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

Entered as second-class matter at Notre Dame, Indiana. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage. Section 1108, October 3, 1917, authorized June 25, 1918.
Queer indeed are the different methods of celebrating a great event. In certain parts of India, (just where we are not quite clear: but we have it on the authority of "Around the World in Eighty Days," that bugbear of all self respecting French classes), in certain parts of India, we were saying, the wife celebrates her husband's demise by ascending his funeral pyre and committing herself to the flames which consume his body. And in certain parts of America, the widow invests her husband's estate in expensive mourning garments and looks about for a new mate to ease her sorrow. And so with Founder's Day: St. Mary's celebrates with a pageant, and Notre Dame with a wholesale exodus from the place to which the Founder gave his life. This year that exodus was not so large as it has been for some time past: a Tuesday holiday is not sufficiently near either the end or the beginning of the week to promote a wholesale purchase of railroad tickets. But it was near enough to allow two students in five to slip away for assorted lengths of time at home or in Chicago. And to reward the stay-at-schools for their forbearance, the University managed a spectacular night fire close to the campus, with a couple of hundred tons of hay and a barn furnishing the fuel. Thoughtfulness is next to cleanliness.

Nevertheless, Founder's Week-end succeeded in wrecking pretty thoroughly the smooth-running mechanism of campus activity, so that comparatively little remains to be chronicled. There is the announcement of the Student Trip, for one thing. Excitement has been caused by the rumor that some four hundred University of Minnesota co-eds will be furnished as ornaments to a Notre Dame tea dance in Minneapolis. If the rumor is allowed to grow unchecked, a full contingent of rooters may be relied upon. We do not know anything of the entertainment plans for the trip: but so many pleasant rumors are floating about that it might be well to take a gambler's chance and buy a ticket. And if none of the wild dreams come true—well, there is always the game itself, which alone should be sufficient repayment for the long trip. Such, at least, seems to be the present campus, state of mind.

The opening of the new SCHOLASTIC office, completely equipped with all journalistic requirements, created hardly a ripple. The quarters in Corby basement are spacious, and, at certain times of day, well-lighted. McCready Huston, South Bend novelist, told "how it is done" to an interested audience who presumably had long been pondering that question. The Scribblers failed to hold their usual weekly meeting—record it now, for you'll have to wait a year before you get another chance. Seniors became familiar with the rigors of cap and gown when they posed for their Dome pictures during the first part of the week. That is, some of them posed: the rest will be hunted down mercilessly during the next few weeks and compelled to submit to the arts of Paidy. And the sleuths of Walsh Hall ferreted out a despicable character who has been living in our midst, and then proceeded to get themselves in bad by a heavy mail of postal cards. That is all, absolutely all, that has occurred.

We cannot let slip this opportunity to inaugurate another crusade. The congestion at the front door of the Main Building at the end of class hours is enough to send the yokel back to the Loop with a prayer of gratitude on his lips. Traffic lights might help, or a uniformed director, or as a last resort, a little common sense. Any reaction?

—J. A. W.
COTILLION COMMITTEES ANNOUNCED

Frederick L. Collins, President of the Sophomore Class, Thursday announced his committee selections for the Sophomore Cotillion which will be held Friday evening, November 20, in the K. of C. ballroom. The dance will mark the first official class function of the year and members of the arrangements committee have formed tentative plans for a highly entertaining and successful formal.

It is expected that the Kansas City Night Hawks, who furnished music for the Senior Ball last June, will be engaged by the Sophomores, but several other nationally known orchestras have been taken under consideration. Members of the Faculty Dance Committee have ruled that the Cotillion shall be held from ten o'clock until two with permissions for return to the campus halls extending to three o'clock. A meeting of the class of '28 will be held early next week for further discussion of arrangements.

The committees selected follow:

General Chairman: Maurice B. Conley.
Arrangements: John P. Smith, chairman; John Cullinan, Henry Hudson, John Cavanaugh, and Frederick Collins.
Music: Charles McCarthy, chairman; John Tappinier, and Thomas Murphy.
Programs: Joseph Rigney, Chairman; Arthur Denchfield and James Quigley.
Tickets: Thomas Pureell, Chairman; Thomas Trauber, Emmet Mahoney, William Dowle, Pierce O'Connor, John Chevigney, Casper Grothwell, Louis Norman, George Leppig, and Donald Corbett.
Publicity: James O'Toole, Chairman; Walter Layne, Robert Kirby and George Polomino.
Floor: Edmund Collins, Chairman; Louis Carr, Frank O'Toole, Hayes Murphy, William Lawler and Edmund Glade.

Tom Lieb's advice to Freddy Forhan:
“Better get some fuzz on that head before snow flies!”

A. L. E. E. TO MEET

The Notre Dame Branch, American Institute of Electrical Engineers, has announced its second meeting of the year, to take place on Monday evening, October 19, at 7:30 in the Chemistry Building. An interesting and entertaining program has been arranged. Doctor J. A. Caparo, Head of the Department of Electrical Engineering, will address the members of the Club, giving a synopsis of the organization, its past activities, and pointing out the advantages that the club offers to Engineering students. It is for this reason that Freshmen and Sophomores are urgently requested to attend.

Mr. S. M. Caldwell of the Indiana and Michigan Electric Company will deliver an address. His subject will be, “Power Sales and its Relation to Industry.” Mr. Caldwell has the reputation of being a very instructive and interesting speaker.

Mr. Norbert Arehart and Mr. Stanley Boyle, both Seniors in the Department of Electrical Engineering, will present papers on: “The History of the Dynamo,” and “The Development of Electrical Engineering” respectively. The program as a whole should be of interest to all those who expect to take an active part in the Engineering profession.

VICTORY DANCE IS HELD

About one hundred and fifty couples attended the Victory Dance given by the Monogram Club last Saturday night in the Knights of Columbus ballroom. The hall was admirably decorated with monogram blankets, pennants, and hangings. The music was provided by Harry Denny's Notre Dame Collegians, recently returned from a trip abroad. The dance committee was composed of John Nyikos, Chairman, Edward Prendergast, Elmer Besten, and Stephen Ronay. The patrons of the dance were: Mr. and Mrs. K. K. Rockne, Professor and Mrs. William Benitz, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Coughlin, Dean and Mrs. T. F. Konop, Mr. and Mrs. Hartley Anderson, and Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Hull.
Juniors Plan Dance

Following approval of the Faculty Dance Committee, officers of the Junior Class met Tuesday to complete arrangements for a dance to be held under the auspices of the class at the K. of C. ballroom, Saturday, October 31. The dance will mark the first class function of the year. Harry Denny’s Collegians will play. Committee appointments for the dance are as follows:

Arrangements: James Jones; Music, Jack Curtis; Off-Campus, Paul Butler; Publicity, Mark Nevils; Tickets: Howard Hall: Russell Voyer, Arthur Hohmann; Freshman Hall: Joseph Nulty, Mark Fiehrer; Corby Hall: William Cavanaugh, Thomas Green; Sorin Hall: John D. Murphy, John Nyikos; Walsh Hall: Edward Ryan, Daniel Cunningham; and Badin Hall: Thomas Nash, Jimmy Cowles.

Officers of the Junior Class who will serve for the year are: William Daily, President; Louis Conroy, Vice President; Joseph Boland, Secretary; and Jerry Le Strange, Treasurer.

Calumet Club Elects Officers

The Calumet District Club of Notre Dame held its first meeting of the year, Wednesday evening October 7, in the Law Building. The meeting was opened by John Wallace, last year’s Vice President, who briefly outlined the purpose of the Club to the new members.

After the new members were introduced the following officers were elected for the present scholastic year: John Wallcase, President; Lawrence Bieker, Vice-President; John Chevigney, Treasurer; and Francis Meyers, Secretary. Activities for the year were discussed but no definite action was taken. Although the Club was organized but last year it has a membership of 35 at the present time and includes students from Gary, Hammond, East Chicago, Whiting, Indiana Harbor and adjacent cities.

Mr. Walter Shilts, instructor in the College of Engineers, is the father of a baby boy, born October 10.

Gym Annex Nears Completion

The addition to the gymnium is progressing rapidly towards completion. The roof is entirely finished, as are also the walls, with the exception of the two doorways opening onto Eddy Street. The interior work is being pushed at a rapid pace. The dirt floor has been graded to equalize both the old and new parts, while the sectional wooden floor is in place. The connections between the old and the new walls have been bricked.

In the interior of the annex itself, work has been equally rapid. The bases for the new seats in the permanent stands are finished, the iron railings have been placed, the flooring laid in the two handball courts, and the wires for the electric lighting put in. The locker and plumbing accessories are on hand, ready to be installed.

Painters are busily engaged on all parts of the gym, ancient and modern, refreshing the place completely, so that when all is done, the variance between the two parts will not be so readily notable as might be supposed. Present progress would indicate that the addition will be finished before the Northwestern game, November 21.

Actual building has been started on the new stands of the football field, which, when completed, will connect the east stands with the west, in a curve which will follow that of the track. An archway over the 220-yard straightway will allow the new stands to bridge this, while avoiding conflicting with it.

It is expected that this part of Notre Dame’s extensive building program will be finished for the Home-coming game. The new stands, when finished, will seat about 6,000 people.

The Scholastic maintains its office in Corby Sub and has the following office hours on all days except Saturdays, Sundays, holydays and holidays: 10-11 and 2-3. Contributors, prospective contributors and any others interested are cordially invited to call.
ST. MARY'S NEW BUILDING TRIUMPH
OF ARCHITECTURE

Like an idle reaching finger, the soaring turret of the new dormitory-classroom building at Saint Mary's College punctures its way to the home of the stars as it is buoyed up by the building proper. The turret in itself is bulky; set upon a massive building its centralized position places it in an equilibrium with the two jutting wings and the equal number of dormers which protrude from the slanting roof.

The walls of the structure, built of brick, buff-coloured and blunt, form a splash of mellow gold except for an occasional punctuation caused by decorous stone or slender, picturesque windows. They, accordingly, serve as a background to a quadrangular court,—a court of cloister walks from which one enters into the interior of the structure.

Much of the fascination of the exterior of the building prevails within, wherein one is stirred by the exactness of the wrought grilles on the doors; the perception of the walls panelled in an oaken hue; the pureness of the floors of marble, and the scheme of the stone tracery which support recessed lights.

The chapel of the building, containing a finely executed altar, and rich tapestry, and embracing statues of special marble and a powerful pipe organ, is the most interesting of the interior subdivisions. Words of praise flow for the home-like comfort of the student's rooms, and the invigorating beauty of a large lounging room upon the ground floor of the structure, which may be used for gatherings and meetings of diverse types.

The above is a concise description of the newest building added to the campus of Saint Mary's College, after plans had been drawn by Maurice Carroll, of Kansas City, Kansas, and after Earl S. Dickens, who was affiliated with the endowment program of Notre Dame University, and who was secretary to the Reverend John Cavanagh, C.S.C., when the latter was President of the University, had been appointed to lead a drive for a Greater Saint Mary's College.

The students of Saint Mary's College should be exalted over this wonderful structure; the students of other Catholic universities should be exultant. Catholics of America should be proud of this $1,500,000 structure, which cares for upwards of 500 sponsors of the virtues of Our Lady. We are certain that the students of Saint Mary's and of other Catholic universities of the country, and in general all Catholics of America, are proud of this accomplishment. And we also are proud, as we marvel at the pomp, the enchantment and the sumptuousness of this Gothic achievement.

—R. L. NOVAK.

THE CATALYZER APPEARS

It was coincidental that the Chemists entertained in honor of Father Vagnier and issued the first number of "The Catalyzer" during the same week. These two events give proof of the high development of "the social graces" and "literary tastes" of the Chemists.

The first article in "The Catalyzer" deals with the preparation of Dihydroxymethylxanthene. (The type was not "pi-ed!"). The article has for its author Rev. J. A. Nieuwland, C. S. C., Sc. D., Ph. D. To the layman, it reads as if it might hold great interest for those for whom it was written.

The remainder of this little, but informing publication is given to news of Notre Dame chemists, past and present, and to features concerning chemistry and its notables. The editorial page is one which might be put into any publication. It is universal in its application and interesting. Paul Harrington, old man versatility himself, is the editor.

A beautiful statue of the Sacred Heart, the gift of Brother Edmund, C.S.C., has been placed in the chapel in Room 320 of the Main Building. Brother Edmund, the donor, is an alumnus of the University, and is now teaching at Cathedral High School, Indianapolis. Students who visit the chapel are requested to offer prayers for their benefactor.
NEW YORK STATE CLUB ARRANGES DINNER

The New York State Club has decided to hold its annual dinner on the evening of October 28. The place of the dinner has not yet been chosen.

The following will be among the speakers: Rev. George Finnegan, C.S.C., Vice-President of the University, Professor Charles Phillips and Coach Knute Rockne. It is possible that the Varsity Quartette will make its first appearance of the year at this dinner.

SCHAEFER HEADS ROCHESTER CLUB

Gilbert Schaefer, of Rochester, New York, a Senior in the College of Commerce, was elected President of the Rochester Club and John Brennan, of Avon, New York, a junior in Mechanical Engineering, received the office of Vice-President, at a meeting of that organization held recently in the Journalism Room of the Library. Philip Doell, of Rochester, received the position of Secretary, and John Moran was given the office of Treasurer.

At this meeting the Rochester Club inaugurated its activities of the year with a membership double that of last year. All the new men were welcomed into the Club and a general discussion followed. Officers of the Club plan to hold a meeting every three weeks, with dinners and theatre parties included in the program of entertainment.

JOHN MONTAGUE MARRIED

John M. Montague, '23, a star track athlete, was married Monday morning, October 12, at 9 o'clock, to Miss Helen Catherine Monahan, of Chicago, in the log chapel, Notre Dame. Rev. John F. O'Hara, C.S.C., performed the ceremony.

Miss Grace Garrity, of Chicago, was bridesmaid, and Edward Gould, '23, also of Chicago, was the best man. Alfred Meyers and Victor Lemmer, both of the Notre Dame Glee Club, supplied the music.

Following the ceremony, a reception was held in the Gold room of the Oliver Hotel, following which the newlyweds left for a wedding trip which will include New York and Atlantic City before they return to reside at 4936 Forestville Avenue, Chicago.

BLUE CIRCLE COMMITTEES CHOSEN

The Blue Circle, with Chairman John Tuohy in charge, met Tuesday night, October 13, to consider plans for Home-coming, which is to take place this year on November 14.

Coach Rockne spoke briefly on the worth of the organization to Notre Dame, and Father Hugh O'Donnel, Prefect of Discipline, also said a few words.

The main business of this meeting was the appointment of committees to take care of the various phases of the work which the Home-coming celebration entails.

The committees follow:

Reception: Lester Lovier, chairman; John Riordan, John Q. Adams, Thomas Burke, Mansiel Haggerty, Theodore Griffin, George Stadel, Vincent O'Malley, Edward Byone and Clem Crowe.

Barbecue: Michael Murray, chairman; Thomas Farrell, Charles Marguet, John Purcell, James Jones, Hugh McCaffery, George Dupson, James Coleman, and Junior Gary.


Campus Decoration: James Ronan, chairman; Thomas Leahy, Oswald Genesse, William Corbett, Al Anton, Thomas Nash, Paul Benanti, Henry Hudson, Joseph Benda, John Ryan and Donald Ryan.

Downtown Decoration: Gerald McGinley, chairman; Edward Duggan, James Mahoney, Carl Johnson, Henry McNabb, Maurice Conley, Chester Rice, Charles McDermott, Wibur McElroy and Mervyn Aggeler. The Villagers will cooperate with this committee, in beautifying the city for the visitors.

Traffic Committee: Joseph Shea, chairman; John Burns, George Meade, Coyne Hatten, Paul Miller, James Silver, John Spillane, Edward Broderick, Burt Coughlin, George Euechner, and Patrick Canny.
Campus Opinion

Question: What do you think of the programs in Washington Hall?

Where asked: Washington Hall, Saturday night.

Joseph Obligato—Brownson:
The programs this year are a marked improvement over those of last year. The list of "Coming Attractions" reveals some new, first class pictures. A little more music would make the programs almost perfect.

Francis McCurrie—Corby:
The programs are a hundred percent better than they ever were before. Now and then a stale show slips in, as to-night's for example, but most of the pictures are up to the minute. The South Bend theatres now have keener competition on Saturday nights.

Robert Gavin—Cadillac:
Most of the shows in Washington Hall have already been seen by the students in town, but that can scarcely be called a fault. The movies are so much better than they used to be that they deserve praise rather than razz.

George Simons—Brownson:
We certainly were stung to-night, but most of the programs aren't so bad. A greater variety of music would make a wonderful improvement. Playing the same piece over and over again makes a bill about one per-cent entertaining.

Edward Kinsey—Brownson:
This is a bad night for that question. But to-night's show should not be considered in judging the programs in general, for it was merely a filler used because the real film didn't get here in time. The programs as a rule are good. The faculty has changed Washington Hall from a museum into a playhouse.

(Note: Questions for use in this column will be welcomed by the SCHOLASTIC.)

MUSICAL AND THEATRICAL NOTES.

Musical organizations on the campus seem to be starting the year with a determination to surpass all previous records. The Glee Club has had the largest number of men trying out in the history of the Club—and the band has two new tubas.

As for the Band, no one can deny that they made a very imposing picture as they marched on the field at the Beloit game last Saturday. The uniforms and the new, shiny instruments, to say nothing of the music called forth by them, were a great addition to the game. A band is an organization which fills a real need at the football games.

The Glee Club has suffered another cut in its personnel, thereby bringing its membership down to about seventy-five. Another cut of from twenty to thirty is due sometime this week, and after that the Club will be down to working size. Rehearsals will be commenced on the program to be given this year and work in earnest will have started. A list of the men making up the final personnel will be published in the SCHOLASTIC as soon as the results of the cut have been made known.

Tryouts for the Varsity Quartet have been made during the past week, and as soon as the men are selected, that organization will commence work for the year also. The older men on the Campus will miss George Koch, the baritone of the Quartet, who was graduated last June.

COMING EVENTS

October 17.—Washington Hall. Harold Lloyd in "The Freshman."
October 19.—Palais Royale.—Concert by U. S. Marine Band.
October 20.—Blackstone Theatre. Paul Whiteman and His Orchestra in concert.
October 24.—Washington Hall. Douglas Fairbanks in "Don Q."
October 27.—Palais Royale. Sousa and His Band in concert.
November 2.—Palais Royale. Amelita Galli-Curci in concert.
November 9.—Palais Royale. Josef Lhevinne in piano concert.
THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC

November 14.—Washington Hall. D. W. Griffith’s “Sally of the Sawdust.”

November 16.—Palais Royale. Tito Schipa in concert.


NORTHWESTERN STUDENTS PLAN TRIP HERE

When the Northwestern football team marches on Cartier Field on November 21 they should feel almost as though they were playing a home game. For the student body of that school is planning to be here to greet them and cheer them in their battle with the Fighting Irish.

According to the Daily Northwestern a special train has been chartered for the occasion and at present the number of visiting rooters is estimated at five hundred. The entire University band is to make the trip in addition to the freshman football team.

LOUISIANA-MISSISSIPPI CLUB DINES

The first of a series of dinners arranged by members of the Louisiana-Mississippi Club was held Thursday evening, October 8, in the Rustic Room of the La Salle hotel. It is planned by this organization to hold monthly dinners in order to foster a more closely knit spirit of cooperation and activity in campus circles.

Speakers of the evening were Lawrence Hennessey, Edward B. Burke, Don Laskey, and Cyprian Sporl, who outlined plans for the year’s work.

Officers of the club are: President, Cyprian Sporl; Vice President, Rupert Wentworth; Secretary, Edward Burke, and Treasurer, Matthew Melsheimer.

Tickets for the Minnesota game, which is that of the student trip, are on sale at the gym daily from 9 A. M., till 4 P. M., and will continue to be sold till Wednesday, October 21, when the sale closes. The game is on October 24. The prices are: Coaches, $11.50. Sleeper, two in lower berth, $13.38 each; two in upper berth, $13.00 each. Ticket for the game, $2.50, including tax to send the Band with the excursion.

LAW SCHOOL NOTES

The freshman class of the Law School has been praised by practically all of the members of the law faculty. “It’s the best freshman class we have ever had,” said one of the instructors. The raising of the pre-law requirements from one year to two has evidently brought a group of more serious minded men into the Law School. Over half of the members of this class have more than the required two years in the academic department. Twelve of the men are taking the combined LL. B. and A. B. course. Six of the men already have academic degrees.

* * * * *

Mr. Daly of West Publishing Company will deliver a series of lectures on Legal Bibliography to Seniors and any others interested, beginning December 13.

* * * * *

Judge Wooten spoke before the Round Table Club in South Bend on Wednesday, October 7. His subject was “The Ultimate Issues of the Scopes Trial.” The Judge said that in his estimation the evolution law would be sustained by the Supreme Court, but that it was a very unwise law for any legislature to pass.

Dean Konop will speak to the members of the Round Table on the first Wednesday in December.

* * * * *

Professor Manion spoke to the Knights of Columbus of South Bend last Monday evening in connection with the Columbus day exercises.

* * * * *

Melvin Rohrbach, LL. B. ’23 and A. M. ’25 is in the abstracting business in Crown Point, Indiana.

James M. Barret, LL. B. ’24, visited the University this week. He is now employed by the Curtis law firm of Chicago.

Leo Powers, LL. B., ’25, is now with the Lumberman’s Mutual Legal Department of Chicago.

The Right Rev. Lillis, Bishop of the Diocese of Kansas City was a visitor on the campus for a short time last week.
Influenced, no doubt, by the wonderful accomplishments of its first class, the embryo Department of Boy Guidance began its second year of activities with an enrollment of 33 men, an increase of 14 over last year.

Nothing much need be said of the purposes of the Department, other than that the men are turned out to be, not "social workers," as some might judge, but to be "boys-work executives."

Praise must be given to the first class of "boyologists," and especially to Professor R. A. Hoyer, the Director of the Department of Boy Guidance. Much was accomplished last year. Using the youth of South Bend as a medium, the "boyologists" established an inter-parochial baseball league, with the assistance of the South Bend K. of C.; sponsored and officiated at the inter-hall baseball, football and basketball games during the year, and took active part in organizing many boy scout troops within the city.

Stressing, also, boy welfare through other means, led by Hogan Morrissey and Hector McNiel, they were able to present a number of plays at St. Joseph's Church. A one-act play entitled, "The Gypsy Rover," and a comedy, "That's One on Bill" were successfully given by the youth of St. Joseph's Church. Messrs. Walsh, Becker, and Lacey were connected with the Juvenile Court in South Bend where their work was very effective.

The members were able to listen to remarks by such men as: C. J. Atkinson, of the Boy's Club Federation, of New York City; R. O. Wyland, Director of Church Relations for the Boy Scouts of America; Lieutenant Wade, of the "around-the-world flyers;" Mr. Spain, Superintendent of Schools in Detroit; Dr. Hastings H. Hart, of the Russell Sage Foundation, of New York City, and Frank Miller, Field Representative of the Playground and Recreation Association of America. The entire ensemble of students attended the International Boy Work Conference in Chicago from December 1 to 4 inclusive.
DOME LOSES WITTICH

The Dome of '26 suffered its first loss during the past week when its art editor Porter Wittich, of Joplin, Missouri, was forced to leave school because of a nervous breakdown. While this loss will hamper the art staff of the publication, it is unlikely that a successor will be appointed, as Wittich expects to return for the second semester.

Despite this handicap, work on the annual continues to progress rapidly. Editor Walter W. Smith reports that during the last week approximately 250 seniors and the officers of many of the class and campus clubs, were photographed. The Russell Studio of Chicago, has charge of the photography of The Dome this year.

An assembly of the members of the business staff was held at 7:30 o'clock Thursday evening, in The Dome office, and plans for coming advertising campaign were discussed. Under the leadership of Mark Fiehrer, the advertising staff will inaugurate its local campaign on next Wednesday, when the final drive for subscriptions will have been completed. According to Fiehrer, his staff will make every effort to equal the mark set last year, when Les Hegele and his business staff broke all previous Dome advertising records at the University.

JUGGLER HOLDS BANQUET

The first of a series of Juggler banquets was held in the Rustic Room of the LaSalle Hotel last Wednesday evening. Contributors to the first issue as well as members of the staff were present.

Editor-in-Chief Lester Grady presided during a short discussion following the dinner. Rev. John McGinn, C. S. C., Chairman of the Board of Publications, Professor Cooney, Head of the School of Journalism gave admirable talks concerning the Juggler and journalism on the Notre Dame Campus.

GOLF TEAM BOWS

Notre Dame's mashie wielders lost for the first time this season last Sunday when they went down to defeat before the Chain O'Lakes club, champions of the St. Joseph valley, with a 13 to 9 count. On the seventeenth hole, Harry Elmore broke loose and made the hole in one. The distance is 200 yards. Members of the Notre Dame team were: Adams, Bulger, Shouse, Totten, Seidensticker, Hillerich, Breslin and Ruckleshause.

TRUSTEES EXPRESS SORROW AT DEATH OF DR. MAX PAM

The Associate Board of Lay Trustees of the University, meeting in special session, recently, expressed sorrow at the sudden death of one of their fellow members, Dr. Max Pam.

The deceased passed away recently at New York City after a life of success and endeavor. He was the endower of the School of Journalism, and regarded as a man "of rare talents, sterling character and public spirit."

Mr. Howard Parker, '17, of Hollywood, California, first piano accompanist of the University Glee Club, recently revisited the scenes of his early collegiate days.

During his stay, Mr. Parker was the guest of Bernard Boll, of the Sibley Machine Company, of South Bend.

GEORGE SCOTT ORDAINED TO THE PRIESTHOOD

George M. Scott of Los Angeles, a student here in 1918-19, was ordained to the priesthood by Bishop Cantwell in Los Angeles on August 31. He sang his first Mass in the Cathedral of the same city on Sunday, September 6.

After leaving Notre Dame, Mr. Scott went to St. Mary's Seminary in Baltimore and then went abroad to finish his theological studies at St. Cuthbert's College, Ushaw, Durham, England.

The newly ordained priest is the son of Joseph Scott, nationally famous Catholic layman, and the brother of Al Scott of the class of '22 at Notre Dame.
NOTRE DAME BARN BURNS

About ten o'clock Tuesday night, October 13, one of our alert and wideawake Freshmen in Howard Hall, who should have been in bed but wasn't, noticed a blaze in the farm buildings across the road. Spry Johnny Carroll ran immediately, as all Freshmen should do, with his troubles to his Rector, who in this case happened to be Father Margraf. They at once besieged the fire department of South Bend with some half dozen alarms, both by box and telephone, but the department's members must have been playing quoits too strenuously in the afternoon. Anyhow, they failed to show up till the barn was "one flaming conflagration," lighting up the sky for miles around, and attracting motor cars, motorists, students, and miscellaneous personages like a huge arc-light does the bugs which continually mill about it. When the department did show up from the city, the building was past all saving, and the loss of $65,000, as a hasty check the next morning computed it, was assured. The building itself was valued at $40,000, while the valuable agricultural instruments, stock, hay, automobiles and other machinery stored in the building, made up the other $15,000. Seven fine horses, prize stock raised by Brother Leo, were lost, although a dozen more less valuable, were led to safety. The students, as might be supposed, were the first of the spectators to arrive. Fire has always been the evil genius of Notre Dame. The burnings of the Main Building, the Gymnasium, and Chemistry Hall are familiar, in history or in fact, to most of the older men here. These remembrances, coupled with the natural appeal a fire makes to everyone, caused the students to tumble out of the halls in every state of attire and disattire. Some arrived in pajamas, slippers and bathrobe; others in sweaters and trousers, sockless and hatless, and others—the real students, we presume—appeared as men in public should. This eccentric dress of the college boys provided much mirth for their companions and the throng of townspeople that had been attracted to the fire.

After it was seen that the wind, which was from the southwest, would not endanger the surrounding buildings by flying sparks, and that the fire seemed content to confine itself to the brick barn, the occasion turned into something of a celebration, a sort of glorious, if lamentable, conclusion to the Founder's Day holiday. When the South Bend fire-fighters arrived finally, they were given a rousing cheer by the students, who thereupon began to render what they considered much-needed assistance, by pulling out the hose from the trucks, and by doing a hundred up or down the road in search for a plug. The snarl of students, firemen, townspeople and hose was untangled at last, and two streams of water were focused on the blaze, without seeming to daunt it much. In the process the wooden structures neighboring the barn, and some few on-lookers were sprayed with water. We know it benefited the one, but we are not so sure about the other.

As a spectacle the fire was superb. The flames of it, of all colors and shapes, shot skyward in glorious abandon, tinged the black smoke pall with rosiness, and sending out sparks, like shooting stars, with a lavish hand. The old timbers of the building popped and crackled like so many giant firecrackers, the tin roof burned with a bluish-green flame, and the windows, like eyeless sockets, showed the blazing interior luridly. The caving-in of the roof and the falling off of large sections of the front and side walls increased the showers of sparks a hundred-fold and heightened the dramatic note intensely. After an hour or so the two feeble streams playing on the fire did make some headway against it; the bright flames were abated, and the crowd melted away.

The origin of the fire is not known definitely. Spontaneous combustion, crossed electric wires, and careless smoking have all been advanced as probable causes; take your choice. No plans have been announced as yet concerning the rebuilding of the barn.
CURTAIN TALK

The Scholastic does not find it a pleasure to make curtain talks. On the stage it is considered poor form to step out of character and talk plainly with the audience; but the time has come when the unpleasant must be done.

Everyone knows that the Scholastic is called a literary-news weekly; and all should be acquainted with the fact that literary material is a necessity in the publication of such a paper. The news staff takes care of the current school activities. The literary staff, on the other hand, is composed of the entire student body; and it is up to the students to see that the literary side of Notre Dame is not neglected. They alone can improve the literary quality of the Scholastic.

A handful of men would have to be literary geniuses in order to present a paper that would please the campus critics. Part of the students sit back and point out fallacies each week. Of all the easy things to do that heads the list; any half wit can be a master of it in a few short lessons. Constructive criticism is always welcome; but if you are unable to give helpful suggestions then give credit to those who are doing their best.

Our talk is addressed to the entire student body; but above all the journalists and liberal arts men should be interested. Practice in writing, like practice in everything else, brings perfection; and of all the ways and means of learning to write the surest is writing. At present we feel safe in saying that there are no literary geniuses on the campus, hence those men who put forward the best effort will be rewarded with the publication of their articles. The same democratic spirit that exists on the campus will be found in the Scholastic office. Whether you are a Senior or a Freshman equal consideration will be given and the most deserving will win out.

We are asking for assistance in a campus activity that every student should be interested in. If our plea is heeded then the Scholastic will improve; if not then please do not advertise your own inactivity by destructive criticism. —W. H. L.

THE PLAYERS CLUB

The campus has fallen for the grease paint, the make-up, the Kleig lights. The carpenters are pounding away back stage and the drops are being swung into position. From the wings those in charge of the Drama club give us information that the Harlequins are in for a big season at Notre Dame.

Word comes to the waiting audience that
Father Vincent Mooney, C.S.C., Director of Off-Campus Students, has been appointed faculty advisor of the Players Club. This is the first step toward utilizing conditions which are extremely favorable. Material of a first-class caliber is plentiful and the interest in such activity that was stirred up by last year's productions is still keen.

The dramatic movement should be pushed forward as much as is possible this year. Activity should begin at once. It is hoped that the Club will realize this and give the campus a chance to see it in action sometime before Christmas. Father Mooney is a very capable choice for this work, and the organization is, in a manner, assured that the movement will be a success under his direction. It is with a great deal of interest that the student body awaits the flickering glare of the calcium that will bring the members of the Players Club to the boards. We hope that this will be at an early date. —J. P. M.

A SHELTER STATION

"O would some Power erect around us
A sheltered nook... or J. P. 'll drown us!"

With this crude parody, dashed off perhaps by some Sophomore in one of his more lucid moments, let us introduce a subject that the dead past refuses to bury, but which, instead, insists on pushing even more vigorously into the scope of public attention.

This subject is: A shelter-station at the Notre Dame end of the car line. This matter has been brought up time and again, only to be put off with vague promises that have had an equally vague fulfillment. Everyone knows that a soft answer turneth away wrath, and that diplomacy takes precedence over bluntness, but neither soft answers nor diplomacy can serve forever. After they have been used several times, the public loses faith in them. That is our case. We were promised a station many, many times, over a period of several years, but it has not yet materialized. Chiefly, we suspect, because the promise was always amended by a "when" condition: "When the road is paved," "when the addition to the gym (prospective at that time) is completed." "When the car company moves its tracks to Eddy Street." And so on; these are merely samples.

The first two conditions mentioned are now actualities. Regarding the third, it became apparent even to the dullest observer that, when the car company, two years or so back, laid more switches and installed an improved signal system on its one-track Notre Dame line, it had no immediate intention of sending its cars over an Eddy Street route. Therefore, the question naturally arises again: Do we get a shelter-station?

The need is vital for such a station at Notre Dame. Surely the University, the S. A. C. and the car company working together could produce results. A man may be optimistic, he may even own a slicker, but his disposition is bound to get damp while he is standing in the rain waiting for a car. The Post Office, during business hours, offers a partial shelter, but cover is needed most between the hours of 6:30 and 10:00 in the evening, which need the Post Office cannot meet. Nor is such a station required for protection against rain alone.

When winter, whose acquaintance the Freshmen have yet to make at Notre Dame, settles down to do business regularly, trading chiefly in snow, ice, and bitter winds, the value of a shelter-station will prove itself many times over.

Therefore, with a hope which will not die, we appeal once more for our long-delayed station. In this matter the S. A. C. could prove again, as it has in the past, invaluable. The need is obvious; the means are not lacking; all that remains, then, is "the perpetration of the deed." —F. A. K.

Throughout the football season, many students are prompted to visit with their parents during week ends. In view of this fact, the Department of Student Welfare wishes to remind the students of the manner in which week-end permissions are secured.

Written consent must be sent to the rector of the hall in which the student resides, and this must be approved by the rector.
Old Annie
CHARLES CRAWFORD, '27

The moon disappearing behind the clouds cast a last flood of light upon the little station at the junction. The building was old and badly in need of extensive repairs, but for all of its apparent insignificance, this little railway junction was an important link in the main line from the north to the scattered cities in the south. It was here that the "Dixie Flyer," the boast of two railroads, changed train crews and locomotives before continuing the run over the mountains of Kentucky and Tennessee.

Although it was long past midnight the station was the center of activity, for the most important happening at the junction, the nightly visit of the "Flyer," was due in several minutes. The yard crew scattered along the track in instant readiness to make any necessary repairs, and to attend to their duties with mechanical precision so that the train would not be delayed for even a fraction of a minute in its run across the country to the south. The station agent returned to his office to listen to the tickings of the telegraph instrument, and the two switchmen hurried off to their posts at the head of the yards. Only a single figure remained on the station platform.

It was that of a haggard old woman, who had long ago outlived her usefulness to the community, and was now regarded by many of the superstitious inhabitants as somewhat of a witch. Old Annie, as she was known throughout the foothills, stood nervously waiting at one end of the platform. She leaned forward and gazed ahead into the darkness trying to follow the course of the tracks into the foggy night air. A lantern began to wave far ahead, and a moment later many red, blue and yellow lights appeared like jewels in the mist along the right-of-way. Then out of the silence came the long piercing shriek of a locomotive whistle. The faint glare of the approaching headlight began to cut its way through the mist, as the distant rumble of the train grew in intensity.

Old Annie glanced about and chuckled at her cleverness in choosing such a time and place for the fulfillment of what was to her a sacred duty. Years before near that spot two men had fought over a matter of no importance at the time, although it later developed into the direct cause of the most noted of the feuds that were once so common in the district. The feud had survived some half-dozen generations, until the descendants of both families had dwindled to but a sole representative to carry on the ancient hatred. Just who her remaining enemy was Old Annie did not know, except that she was the daughter of the man who had killed her father. The murderer had easily escaped the authorities; had fled to Chicago, and there became one of the city's leading business men. He had died several years before, and just recently his daughter had married and was now on her way south on her honeymoon trip to Florida. Annie had read of all this in the papers, and using all her cunning she had wired the daughter to meet her at the junction. The telegram had been carefully worded, and Annie depended upon the natural curiosity of the other woman to bring about the desired meeting.

The train was almost at the entrance to the yards, but Annie paid no attention to the long, shining string of black coaches, the puffing and bellowing of the huge engine, the shriek of the whistle, and the ringing of the bell. Lanterns began to wave beside the track, the rush of the air-brakes sounded above the noise of the engine, and the train began to stop before the little station. She was wondering if this other woman was as beautiful as she had been some fifty years before when she was the belle of society in the state capital. She was wondering if this other woman was dreaming the dreams of happiness that she had once dreamt, wondering if she was filled with the same emotions and feelings that she had herself had experienced so many years ago. For a score of years the sacred trust of keeping alive the
traditions of her family had been imposed upon Annie as the only member of her family alive. And now for the first time in twenty years she realized that the feud and the family honor were not so important in life as some other things that she had known and felt in her youth.

"I beg your pardon, madam. Do you know if a person named Annie is anywhere about the station tonight?"

The sound of a low, pleasant voice broke in upon the old woman's thoughts. Old Annie glanced at the track and was surprised to find the train beside the platform. She turned to the yards and found that the crew had guided the relief locomotive into place. The switchmen were waving their lanterns, and the bell on the locomotive began to ring. Then remembering the low, pleasant voice at her side, she gazed into the face of a beautiful girl, who resembled in many ways everything that Annie had once been. The resemblance was so striking and so unexpected that Old Annie gasped for her faltering breath, and dropped the revolver from her hand that had been hidden in her dress. Then lowering her head she began to cry.

"There was an old woman named Annie, who lived here at the junction, but she has just died and another has taken her place."

The girl remained bewildered at this mysterious answer, and asked for an explanation, but the older woman continued to cry and refused to speak again. The conductor's "All aboard" awoke the girl from what seemed a dream. She hurried to the train and climbed aboard the last car just as the train pulled out of the station.

Old Annie continued to stare at the vanishing train until it was hidden by a curve in the track, and the red and yellow lights on the rear of the observation car were lost in the darkness. Bending over, Old Annie picked up the revolver that she had dropped in the excitement.

The station agent, perched on a high stool making out the night report, almost fell from his lofty seat at the report of a gun. In terror he grabbed a rifle from a rack over the door and ran out on the platform, nearly stumbling over the motionless form of an old woman.

The lights along the track flickered out, the last sound of the train echoed from a distant mountain side, the stars disappeared one by one, and a strange atmosphere of peace and satisfaction settled about the little railway station at the junction.

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STAR MEMORY

Last night I stood beneath an autumn sky
And glimpsed a star
So high and far
It scarcely caught the eye.
And as it gleamed,
Somehow it seemed
A friend of mine of long years past, dead.
A wind-blown cloud,—
A fitting shroud—
The fall of weeping rain,—soft tears that
Nature shed.

—W. PORTER WITTICH, '27
Padraic Pearse

Scholar, you left your dreams, your books and went
Out with the rebels to the field of Mars.
A few brave days, a dawn when you were sent
Crashing through death to the undying stars.

The shroud of quick-lime flung upon your clay,
It burned your name across the Irish night,
So every Judas flung his bribe away,
And fleeing cowards ran back again to fight.

Bard of long twilights, dun and fairy dew
Never again will you sing your Gaelic words!
But thanks be to God for that rebel soul in you,
That could not sleep when the Gaels were out with swords!

—L. L.

* The chief reason for these verses is that they afford an excuse for an asterisk. Notre Dame students are everywhere referred to as the “Fighting Irish.” The literal minded object to the phrase for the reason that not all Notre Dame students are of Irish descent. A name is often a symbol which accentuates a truth. “Fighting Irish” applied to Notre Dame men of whatever ancestry connotes the Gaelic spirit which has sometimes been over-powered but never quits. Those to whom a straight line is always the shortest distance between two points will not accept this point of view. And so, of course, they are free to follow their own gods. But to resume where we never left off. Padraic Pearse, the leader of the Easter week Irish rebellion, was a Gael raised to the nth power. He had a school near Dublin;—St. Edna’s he called it from a Gaelic saint of that name who built a great monastery on one of the Arran Islands off Galway bay. In his St. Edna’s school Pearse’s chief work was to teach Irish boys they belonged to a race that deserved to be a nation. He preached the 100 percent Irish without any white gowns or gasoline crosses. In the vestibule of his college he had a painting of Cuchulainn, the great Gaelic hero, putting on armor for the first time. Cuchulainn had just turned seventeen and was only a bit of a lad to be thinking of going out into battle. His Druid teacher cautioned him that should he take up arms on that day he would have a short life but a very glorious one. Cuchulainn answered: “I care not if my life have but the span of a day and a night if only my deeds be spoken of by the men of Ireland.” He was only twenty-seven when he died. A short life; but had it been longer it might have been less. A time came when Pearse, like Cuchulainn, had to buckle for the fight. When that time came he left his school and his scholars, his dreams and his poetry, and led his rebel comrades in the battle for Dublin that Easter week in 1916. They fought against the hosts of Britain and, as everybody expected, they lost. That is, they lost the fight. But they won a greater thing. They proved that Ireland still had a soul. Fifteen or so of them were shot those first weeks in May standing in the yard of a Dublin prison, and their bodies were later buried in quicklime. British military leaders—who also act on the principle that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points—thought that shooting the hearts out of the rebels would shoot the heart out of the Gaels. They reasoned in this way because they were British army officers, which is another way of saying they were without imagination. The rebels shot in the backyard of the Dublin prison set all Ireland on fire and there followed two years of fighting which was a new thing in a disheartened, apathetic land. The Free State emerged out of the smoke,
and so Pearse's heart was not shot into silence without a price.

"Fighting Irish" is so apt it should be retained. Once, long ago, when Notre Dame men were first christened with it, the act was a gesture of contempt. Now the name blazes above the horizon line of every sky. Those who bear it may go down in defeat sometimes, but be sure those others who function at the ceremony will know they have been dealing with spirits who do not subside with a laying on of hands.

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**Elaine**

And though you be
In some far Theban vale
Where lovely roses hail
The amorous sun.

Or near a wood
Where a lazy river dreams
Or plays with strange sunbeams
In wanton joy.

And though you love
Some lordly Arthur cold and wise,
Or listen to some Tristram lies,
Or Lancelot's songs.

Remember one
Who loved with such a love
I let you rise above
My hated name.

And sent you, free
To another lover's flame
Not half so pure, with name
Unsullied white.

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**The Basement Chapel**

I know a holy, happy place,
Remote from strife and din,
Where daily I may keep a tryst—
My soul washed clean of sin.
His hands outstretched to welcome me,
His arms, to fold me in.

---FRANK CONNOLLY, '29

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**Lines on Love**

Love is a smile,
Love is a tear,
Love is a cradle,
Love is a bier.
Young love is cloudless,
Pulsing and warm.
Old love is quiet
After a storm.

---ANSEL D. MILLER, '25
Seine Fishing On Lake Erie

CHARLES WOOD, '26

A

T three o'clock of a late August afternoon Jim Perry, who owns several miles of lake front and supervises the fishing and who happened to be my host for the day, placed a bag of feed in one of the small rowboats which lay idle on the shore and told me to get in. I had been watching an old, vigilant sea gull preparing to dive from his place in the sky down on some unsuspecting minnow, so did as I was told and continued to watch. The gull soared from the heights and made a great splash just as the boat was shoved off from shore. When I next looked he was flying away with a chub in his beak.

Fifty yards from shore Jim stopped long enough to open the bag and place it near me. It was full of corn—an odd meal for fish I thought. He then directed me to scatter it on all sides of the boat as he rowed and cautioned not to be too free with the portions as he didn't want to row back after more. I felt rather silly seated in the rear of a rowboat scattering corn over the surface of the lake. We covered an area of water equal to half a dozen acres and then returned to the beach to prepare the nets.

With the aid of several helpers the net was taken up from the hot sands where it had been drying since the morning's fishing. This net was approximately 1500 feet long and nine feet deep—the shallow sandy waters determined its size. The mesh, according to law, is two inches square, so that fish under a certain size will not be taken. Large tin buoys were spaced every twelve feet along its top with many small wooden floats in between; and small lead sinkers were placed a few inches apart along its bottom. A flat board platform twelve feet square was lying near the water's edge. The net was folded in zig-zag fashion and laid on the platform. This was done, I found out later, so that it would unravel evenly when placed in the water. A fishing boat, which appeared to be like an overgrown flat-bottom rowboat—much overgrown because it was twenty-four feet long—was brought opposite the platform, and this with the nets was placed squarely upon it. A small motor boat came alongside and the fishing scow was fastened securely behind it. Then everyone sat down on the beach to smoke and talk until the fish had been given sufficient time to come in for their meal.

Several varieties of fish are taken at each catch, but the species specialized in is of the kind the public gets in little red cans labeled salmon, named anything from trout to white-fish on the restaurant menus, but are actually carp. The others caught in largest quantities are catfish and pickerel. A few bullheads, perch, white fish, and bass make up the remainder of the haul.

It was well past four when the motor started out with the scow and nets in tow. Two long ropes, which reach the entire length of the net and have several additional hundred feet attached to each end, were fastened to stakes on shore. Two men stood in the platform, one on each side of the net, and at about one hundred yards out began to play it into the water. We described an arc whose farthest point was easily half a mile from our starting place. When the last of the net had been reached it was lowered and two more large coils of the rope were taken in to be placed on a revolving wooden shaft. This shaft apparatus is connected by belts to a gasoline engine. The four ends of the two ropes are wound onto one end of the four disks, played off at the other and coiled on the sand. During the process they are pulled taut and dried.

The engine was started and the tedious work of bringing the net in began slowly. Because of its great length it had to touch the shore first at two hundred feet on each side of the place where the actual catch is brought in. The ropes were loosened quite a ways out in the water to make this possible;—they are wound in direct to the engine while the net goes off at a tangent to the beach where it is piled evenly to dry.
Stakes were placed where the ropes and the net separate, and men stood in water up to their waists in rubber suits to do the untying. As the net came in the stakes were moved closer to the shore and nearer to the engine.

The work is slow but in time the semicircle becomes smaller and interest grows as fish, attempting to escape, leap from the water at the sides of the net. As it comes nearer and nearer, the crowd of people who have gathered to watch the evening's seining, attempt in some way to help. Their intentions are quite evident to Jim and he tells me that they always do it in anticipation of fresh fish for supper. He likes to watch them and added that they can all have their mess as far as he is concerned. Barefoot kids have a great time catching goldfish entangled in the mesh and throwing them back into the water to watch them swim away.

Finally the enclosure dwindles down to a pool some thirty feet across. The water within it boils and surges as it is churned by the tons of fish. They jump and splash continuously and many get away over the top. The engine is stopped, the ropes removed from the net, and stakes fastened securely all around. Two fishermen with large hoop-nets enter the water and at each scoop a bushel of fish is poured into a box, there to be separated and placed in trucks. The work is hurried because the fish must be kept alive. After most of the catch has been removed the stakes are taken out and the net pulled entirely upon the beach. Here the real fun begins. The carp which were too large to be caught in the scoops—some of them weighing above forty pounds—are tackled bodily by the fishermen and squirmingly slipped in their truck. Here too the spectators, who until now have been content to get their feet wet now and then trying to corner an elusive catfish or pickerel, overcome their timidity in the excitement and fervently attack large carp which refuse to be lifted clear of the net. They don't mind getting their clothes splashed and slimy in the sport which they're having. Jim tells them each to get a mess of the pan fish and clear out of the way. They eagerly comply with his orders, and as the net is cleared and cleaned they trail happily away to their summer cottages.

The carp were separated into one large truck and hauled to an enclosed stream nearby called the "live pond," here to be kept alive in running fresh water until the market is favorable, and then shipped in live cars to the big buyers in the east. The other fish were placed on ice to be carried to the nearby cities and sold immediately.

It was past seven o'clock as Jim and I trudged along the beach toward his cottage. A drowsy sun half submerged on the horizon, leisurely dissolved in unwrinkled waves; and swelling banks of chromatic hued clouds swiftly bleached as twilight faded into the shadows of night.

CLOUDS

Incense to the gods
Or ships at sea;
Tinted with gold
They beckon to me.

Beckon to me
Across the plain
Then turn, break up,
And are gone again.

WHILE Joseph Conrad lived, he was generally accepted as one of the greatest writers of our time. Perhaps death has given him a different perspective in the eyes of the critics, but whatever the cause may be, there has been a rise of skepticism as to the Pole's true greatness. Articles have appeared discussing whether or not English literature really lost by his death, and even mentioning "the basic mediocrity of Conrad."

At so short a time after his death, it is impossible to say with any degree of certainty whether Conrad will or will not be classed as one of the great writers of English prose, but even now we can certainly say that no man with his powers of description and of character-analysis could truthfully be called "basically mediocre."

Conrad was a master of suggestive description, particularly of nature and of the elements. Description, at times, seems almost the object of his writing. He calls his first novel "Almayer's Folly—the Story of a River." He opens the story with the river, and closes it with the river, and the turbid stream flows through the entire book, more than can be said for the principal human characters. These enter and leave, some of them tragically, but the river, a background, is always there, though it be mentioned only occasionally by the author.

Again, in "Typhoon" the sea is undoubtedly the leading character. He strides blushingly through the pages, seizes a ship in his mighty grasp, plays with it for a moment of his eternity, and then releases it with a great laugh. And the cause of his humor? There was a cargo of coolies on board, carrying their all in silver and gold, and now, in consequence of his play, the money has become spread all over their quarters, and in the fashion of men they are trying to kill each other in order to regain it. It must be very funny—to the sea.

Thus, in almost all of Conrad's stories, there is a background of some physical thing. It may be the jungle, or the sea, or some river, but it is always something unchanging and unchangeable, in no way affected by the human characters, upon which, however, it may have a great effect. And the reader, too, feels the presence of this back-ground, sometimes very strongly. One time, while reading "Typhoon" I laid the book down, momentarily, and was surprised to see that no storm was raging outside of the windows. Such is Conrad's descriptive power.

His character-analysis equals, if it does not surpass, his description. He takes a man, shows him to the reader, and then reproduces for the latter all of that man’s emotions, and the actions consequent upon these emotions. And always the character remains true to himself. There are no sudden changes for the benefit of the last chapter.

Conrad has no ideal heroes, but most of his novels contain a central figure around whom the story rotates, as the rim of a wheel about the axis. These men all have weaknesses, poor fellows, and we, having weaknesses, cannot but pity them. Conrad treats them with the greatest sympathy. He shows us why they make their seemingly inexcusable mistakes. We might hate Willems, the outcast of the islands, if we knew him in real life, but knowing him as Conrad did, we cannot hate him, or even despise him. We can only wonder if he was not, like so many men, a victim of circumstances.

Having aroused our sympathy for his leading characters, Conrad allows us to be present at the leading episodes of their lives. We feel that we are actual onlookers at the scenes through which the characters pass. We even see the threatening clouds grow and gather around them, while they walk on unmindfully, and we are helpless to warn them. They seem to be building towers, these principal characters, on which they will rest their happiness. They
make no effort to find a good foundation for their towers. Almayer builds his upon quicksand. At first it seems steady enough, but as he piles stone on stone, it begins to sink; he works desperately to maintain its height, but still it goes down. At last he is exhausted. He refuses to forsake his tower and, though there is solid ground nearby, he is swallowed with it.

Lord Jim, the central figure in the novel by that name, also builds a tower, and he, too, builds it upon a weak foundation. We, the readers, can see the weakness to which Jim is blind. Suddenly, as it nears completion, the structure topples and buries Jim in the ruins. And we, who have escaped the catastrophe, are left to ponder upon the futility of the worlds that men make for themselves.

Conrad's philosophy is inseparably joined to his characters. Life, to them, is sad, with fleeting moments of gladness which accentuate the tragedy. Fate is against them; they struggle manfully, but vainly to overcome it. And so, it seems, he must have thought it to be with all of us.

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The Grotto

HERBERT J. NESTER, '28

ESTLED among the age old pines and elms, in a quiet secluded spot lies the Grotto of Notre Dame. To the west can be seen the shimmering waters of the lake across which the last rays of the dying sun reach out in one last tribute to the Virgin Queen, who stands proudly above the grotto and receives them with extended arms. The sunbeams bathe Her in a heavenly glow before they finally disappear into the west.

As the shades of evening gradually descend the spot takes on an atmosphere of peace and contentment which, in a subtle manner, seems to permeate the surroundings. Peace! Contentment! Ah, how quiet the place becomes. How suitable and appealing does it appear in this—the most beautiful time of the day. In the distance can be heard the young voices of the novitiates lifted up in a prayer-song to the Father of mankind.

Slowly, slowly the moon rises in the heavens until its silvery beams rest on the pure face of our Lady. She seems to come to life and smile gently and lovingly upon the bowed figures kneeling in prayer at Her feet. Sometimes She even seems to move those lovely hands and bless the meditators—but perhaps it is only the moonlight flickering through the trees.

Gently the wind begins to sigh through the tops of the pines and they, too, bend their heads in acknowledgement of Her presence. Gently the wind wafts your cheek as though it were a dainty touch from one of Her heavenly hands.

Peace! Contentment! Here it is at last, the divine panacea of all our troubles and worries. A place to pour out our troubles, to tell of our joys and triumphs. Our Lady is always there hoping and waiting to see us when we come to visit Her. She knows how to comfort us in our needs and how to rejoice with us in our gains. She is always there—Our Lady of the Grotto.

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DEAD LOVE

A silvery sea of fire
Lay before me as I strolled,
And the ripples seemed like flames of love,
Forgotten and grown cold.

—ARTHUR STENIUS, '28.
Valiant Vikings Vanquished: 19-3

Moving down mystically from the silent Northlands like the Vikings of old, Beloit's battling Norsemen invaded the coast of the Fighting Irish around Cartier Field Saturday; and after leaving behind them their long, low, rakish craft, with burnished shields held Notre Dame to a 19 to 3 score.

Even the elements seemed to stand at attention as the Wisconsin marauders did what no other eleven had been able to accomplish this season, namely to score on the Rockmen. This three point javelin was sailed into the Irish camp when Darling, Beloit left guard, unsheathed his "hossagay" and sent the ellipsoidal windbag squarely between the Notre Dame uprights for a field goal. The idea had gone abroad that the game would be but another practice session for the Rox, and most conjecture lay in surmizing the number of points per minute to "be scored. The weather was in no way warm and the illusion soon faded away like a mirage on the Sahara. Beloit could battle, and did. Using an attack that was closely modeled after the famous offensive that has carried the Notre Dame banners to the fore, the crafty Norwegians held the powerful Rockne machine at a standstill for part of the fray. The invaders were easily the strongest foe to appear on Cartier Field so far this season and they fought a hard, clean game up until the curfew time.

The contest got under way with the Notre Dame team off-color, the line especially refusing to function rightly. Frequent penalties for offside were called and early in the first quarter the Beloit team held the oval on the Notre Dame thirty-yard line. Darling was pulled back from the line and booted the ball some thirty-eight yards from placement for the only Beloit scoring of the game. Although the Wisconsin team never again threatened, the end of the first quarter saw the wires ticking out the score to all parts of the country in this surprising ratio: Beloit, 3, Notre Dame, 0. Just before the time for the first quarter had been called a slashing attack by Prelli, O'Boyle and Hanousek had carried the ball to the one-yard line. From this vantage point O'Boyle scored on the first play of the second frame, and a few seconds later garnished his achievement with a kick that netted the point after touchdown, to make the score: Notre Dame 7, Beloit 3. The second touchdown came in the third quarter when Prelli cut loose with a colorful sprint of sixty-seven yards through left tackle and refused to "stay put" until he had placed the ball behind the final white line. O'Boyle
failed to annex the extra point. The final scoring came when Cody, on the first play after going in, leaped high into the air to intercept an attempted forward pass by the northerners and raced forty yards for a touchdown. On the try for the added tally, Roach booted the ball, hitting one of the uprights and leaving the score stand: Notre Dame 19, Beloit 3. It seemed that another score would be added when Notre Dame held the ball on the one-yard line at the close of the fourth quarter, but the gun was fired before the team could appropriate the touchdown.

Although the Beloit team showed a dogged fight and the Irish offensive seemed ragged, they were unable to hold Captain Clem Crowe's squad from making consistent gains. Notre Dame seemed to be playing a careful, rather than a brilliant game, and worked only the simplest of plays all through the four quarters.

“Big John” McManmon was the outstanding line man and crashed through to pull down the Viking ball carriers with a startling regularity. Boland and Poliski also showed up well at the tackles. The wing outposts seemed to be better handled than in previous games with Benda, Crowe, Rigali, Wallace and Voedisch contributing toward this result.

John Smith at guard seemed to be the best in that position. At quarter, Edwards performed in his regularly smooth style. Charlie Riley, another field general, showed up well in the crisis that came when Boer- inger made a bad pass to Riley on the Notre Dame ten yard line. The ball rolled over the zero marker, but Riley recovered it and returned it to the one yard line before being tackled. Then he displayed some generalship and jockeyed the team into a good position before punting out of danger. McNally, who took Riley's place, also performed in finished style. The half-back positions saw O'Boyle, Flannigan, Prelli, Cody, Dahman and Roach cutting loose for nice gains. Hanousek was the individual star at the full back post. Hearden was shifted over from half to full and showed up well.

FRESHMEN DEFEAT VALPARAISO

While the Rockmen were handing Beloit a licking Saturday afternoon, the Notre Dame Freshmen, under the direction of Coach Keogan, defeated the Valparaiso University Varsity, 19 to 0, at Valparaiso. The game was played on a muddy field.

The Frosh were unable to make headway in the first half of the game and the nearest they could get to the Valpo goal was the ten-yard line. Their first score was made in the third quarter when Riley, who was given good interference, ran back a punt for fifty-five yards and a touchdown. The try for a point failed. In the fourth quarter, the second score was made on a pass from Minnick to Burns, but the try for point was unsuccessful. The third touchdown was made when Bunker recovered a fumble and raced twenty yards to score. Minnick added the extra point.

Among the players appearing in the game were: Patrick, George, Christianson, Monahan, Powers, Vissie, Skelley, Marr, Bunker, Minnick, Burns, Law, Cameron, Bee, Miller, McLocklin, Judd, Crowe, Riley, Bray, Casey, Down, Hass, and McGrath.
SPLINTERS FROM THE PRESS BOX

Well, we'd say that Darling put quite a kick into the game at that.

It was Charlie Riley who recovered a bad pass from the center and kept Beloit from scoring a safety by his canny headwork, in getting the ball into position for Roach's punt out of danger.

"Up our way" we had scouts from Army, Georgia Tech, Minnesota, Illinois, and Knox. For the most part those engaged in looking for the Rockmen's stuff reported that they enjoyed a fine afternoon drawing cartoons and passing notes back and forth.

Most teams get to call it a day after a game. Not Rockne's bunch! The squad took a few hundred yard dashes before going in. Which is one way of getting ready for the Army.

Back in '23 there was a Freshman at the University known as Coffey. He's now right end of the Beloit belligerents and personally we'd pick him as the outstanding player for the Wisconsin team in last Saturday's matinee.

Cody didn't waste any time in getting down to the job. On the first play after he entered the game he intercepted a Viking pass and tore off some forty yards to convert it into a touchdown.

It's hard to tell whether the new yard line looks like a Christmas tree; or just an extra part of some circus.

There was a flash back to a few years ago when Crowe cut in and nailed the man receiving a punt before the latter had time to stir.

The crowd didn't appear to be surprised when the jack rabbit cut loose with his sprint down the field during the half-time recess. They're used to seeing fast things on Cartier field! —GHOUL POST.

ON THE ENEMY'S TRAIL

The Army toyed with Knox in a terrific windstorm Saturday, before sending the Galesburg team home on the disappointing end of a 26 to 7 score. Numbc fingers caused some fumbling which resulted in favor of the future generals. The Army attack seemed to be centered around the efforts of Tiny Hewitt. Yeomans and Gilbreth, an end who was used in the backfield for the first time in this game, were the other scorers. Probably a smashing game, modeled around Wilson, will be used against the Rockmen when the two schools meet in their traditional fray tomorrow in the Yankee stadium.

Minnesota groomed itself for Notre Dame's student trip by crowing over Grinnell by a 34 to 6 score. The Minnies were never in danger and completely outclassed their foe.

A Missouri Tiger stalked in the Cornhusker jungle Saturday and pounced upon the Weirmen for a 9 to 6 winning, while the Nebraska Huskers were still sunning in the glare of their recent Illinois victory. This was the first time since 1899 that the Mulelanders have been able to turn the Nebraska attack, and in so doing created one of the big upsets of the day. A forward passing game, resorted to by the Cornhuskers in the final period proved inadequate and they went down to defeat fighting desperately.

BROWNSON 0—CARROLL 0

In the Main Building's annual battle Brownson and Carroll fought it out to a scoreless tie. Both teams appeared weak offensively but each played tight on the defense. Brownson lost a golden opportunity to score in the final quarter when a blocked punt gave them the ball on Carroll's fifteen yard line. But Carroll fought well, Crems at end making several beautiful tackles, and Brownson was unable to advance the ball. Louis Norman at tackle played a stellar game for the Purple throwing the Carroll backs for losses on several occasions.
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Although a representative of our Scholarship Department will be at your college later in the semester, advance applications for the next summer are now being considered; as due to the phenomenal success of our college campaign during its first summer, the publishers plan to increase the scope of the 1926 summer campaign by employing three times as many student salesmen and team captains as were employed last summer, covering the entire United States. Address applications to

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SOUTH BEND NEWS-TIMES

HOWARD 14—DAY DOGS 0

A new team and one that shows prospects of developing in a championship contender, was introduced in interhall circles when Howard Hall took the field against the Day Dogs. By the way they battled their way to a 14 to 0 victory over the uptown men the Howard bunch appeared to work on the theory that first impressions mean a lot. In the second quarter Pelot intercepted a pass, then ran forty yards for the touchdown. From then on the Villagers braced; Smith at half, backing up his line to perfection, and it was not until the final quarter that Howard was again able to score. A series of passes from the trustworthy arm of Pelot accounted for the final marker.

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CORBY 7—SORIN 0

Ruinning true to form, the annual fray between Sorin and Corby was a battle from the first kickoff to the final whistle. When it was all over Corby was at the long end of a 7 to 0 score. In the final quarter, after Corby had gained their seven points, Sorin opened up a forward pass attack that threatened to sweep the Reds off their feet. But the Corbymen rallied and when Abrott intercepted one of Sorin’s long passes Corby was assured of victory.

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SOPHOMORE 21—WALSH 0

Displaying a smooth running, hard fighting combination, fit successors to last year’s champions. Sophomore Hall trampled Walsh under foot by a 21 to 0 count. The two year men’s forward wall lead by McCarthy completely out-charged their opponents. While the backfield combination of Purcell, Brown, Qualters and Meschalls slipped through for several long gains. The first touchdown came when Purcell intercepted a pass on a dead run and scampered twenty-five yards for six points. Later in the game Purcell again got his hands on the ball and this time put the ball in position so that Brown on the first play plunged off tackle for another marker. The last score came as a result of a long pass, Purcell to Creedon. that the later caught behind the goal.
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BALM FOR THE BROKE

"If because of the expense any student feels that he ought to remain at home no reflection will be cast upon his loyalty to Notre Dame."—S.A.C. in re Student Trip.

E.S.B. IS TOLD WHERE TO ALIGHT

"These newspapers are bought by the school of Journalism for the use of the students of that school and are for the use of the general (entire) student body only secondarily." Ye Ed., after getting his from ye Scribes.

S.B.K.C. COLUMBUS DAY MENU
Oration.
Music
Dancing
Cards.

The word 'he-man' should receive a card of discontinuance. There is no valid reason why a Notre Dame student should connote corduroy breeches and hob-nail shoes. We can trim our finger-nails, wear a white collar and speak in a moderate tone of voice without losing the sterner elements of the sex. The subtraction of 'he-man' will be an addition to the local vocabulary.

"The Freshman," concedes J. T. C. "are willing to learn." Indeed?

PAN POETRY, ETC.

Cloud hair
Over a white-neck horizon
Large feet
Feet wonderful
Making great tracks
A sloppy sidewalk
Home-coming
Supper
Mashed potatoes
Corned-beef hash
In a sunset mouth.

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"Holding in her tense hand a pearl mounted revolver she sent three successive bullets crashing into his brain." Exercise in a short story class.

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Here's hoping there's less than ½ of 1 in the mule this afternoon.
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