### The Notre Dame Scholastic

**A LITERARY—NEWS WEEKLY**

**PUBLISHED AT THE UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME**

**ILLUSTRATED**

Disce Quasi Semper Vincitur : Vivi Quasi Cras Moriturus

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

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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.
A CAMPUS SCENE
That low rumble has a story behind it. Hear it whining through the exquisitely panelled court-room of the Law Building? Hear it echoing through the sacred vaults of the Library? Things are happening. Listen through the guarded keyholes and be wise. The clubs are at it again! Now they are planning Christmas dances—dances to wake the old town out of its midwinter lethargy and to show the social planners how a real “klegiate” affair is staged. We warn you now, before the first publicity manager has heralded his world-shaking event, that each and every home club at this University is about to produce the Biggest and Best Christmas Dance Ever Seen. In every case, the best orchestra has been engaged, the largest ballroom secured, the most elaborate decorations selected, and above all else clever and entirely novel programs are to perform that well-known function spoken of by journalists as “featuring the occasion.” Be prepared, then: the dance season is on.

Which means, of course, that football week-ends, Thanksgiving vacations and student trips are once more things of the glorious past. Warriors of mud and moleskin have checked in their equipment and turned their thoughts to other things. Two of them, we note, are already selling the official calendar: and the Football Review will undoubtedly engage several more. These publications have the annual virtue of turning up just at the most timely season: they solve the dreadful question “What should the college man present to his numerous adoring relatives?” Led by signs of the times, we are awaiting with confident expectancy a visit from the man who takes orders for pillow-tops; he should be with us almost any day now.

If the Bengal Missions do not find a substantial Christmas gift in their morrocco slippers it will not be the fault of Notre Dame. For their benefit, a carload of Christmas cards was put on sale this week and an entertainment in Washington Hall arranged. Everyone who is interested in the mission cause and the five people who had not seen the picture attended the presentation of “Way Down East” Wednesday night. The film’s appropriate title helped to make the affair a good successor to the Bengal Boxing Bouts of last year, and the sale of the cards should swell further the substantial sum which is Notre Dame’s annual recognition of this worthy cause.

In a week when local news is scarce, the announcement of the extension of the Scribbler’s Poetry Contest helps fill this aching void. Manuscripts will be received joyfully by any member of the Scribblers, by the efficient Notre Dame post office, or the case of full-fledged epics, by the American Railway Express Company. The point is that up to December 15, the season for Notre Dame poets will remain very much open; good sport should be found. It seems to require a contest of this sort to bring out of hiding those who versify with verve and technique. Let’s hope that no more drastic measure will be necessary.

Meantime, basketball looms. The statement to be found in this week’s Campus Opinion deserves repetition. “Basketball is the most artistic of all sports”—after you get used to the idea it is not so hard to swallow. Even the Knights of Columbus prompted perhaps by this original dictum, are planning the organization of a basketball team. The Clubs bulletin something which they call “last” meeting. The Dome reminds us that the Inevitable She will appreciate a photograph, artistically furnished at so much per dozen. We refuse to be interested: our thoughts concerning the merry Yuletide season are haunted by the possible spector of a red and green cover on the Christmas issue of the SCHOLASTIC.—J.A.W.
"Nothing for publication"—that's the way furious workers in the Dome office, rear of Corby, greeted a sweating reporter as he dashed madly in and demanded a Dome story to fill the space that must be filled.

"But I gotta have it—and besides, there must be a story!" The reporter was nearly wailing his plea.

Dome officers are hard as aged Notre Dame buns and as cold as a Sophomore's reception of a back-slapping Freshman. They turned deaf ears and scornful backs to the worried reporter.

The reporter insisted. The Domers threatened violence. The reporter retorted that any SCHOLASTIC man could mess any three Smith-hallers, mentally or physically. The annualites gave him silence, and plenty of it.

"If you don't give me the dope, I'll tell the whole campus how the Dome is gonna look this year!"

This fiendish avowal brought incipient murder into the eyes of the Dome men. Almost they descended to physical violence—almost. The reporter laughed shakily—it had been a close call. He recovered his nonchalance quickly, however—couldn't let them see that he had been fazed for a moment.

"Awright, then, scoundrels, keep your story—" the reporter was making a good bluff. "Remember, you're refusing good advertising. Awright—ya don't need ta get so rough. I'm going. But I'll write a story anyhow—I'll tell 'em how ya use razor blades to cut out pictures for mounting, and how ya got red lamps that make ya look like devils, and how it looks like only a select few do the work around here! Yes! I'll tell 'em all the new features you're gonna have this year—I know about them—cut it out, will ya! What d'you think this is?"

The reporter fled. As he dashed across the space that separates the offices of the brother publications, a roar followed him—"The Dome is an annual, you literary pest! Now go write your confounded story!"

THREE ALUMNI MARRIED

Gilbert Uhl of New Washington, Ohio, a member of the Journalism class of 1925, was united in marriage to Miss Ruth E. Kroeger, daughter of Joseph W. Kroeger of South Bend, in Sacred Heart Church Thanksgiving morning. Services were conducted by Rev. John O'Hara, C. S. C.

The bridegroom, who is the son of Mr. and Mrs. George Uhl of New Washington, was well known on the campus as a member of the Track Team and of the Glee Club. Mrs. Uhl is a graduate of St. Joseph's Academy of South Bend.

Present at the ceremony were the parents of the couple. Miss Margaret Uhl of New Washington and Miss Bertha Uhl of St. Mary's College also attended. George Higdon, '28, was organist for the occasion.

After a western trip Mr. and Mrs. Uhl will be at home at 720 Forest Avenue, South Bend.

Louis LaMarr, class of 1923, and Miss Rose Cavanaugh, a niece of former President John W. Cavanaugh, C. S. C., were married in St. Patrick's church of South Bend Thanksgiving morning. Services were conducted by Rev. William Moloney, C. S. C., pastor of the church, assisted by Rev. William Carey, C. S. C., of Notre Dame.

Mrs. LaMarr is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Cavanaugh of Salem, Ohio. Mr. LaMarr resides in Chicago. After a wedding trip in the east, Mr. and Mrs. LaMarr will be at home in Chicago.

Eugene F. Noon, Journalism '24, a member of the Editorial Staff of the Notre Dame Daily in 1923, and Miss Iva C. Bayman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Bayman of South Bend, were married here Thanksgiving morning by Rev. Kemdt Healy, C. S. C. Roger A. Noon, brother of the groom, was best man.

Mr. Noon is a son of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Noon of Peru, Illinois, and is at present city editor of the Mishawaka Enterprise. Mrs. Noon is a graduate of the class of '19 of South Bend High school and is a member of the Thalia Sorority.
Thursday was a memorable day. Pan came out. And that is all we can say without going into ecstasy. It will be very difficult to proceed without frequent use of superlatives, exclamations of pleasure and "ultras" and "supers."

Rev. Charles L. O'Connell, C.S.C., Provincial of the Congregation of Holy Cross, contributed "The Spanish Stairs—Rome," the leading poem of the December Pan. It is a sonnet of rare beauty, one of the best things that has ever come from his pen. And in speaking of priest poets, let a word or two be said, or read about Rev. Hugh F. Blunt. He has a five stanza Christmas poem that—perhaps you've read Father Blunt's fine poetry. Professor Phillips has two poems in this issue: "Year's Ending" and "Holiday." The latter poem is unusual. Not in its structure but in its thought. It is a Christmas poem that is—read the poem and you'll understand.

"Holiday" is one of three Christmas poems. The first of these poems, "The Gifts," is by one Gerry O'Neill. It has come to our knowledge that Gerry isn't Gerald but Geraldine. And Geraldine is the sister of Denny, '26. "The Gifts" permits us to venture that the O'Neill children are talented poets. And speaking of poets, we have with us in the December issue, Gerald Holland, '25. Jerry must have heard that his "Jades" in one of the earlier numbers of Pan pleased. So in this one he gives us some more.

"Tonight the Moon Reminded Me of You," sings Francis Collins Miller. It is hoped that the title of the poem will recommend itself. It is in the "Chansons d'Amour" section. And in the same section is "Straightways" by Alice Field Hale, a new contributor. More from the same author will be welcomed.

We hardly know where to begin when we take up Pan's prose. Uppermost in our mind is Paul Harrington's one-act play, "Light: A Reflection." It's worth—but it would be debasing the play to attempt to state its value with the dollar sign. If you want to become inspired read this play.

Paul was wise when he had it copyrighted.

Seumas O'Brien's "The Man Who Heard the Blackbird" is an Irish folk sketch full of the Gaelic atmosphere. And there are two "Soul Portraits" by Harry McGuire. "The Landlady's Soul" is of particular interest to college men. And of course Harry "Columniates." This time it is about Professor Baker and "Football." Ch. Ph.—ever see those initials before?—gives three scholarly reviews on Katherine Bregy's "Poets and Pilgrims," Father Blunt's "Spiritual Songs," and Mary Dixon Thayer's "New York and Other Poems."

We would like to quote from Pan. But if we should, you would have the entire December issue before you. This is one issue which Pan might well hold up as its criterion. —J. F. O'D.

CLUB PICTURES TO BE TAKEN

Campus clubs are requested to meet immediately to decide upon the type of picture they wish in the 1925 Dome. Editor W. W. Smith, in making this announcement, stressed the need for haste, saying that all clubs wishing representation in the Dome for this year must decide on the space wished at once and turn in a list of officers to W. J. Murphy, 323 Walsh Hall, on or before December 15. It is imperative that all lists be in before this date.

The policy of the 1924 Dome will be followed out this year in regard to campus clubs. A half-page representation, which will include a group picture and the names of officers, will cost $15 while a full page, including a group picture, individual pictures of the officers, and a write-up for the club, will cost $30. Money for the pictures will be collected by the Dome on the day the pictures are taken, which will be immediately after the Christmas holidays.

The business department of the Dome directed by Business Manager Mark E. Nevils, will begin its final drive for subscriptions next week. It is necessary that everyone, intending to order a Dome, do so before January 1, so that the $5.00 may be charged on the University bills to be issued early in the new year.
CONSTRUCTION STARTED ON NEW HALL

Actual building has been started by Smoger & Company, Contractors of South Bend, on the third building of the new Freshman unit, to be called Lyons Hall and located on the west side of the campus near the Library. The first of the foundations have been dug and the walls of the first story are rising rapidly, despite the adverse weather. It is expected that the new building will be ready for occupancy in time for the summer session. Kervick and Fagan, the Notre Dame architects, designed the structure and are overseeing the execution of the plans.

Lyons Hall will accommodate several hundred students, with a rector's suite and prefects' rooms. It will have the various features which are incorporated in the other new buildings, such as a smoking room and lounge, besides a chapel capable of caring for more than the number of students in the hall. The new dormitory will be fireproof throughout, and will be built according to the most advanced ideas of the construction of such buildings. When completed, it will be the largest private-room hall on the campus. Its architecture is, in general, harmonious with that of the other buildings of the Freshman group, which consists of Howard, completed and occupied, Morrissey, at present half-finished, and of the new Lyons.

It is hoped to have at least a portion of Morrissey ready for the off-campus Freshmen by the beginning of the second semester. When this group is finished, all the Freshmen will be on the campus. With the unity obtained by concentration in their own group of buildings, the class will be able to operate as a whole and thus be able to obtain better results than are at present possible, with a large percentage of the class living in town.

William A. "Bill" Castellini, Journalism '24, edits the Castelco News, a weekly pamphlet used as an advertising scheme in his father's fruit business. Bill is also a steady contributor to certain "feature article" agencies.

Charles O. Molz, Journalism '24, is now an assistant editor on the Detroit News. He has accepted an invitation to speak to the students in the School of Journalism on his experiences in newspaper work, especially "desk work."
FOOTBALL REVIEW APPEARS NEXT WEEK

The varsity football team of the past season will replay its entire schedule of games. But the replaying shall not occur on Carrier Field nor on any other field; neither is this declaration given out by K. K. Rockne. It is made by John "Jake" Purcell, and Francis "Lew" Cody who say that every game from Baylor down to Nebraska will be replayed on the pages of their football review which will make its appearance on the campus sometime next week.

Warren Brown, sports editor of the Chicago Herald-Examiner, will be a main factor in the replaying of the games on paper, as will Coach Rockne himself. Other sports writers of national reputation are expected to have some say in the replaying of the events, and local campus men will share in the bulk of the work. The review will include pictures, cartoons, caricatures and write-ups of the varsity and freshman football men and the games played. As usual, we shall read, "Cover design by McElroy."

K. OF C. HEAR BROTHER BARNABAS

Notre Dame Council Knights of Columbus convened in regular meeting on Thursday, November 24. It proved to be a busy evening. Discussion concerning the building fund took up a great deal of the time, and several of the members had something to say regarding Grand Knight Bidwell's proposed plan to increase the attendance at the regular meetings.

It was decided that the first initiation of the year would be held within the second week of December. The class to date consists of about 60 candidates. In all probability there will be about ten more applicants before the date of initiation. Final plans for the event will be discussed at the next meeting.

Father Gallagan, the Chaplain, spoke in regard to the attendance at the meetings and the future work of the organization. Brother Barnabas told about the work of the Boy Guidance Department. He explained why Notre Dame had been chosen as the University to start this work, and spoke of the opportunities in the field.

Within the next few weeks, it is the intention of the Lecturer to organize a basketball team to represent Notre Dame Council. If the plan materializes, games will be scheduled with teams in the inter-hall league as well as with teams in the city of South Bend and other nearby towns. Anyone interested may communicate with the Lecturer, P. O. Box 73 or Walsh Hall.

SMITH TO BE N. J. CLUB GUEST

Governor "Al" Smith of New York, Rupert Mills, only man to win 12 monograms at Notre Dame, and Hugh O'Donnell, ex-President of the Notre Dame Alumni Association, will be the chief guests of honor at the New Jersey Club Christmas Dance, to be held Tuesday, December 22, in the Newark Athletic Club ballroom.

Music will be furnished by Bennie Krueger's Orchestra. Members of the committees in charge are: Arrangements, William E. Carter; Bids, John Purcell; Programs, James Silver; Decorations, Edmund Burke; Hall, Joseph Nulty and Harold Robertson; Patrons, Carleton Riley and Jerry Froelich.

LIBRARY RECEIVES NEW PAINTINGS

A new room has been added to those comprising the Wightman Art Gallery in the Library. This room is known as "Gallery E." In it are most of a consignment of paintings recently received from one of the University's chief benefactors, Mr. C. A. Wightman, LL.D. The paintings and their makers are:

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<td>Interior of St. Mark's Venice</td>
<td>Duglas Volk</td>
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<td>Madonna and Child</td>
<td>Lorenzo di Credi</td>
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<td>Joseph and His Brethren</td>
<td>Gerard de Lairesse</td>
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<td>A Winter Scene</td>
<td>Sevend Svendsen</td>
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<td>Coronation of The Blessed Virgin</td>
<td>Michael Pacher</td>
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<tr>
<td>Landscape</td>
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Father Sorin said his first Mass at Notre Dame in the Log Chapel on the Feast Day of St. Andrew, November 30, 1842—just 83 years ago last Monday.
BEG YOUR PARDON!

It has recently been discovered that a story, appearing in the November 13 issue of the SCHOLASTIC under the title "The Spool," was copied almost verbatim from Florence Morse Kingsley's "At the End of His Rope." The SCHOLASTIC apologizes to its readers for having been a party to this unpardonable literary sin of plagiarism. It is needless to say that there was no intention to deceive: though extreme care is taken in the reading of manuscripts, the SCHOLASTIC editors cannot know of every published story. They must depend, therefore, upon the honor of Notre Dame students.

"A Soldier of France," published in last week's SCHOLASTIC, was written by Robert Capesius, '28, and not by Robert Capsius. A proof-reading oversight caused the error.

BAND TO GIVE CONCERT

The Notre Dame Concert Band, composed of 35 musicians chosen according to ability from the larger Notre Dame Band, is to give a concert in Washington Hall next Thursday evening. Special concert numbers are to be featured, among them universally known and loved "Il Trovatore." Mr. Joseph J. Casasanta will direct.

Songs by the Varsity Quartette, and instrumental solos by members of the Band will be offered in addition to the ensemble numbers.

BROWNSON SONG IS PUBLISHED

The Brownson Pep Song, written by Victor Lemmer, '26, which proved the hit of the Brownson Smoker, has been printed in pamphlet form, and is being sold, the proceeds going to the improvement of the Apostolate Library in Brownson Hall.

In addition to the chorus of the Pep Song, the pamphlet contains an excellent cut of Brother Alphonsus, C. S. C., rector of Brownson Hall, and a poem by Victor Lemmer. The pamphlet is dedicated to Brother Alphonsus, with the tribute "whose mission in life is to give a square deal." The pamphlet may be obtained at the news stand, Main Building, for five cents.

SENIOR COMMITTEE REPORTS

Gerald J. McGinley, chairman of the Senior Concessions Committee, has submitted the following report of the "Welcome Wildcat" dances, sponsored on November 20, by the Senior Class:

- Total receipts $834.50
- Expenses:
  - Orchestra $143.00
  - Rental of halls $125.00
  - Printing $11.00
- Total $279.00
- Profit $555.50

NO ADVANCE IN VACATION

Students who are contemplating the possibility of making reservations for the homeward trip for December 14 may cease contemplating at once, according to an announcement from Rev. Leigh C. Hubbell, C. S. C., Director of Studies of the University. Father Hubbell states emphatically that the Christmas recess will begin according to schedule, on Friday afternoon, December 18.

Rumors that from two days to two weeks will be added to the Christmas recess spring up annually, immutably, and regularly. This year the rumor that the recess would begin December 14 flew about the campus strictly on time. But rumor it was!

METROPOLITAN CLUB IS BUSY

A week-end jammed with events greets the Metropolitan Club as its members enter the last lap of the pre-Christmas run. Tonight the club meets to receive the decision of the committee on club pins and to discuss further plans for the Christmas dance which will be held at the Plaza Hotel, New York. Already the orchestra has been signed to furnish music for the occasion, and further plans are advancing rapidly.

Tomorrow morning the club will attend monthly communion in a body and in the evening a dinner will be held in South Bend.

Designs for the club pin have been submitted by members of the club, and the committee will announce its selection tonight. A prize of $5.00 will be awarded to the winning designer.
UNCIVILIZED TREATMENT

If recent reports are true, it must be the style in Lincoln, Nebraska, to grossly insult one's guests... in cities where the majority of the inhabitants are civilized it is not.

The treatment accorded the Notre Dame team and Notre Dame guests on Thanksgiving is mysterious: it can best be accounted for by presuming that certain residents of a certain state have been left behind in the progress of civilization, that they have somehow become isolated from the rest of mankind and grown up in ignorance of commonly accepted standards of courtesy.

Some displays of collegiate enthusiasm can be excused as resulting from over-heated brains... but not these. "Roughneck Irish" placards, outrageous "entertainment" between halves of the game and similar things cannot easily be forgotten.

With the editorial writer in the South Bend News-Times we believe that the case demands an apology from the mayor of Lincoln and the president of the University of Nebraska.

NOTRE DAME PUBLICITY

A school is known by the publicity it has. The administration of the University realizing the importance of this statement, has made an attempt to see that a great deal of the right kind of publicity is given. Notre Dame receives much space on the printed page throughout the country. At times this is a great benefit to the institution, at others it does only harm by creating the wrong impression on an unknowing reader. It is our duty to help in the distribution of news, so that the writers can paint the true picture of Notre Dame life.

After the close of the football season, the publicity diminishes and we receive little notice in the papers. This leaves the impression that when football is over, Notre Dame must rest until the following fall. There are many people who expect much from Notre Dame. They know that we possess more than a good football team and want to read about other activities. We are responsible for such news. We make it and it is equally important that we send it out to readers who appreciate it.

At present, with Christmas approaching, there is a great deal of news about the campus, news that the world would like to hear about. It is impossible for a publicity bureau to get all of this; so it is up to the student body to work in unison with the men in charge of this branch of Notre Dame life and see that the world receives the right news.

A SCRAP OF PAPER

The activities of those who so aptly decorate the campus with bits of paper are not appropriate. Perhaps these gentlemen are laboring under such an illusion when they leave the candy wrappers, scrap paper and empty cigarette packages in their wake. If that be so they should be made aware of their mistake.

Notre Dame, we believe, has been favored with a very beautiful campus. At present this beauty is vanishing before the careless student who evidently hasn't cognizance of the utility of trash receptacles. It does not take a great deal of trouble to place these bits of paper where they belong and the result is well worth the effort.

We can have democracy and cleanliness hand in hand. Waste receptacles are made to be used in the proper manner and if they were so utilized the present deplorable conditions could be speedily eliminated.

All of the blame does not lie with the students, of course: it is true that there is a dearth of proper receivers. But student carelessness makes the matter immeasurably worse.

CHRISTMAS SCHOLASTIC NEXT

The next issue of the SCHOLASTIC, the last before Christmas, will be off the press on Tuesday, December 15. Material appropriate to Christmas, will be featured. Contributions, either in verse or prose, must be submitted by next Monday, December 7.
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.

EDITOR OF THE SCHOLASTIC:

On December 3, 4 and 5 the Pennsylvania Inter-collegiate Dramatic Association is holding its first annual inter-collegiate dramatic contest at Pennsylvania State College. Seven Pennsylvania colleges are presenting one-act plays which will be judged and awarded trophies by well known theatrical critics and authors.

Notre Dame has always been somewhat interested in dramatics and during the coming season should show an unusual activity because the dramatic club has been strongly organized and has the earnest co-operation of the faculty. As a means of increasing interest among the students I suggest that the plan of the Pennsylvania Inter-collegiate Dramatic Association be followed here by having each residence hall give a one-act play, not necessarily having been written by a student.

It should be possible to do this in a way similar to that by which the hall athletic teams are managed. It would be a means of discovering talent for any greater productions the school as a whole might put on and it would also revive interest in an activity that has a place in every well-regulated college.

To THE CAMPUS CLUBS:

The attention of the campus organizations is called to Notre Dame publicity again. To centralize this phase of Notre Dame activity and obtain the best results for both the University and the newspapers a news bureau has been established, all of which has been mentioned before. The occasion this time is publicity for the holidays. Most of the clubs are planning activities in their home towns or states. This publicity is valuable to the University and to the club as well.

Perhaps some member of the club knows the cousin of the editor of the paper or something like that. But don't depend on personal connections. Aside from the fact that the University has asked that no students give out news privately, there is the matter of co-operating in the building up of the news department. Practically all universities now have their news bureaus or publicity departments. Notre Dame's unusual aspects require a centralized source of correct information even more than other schools. This can only be achieved by the help of the students.

Once more a request—if your club is planning a dance or a dinner or any form of activity here or at home, instruct your secretary to give the details to me, or mail them to me, as soon as complete. They will be sent to all the papers in your town, which should benefit your project and, if it is a real Notre Dame affair, the University.

The Sophomore class missed out on some good publicity in the newspapers through failure to give details either to the news bureau or to the South Bend papers. The bureau is not yet developed so that a corps of reporters can be maintained. It needs your co-operation. This is the third time it has been asked. And your Christmas activities won't be news in February, by the way.

—J. E. ARMSTONG,
101 MAIN BUILDING.

CAMPUS PUBLICATIONS PLAN

The Yuletide number of the Juggler will appear on Monday, December 14. The entire issue will be replete with caricatures, satires and other humorous bits aimed in the general direction of Christmas and the collegiate holidays which accompany it.

It is the intention of “Steve” Pietrowicz, editor of the Santa Maria, to issue the first number of the magazine about December 12. The chief contributors to the first issue of the Notre Dame Council, Knights of Columbus magazine are Professor Charles Phillips, Professor Ray Hoyer, Director of
the Department of Boy Guidance, Warren Brown, Sports Editor of the Chicago Herald and Examiner, and "Johnnie" Weismuller, famous swimmer. George Schill is taking care of the Santa Maria's business while "Steve" Pietrowicz edits the copy.

The December issue of the Catalyst will be issued in about a week. This word comes from Paul Harrington, the Editor-in-Chief. The chief article of the third issue will be on "Metallurgy at Notre Dame" by Dr. E. G. Mahin, of the Department of Chemistry. The features on great chemists have precipitated so much favorable comment among the Catalyst's readers, that they will be continued.

POETRY CONTEST TO END
DECEMBER 15

For several reasons, which the Scribblers deem sufficiently grave, the time for their annual poetry contest has been extended to December 15. Applicants for the honor of first place in this contest and for the bit of mercenary gain which accompanies said place are thus allowed two weeks more in which to submit their manuscripts.

The Scribblers poetry contest always brings out the best effort on the campus, and winners are assured of prominent publication of their work. Poets of national repute are chosen to judge the manuscripts submitted, and much honor attaches to being chosen one of the leaders.

There is no restriction whatever on applicants for these honors, except that only three poems may be submitted. Members of any class may submit manuscripts. A Freshman was awarded first place in 1923, being chosen from a large number of poets submitting manuscripts. Three typewritten copies of each poem are required.

A committee has been appointed from the Scribblers to choose judges for the contest. No judges have as yet been chosen, but will be in time to make their decision soon after the contest closes.

Manuscripts may be submitted to Lester Grady, President of the Scribblers, Badin Hall, or may be slipped under the door of his room.

SCRIBBLERS HAVE BUSY MEETING

Heated discussion of several important matters which are for the present being kept secret occupied the greater portion of the time at the Scribblers meeting held in the Library Monday evening.

News, received from St. Mary's assured the Scribblers that the Blue Pencil Society female Scribblers of the nearby school, is making heroic strides toward incorporation, and thanked the Scribblers for the advice given in starting the new venture on its way.

Unearthed from the land of almost forgotten-things by President Lester Grady, a book which is at present published only in the minds of the Scribblers, came in for a spirited discussion which gave it another hold on the attention which had almost deserted it. James Withey was unanimously pronounced the proper genius to give the weak little infant the literary milk for which it is crying. This Mr. Withey gracefully agreed to do, and the child is now assured proper care.

A paper read by John O'Donnell on "How-Come the Motorcycle?" started the Scribblers on a round of witticisms which only quieted when William Dooley, editor of the SCHOLASTIC, countered with an editorial which delighted the spirit of Pan in every Scribblers soul.

So interesting did the meeting become that three motions and an impassioned address by President Grady were necessary to bring about adjournment.

ROWLEY FUNERAL HELD

The Rev. Joseph P. Burke, C. S. C., President, and the Rev. James O'Brien, C. S. C., professor at St. Edward's University Austin, Texas, were delegated representatives of the University of Notre Dame at the funeral of Edwin Rowley, at San Antonio, recently.

Father O'Brien preached the eulogy over the remains, and stressed on the high esteem in which the Notre Dame faculty had held Mr. Rowley. Members of the Notre Dame Club, of San Antonio, under the guidance of Joseph Menger, '25, acted as pallbearers.
PLAGIARISM

It has been discovered that in a recent issue of the SCHOLASTIC a certain story was "taken without leave" of the real author, and published under a student's name.

Now of all literary sins of deepest dye is plagiarism,—the stealing of ideas which are not one's own. This is the most abominable practice known to those who write, either for pleasure, for profit or for necessity. It corresponds, from a literary point of view, to the theft of anything of major importance in social life. Indeed, plagiarism is far more to be condemned than is ordinary thievery, for, while there may be some excuse for the latter, there is absolutely none for the former. It indicates either a lack of creative power, the plagiarist being too lazy to try to produce something which is his own, or a vile attempt to secure credit which does not belong to one.

Before the days of strict copyright laws, plagiarism was much more prevalent than it is now. But it is still far from extinct. Perhaps its best nourishment is supplied by our present-day universities. There the student finds himself confronted with the necessity of writing "papers" of various sorts,—essays, short stories, verse and the like. Since it is a patent fact that the very worst enemies of English are the English-speaking peoples themselves, the student naturally looks for the easiest way out. He leafs through a current magazine or book, selects something not too perfect, and then proceeds to "lift" ideas from it, and to set them down in his paper as his own, with a few changes here and there. Sometimes the student does not throw even this sop to the original author, but does him the credit of taking his work in its entirety, transcribing it, and signing his own name to the theft.

Of course, the student fools no one but himself, as is obvious. But this does not lessen the injustice of the practice nor do away with it altogether. Many times these plagiarisms find their way into print in student or other publications, (the editors of which cannot possibly be familiar with all copyrighted material) and by such appearances do almost irreparable injury to the publication, the writer, the editors, and the school or business behind the magazine.

The practice should be stopped. How to do so, however, is a different question. An appeal to the honor of student writers should be sufficient. This failing, the plagiarist should be held up to the utmost scorn of public opinion. It is no dishonor if a man cannot write, but it is the greatest dishonor for him to cover his lack of talent by stealing some one else's ideas and claiming them as his own.
N. C. A. F. MEETS

One of the greatest potential powers for the advancement of Catholic higher education, and therefore of American ideals, is the National Catholic Alumni Federation, the first convention of which is now a matter of history. Two hundred thousand college-trained Catholic laymen constitute the potential membership of this Federation. There is nothing in America or in the world that cannot be bettered by such a group of men laboring to advance the ideals of their alma maters.

Grave problems, however, face the men who are working to make their dream of a united Catholic alumni a reality. Thousands of men who constitute the potential membership of this union have been lost sight of even by their alma maters. The leaders in this undertaking are not unduly optimistic.

"It is a good thing for American life when college trained men band themselves together thus," comments the Commonweal editorially. "The average citizen does not like to be reminded continually, in an obtrusive fashion, that religious standards exist and are cherished; but no matter how he himself lives, he would not know how to get on without those standards. Therefore the ambition to unite Catholic college men is the fine fruit of a patriotic impulse as well as the child of a resolve to make the riches of a spiritual tradition more evident and more readily serviceable."

The National Catholic Alumni Federation should flourish; it should grow from the lusty and healthy childhood which its founders have bequeathed it to the spiritual manhood which high ideals and a beautiful, living purpose will give it; for the Federation is founded upon a dream, and no better foundation for a great undertaking is possible. It is with pride that Notre Dame points to the fact that it was represented at the first convention of the Federation.

The Metropolitan Club of Notre Dame will hold a Yuletide Dance at the Plaza in New York City.

TWO STUDENT ENTRANCES TO GYM

Charles Mooney, student manager in charge of basketball, has announced that there will be only two student entrances to the Gym for the basketball games this season. One of these will be on the north side of the building and the other on the east side.

Students will sit in the permanent seats to the north of the Gym and on bleachers to be erected north and west of the basketball court. Student tickets will be accepted only at student entrances.

The main entrance to the old Gym is to be used only by those paying a cash admission fee.

ALL-AMERICANS TO PLAY

Bloomington, Ind., Nov. 30.—The greatest aggregation of all-American football stars ever assembled on one team will arrive here Monday, Dec. 14, to open training for the East-West gridiron battle the day after Christmas in the University of California stadium at Berkeley. Advance seat sales for this contest indicate that a record breaking crowd of close to 100,000 will see the greatest players of the east in their contest with the leading talent of the west.

The game will be played under the auspices of Islam Temple, San Francisco Shriners, as a benefit for the Shriners' Hospital for Children in San Francisco. The event is to be strictly an amateur affair, and no one participating in the game will receive more than his expenses.

The All-American calibre of the east-west football scrap is evidenced in the mere mention of names of men who have now definitely agreed to report here for preliminary practice in the Indiana University Memorial Stadium, Dec. 14. Garbisch, Steger, Flournoi, Weir, Farwick, Slaughter, Bach, Ingram—these names at once recall recent all-American honors showered by sports critics of the country.

Charles Crawford, a Sophomore in Journalism last year is at present managing editor of a paper named "What's Doing." The paper is owned by Charlie and his brothers, and published in Fort Myers, Indiana.
A STONISHING thing! It was beautiful, storm on the grass-downed crest of demure, little house, perched as if by Signal Hill. An English house: high gables and fast-slanting roof of red tile, iron bound windows squared off with practical method, rough, yellow stucco edged by brown beams. ... an English house in a typical blandish American neighborhood.

Quite an extraordinary place. Attractive because it was so distinctly out of color with the rest. Expressive and original. When the fall rains beat down it stood pertly on the summit of the green hill, appearing very cozy; its glistening window panes, glazed with cool rain, winking defiance at the gloom in the dull populated valley all around.

Passing at dusk or later the pedestrian or villager would be apt to glance up at the house. His eye would encounter a warm glow from within, not bright, but mellow and inviting through the grated glass. If he were a keen observer he would catch a very faint flash of light from the broad South window. It was brighter than the background of usual mellowness ... it was a candle, a tall white candle, burning behind the pane. A sparkling candle ... with a flame like a jewel. Like a jewel.

That minute, maidenly structure had long been known as the "House of the Candle."

Miss Clarabelle Smythe dwelt there alone in the House of the Candle. Miss Smythe was over sixty, a thin woman ... quite grey and white, as if she had been powdered. Her eyes, though, redeemed the ghastly lack of color in her face. They were brown. Brown eyes never flash, they glow; never scintillate, but burn. Warm brown eyes. When she looked at you in her endurable kindly way you glimpsed the sunset. Candles in her eyes ... eternal candles.

One evening a boy, riding a bicycle down Miss Smythe's nice sloping lawn ran onto a hedge stake. The wheel stopped quickly, looping the boy over the handles onto a rock-trimmed flower bed. He lay still and bleeding. Miss Smythe must have seen the accident. She rushed out and gathered the unconscious child in her arms and ran into the House of the Candle. She washed the intense wound on his forehead and bound it up. Presently he came out of the darkness ... he looked up into Miss Smythe's eyes. Brown eyes. In a short while he was almost well except for the dull pain from the cut on his head. Miss Smythe carefully showed him over the House of the Candle, then sent him home with a huge slice of bread and jam, straddling his wheel. Thus she treated an intruder, a miscreant.

Strange woman. Once a tramp, despaired of obtaining food in the drear valley, sought the queer little house on the hill, asking food. It was a sunny, summer afternoon and Miss Smythe was in the garden reading a book. He doff his crazy hat and asked for something to eat. Miss Smythe was not frightened ... strange, brave woman ... but bade him sit down in the arbor swing and read the paper while she got him a bit from the ice-box. She returned presently with a tray gorged and overflowing with the bounty of her white kitchen. Texas Jack, that was his name, went away with a candle in his heart.

"Fair old lady," he said to himself as he went down the hill. "Strange old lady ... looks like my mother ... candles in her eyes."

One autumn afternoon a rich man, riding majestically along in his limousine, glimpsed the House of the Candle. He was immediately struck by its quaint beauty. He bade his car stop. He got out and came up Signal Hill. He was full and fat ... made him puffy and sweaty to climb it. He wanted to buy the place, merely as a curiosity, surely, for he came from a far state and city. Miss Smythe smilingly refused to regard his offer but invited him to tea. Three hours he stayed and talked with Miss Smythe. He waved his hand as he drove away. Next week the American press broadcasted the fact that Burton Doddard Beach, multi-
millionaire steel magnate, had given two millions toward the establishment of a home for superannuated men and women. Brown eyes . . . remarkable woman.

Strangely enough no one knew where Miss Smythe had come from. For twenty years she had lived in the House of the Candle. Gossips groaned at their inability to calumniate . . . fast buried past.

Some said she was a rich woman, fled from the follies of a mis-spent youth; some wagged heads and claimed her to be a disappointed, heartbroken mother, solacing her heart; others said she was queer, crazy a recluse.

Children loved her, even so. At night, down in the valley, they would gaze up at the dull splotch of light, and the brighter tongue of flame in the center, and weave in their childish imaginations tales of utmost fantasy. Strange woman who gave them great pieces of buttered bread and cherry jam, who picked old fashioned flowers from her garden and told them to take the blossoms home to mother.

Somehow, unwittingly and unwillingly, mayhaps, the people in the valley, submerged in themselves, got to regard the House of the Candle as a beacon of renewed hope and life. Unconsciously they did this. In their minds they catalogued her as “queer” but their hearts followed her. The village grew into a city with rushing ways and traffic signals, yet each new inhabitant learned to know the House of the Candle on Signal Hill. Extraordinary woman.

About the middle of December, 1924, the Associated Press carried long wire accounts of the death of the famous woman novelist, Michael Beade. In columns that reeked of padding and color, newspaper-men lauded this Michael Beade who had written five great American novels, who in her sixty-fifth year had been called, her pen still dripping with the last paragraphs of an unpublished book “Goliath.” People who had read her books and experienced her heart were sorrowed at her death . . . looked forward to reading “Goliath” with added zest.

On the night preceding the death of Michael Beade the House of the Candle was dark . . . empty and silent. Those in the valley wondered . . . O miraculous wonder! Yet a second retrospect.

In the morning a young architect, calling on business, went up to the House of the Candle. Receiving no answer to his knocking he entered the house.

It was cold. A fire had died in the huge fireplace . . . dying fire. Miss Smythe sat, white and hunched, cold and rigid in a big chair before the ashes . . . ghostly ashes! He went out and spread the news that the candle would burn no more on Signal Hill.

It became known, then. Literary clubs held special meetings and sent flowers and hastily bid manuscripts that lay hidden away in a little chest that Miss Smythe had slid in her bureau. They buried her.

Two worlds. Some knew of her heart through her books; but the great stagnant mass of the people in the valley were silent. They thought of the dead candles of her eyes . . . dead candles . . . extraordinary woman!

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LAMENT

I see the clouds that billow up and float across the sky.
The greys and blues of wintry hues, and white go drifting by.
I feel the winds that chilly blow and dance from tree to cloud,
That whisk away the leaves in play and sigh and laugh aloud.
I smell the smudgy fires that burn the yellow gold and brown,
And wave their pungent plumes above the damp and leafy ground.
I hear the song of short’ning days with sunset flares of gold.
The song of death that summer sings when summer days are old.

It seems the very earth I’ve loved reminds me of my sorrow:
No golden curls—or green-grey eyes to smile on me tomorrow.

—H. BUCKLEN BRADY, ’29
Macbeth as A Means of Pleasure
JOHN T. GRIFFIN, '26

ALTHOUGH "Macbeth" is a tragedy, we may reasonably suppose that Shakespeare wrote it as entertainment. "Macbeth" is a play, and what is a play but an elaborate form of entertainment? Shakespeare wanted the play "Macbeth" to entertain, to give pleasure. But how did he make his tragedy a thing of pleasure rather than a depressing, painful depiction of murder and immorality? Shakespeare has left us to speculate on an answer to this question.

The idea of pleasure is not an extremely difficult one to grasp. One psychologist says: "Pleasure is an accompaniment of the spontaneous and healthy activity of our faculties, and pain is the result of either their restraint or excessive exercise.

Pleasure augments with increasing vigor in the operation up to a certain normal medium degree of exertion, and progressively diminishes after that stage is passed; farther on the pleasure disappears altogether, and beyond this line pain takes its place."

Pleasure is then, the result of the free, healthy activity of our faculties. We also realize that there are certain subsidiary principles concerning pleasureable activities. We realize that frequent or continuous experience of a painful or neutral activity sometimes tends to become pleasurable; that, on the other hand, frequent or persistent exercise blunts a faculty; and that change causes pleasure, "variation delectat."

Now making the ordinarily disagreeable thing agreeable, avoiding tiresome repetition, and bringing in the agreeable element of change, are three tasks seemingly accomplished by the dexterous Shakespeare in the play "Macbeth."

Murder is a rather grisly, horrid thing for most of us. We would scarcely care to have a decent sort of fellow murdered for our entertainment. And it is unlikely that the blood of a freshly slaughtered human being would give us pleasure even though seen on the hands of a lady. Yet in Shakespeare's "Macbeth" we have a murder neatly done offstage. We see the murderer, Macbeth, enter with the dead king's blood on his hands. We see Lady Macbeth with more blood on her hands. And we enjoy the play. We have a bloody time of it! Shakespeare has made agreeable the disagreeable.

How did he do it? Here is an attempted explanation. Shakespeare gradually led us to regard the gruesome in a pleasurable light. He did not kill his king in the first scene of the first act. The witches were the characters that opened the play. Perhaps they appeared a bit disagreeable at first. They did not remain long, however. They reappeared later and accustomed the audience to regard them as something pleasureable in their very repugnant nature. That repugnant nature of theirs was to concoct devilish schemes and thereby to cause complications in the play that would please the audience. The play unfolded and in the second act the king was killed. But that little thing was not decidedly repulsive to the audience by now. Kill the king and on with the play! By constant repetition of what was disagreeable, Shakespeare tended to produce the agreeable.

Frequent, persistent exercise blunts the faculty. Shakespeare presented witches who rather habituated the audience to the ordinarily painful thought of death. Such repetition, of painful objects may sometimes become pleasureable. Shakespeare even makes death a pleasurable thing. Without the king's death the entertainment could not go on.

Shakespeare, however, had to avoid so much repetition that it would become tiresome and disagreeable. He accordingly used the delightful element of change. Shortly after the king is murdered in the play, Shakespeare introduces a brief comical scene where a porter takes up time with light, amusing statements while opening a gate.
for Macduff. Again in Act IV, the son of Lady Macduff talks to his mother in a way designed to provoke at least a smile from the audience.

Shakespeare skilfully manipulates the tragedy “Macbeth” so as to make it pleasureable. By gradually accustoming his audience to the disagreeable, he made it appear as agreeable. He avoided tiresome repetition by introducing the element of change. Taking the play “Macbeth” as a means of pleasure, Shakespeare seems to have made it agreeable and pleasing by repetition of the painful so as to finally make it pleasurable, by avoidance of too tiresome repetition of the ordinarily pleasing things, and by the skillful use of the element of change.

The Pathos of Guilt
WALTER O’LEAGHAN, ’26

The strongest scene in Macbeth is the first of Act Fifth. In a play made up entirely of great scenes one might well hesitate to name the greatest; with some misgiving, then, I have called the “sleep-walking” scene in the last act the strongest scene of the play. No, I except neither the dagger scene, the banquet, nor the terrible soliloquy of Lady Macbeth. I acknowledge, however, that the adjective I have used, strongest, needs some qualification; so I shall try [below] to explain its meaning, and to justify what may seem [to you] [my] hasty judgment.

This scene may justly be called the strongest because it is the most touching, the most human in its appeal. Its strength affects one not as does that of the dagger or banquet scene, wherein the supernatural wields a power which makes us tense with dread of unseen terrors; nor is its strength awful, like that of the soliloquy of Lady Macbeth, which repels us with its naturalness. But it is strong in its weakness, in its appeal to the tenderest sympathies of the heart. It strikes chords which lie deepest in the soul; brings tears to eyes which have begun to glow with hate, and keeps them moist till “the cry of women” is heard in the fifth scene.

Throughout the first of the tragedy, indeed, Lady Macbeth may, with justice, be regarded as a creature of horror, as an unnatural woman. The cruel thoughts to which she gives expression in her soliloquies pierce one’s soul like cold steel, they are so aversive to those tender moods which one expects to find in so queenly a woman. The evil intentness with which she goads Macbeth on to murder appals us. And yet, after the first gasp of fear has passed, can you not see that in all these scenes she is whipping on her own soft nature, just as relentlessly as she spurs the will of her husband? She steels herself to face dread deeds. She must,—for her woman’s spirit would shrink from the thought of them. It is needless to say that she is successful, and that Macbeth, strengthened with her courage, fired with her ambition, perpetrates all manner of crimes. There is only one sign of weakening—only once that inherent womanly compassion shakes her resolve:

“Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I had done ’t.”

No! she is not a she-devil, as many commentators would have us believe; she is not invulnerable; there are joints in her armor which mercy can penetrate. And in the first scene of Act Fifth (though it is during sleep, when a sweet-tempered nature reasserts its wonted dominance) she becomes herself again, and recoils from the smell of blood. This pitiful womanly weakening awakens all our shocked sympathies; the veil is lifted and we find that tenderness in her which all through the play, deep down in our hearts, we have been wanting to find.

Can you imagine any scene in this most
tragic play stronger in its appeal than this? It is another instance of the homage man is wont to pay to the majesty of woman. There is nothing more heart-breaking to a man than the sight of a woman in suffering, in anguish of spirit: it arouses all his nobler feelings; he would break all bolts and bars to bring peace. Every man carries in his heart the ideal woman—his mother, sister, sweetheart, wife—and thus he measures all others. Very naturally he looks for the best in each, until, perchance, she disillusioned him. Until this scene we have not had a chance to worship the woman in Lady Macbeth: now that pent-up homage breaks forth, all the stronger and tenderer for the repression. The cold reserve and hauteur of the Queen are discarded, they are put away with the weighty, blood-bought crown: now Queen no longer, but a suffering, timid soul alone with herself, sighing piteously over crimsoned hands. Feel the despairing pathos of this line:

"The thane of Fife had a wife; Where is she now?"

Can you now refuse to believe this scene the strongest of the play?

I have never seen Macbeth acted, but I can imagine how quiet, how tense the house, when the weary, lonely Queen is wringing her hands, sobbing for lost peace of heart:

"Here's the smell of blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh, oh, oh!"

NOTRE DAME

I walked beneath an azure sky;
I walked beneath a golden dome;
And thought, as friends were going by,
Two thousand brothers share my home.

I strolled along a trodden way
    That bound two lakes in even's glow;
Still richer than the mellow ray
    Seemed every passer-by's "hello."

I wandered by a level field,
    Where eager men plunged in the fray,
Where strength and skill were sword and shield,
    And valour true was loosed in play.

I walked across the wooded quad;
    I knelt before a holy shrine;
And while I raised my soul to God
    My neighbor's shoulder met with mine.

—R. G. HENNES, '27
A MOTORCYCLE is a two-wheeled reptile with a two gallon stomach. It takes merely a fool and a couple of hundred dollars to buy a motorcycle. After the accident it takes a search warrant and a couple of hundred wise men to find the fool. Nowhere in pagan myth or in modern anecdote can be found anyone who owned a motorcycle. The closest we can come to a notable owning a motorcycle is in our own beloved President. It is common columnistic matter that President Coolidge has an electric horse. That may be true but it is well to notice that Cal didn’t get a gaseous bicycle. He is too full of the sap of New England to straddle the drunkard’s delight.

And speaking of notables on motorcycles, let us consider the Prince of Wales astraddle the lethal conveyance. He would probably go well enough but he would encounter embarrassment and the loss of his savior faire (among other things) when he would elect to stop—or try to mount a hedge. He would be rather a ripping spectacle kicking the sides of the bi-wheeled devil trying to get the motor in a running condition. “I say, Egbert, don’t you know, I can’t get this jolly thing going!” And after a while it would be “Lumme, I fear this was not a safe venture!” And after that remark the people of England by the Grace of God, Parliament and the King would be in the market for something new in the line of crown princes.

But of all the present day notables, he who would look his best on a motorcycle is Will Rogers. A motorcycle could easily and adequately supply that which Will seems to lack in appearance. He is of the type of motorcycle owners. His philosophical attitude toward trouble makes him eligible for a motorcycle. He appears so lucky that only he could ride one of the things without serious mishap to himself or to society. He is the kind of a person that would own a motorcycle.

If fools and motorcycles are not complementary, then the motorcycle and its side car certainly are. A sidecar is like a wife: it diminishes the husband’s speed. It isn’t much trouble to take on a wife or a side car but it’s the power that both consume that counts. When the youthful motorcycle owner goes out with the side car attached it is an indication that the side car will be not long vacant. He gets one of the opposite sex to ride with him. Let it be remarked that it is still a miracle how a sex which can go into hysterics over the sight of a mouse can calmly ride in a side car. That is a mystery about woman that will be fully understood when Gabriel blows taps for motorcyclists and mankind. But when the youth we are considering goes chugging happily away he is in complete bliss. His passenger seems not to worry whether or not the side car will suddenly divorce the motorcycle. She just sits there and lets the current ozone hit her in the face meanwhile trying to get the best effect possible with ungodly appearing goggles. That’s the way to spend a jolly Sunday afternoon!
The Snow Covered Campus

L. J. WALTERS, '27

THROUGH the gathering dusk lights gleam merrily. Soft flakes of snow fall gently upon a bed of shining down, and dark trees rear their proud heads above the dazzling land like native monarchs. All the country is white. For days the snow has fallen and has shown no disposition to cease. In the twilight our school appears to be a fairy college. As the darkness increases, a light gleams far up in the skies. Beneath it I see, revealed a sheen of gold, and above, gazing down upon her school with approving eyes, stands Our Lady. A mantle of white is about her shoulders and she smiles a smile of tenderness at the scene of beauty spread before her.

A hush has fallen upon the usually noisy campus and I notice the absence of students. Only here and there do I see a dark form tramping slowly over the quiet spaces between the buildings. Now and then I hear a voice, the voice of one friend calling to another; but even the voice sounds unconsciously hushed out of reverence for the beauty of the scene. As I glance upward the spire of Sacred Heart Church becomes visible, piercing the dark blue haze of the evening like a needle.

With a sigh of wonderment I turn from the contemplation of the picture, and tramp towards the library. As I walk the snow makes a pleasing swishing sound and I know that I have marred the beauty of that spotless white. But not for long will my disfiguring tracks remain there. Even now the falling snow seems to increase, and in a short time all traces of my passage will have been obliterated. So, slowly, I stumble on. But on the shores of the lake I hesitate again. Who would not? Before me stretches what was once a lake. Above, the sky is blue-black with never a star to relieve its sombreness. Before me, also, on the farther side of the lake, lights of Holy Cross Seminary shine forth. Not a sound disturbs the awful stillness, and I bow my head in reverence to the mighty Painter of this masterpiece. As I stand contemplating the littleness of man in such grandeur as this, the lilting strains of a waltz float to my ears from one of the halls. This tune gives the scene a new beauty. Instead of continuing awful and detached, it now is filled with warm sympathy and universal friendliness. I realize that I am a part of this vast picture. The awesomeness has passed away and the touch of a human hand has made this grandeur appreciable.

I turn away and, as I walk, my boots make a pleasing, swishing sound in the snow.

THE WANDERER

In a Chinese junk I have sailed the sea,
Through the realms of Brahma far I roamed,
I have sat me down on the banks of the Lee,
Where Victoria's cataract waters foamed.

All sunny Italy I traversed,
Have tasted Bordeaux's rarest wine,
In Brazilian forest been immersed,
E'en wandered north to the Arctic line.

But atop the mountain adown the vale,
By mighty river through desert sand,
My heart has yearned in ceaseless wail
For home, my own, my native land.

—B. N.
SPORT NEWS

A Husking Bee: 17-0

Keyed to a pitch that knew no bounds, the scarlet clad sons of Nebraska battered and hewed their way to a 17 to 0 victory over the Notre Dame cavalrmy in Nebraska Memorial Stadium, Thanksgiving.

While 45,000 football-loving fans looked on, a Cornhusker eleven that played far above its head, ran the ends, threw passes and bucked the line while the Irish line tried its best to check the attack. But the breaks of the game, the roar of a hostile crowd, and the fatigue of a hard season on the grid, sapped the winning punch from even the hearts of steel that the Irish must have had.

Nebraska was football mad. It wanted Nebraska to win. Spirit for the scarlet and cream ran high and no one was fearful lest he make it too widely known that Nebraska must win at any cost. Memories of a thanksgiving Day just a year back, when the Four Horsemen of Notre Dame galloped ruthlessly over the Cornhuskers for a devastating 34 to 6 victory lingered in the minds of every Nebraskan. And that memory so pained and smarted their football bodies that they rose to super-effort and defeated their bitter enemies.

The Cornhuskers had been waiting for the Irish and were pointed for them along a straight and narrow. For Notre Dame it was the end of a hard season which has witnessed defeat and victory, thrill and upset alike. And when the two great rivals met the luck of the game shifted the sands toward the Irish and engulfed them.

It was the first official act of the game that gave the Nebraskans a jump which could not be headed. Captain Ed. Weir, the Nebraska tackle, won the toss from Captain Crowe, of Notre Dame, and elected to work with the wind. Rhodes' 18 yard return of the kickoff gave the Nebraska team the ball on its own 38 yard line. And then the unexpected happened when Weir punted on the first down and forced Notre Dame to be downed on its own four yard line. The stands were wild with excitement. Nebraska's hordes, numerous and strong, cried for a touchdown and the handful of Notre Dame backers pleaded to "hold that line."

Roach kicked and the ball had no sooner left his foot than a strong gust of wind caught the pigskin, carried it to the opposite side of the field and then forced it back toward the Notre Dame line. Nebraska covered the ball on the Irish seven yard line. Twice the Hibernian line stiffled the Husker attack but a third time it was thwarted and "Choppy" Rhodes, the flashy Husker fullback, tore around end for the first touchdown. Ed. Weir kicked the goal.

All this happened less than four minutes after the opening whistle. On the second kickoff Notre Dame managed to stall the Huskers although the
latter did have the advantage of line play. Too, their being with the wind made it uncomfortable for the Irish. With a sustained running and bucking attack, the scarlet offense brought the ball to the Notre Dame 32 yard line. "Jug" Brown, Nebraska pilot, flipped a 20 yard pass to Mandery who ran 12 yards for the second touchdown, Weir again kicking the goal.

At this point of the struggle, Rockne rushed in his first string eleven, which held the Huskers at bay for the remainder of the half. In fact Weir and Co. could do nothing with the first stringers at all in the way of touchdowns but did manage to work the ball close enough in the third period for Weir to boot a placement kick from the 25 yard line.

Nebraska was truly a team playing above its head. Missouri and Drake had conquered the Huskers earlier in the season but none of the faulty offense or sieve-defense that the Nebraskans displayed in its Missouri Valley Conference games could be found when they bumped the Irish.

Notre Dame was just "all in." Wearied and travel-worn by its hard and exacting 1925 campaign, the Irish hit their bitter rivals, sapped and weakened and although they showed typical Irish fight and nerve, they were unable to stem the scarlet tide.

A crushing plunging offense, a fast and shifty running attack and successful passes at critical moments, won for Nebraska. The scarlet defense was only mediocre but good punting on the part of Weir gave it an advantage. In fact, the Irish outdid the Nebraskans in the matter of first downs. "Choppy" Rhodes, and Ed. Weir were the satallites of the Cornhusker crew while Prelli and Boeringer stood out as minute men in the Irish battle front.

Shades of the Northwestern game were cast about the Notre Dame eleven in the third period when Enright, Prelli and gang started a drive that aroused fear in the Husker camp. Taking the kickoff on the 30 yard line the Gaelics ripped and tore the vaunted Nebraska line until they had made great headway toward a touchdown. A series of misfortunes hit the boys, however, and Edwards was forced to punt. Throughout the last half the ball see-sawed back and forth although Nebraska had an advantage due to superior punting. At one juncture Weir stepped back and scored the placement boot which brought the score to its final total, 17-0.

The game was a spectacle if one indulges in that kind of sport. To Notre Dame it was another football game. To Nebraska it was a miniature war that the acts of the ages had brought down. Nebraskans from every corner of the cornhusker state were wedged in the scarlet stands and each of them was pulling for victory as if it were their only means of salvation. And at times they cheered for the Irish although the tone was none too sweet nor did it cause any nerve-wrecking notice.

"Beat Notre Dame" and "Beat those Notre Dame Roughnecks" were favorite slogans posted on windows, doors and buildings. And when the last gun had barked the end of the struggle, more than 40,000 natives arose as one man and acclaimed the victor, while the handful of Notre Dame people cheered to their capacity the plucky eleven which met the fortunes of battle with a steel heart.

The lineup and summary:

**NOTRE DAME (0) NEBRASKA (17)**

- C. Walsh, Voedisch
- L. E. Shaner, Sprague
- Lee McMullen, Boland
- L. T
- E. Weir
- Prelli, J. Smith
- L. G
- Westouphal
- Fredericks, Boeringer
- C. G
- Hutchison
- R. G
- Raish, R. Mandery
- Mayer, Hanousek
- R. T
- Raish, Randells
- Wostoupal
- Poliski, McMannon
- R. T
- Steiner, Randells
- Freiders
- Dailey, Locke
- Cody, Hearden, Prelli
- R. H
- A. Mandery, Mielinz
- Enright, Wynne
- F. B
- Rhodes, Oehlrich

- Touchdowns—Rhodes, A. Mandery.
- Points after touchdown—E. Weir (2); Goal from field, E. Weir (placement).
- Referee—Eckersall, (Chicago); Umpire—Young, Ill. Wesleyan; Field Judge—Reilly, (Georgetown); Head Linesman—Wyatt, (Missouri).

| Notre Dame | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Nebraskas | 14 | 0 | 3 | 0—17 |
STAGE SET FOR BASKETBALL

With the hollow sound of the last punt of the season faintly dying away in the distance, Old King Basketball reigns supreme in the athletic affairs of the campus. He has set up his winter court in the new Gymnasium, and his courtiers, the Knights of the Hardwood may be seen dribbling in and out any time of the day.

After more than a week's practice the early lack of optimism still pervades the Irish barracks. Coach Keogan is working hard with the material, but the prospects are none too brilliant, though with diligence and labor he hopes to turn out a fairly good combination.

The team still remains leaderless. A meeting this week will choose a captain for the Gaels. Who it will be is not yet known, as there are five eligible for the position.

This week saw all the football men able to attend the practices. With the return of Clem Crowe and Dahman, and the addition of McNally, Voedisch, Roach, Fredricks, Graff, and the announcement that Edwards and Enright were coming out the squad takes on a proper pre-season size, numbering now about thirty-five men in all.

Various combinations are being tried in the hope of finding an ideal scoring group. So far Mock, Happer, Victoryn, Harvey, Besten, Moore, Kelly and Purcell are showing up well and the scrap for positions promises to be a tough one. Real work in preparation for the Armour Tech game, December 7, has begun.

One entire side of the Gym will be reserved for the practices at this time. Although not as well known nor, perhaps, as consistently victorious as the football team, the Notre Dame basketball aggregation nevertheless wears the Gold and Blue and is equally deserving of the support of the students. There is a long and difficult season ahead and it is only by receiving the moral and physical backing of the whole student body that the team can hope to emerge with honor and credit to Notre Dame. The Band will be present and heard at all the games to lead the Irish onward to victory.

FROSH NETMEN REPORT

For the first time in the history of the school, a call was issued for Freshman candidates to compose a yearling team. An unusual interest was shown and more than a hundred and forty reported. The first practice was held Tuesday night and Coach Keogan looked over the prospects. The work of cutting down the number and selecting the regular squad will become immediately. The idea of a Freshman basketball team is part of Keogan's plan to increase interest in that sport at Notre Dame.

EVER HEAR OF THE IRISH NAVY?

Well, the walls of the old Natatorium are re-echoing to the splashing of the Notre Dame navy. Every afternoon at four o'clock the men who are trying out for swimming, meet at the tank and do their practice tasks.

Continuing an established plan, the team gets together every Monday noon and the training rules for the week are outlined. Each week finds the men further advanced in their rehearsal events. From the way they are taking hold, it looks like a great season for them. Not only are they willing to work, but they give an impression of enthusiasm which bids fair for their future in cutting the water. This year finds Notre Dame with its best material in many seasons. The different events have several contenders all of whom give promise of Varsity calibre. Eight men of last year's team are back in suits, and they all seem to have used the summer advantage either as life-guards or in some manner where the water featured strongly.

As yet the schedule is tentative. Practice tilts had been arranged, but due to alterations in the tank in South Bend, these had to be cancelled or postponed. The team faces a disadvantage here, as no true estimate of the ability of men can be reached until they are given an opportunity to perform in competition.

A fine lot of Freshmen have reported for practice, among them a lad by the name of Daniels from the Pacific Coast who gives much promise.
THE SCHOLASTIC ALL-OPPOSITION TEAM

It's the favorite indoor sport everywhere. They're all doing it. The Football Stove League has officially swung into the initial lap on its circuit. From the campuses to the kindergartens they're at it again. It's this practice of picking various mythical "all-all" elevens, and since it's the vogue the SCHOLASTIC has decided to step out with the rest of them. Hence this offering. But just as the Fighting Irish are exceptions so this must be. The Sports staff hasn't been able to see all of the leading teams in the country this season. So we leave the selection of All-Americans to others. However, we have a mythical eleven to offer. It is made up entirely of opponents who have faced Knute Rockne's squad this fall. Personally we think it a pretty tough combination. Several of the names are bound to appear on almost every All-American combination lined up this year. It has been a hard year on the Celts and they have come through in a truly wonderful manner. In doing so they have met some of the ranking teams of the country and so an All-Op­position selection can offer no easy task and will be a very strong team. Anyway here's the way they looked to us.

ALL OPPOSITION SELECTION

Baxter, Army Seidel, Northwestern
Sprague, Army Sisco, Baylor
Walsh, Minnesota Schmidt, Army
Lowry, Northwestern Daly, Army Center
Hutchinson, Nebraska Goodwin, Georgia Tech
Wier, Nebraska Hearn, Georgia Tech
Wilson, Penn State Goodwin, Carnegie Tech
Almquist, Minnesota Harding, Army
Wilson, Army Rhodes, Nebraska
Baker, Northwestern Murell, Minnesota
Wycoff, Georgia Tech Lewis, Northwestern

IRISH CAGE CARD

Dec. 7—Armour Institute at Notre Dame.
12—U. of Minnesota at Notre Dame.
15—Northwestern U. at Evanston.
18—Iowa at Notre Dame.
30—Northwestern at Notre Dame.

Jan. 2—Mercer University at Notre Dame.
6—Kansas Aggies at Notre Dame.
8—Franklin College at Franklin.
15—U. of Detroit at Detroit.
16—City College of Detroit at Detroit.
20—Wabash College at Crawfordsville.
22—Michigan State at Notre Dame.
30—U. of Detroit at Notre Dame.

Feb. 6—U. of Illinois at Urbana.
12—Wabash at Notre Dame.
16—Michigan State at Lansing.
20—Carnegie Tech at Notre Dame.
27—Franklin at Notre Dame.

Mar. 5—Creighton University at Notre Dame.
6—Creighton University at Notre Dame.

TRACK TEAM HOLDS MEETING

About 75 men answered the call for Freshman and Varsity track material last Tuesday noon. John Wendland was in charge of the meeting. Work on the indoor track has already begun and will be gradually intensified, reaching its peak after the holidays.

Big things can be expected of the blue and gold tracksters this season. Experienced men are left in practically every department. Captain Harrington, winner of the pole vaulting event at the Penn Relays last year, is expected to have a great season. Boland and Mayer are left in the weight events, and this department will be bolstered by Bachman, husky weight thrower from last year’s Freshman squad.

Riley and Della Maria, of last year’s varsity, and Trombley, Parisien and Collins, dash men from last year’s Freshman squad will take care of the short track events. Barron is a crack hurdler. Much can be expected of Stack and Lahey in the quarter mile.

The success of this year’s cross country team gives indication that the middle and long distance run department will be well taken care of. Young, Nulty, Dolmage, Griffin and Masterson are veterans. Phelan, Ryan, Moloney, Pat and Dick Collins are running their first year of varsity.
KOKOMO DEFEATS FRESHMEN

After completely outplaying the Kokomo American Legion the Notre Dame Freshmen lost a hard fought game, played on a frozen field by a 13 to 9 score.

Two bad breaks were the deciding factors in a game in which the Yearlings had the edge during the entire sixty minutes of play. The first break came when the game was hardly two minutes on its way. The Freshmen were already threatening the Legion’s goal when an ex-Soldier intercepted a forward pass and dashed sixty yards to the Irish five-yard line. Here, after being held for two downs, a forward pass gave Kokomo their first touchdown. The second break came in the last part of the third quarter when one of the Legion’s punts dropped dead on the Notre Dame one yard line. The Soldiers then blocked the Freshmen’s punts and fell on the ball for their second touchdown.

Niemiec was the outstanding ground gainer for the Yearlings. It was a forty-five yard run, by him, followed by another short jaunt around end that gave Notre Dame its only touchdown. The Freshmen made three first downs for every one made by the Legion. And although greatly outweighed the Irish line outfought and outcharged their opponents.

GRIDDERS GIVEN LETTERS

Major monograms were recommended for twenty-six members of the 1925 varsity football team Monday by the faculty board in control of athletics. Three others are to receive a Notre Dame Athletic Association award which differs from the major monogram by virtue of the extra “A.A.” being placed on either side of the N. D.


Those recommended for minor awards are: Ed. Crowe, Riley and Jim Whelan.
For that Young Brother or Sister

Will make your Christmas shopping easy. It has just about everything in the way of toys that a youngster writes for in his letter to Santa Claus. (Toyland is in Wyman's Daylight Basement.)

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222 SOUTH MICHIGAN STREET
237 SOUTH MICHIGAN STREET
119-121 W. JEFFERSON BLVD
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ALWAYS GOOD ALWAYS THE SAME
SPLINTERS FROM THE PRESS BOX

For determination, for color, for fight, the Nebraska-Notre Dame game of 1925 will ever stand out in the middle west as one of the truly great classics of the gridiron.

Nebraska was exultantly wild for victory and for weeks Nebraska spirit had been whetted to razor blade’s keenness. Somber Nebraskans from the north and gaunt Cornhuskers from the south were pulling for Nebraska.

Their desire to win was intense, ferocious. Twenty cheerleaders were on the field. Two pep organizations, the girls’, known as the Comtassels and the boys, known as the Corncoths, livened the affair. And more than 40,000 of the 45,000 were Nebraskans. Each of them yelled himself hoarse too. “Beat the Notre Dame Roughnecks” was their cry.

The crowd was the largest ever seen in that stadium. Governor McMullen, of Nebraska; Governor Hammell, of Iowa, and Governor Paulen, of Kansas, occupied the boxes of honor. They all rooted for Nebraska, ‘tis said.

Captain Ed. Weir, Nebraska’s wildcat tackle, played his last for Nebraska. The big boy fought and fought hard throughout because the Irish are his greatest rivals. Rhodes, Westouphal, Hutchinson and Locke, also bade adieu in Thursday’s game.

The Irish had some tough breaks from the very start. To begin with the rabbit did not dart across the field at 1:26 p. m. Some Nebraskan must have found out the trick and eaten rabbit instead of turkey for dinner. Then, Captain Crowe lost the toss and Nebraska took the wind. That played havoc with Notre Dame’s punting throughout the first quarter and gave Nebraska a commanding advantage.

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Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat
Joe Prelli, the fleet-footed half, made a great hit with Nebraskans. Joe rambled in the third period but nothing happened at the most crucial moments. And Nebraska wishes too that the Irish graduation lists of next June would contain Joe's name. Prelli's mate, Harry O'Boyle, did some tall stepping at times and threw some passes that just about hit their mark. But as we said before the rabbit wouldn't scamper across the 20 yard line at 1:26.

At 10:30 a.m. Thanksgiving, the Nebraskans were wailing, for a drizzle had begun and their team isn't a mud team, they aver. But the moisture kept up only an hour and at game-time the sun was batting them off healthily.

Music was plentiful. The Nebraska school has a 60 piece band that dresses exactly like the Irish band except that they wear full trousers. The Superior American Legion Drum and Bugle Corps appeared and "Bill" Weir, said to be a Nebraska prospect for 1931 or 1932 marched with them. "Weir from Superior" seemed to be their slogan.

Between halves an effigy of the "Four Horsemen" and the "Seven Mules" marched on the field and was promptly squelched by the 1925 Cornhusker Tractor. It was imagery to the n'th degree but the huskers liked it immensely.

That Nebraska backfield worked superbly. Brown, Rhodes, Mandery and Daily proved a fast combination and as all except Rhodes have another year, they may be a tough bunch to stop again next year.

This was written in the most accommodating accommodation train that ever steamed. It stopped everywhere and for every pretext. Well, no it didn't either. It whizzed through Lockridge, Iowa, regally. They say that the fellow who lives there isn't traveling much this year.

And so ended a great game between two great teams. Nebraska, determined crew of Cornhuskers, ever bent on their ambition of years, Notre Dame, the same fighting, stubborn men that were built of nerve and courage. And when the smoke had cleared Nebraska smiled exultantly as the victor, while Notre Dame smiled the smile that will ever shine in Notre Dame grid history—the one that lights up the faces of men who have done their level best.

Real Fighting Irish;—and that's the highest compliment we know of. —GHoul POST III.
“Wets” and “Drys” Agree on Sawyer’s Slickers

More surprising still, Soph and Freshman are unanimous on one thing—that a Frog Brand Slicker is THE thing for rainy weather.

No need to run for the nearest doorway, no occasion to borrow umbrellas with broken ribs; the best policy is—get inside a Frog Brand Slicker and grin at the rain.

Too, a Frog Brand Slicker is worth tons of cough and cold remedies for it forestalls innumerable minor ailments attendant to wet drizzly weather. Dad will never criticize expenditures when he recognizes the wisdom displayed in the purchase of a Frog Brand Slicker. The price is low, and you should have one.

Most of your classmates have Frog Brand Slickers.

Genuine Oiled Slickers

Sawyer’s “Frog Brand” are genuine oiled slickers, the product of 85 years experience. In two colors for men—yellow and olive, and four colors for women—red, green, blue and coral.

All progressive college clothiers carry Frog Brand Slickers. If your dealer is not yet supplied send his name to H. M. Sawyer & Son, East Cambridge, Mass.
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Also many other tempting dishes, will be found at
Smith’s, the Home of Quality

THE SAFETY VALVE
We are doing the Nine Circles of Hell with the Dante class which is proving a wonderful experience. There are about fifty in our party, all well-behaved and of an age to get the good out of the trip. Members of the Cercle Francais are guests of the Dante followers and are quite delighted with the little courtesies everywhere extended. Thus Mr. Phillips has appointed a committee of three to give personal attention to Mr. Provost and to see especially that his cane doesn’t fall into any one of the Gulches.

Well, to begin with, Dante got lost in a wood. Not a mere clump of bushes. Not a few trees such as you observe back of Moreau Seminary. This wood was tremendous, immense.

It extended, say, from Rolling Prairie to Granger and from Fort Wayne to Niles, Mich.

So far so good.

It was dark in the forest. Very dark. Does one expect to find light in a thick, immense forest? One does not.

Neither did Dante. He was lost completely.

Not only that. In addition, a panther, a lion and a she-wolf stood in front of him to impede his path.

Any single one of these animals would have proved a worthy foe, as they say. But with three, it was a case of first come first served.

However:

The darkest hour is that before the dawn. Just as our Poet was about to be devoured, came the well-beloved voice, “Arma virumque cano.”

Ecco! Virgil—Saved! “The rough-neck Irish shall not pass.”

The two beloved Poets saluted as they do in la Place de Concorde and began the Decline.

Imagine a cork-screw of nine twists. Very good.

Now Descend.

Two rivers, the Arno and the River of Blood, figure prominently in the poem. The Florentines expelled Dante from the city on the Arno, and Dante sent the Florentines into the River of Blood which flows through Hell, by way of reprisal.

It was a great come-back.

The trip is very enjoyable so far. Of course, we have been submitted to Nebraska humor and N. D. colors aren't seen anywhere.

We should worry.

We expect to do Heaven next semester where we will feel right at home with the N. D. men on every corner and gold and blue bunting spread all over the stars.
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