing and he tip-toed to the emergency entrance; the interne opened an eye.

"What's up?" he drawled.

"Nothing—for you! retorted Billings as he slammed the door.

A cab was passing. He hailed it. "Record office in a hurry!"

He leaned back onto the cushions. "Sort of weird—that mark on her chin—can't
figure how I missed it—I guess that's why they got Carson in the responsible position that he is in—he don't miss any of those details."

The reporter's reverie was broken by the sharp stopping of the cab. The newspaper building loomed before him like a mediaeval monster. The rain had stopped. Off the bay came a biting wind and the fog accompanying it was piercing and disagreeable. The elevator in the Record Building crept upward. Billings glanced at his watch. It was near "deadline" time.

The local room was a maze of smoke; the staff was working at white-heat. Typewriters were screeching; pencils, in the hands of the copy-readers, were cutting to pieces ambitious "leads;" the city editor was growling. The reporter hurried to a desk.

"Billings!" a voice boomed.

The reporter turned. "Yes, Carson?"

"C'mere!"

Billings regarded the city editor skeptically.

"You ran into somethin' pretty good, Billings," muttered Carson.

"Yes?"

"Mole on chin?"

Billings nodded.

"Mysterious, eh?" The city editor drummed his pencil abstractly upon the table. "Your story's killed, Billings!"

"Killed?" echoed Billings. "Killed! Why Carson I—"

"The girl you phoned about is Elaine Burke!" said Carson tersely.

"Owner's daughter?"

Carson coughed. "Yeah! Not only that but we've got to make her appear someone else—understand—that'll throw the other papers off the track."

Billings smiled. "Oh, that's different," he admitted. "The story's dead, he continued, "dead, finished!"

Carson pounded on his desk. "No, Billings," he said between closed teeth, "it's not dead, yet. We want that Black Beetle angle solved!"

"Black Beetle?" said the reporter puzzled.

"Yes, the Black Beetle," returned Carson lazily, "he's the key to the situation—Merrill got a hot tip from a shipping board source! One tip to you: find the Beetle—or—well—you know."

Billings pulled nervously at the hat in his hand. A cunning smile was playing on Carson's face. "Here's where we put this fool police force to rout!"

"Active?" cried Carson. "Active!" he repeated scornfully, "those people are in a constant state of inactiveness."

"Who in hell is this Black Beetle?"

"You're a reporter," shot back Carson, "find out!"

Billings dropped into the chair beside the desk. He was exhausted. His mind was running away from him; his nerves were twitching; his breath came in jagged jumps. Carson reached in his vest pocket and studied a card that he had withdrawn.

"Here, Billings, is your clue! Watch this number; then you'll find your black bettle. Disguise? Why, of course!"

The card read: Suey Wong, Chinatown.

(To be continued.)
When I Met Lizzie

WILLIAM F. CRAIG,'29

T was the "marry month" of June: the time of the year when all nature suggests that age old servant of humanity defined as love. Millionaires marry their house-maids; young people out for a walk return home married; rich old maids whom fair fate has left a fortune, and those members of humanity yet in their teens, whisper most solemnly the sacred words "I do." Married men are startled to hear their spouse, feeling the effervescent, ethereal joy of this "marry month," whisper in tones most affectionate "Yes dear." In short, each and every one of us nipped by the teeth of the "June bug" and in return the entire universe is set agog by the dashing waves and incoming tide of love.

Bear in mind, gentlemen, that this was the month in which I met Lizzie. Yes, I am positive that it was during this month of wonders that some waking, woodland, elfkin dropped from his bed of summac and forwith forsook his sportive pastime of making faces at the silvery-headed dew long enough to place such luck in my path. Perhaps it matters little how came this visit of Lady Fortune. Mayhap, a newly liberated gypsy heard a wish during mid-summers night and thence saw that it came true. And then perhaps the great and good queen Zabilenda so ordained it. Who knows? I'll admit that I do not. It is enough for me to remember that such was my fate.

Was I pleased? Far from it. I'll admit that for a time she made me visualize those worlds above that all men call the stars. And I will say, to use the slang phrase, "She most certainly knocked me for a row." And I may add, with all sincerity, that for a time my very life was at her disposal. She verily made me embrace the arms of Morpheus and wander through space upon utopian clouds. But wait! let's stop the reel for a moment and get a close up on the time that I met Lizzie.

It was during those trying, indefinite hours between night and morn. The pale yellow-hued moon was dropping over the western sky; and the sun proceeded a myriad of arrowlets of pinkish purple, was arising from a pyramid pine tree etched on the eastern front, causing a shower of golden glow to drop on the silvery jewels of a still dew-laden grass. Little did I dream that during those fleeting hours, I should meet her, or any other contraption of that sort. But such was my fate.

And listen, gentlemen, the next time I step in front of a Ford, orchids will be growing around the north pole.

MY PLAY

My dreams are but a playhouse
Where actors come and go;
And each new thought a new act
In my fantastic show.
I shall seek a barren land
Where I can stage my play;
And there alone, in silence
Dream my life away.

SPORT NEWS

BAYLOR CLASHES WITH NOTRE DAME TOMORROW

There may have been magic wands in the days of old king Knute, but his present day successor is relying upon no such aid this season in building a new Fighting Irish combination. Coach K. K. Rockne will be called upon, this year to do what no other coach has had to do before, that is, build a new team to face a stiff schedule after having lost twenty-three regulars of the season before. And football’s Wonder Man is working his one hundred and twenty pigskin aspirants overtime these days in order to do just that thing.

To-morrow afternoon the shrill blast of the starting whistle will see the Gold and Blue swing into action against the strong Baylor outfit, champions of the Southwestern Conference, and into the orbit of another tough schedule of games. The South-west is where cyclones, tidal waves and a tornado or two are to be found, and if advance dope is true, the Bears will display a few characteristics of each of these when the two schools clash on Cartier field. For this reason the Fighting Irish, to fall into a mixed metaphor, have been working like Trojans during the past few weeks.

It is true that some really good material has reported this fall; but it must be remembered that it takes time to metamorphose material into a first-class football machine. In other words the condition on Cartier field this year is a great deal different from that which existed last season when a team of regulars returned. The loss of last year’s National Championship men is to be hard felt, and a great deal of the speed, precision and team work that characterised their playing will be missing this fall. This will be due to the fact that a great deal of the time so far has been taken up with drill on fundamentals, a thing that was hardly necessary the September before. There is one thing sure, however, this year’s team will be a fighting squad as the race for positions in every department is keen and close.

So far it would appear as though the backfield positions will offer the least worry. The first two combinations started against the Freshmen in scrimmages looking especially good. The first of these, consisting of Edwards, Hearden and O’Boyle will probably constitute the first string with Flannigan, Scharer, Hanousek and Prelli fast on their heels. Some of the surprises of the week has been the starring of members of this latter outfit. In addition to this there are other speedy backs with all sorts of promise to be found on the other squads, and with a little more experience should give the leaders named above a hard run for regular berths.

Line prospects are not so clean cut. Not much can be said about the probable arrangement of the forward wall because the battle for places still rages at white heat. Although there seems to be a noticeable dearth at end positions, Captain Clem Crowe, Benda and Wallace seem to be the best starters so far. At the pivot post, where some good material is to be seen, Maxwell, Boeringer and Murrin have been showing up best. At tackles, McMannon, McMullen, Boland and Poliski, who has been moved over from guard, seem to be the moving spirits and are bidding hard for first honors. The guard division seems to have Eggert, Crowe, Smith and Morelli in the lead. The line prospects are still a bit green and a great deal of the time has had to be spent in drill on fundamentals so that standings cannot be given out and are of a transitory nature. For every position there is a fighting reserve quota that should produce some good men after the season gets well under way.
FALL BASEBALL

Skippered by Captain Jim Silver, Notre Dame's willow wielders are hard at it brushing up on a few scintillating horsehide tricks before bundling up the baseball uniforms in their duffle bags to await the docking of Spring. Of the twenty-eight men who responded to the crack of the bat, thirteen were members of last year's squad. With Crowley, Farrell and Dunne in the outer gardens the hitting of the team is assured to be well up to par, as this forms the hardest slamming outfield combination that the school has had in recent years. Jim Pearson will be back at third with McGee pulling them down around second. Besten, Roney and Dawes of the hurling staff have some new offerings that are likely to keep opposing batsmen carving weird arabesques in the clear ozone. Behind the rubber Jim Silver will be pulling 'em in with Red Smith as reserve catcher. Dwyer has developed a good eye for the pellet during the summer months and is slamming them out. A marked improvement can be noticed in the playing of all the regulars.

One thing that must be developed soon is a shortstop, as Murray, last year's short, failed to return. The material is being combed for a likely candidate for this berth. At present Kelly seems to have the edge on all comers in this respect with Tom Haffer giving the Irishman a good run for his money. Other contestants that have been displaying the "stuff" in practices are: Joe Wozniak at first; Fritz Wilson at the hot corner; Kline, an ex-Day Dog hurler; Cliff King at the initial sack; Victorine, a snappy short who has been scooping up all offerings in the territory between second and third and Joe Sullivan, who has been displaying some really good ball. These together with Bud Boeringer, Quinn and O'Boyle, outfielders, and Dan Moore who are out for football will form the team next spring.

Cullinan, Clarke and Pinkey Martin are a few more outfielders who look like good bets for uniform in April. Prendergast, varsity second sacker, will probably return to the University at the mid-year.

The workouts are important in that they allow those in charge to get a line on the material before spring rolls around and so will be continued as long as the weather permits. Indications at present point to a strong diamond aggregation for the Blue and Gold in '26.

BOXING

Sixty-five leather mitts meeting leather; the whirr, whirr, whirr of the punching bag cords; smelling salts and arnica bottles dusted off; a dull, thud, thud against the sandbag; and it's a cinch that Charlie Springer's real Fighting Irish are working out. "Training down to keep from going down," is the glad word in the Gym these days. With every member of last year's fistic aggregation, with the exception of a brace of welterweights, back and primed for lots of activity, the boxing outlook is especially rosy. The varsity boxers learned the footwork and fundamentals of the game last year, this year will be spent in polishing them off and knocking 'em off. Beside the veteran material on hand, some likely men have been found in the freshman ranks that will probably go toward building up a strong team this year.

The climax of the year will come when the strong Navy team from Annapolis will come to Notre Dame this year, and the team is pointing itself toward that meet. Beside this, there will probably be bouts against Ames, Penn State and a few other colleges. In addition to these Notre Dame boxers will again be entered in the Middle States Tourney at Gary and the Indiana-Kentucky A. A. U., Tournament at Indianapolis. Coach Springer looks to this as the best season in boxing that the school has ever had.

A call for candidates for the Brownson Hall tennis team, posted by Coach Dan Bradley early in the week, met with a generous response. The Brownson racket wielders are now hard at work in anticipation of matches with other halls.
CROSS COUNTRY

"Over the hills and far away" is the tune Coach Wendland's cross country worthies are humming these days. The fall thinline-clads have been massaging the roads near the University with spiked shoes for the past few weeks and prospects for a winning team seem better than ever before. Only one member of last year's starters was graduated, which returns five seasoned distance men in the persons of Captain Nulty, Masterson, Young, Dolmage and Judge. In addition to this nucleus of veteran runners some likely harriers from last season's freshman team are making things interesting for the returning letter-men. In this latter class, Browne, Ryan, Phelan, Maloney, the Collins brothers, and Fischer have been particularly outstanding.

That a better season than ever can be expected is to be drawn from the fact that about fifty candidates for berths have been working out daily over the Varsity course and time records made are looked upon as good for this stage of the season. Training is to be especially stressed this season as Coach Wendland has issued the ultimatum that anyone breaking the training rules will be dropped at once. In this way he hopes to keep the material on hand in the best condition for the hard schedule mapped out for it. At present it appears as though the Blue and Gold will meet Michigan State and Wabash and attend the Indiana State meet as well as the Conference meet. However, this schedule is looked upon as only tentative.

Beside these bright prospects for the varsity, the cross country outlook is bettered by some likely freshman material. There will be one meet for the Frosh this year. They will be given their opportunity to win numerals in a meet against Kalamazoo.

John Wendland, last season's cross country captain and monogram man in track, will coach Notre Dame's harriers this fall. Wendland is an instructor in the University and is receiving no compensation for his cross country work.

DONOVAN WINS TITLE

Frank Donovan, prominent tennis player at Notre Dame for the last three years, won the city tennis championship of Detroit last week. Had he returned to the University this year, Donovan would be a Senior in the College of Arts and Letters. He will be remembered especially for his feats in the Big Ten tennis tournament last spring and the previous spring. Each time he reached the semi-finals.

SPEED IN KANSAS-NEBRASKA GAME

LAWRENCE, Kansas, Sept. 19.—Football fans at the University of Nebraska will have an opportunity to see two of the fastest men in the Missouri Valley in action on the gridiron when the Universities of Kansas and Nebraska clash in the homecoming day football contest at Lincoln, October 24.—That is, providing Roland A. Locke becomes a Cornhusker moleskins warrior and Howard Rooney of Fairview, Kans., captain-elect of the 1926 K. U. track team is successful in his attempt to land a berth on the Jayhawk team.

Rooney, who weighs less than 150 pounds, is the fastest man in the Kansas school at Lawrence. He ran next to Locke, Husker speed king, in the 100-yard-dash in the Missouri Valley track meet at Norman last spring.

Both Locke and Rooney are to be captains of their respective track teams next spring. If they line up opposing each other in the K. U.-Nebraska game here October 24, football fans will see two of the fastest mole-skin warriors ever to appear on a Missouri Valley gridiron.

Both men are capable of doing the 100-yard dash in the fast time of ten seconds. Locke bettered that record, rather tied the world's record of 9.6 twice during the past year.

Both men will be playing in the backfield,
as halfbacks. Rooney is trying his hand at varsity football for the first time while Locke has been a member of the Husker team for two years.

Kansas followers are watching Rooney with interest. They expect him to pick up weight and to develop into a valuable member on the Jayhawk eleven.

While "Gip" Locke is in a class by himself at the Husker school, Rooney has a rival for the honor of being the fastest man on the K. U. team of 1925. George Powers, letter man of last year, was a member of the Kansas quarter mile relay team that set the new world's record of 42 seconds flat at the Kansas Relays last spring and again won the event at the Drake Relays.

Powers was used as a substitute end last year, but made such an impressive showing in several important games in which he snagged forward passes that he is slated to land a regular berth this year, reports from Kansas say.

ROCKNE AND THE TEAM

IN

ROTOGRAVURE

Will appear on page one of the picture section Sunday, October 4. A splendid souvenir to send home

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NEWS-TIMES

GOLDEN BEAR HERE AFTER INTENSE PRACTICE

BY MARION BARRON

WACO, TEXAS—Veiled in utmost secrecy the Golden Bears of Baylor university are putting the finishing touches to their training in preparation for their opening game of the football season with the Notre Dame Micks in South Bend, Ind., next Saturday.

Behind closed gates, the Bruins are going through drills twice daily, running signals on new plays and perfecting play under the new formation that will be flashed by Coach Frank Bridges this season.

The open formation which was such a strong factor in bringing the Southwestern championship to the Bears last season will be employed again this year but not as often as usual. What the new formation evolved by Bridges resembles is not known and the Bruin mentor will not hint as to its characteristics. If one is to judge by the new plays and formations which he has flashed in the southwest in the past, then it likely is one that is fitted to the personnel of his eleven and one which will cause much consternation in rival camps this fall. Whether this new formation and the new plays will be employed in the Notre Dame game is uncertain because of the fact that the Bears will be closely scouted in that game. However, there is little doubt that Bridges will bring something new out of his bag of tricks to spring on the Micks. Rockne has had the Baylor team scouted as closely as Bridges has had the Micks scouted. Nevertheless, Rockne and Bridges are two of that peculiar class of tricky coaches who cannot be scouted and what they will do in the coming game is problematical.

Baylor well realizes the difficulty of the battle they are going against when they meet Notre Dame and later play a stiff conference schedule as a marked team. The Micks are waiting for the Bears, anxious to put this uppish little southern team back in their place. The Bruins will be playing early in the season on foreign territory and in a different climate. They will be playing against the national champions and against the leading coach of the nation. But the
Bears are going into this battle with their hearts and soul, determined to make a brilliant showing for the prestige of the Southwestern conference. The organization is at the beginning of an expensive campaign to advance the prestige of football of this section and the Baylor Bears are pledged to do their bit when they, as champions of the southwest, represent this section against a team that is champion of the whole nation.

During the past few days the Bears have been the object of satire, irony and insults from the pens of Mid-West sports critics who cannot feature a small southern team trying to defeat the great Notre Dame. And these self-important critics are not inclined to give the Baylor Bears and the Southwest conference credit for the class of football in this section. They ridicule the Bears and the Southwest conference and these attacks have only served to make the Bruins all the more determined to vindicate the name of Baylor and the southwest when they tear into the great Rockne machine. True, several of the Mid-West and Eastern critics, such as Herbert Reed and Bert Dunne, have given the Bruin’s credit, but the fact remains that when the Bears face the Micks they will be doing so as a small, southern eleven that has made a great record in its own neck of the woods but must still show the world in general their real class. It is asking the Bears to make a representative showing under very unfair conditions—the early date, foreign grounds, different climate, the long, tiresome trip, before strange crowds and against the national champion team—but the Golden Bears are undaunted and determined to do their utmost to register a favorable showing.

A great danger for the Bears is in the Notre Dame game, and that is the danger of injuries to the team that will setback the Baylor eleven in their campaign to repeat as conference champions. Coach Bridges will send his first string eleven into the game with the instructions to hold back nothing in their battle for victory. It will be a game of highest power and thus the Bears must reveal much for the all-seeing eyes of the scouts who will be in the South Bend stands.
INTERHALL FOOTBALL SCHEDULE ANNOUNCED

They've shaken the moth balls from the old moleskins; they've pulled out the jerseys; opened the arnica bottles and it's off tackle, round end, or inside with the Interhall football aspirants these days. Almost every hall has started it's worthies working out and it looks like a fierce melee lies ahead before the campus football crown will find its wearer. In making out this season's schedule for the Interhall circuit a new division of halls has been made. According to the new arrangement Freshman, Carroll, Brownson, Howard, and Off-Campus will form one league while Sophomore, Corby, Sorin, Walsh and Badin will fight it out for the supremacy of the other division. It looks like a big season ahead. Call your shots!

All games will be called at 2:30 P. M., unless otherwise arranged. 12 minute quarters will be played.

INTERHALL SCHEDULE

OCTOBER 4
Sophomore vs. Corby  Sorin vs. Badin.
Off-Campus vs. Brownson Carroll vs. Freshman

OCTOBER 11
Brownson vs. Carroll  Off-Campus vs. Howard
Corby vs. Sorin  Walsh vs. Sophomore

OCTOBER 18
Badin vs. Sophomore  Walsh vs. Corby
Off-Campus vs. Freshman Howard vs. Brownson

OCTOBER 25
Howard vs. Freshman  Carroll vs. Off-Campus
Walsh vs. Badin  Sorin vs. Sophomore

NOVEMBER 1
Corby vs. Badin  Sorin vs. Walsh
Brownson vs. Freshman  Carroll vs. Howard

NOVEMBER 8
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