Cotillion Number

Elegy For Oboe And Clavichord
Prospero Image

Pecuniary Embarrassments
Michael T. Ricks

Early To Bed
Eugene Farrell

The City In The Morning
J. P. McM.

Collegiate
George A. Kiener

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VOL. LIV. NOVEMBER 5, 1926. No. 7.

1872 = 1926

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Entered as second-class matter at Notre Dame, Indiana. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage, Section 1103, October 8, 1917, authorized June 25, 1918.

The Advertisers in Notre Dame Publications Deserve the Patronage of All Notre Dame Men.
Rather a coincidence, the Scholastic coming out on the evening of Cotillion, while the Sophomores are gliding across the hardwood of the K. of C. ballroom the eyes of three classes will no doubt practice the same motion on the pages of this Cotillion Number. We realize that in this statement we are taking a great deal for granted for there are such things as football sessions on evenings preceding the games, especially when Pat Page's Indianians figure in the fray. The second year men are to be congratulated, however, not because of their escaping the reading; but because of the manner in which the committees have carried out the dance preparations. Bouquets or bricks are numerous on the campus but the ability to hold an exclusive Sophomore dance is a credit to Jack Elder and Bill Kreig.

The Golden Tornado has blown over without leaving a great deal of damage in its path. The Southerners put up a great fight and really furnished an excellent workout for our second team men. The invasion of Indiana this weekend will renew an old struggle between two great rivals. Rumor has it that Rock is not worrying and that we may safely look forward to a repetition of last week's results. Page has more tricks than a small time magician, however, and it will take at least four periods to give them a thorough Swedish massage. Then come the Army cadets who are using Tiny Hewit for a second string fullback. That backfield may not be four more horsemen but out West Point way a lot of braying is being done these days.

The Brownson men held the first hall smoker of the year this week accompanied by the usual vaudeville teams. The old piano that has sat in the corner and has delivered and taken more punishment than any piece of antique furniture on the campus played its part. Boxing bouts where slugs are not fraudulent interested the well filled smoking room. We could almost say that the ball spirit was dying down were it not for some of the freshman halls who appear to be willing to carry on.

Someone has told of the days when Notre Dame looked up to the debating teams as they did to the most respected campus activity. The Wranglers are attempting to bring back those days by interesting the freshmen halls in inter-hall debating. There is a great field there and if the first year men will realize the benefits which are derived from the possession of oratorical powers they will aid the coaches in making a dream a reality. Five new men were initiated into the Scribbler club and there is talk of sending for a nerve specialist when the next ordeal of this type takes place. Most of the men were not aware of the existence of affection of knees until they were initiated to the fact.

Publications continue to press the campus. Clarence Ruddy announces the Notre Dame Lawyer for the first of next week. The Dome editorial staff has met and laid plans for the year. Beautiful blue stationary announces the monthly Funny Fellow prizes for artists and humorists. The Alumnus has appeared once and promises a return engagement in the near future. If progress continues there will be as many publications as there are campus critics.

We have heard a great deal of talk about taking moving pictures and now the announcement comes that they are to speak for themselves in Washington Hall next Monday night. We are sure the plan will go across providing someone in the audience doesn't decide to talk back. And speaking of movies, it is reported that several prominent young men went so far as to have a try-out for the movies in front of the main building Thursday afternoon. Well, there's always one minute to play.—W.H.L.
250 GUESTS ARRIVE
FOR SOPHOMORE FORMAL
AT PALAIS ROYALE BALLROOM

More than 250 Notre Dame sophomores, with their guests, will take full possession of the Palais Royale Ballroom at 9 p.m. Friday for the first formal social function of the class of 1929.

After weeks of preparation, chairman of the various committees have reported to William H. Krieg, of Sophomore Hall, general Cotillion chairman, that every detail has been attended to and that everything is in readiness for the gay affair.

In many respects it will be the most colorful Cotillion ever arranged at Notre Dame. Due to a decision of the faculty dance committee, all upperclassmen will be excluded from the dance and only Sophomores will be permitted to attend. No tickets were sold to those who did not possess full standing in the second year class.

When Ross Franklin, clever leader of Franklin's Syncopaters, a Fort Wayne, Indiana, orchestra, moves his baton at 9 p.m. one of the most auspicious events of the scholastic year at Notre Dame will begin.

A shroud of silence has been cast about the labors of the decorators but it is said that the Palais Royale Ballroom will be converted into a veritable garden with streamers of blue and gold strung from vantage points. The orchestra will be seated upon the stage and will be partially hidden with a bank of palms and fall flowers.

Guests from all parts of the country arrived in South Bend Thursday evening and Friday for the Cotillion. Girls' schools and co-educational institutions the country over are widely represented in the guest list which appears elsewhere in this issue of the SCHOLASTIC.

Dancing will continue until 1 a.m. A special dispensation of university regulations allows Sophomores to return to their places of residence not later than 2 a.m. All Notre Dame students not attending the Cotillion will be required to forego night permissions, says a statement from the office of the Prefect of Discipline.

Although the dance has been restricted to Sophomores some upperclassmen will be present as honorary guests. The president of the Student Activities Council, with the presidents of the Senior and Junior classes and the editors-in-chief of the three campus publications, the Dome, the SCHOLASTIC and the Juggler, will be guests of the Sophomore Class.

A ruling of the Faculty Dance committee states that favors other than programs may not be given to Cotillion guests. Joseph Radian, chairman of the program committee, has announced that attractive leather programs, appropriately embossed, will be given to Cotillion guests.

Patrons for the Cotillion will be Professor and Mrs. John M. Cooney, Professor and Mrs. Jose Corona, Professor C. E. Manion and Professor Augustine Confrey. Mr. Cooney is dean of the School of Journalism and Mr. Manion is in the Law College, while Mr. Confrey and Mr. Corona are in the Arts College.

At 10:30 p.m. William H. Krieg, general chairman, with Miss Catherine Coridan, of Indianapolis, Indiana, will lead the grand march. John J. Elder, president of the Sophomore class, will have as his guest Miss Allene Drye, of Lebanon, Kentucky, while Thomas A. Ryan, vice-president, will have Miss Miriam Hunt, of Rushville, Indiana, as his partner.

Miss Mary Finnell, of Indianapolis, Indiana, will be the guest of Frank Mooney, chairman of the ticket committee, while Charles Colton, in charge of decorations, will have Miss Rebecca Cook, of Plymouth, Indiana, as his guest. Miss Josephine Hiendeman, of Indianapolis, Indiana and Miss Pauline Weadock, of West Palm Beach, Florida, will be the guests of Thomas Markey, floor chairman, and Franklyn Doan, chairman of publicity.

Through the courtesy of the Athletic Association, Cotillion guests will occupy a special section in Cartier Field for the Notre Dame-Indiana game on Saturday afternoon. Many of the visitors will also remain for the football dance which is to be given in the auditorium of the South Bend Knights of Columbus.
Those who have looked after Cotillion de­
tails are: William H. Krieg, general chair­
man; Frank Mooney, John Clemmens, Wil­
liam Butler, Walter Stanton, Henry Burns,
Joseph Abbott, George McLaughlin, Alfred
Sebaste, Fred Diebold and George Booz,
tickets; Joseph Radigan, John Rourke, Wil­
liam O'Connor, programs; Charles Reitz,
Ted Labeled, Edward Lowth, Sylvester
Daugherty, music; Charles Colton, Larry
Moore, William Loughran, decorations;
Thomas Markey, William McIniny, Robert
Newbold, floor; Franklyn Doan, Paul McEl­
roy, William F. Craig, Charles Campbell,
publicity. —F. E. D.

TALKING MOVIES HERE MONDAY

Fr. Carey has announced that “talking
movies”, will be exhibited in Washington
Hall next Monday evening. Voice motion
pictures are among the latest scientific de­
velopments, bringing the silver screen to a
high state of perfection.

The American Telephone and Telegraph
Company is presenting the new movies at
various colleges and universities throughout
the country. Notre Dame is fortunate in
being among the first. The pictures were
shown at Purdue during the week, and will
go to the Universities of Indiana, Illinois,
and other schools after their presentation
here.

The movies and equipment come from
New York City, and will be in charge of a
representative of A. T. and T. from that
city. He will be on the campus Friday, Sa­
day, Sunday, and Monday installing
apparatus, and will explain the scientific
principles used in the talking movies at the
Monday evening presentation. Notre Dame
students are offered an opportunity to learn
from inside sources of an invention that will
likely revolutionize the theatre. Mr. Bonds,
manager of the South Bend telephone com­
pany, has been very fortunate in procuring
the program.

Thomas E. Watson, who worked on the
telephone with Bell, will explain the “His­
tory of the Telephone” in the movies, while
his actual words accompany the pictures. A
comic will complete the program.—C.S.B.

HAWKEYE CLUB SMOKER

Last Thursday evening the Iowa boys
held their smoker in the K. of C. club rooms
in the basement of Walsh Hall. Everything
and everybody was there except corn and
the corn song. Rather than having five or
ten forms of cheap smoker amusement, the
committee went out and got a few of the
best. Instead of throwing a three ring cir­
cus of the usual smoker variety, they got a
few men who really could, and did, put
across the entertainment. They procured
just three, Jim McShane, Jess Wood, and
Bill Corcoran. Jim did some plenty mean
dancing while Jess was walking all over the
piano. Jim’s “Black Bottom” was a wow—
so was his “Carolina” and his “Soft Shoe.”
He had one dance that beat them all. Don’t
know what it was though. It wasn’t a
“Charleston,” or a “Carolina,” or a “Black
Bottom,” or a “Buck.” Guess it was just
one of Jim’s. And Jess sure did help him
out on the old piano. Along about eight­
threey, in drops Bill Corcoran. He walks up
to the old bang organ and hammered out a
few notes of “The Girl Friend” and then he
began to sing. Now that piece has been
sung in many different countries and in as
many languages but Bill sure copped first
prize the way he sang it last Thursday night
down in the Knights of Columbus club
rooms. It sure was sweet. Then the boys
began to crowd around the piano. From
then on harmony prevailed. Harry O’Boyle
was the chief harmonizer. They sang every­
thine from “The Old Sorin Hall Gaboon” to
“Sweet Adeline.”

The Iowa Club held their election that
night too. Father Healy, a former resident
of Fort Dodge, was elected to the office of
honorary president. He gave an interesting
talk on the value of such a club to the stu­
dents from Iowa. Then came the queer part
of the election. All the offices were filled by
unanimous vote. Only one man was nomi­
nated for each office. Jack Dailey was the
choice for president. No other man was
nominated. And so on down the list. Harry
O’Boyle walked off with the vice-presidency.
Henry Hasley is now secretary and Elmer
Besten holds the envious job of being treas-
CHEM CLUB MEETS

The November meeting of the Notre Dame Student Chemists’ Club was held last Wednesday. J. Vignos, who is taking doctor’s work in the chemistry department of the University, gave proof of the new structural formula for glucose in a paper that showed a thorough knowledge of the subject. The program was concluded with a chem stunt put on by members of the senior class.

EDUCATIONAL SEMINAR MEETS

The room fitted out for the Moot-Court in the Law Library is a busy place these evenings. Every Monday night at seven the Educational Seminar holds forth under Father Cunningham. Twelve students from South Bend, for the most part teachers in the Public Schools, along with another dozen of graduate students residing on the campus make the sessions of this “discussion” group both profitable and pleasurable to the present and future pedagogues participating. On Tuesday evenings at 6:30 “Le Cercle Francais” under Professor Provost, Head of the Dept. of Modern Languages, holds for an hour and a half with a program “Tout en Francais.” On Wednesday evenings, the German Club assembles at 7:00 under the leadership of Professors Wack and Weninger.

SCRIIBBLERS INITIATE NEW MEN

President Les Grady Tuesday evening formally welcomed Frank Pendergast, Arthur Stenius, Richard Elpers, Tom Griffin, and Bob Hennes, recently elected, into the Scribblers. The meeting was held in the Scribblers’ room in the Library.

The five new men not only were compelled to speak, but were forced to run a veritable gauntlet of erudite Scribbler invective. When the new men were about to hack their way through the very souls of the old members with dagger-point eyes, President Grady gently reminded them that it was all in the game. He admonished them to take verbal castigations with the true Scribbler sangfroid; to heed only those rebukes which were constructive and to ward off any which were made because the maker felt that he should say something. Les then outlined for the new men the traditions of the Scribblers and injected into them the Scribbler spirit. He told them that he expected them to enhance the value of the Scribblers and to strive ever to better the society.

Secretary Joe Breig read the minutes of the last regular meeting. Reports were made to the society by the several committees, namely, the Scribbler book committee, the Scribbler Poetry contest committee, and the publicity committee. Each committee was alike in that it reported progress.

It was suggested, during the course of the meeting, that a banquet be given in honor of the new members. Plans to achieve this end are now getting under way. It is thought that by that time the men will have calmed down sufficiently to enable them to attend an affair of this kind.

It was noised about before the meeting terminated that J. P. McEvoy, the great humorist, would be the next man to speak before the Scribblers. These noisings have not yet been verified. The next meeting of the Scribblers will occur in their room in the Library Tuesday evening, November ninth, 1926. The Poetry Contest is now open. Poems should be typed (three copies) and given to Joe Breig, 331 Morrissey.—L.R.M.
Sophomore Cotillion Guests

Miss Muriel Schriner, Benton Harbor, Mich.
Miss Dorothy Fraley, Lancaster, Pa.
Miss Dorothy Benkert, Piqua, Ohio.
Miss Mary Mallek, Chicago, Illinois.
Miss Mary Kohen, Chicago, Illinois.
Miss Katherine Colbery, Chicago, Illinois.
Miss Mary Finnell, Indianapolis, Indiana.
Miss Pauline Weadock, West Palm Beach, Fla.
Miss Eugenia Doan, Lima, Ohio.
Miss Elizabeth Halligan, Buffalo, New York.
Miss Muriel Hewson, South Bend, Indiana.
Miss Margaret Feltes, South Bend, Indiana.
Miss Betty Steffens, South Bend, Indiana.
Miss Josephine McNabb, South Bend, Indiana.
Miss Kay Helm, Kansas City, Missouri.
Miss Mary English, Champaign, Illinois.
Miss Eleanor Dunlevy, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Miss Eugenia Blasius, Logan, Ohio.
Miss Harrie Barber, South Bend, Indiana.
Miss Madeline Brysselbou, Bay City, Michigan.
Miss Olive Plankel, Beaverdam, Wisconsin.
Miss Isabelle Heckard, Chicago, Illinois.
Miss Peggy Hetreed, Chicago, Illinois.
Miss Maureen Lewis, South Bend, Indiana.
Miss Corinne Ray, Shreveport, Louisiana.
Miss Mary Crumley, Cincinnati, Ohio.
Miss Josephine Finnell, Indianapolis, Indiana.
Miss Sarah Kline, Mishawaka, Indiana.
Miss Mary O'Brien, Chicago, Illinois.
Miss Mary E. Williamson, Lake Villa, Illinois.
Miss Anne Hardie, Grand Rapids, Michigan.
Miss Dorothy Marcus, South Bend, Indiana.
Miss Mercedes Lynch, Topeka, Kansas.
Miss Mary Decker, Ligonier, Indiana.
Miss Natalie Wiss, Morristown, New Jersey.
Miss Lillian Martin, Beaumont, Texas.
Miss Berenice Kuehn, Detroit, Michigan.
Miss Evelyn May, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.
Miss Hazel Chartier, South Bend, Indiana.
Miss Katherine McCarty, South Bend, Indiana.
Miss Margaret Joyce Kaine, Niles, Michigan.

Miss Alice Steckette, Grand Rapids, Michigan.
Miss Lenore Callahan, Chicago, Illinois.
Miss Catherine Terry, Chicago, Illinois.
Miss Ruth Hough, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.
Miss Catherine Moran, Chicago, Illinois.
Miss Adeline Ershauer, Huntington, Ind.
Miss Estelle Howery, Shenandoah, Iowa.
Miss Katherine Marwitz, Cleveland, Ohio.
Miss Mary Kelly, Detroit, Michigan.
Miss Charlotte Moeller, Detroit, Michigan.
Miss Mildred Daley, Casper, Wyoming.
Miss Ruth Cunningham, South Bend, Indiana.
Miss Mary Rowe, Ottawa, Ohio.
Miss Evelyn M. Carron, Oak Park, Illinois.
Miss Marian Graff, South Bend, Indiana.
Miss Dorothy Reiner, Chicago, Illinois.
Miss Dorothy Aitken, Zanesville, Ohio.
Miss Josephine Heindman, Indianapolis, Indiana.
Miss Dorothy Gerde, Chicago, Illinois.
Miss Louise Murphy, Chicago, Illinois.
Miss Elizabeth Barrett, Chicago, Illinois.
Miss Helen Garrity, Chicago, Illinois.
Miss Mary Frances Beheen, Chicago, Illinois.
Miss Mary Taylor, Cleveland, Ohio.
Miss Sally McCaffrey, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Miss Chrysalis Wolf, Montclair, New Jersey.
Miss Gladys Cummings, Morristown, N. J.
Miss Georgiana Murray, Clearfield, Pa.
Miss Nan Werhalm, Rollins, Wyoming.
Miss Mildred Daley, Casper, Wyoming.
Miss Allene Drey, Lebanon, Kentucky.
Miss Rebecca Cook, Plymouth, Indiana.
Miss Gertrude Minahan, Atlanta, Georgia.
Miss Mae Williams, Rapid City, S. Dakota.
Miss Miriam Hunt, Rushville, Indiana.
Miss Dorothy Bearden, Huntington, W. Va.
Miss Alta Ibiesawsky, Chicago, Illinois.
Miss Catherine Shephard, East Orange, N. J.
Miss Catherine Steele, Montclair, New Jersey.
Miss Lucile Englespiel, Avon, New York.
Miss Nellie Neidorf, Louisville, Kentucky.
Miss Abigail Tomtorme, Arthur, N. D.
UKRAINIAN CHORUS AT PALAIS

Next Monday evening, the eighth, the Palais Royale will present Alexander Koshetz and his Ukrainian National Chorus with Max Pollikoff, violin soloist. This attraction is heralded as the outstanding concert of the present series. It will mark another milestone on the farewell American tour of this famous organization, a thing regretful to the devotees of choral singing.

The Ukrainian National chorus has rightly been called a "human symphony orchestra." It has received flattering tributes in all the large cities of America, and it has been said that the blend of voices takes on at times the resonance of an organ played by the hands of a Cesar Franck or a Camille Saint-Saens.

American as well as Ukrainian folk-songs are to be a feature of the program. The songs of the North American Indian and the American negro; also the songs of the South American aborigine—the Ukrainian National Chorus has been making a study of them, since its arrival on these shores. When sung as this great chorus sings its own native songs, with all the fire and rhythm and feeling for poetry which is their inheritance, an American audience may expect a revelation little short of thrilling.

The members of the Ukrainian National Chorus were chosen from the most expert and talented singers of that singing nation, and represent the ultimate selection from 26,000 contestants, recruited from the 1,800 singing societies of the Ukraine, some of which have a membership of several thousands each.

Dont miss it! C. A. R.

EAST PENNERS TO DANCE

With more than fifty members present the East-Penn Club met in Walsh Hall Wednesday evening, officers were installed and considerable business transacted. The standing committees reported their activities and the meeting was adjourned at 9:45 p.m.

After each member had pointed out the advantage of holding the Christmas formal in his particular city, and after every other member present had pointed out the disadvantage of the same, it was finally decided that the dance should be held in Bethlehem, Pa. The new officers, discharging their duties for the first time, gave gratifying evidence of their capabilities.

CLEVELAND CLUB DINES

On the evening of Wednesday, November 3, the Cleveland Club held the first of its monthly dinners for this year. The Morning-side Apartments furnished the place and the food, while “the silver-tongued orator of the West,” our own Father Cavanaugh, dropped “pearls of wisdom” in his incomparable manner. Father Cavanaugh’s acceptance of the Honorary Presidency of the Cleveland Club gives to that club a distinction which few campus organizations enjoy. That the members appreciate this fully was evidenced by the sincere applause which greeted the speaker of the evening, and which lasted long after his scintillating words merged with the cirrus-clouds of Lady Nicotine.

President Tom Byrne was quite pleased with the large attendance, and the vital spirit shown by the club members. He considers that this augurs well for an active year of real accomplishment for the Cleveland Club. On to a real Christmas Dance! —G.A.K.

It is traditional at Notre Dame on the feast of All Saints for the pastor of the Sacred Heart Church to celebrate his three masses in the chapel of Oak Grove Cemetery. On last Tuesday morning, just as Father Finnegan was beginning his third Mass, a fire broke out caused by an overheated stove. The fire department of South Bend responded and the fire was extinguished with comparatively slight damage.

KANSAS CLUB MEETING

The boys from the Sunflower State met Tuesday evening in the Library. Plans for a banquet to be held early in December, were discussed. Officers elected were: Ed McKenna, president; John Carlin, vice-president; Nestor Weigand, secretary and treasurer. Seventeen members were present.
HOWARD HALL DEBATING

At a meeting held early in the week, the men who are to represent Howard Hall in the inter-hall debating league were finally chosen. The affirmative team is composed of James Walsh, C. Carey, George Winkler and James Rant, while John McGinty, George Ladner, Thomas Kane and Bernard Broecker will uphold the negative side of the question. The respective speaking positions will be decided at a meeting held later in the week. As every member of the team has had previous experience along forensic lines, Coaches John Daily and Arthur Steinius feel assured that Howard Hall will put in a strong bid for the championship.

WRANGLERS HEAR MANION

The Wranglers gathered Thursday night at the Morningside Apartments to celebrate their regular monthly banquet and to hear Professor Clarence Manion of the Law School. But a real Wrangler is never satisfied to let someone else do all the talking so after Professor Manion had completed his interesting and instructive talk various Wranglers contributed their bit towards making the banquet a verbal success. Numerous plans (one or more per member) were offered for getting the coming debate with the Australians before the public. Coaches of the different hall teams told of their progress and each expressed confidence that his team would win the championship.

FEAST DAYS OBSERVED

The first part of the week was characterized by numerous religious activities at Notre Dame. On Sunday morning the Feast of the Kingship of Christ was celebrated for the first time in accordance with the regulation issued by the Holy Father. Classes were suspended the following day and the Feast of All Saints was commemorated by a Solemn High Mass in the Sacred Heart Church. On All Souls Day every priest was allowed to say three Masses and these were celebrated in the various chapels on the campus. The large number of communicants on these three days was especially noticeable.

EAST-PENN CLUB DINES

Wednesday evening saw 45 members of the East-Penn Club thoroughly enjoy themselves at a dinner given in College Inn of the Lasalle hotel, for the purpose of promoting better acquaintanceship among the members.

The viands prepared were of the choicest variety that every man, who had been away from home for some time, can appreciate so well. Good fellowship, with his crown tilted to one side of his head, sat high upon his throne and reigned supreme throughout the evening.

Leo McIntyre acting as toastmaster called first upon the president "Vince" McNally who spoke a few enthusiastic words regarding the club’s future. A number of other members were called upon and a letter from Joe Boland, expressing regrets, was read.

Father Patrick Haggerty, honorary president, and the principal speaker of the evening, traced the growth of the Pennsylvania Club. He spoke of the advantages of such an organization both now and in after years, the dangers which beset such a club and how they may be avoided.

After two hours of feasting, laughing and listening the dinner came to an end; as the members filed out of the Inn, smiles of satisfaction were written upon every face giving mute testimony of the success of the event.

University of Iowa men have been asked, "What is your purpose in the university?" Some suggested general answers. These included, "to try to learn how to live better because they realized the necessity of it;" "to learn to think;" "to widen the field of vision." One young man in the university answered, "to have a good time and to get good grades;" another "to receive social recognition;" and a third was merely curious "to see how it would be."

For the first time in the history of Yale University, its students attended the opening chapel services voluntarily and Battell Chapel was taxed to its capacity. Now that the service is not compulsory the students who insisted that chapel be abolished have decided to attend.
THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC

BROWNSON SMOKER SUCCESS

Ye scribe would have amusement the eve of October 28, so ending his text, he wandered out upon the campus. Attracted by faint music he betook himself to Brownson Hall "Rec" and peering through the blue haze perceived that a Smoker was in progress. A varied program staged solely by Brownsonites, was introduced to the three hundred jolly students with an address by Brother Alphonsus who stressed the famous Brownson spirit, and the loyalty of the old grads to their hall.

Then followed selections by the orchestra composed of Messrs. Robert Cooney, Leo McAloon, Rockwell Lindsey, Martin Reidy, Arthur Gallagher, Edward Frank, and Paul Farner.

The Sioux Indian Folk Dance added color and zest to the program. Mr. Pierce of the Boy Guidance department coached the painted savages, dressed in native Indian costumes, impersonated by Messrs. George Neylon, John Cody, Charles Ducey, and John Flynn.

Boxing bouts, in charge of Mike O'Keefe and Pat Canny, started with a bang, and smacked nothing of the "pro" or exhibition scraps. The energetic principals were Ed Smith and El Bickel, Will Bowling and Pat Conway, Bill Dew and Tony Ferrari. A wrestling match was staged by Bob Kelly and Bob Glass, both boys showing a knowledge of the finer points of the game. Songs by Thomas Kerrigan, Jerome Parker at the piano, and by the Hall Glee Club were well received. The Brownson Club is composed of Messrs. Jerome Reidy, Joseph Butler, Bernard Ducey, Robert Dewald, Thomas Kerrigan, George Rihm, James Cooney, Walter Bernard, and Thomas Ferriter.

Joseph Apodaca gave a vivid talk on the persecution in Mexico, and praised the Knights of Columbus for their welcomed aid.

Charleston came into its own when Chas. McCarthy demonstrated how it should be done by "those who know." A minstrel show featuring Zeno Staudt, Dan Cannon and Paul Farmer added a laugh to the entertainment.

A HALF A CENTURY BACK

BY ROBERT WARD

(From Files of Scholastic)

The impromptu boat-race rowed on St. Joseph's lake Wednesday afternoon was the source of much merriment to a large crowd of spectators. A number of Freshmen manned the Minnehaha, and several Sophomores paddled the Hiawatha. The Freshmen came out one length ahead of the Sophomores. Of course no crabs were caught. —October 18, 1879.

Mr. Walter Hastings who died lately in Boston, left an article in his will to the effect that five hundred thousand dollars should be given to Harvard College, one half to be used in erecting a building for University purposes, and the interest on the other half to be used as the faculty should decree. Why do not some of our rich Catholics go and do likewise? —November 15, 1879.

NOTRE DAME AS SEEN FROM ST. MARY'S

ELIZA ALLEN STARR

The purple air, the misty hills;
The meadows green with hidden rills;
The grove, that screens from curious gaze
Its sacred, meditative ways;
The lake beyond, its placid eye
Blue as the arch of vernal sky;
The dome, and chapel spires, that claim
Our Lady's favor with her name;
How like a thought of peace, the whole
Takes calm possession of the soul.
—November 15, 1879.

FRENCH CIRCLE MEETS WEEKLY

"Le Cercle Francais," the campus French society, is meeting once a week under the direction of Prof. Provost of the Department of Languages, and is making rapid progress both socially and linguistically. Meetings are held on Tuesday evenings. A large and interested attendance appears at each gathering.

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N. D. MAN DEFENDS CHURCH

Notre Dame appeared on the Chicago stage last week when Prof. Phillips of the Department of English spoke at the Erlanger Theatre on the Mexican question. The lecture was arranged by the Chicago Open Forum, for the opening number of its 1926-'27 season, which will include a number of nationally famous speakers.

Mr. Phillips' lecture was given in answer to Rev. Dr. Alvah Taylor, Indianapolis Methodist divine, who opened the program by presenting the Protestant view of the Mexican situation, defending the Calles government in the persecution of the Church. A not altogether sympathetic audience was plainly won over by Mr. Phillips in his championship of the Church, and the affair came to a dramatic climax when the speaker, questioned from one of the theatre boxes by the Mexican Consul to Chicago, forced that representative of the Calles government to admit that the Church is being persecuted.

Mr. Phillips received warm applause when he wrung this admission from his unexpected adversary, an admission all the more unwillingly made in face of the fact that one of the favorite pleas of the friends of Calles is that the "so-called" persecution of the Church in Mexico is a mere invention of Catholic apologists.

The affair was such a success that Prof. Phillips has been invited to speak again before the Chicago Forum in January, when he will answer Rev. Dr. H. C. Herring of Boston.

SENIOR HOOSIER HOP

The Hoosier Hop Football Dance, sponsored by the Senior Class, will be held tomorrow night, November 6, in the K. of C. ball room at 8 o'clock. The Indiana student trip will insure an extra large attendance. Committees for the dance are:


PROVOSTS ENTERTAIN

Prof. A. J. Provost and his wife entertained a number of friends at a dinner at Varesios on Sunday evening, October 31, in honor of Mrs. Provost's visit to Notre Dame. Ill health, which compels Mrs. Provost to make her home in the milder climate of southern Oklahoma, will necessarily shorten her stay in South Bend. Those who attended the dinner were Mrs. Provost, the guest of honor; Prof. Provost, Reverend Father Mittner, C.S.C., Rev. Cunningham, C.S.C., Rev. Maher, C.S.C., and Rev. Carey, C.S.C., Dean and Mrs. Konop, Mr. and Mrs. D. G. Wooten, and niece, Miss Bolton of Dallas, Texas, Prof. and Mrs. Plante, and Prof. Boyle.

PLAYER BADLY HURT

John Eagan, '28, of Lyons Hall, was seriously injured in an interhall football game played Sunday between Morrissey Hall and Lyons Hall when he was tackled by two men. Eagan sustained a compound fracture of the leg which was characterized by South Bend surgeons as the worse bone break within their experience.

"FORGOTTEN POETS"

Prof. Charles Phillips addressed the College Women's Club of South Bend Tuesday evening, the subject of his discourse being "Forgotten Poets." The life and writings of Charles Warren Stoddard, many years ago in the Chair of English at Notre Dame, and the poems of Stoddard's friend Ira Coolberth, "the Laureate of California," were discussed by Mr. Phillips.

M'ELROY WINS CONTEST

Paul McElroy, Sophomore A. B. student, is the winner of the five dollar prize offered by the Senior class Hoosier Hop Dance Committee for the best poster entered, advertising this affair. Many original posters of expert design were entered in this contest.
**PRAYER**

Here, at vespers time we used to come and stay
To watch the evening's long blue shadows creep
With soft caress; here lake and lawn would keep
A sweet communal respite from the day.
Here peace and evening always seemed to play
One perfect note: A bell would measure, deep
And low, three Aves. Then the echo, "Sleep"
Returned, and silent we would come away

What need of words? More precious coin had bought
The peace we shared, the prayer that we had learned
That moment when the evening earth had yearned
To pray; we knew, where'er tomorrow brought
Our eager feet, the years would never dim
Remembrance, and the sweet communion of a hymn.

—JOHN O'NEILL.

**WHO IS PROSPERO IMAGE?**

Our friend, Ye Literary Ed, is near death with despair. He has even turned to poetry for consolation, a fact which we, knowing his poetry as we do, deem exceedingly significant. He wants to know who Prospero Image is, and he can't find out. We have done everything to help him, even to the extent of hiring Joe Breig as a private detective. Joe reports, however, that there's no use trying; therefore, it must be so.

As a last resort, and in order to save the already somewhat unsteady mentality of our friend, Ye Literary Ed, we are going to throw a Prospero Image contest. Here are the rules:

1. The contest is opened to everyone except the employes of Hobnails, their families, and mothers-in-law.
2. Typewritten contributions will not be considered.
3. Neat papers will be destroyed and their authors hunted down and slain.
4. Each paper must contain a minute description of Prospero Image, and must include his full name and address. Solutions containing photographs will be burned.
5. All solutions should be addressed to 334 Morrissey, West End of Campus, Near Library, Notre Dame, Indiana.

**THE PRIZES**

2. Well-preserved copy of Genung's Rhetoric, formerly used at the University.
3. Cherished copy of the University catalog for 1924.

**UNDoubtedly!**

Wordsworth must have been thinking of a girl at St. Mary's when he wrote: "She Dwelt Among the Untrodden Ways."

—LE BOSSU.

**THE PAST**

'Tis often said
The past is dead
'Tis wrong: it lives
In Conscience,
Book whose pages red
Are long. It gives—
Through that and
Memories now bled
Of song—
Today its dismalness.

—TOM THUMB.

**MU LI SPEAKS WISDOM**

Marks, said Mu Li, the professor of the University of Pekin,
Are meaningless symbols.
And he flunked five students
As he said it.
Thus do the citizens of the world
Make strange little speeches,
Which mean nothing.
In my heart I am sure
That Mu Li would flunk me,
If I called him,
Respectfully,
A liar.

—LI CHAN.
THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC

LITERARY

Early To Bed
An Old Adage Questioned

EUGENE FARRELL,'28

THE best argument for the superiority of non-existence over existence is, in my estimation, the infernal habit of getting up, into which the human race has fallen.

What! you disagree? Oh! poor creature, you are one of those individuals who retire early, sleep like a log, and jump out of bed at the first call. Pity fills my heart when I realize your sad state. I feel for you, who after all are human, but who have never enjoyed the delights of a dream-filled sleep.

You, dear fellow, are the nadir of my zenith, for I pride myself on going to bed when I please, sleeping with the throttle of my imagination wide open, and then quitting my comfortable bed only when sleep deserts me. I delight in dreams because they take me to far away lands and introduce me to strange people.

Perhaps you think I have blundered off my course and that I am not proving what I set out to prove, but, by your leave, I will correct you. Have you forgotten that the best dreams come in those stolen hours of sleep, those few minutes which make one late for the morning’s first appointment? It is because I am unwilling to forego these languid bits of romanticism that I detest early rising.

I may have already weakened your faith in that overemphasized quotation from “Poor Richard,” which those lowly beings, prefects, have apparently made their great motto. If I have done this, I’ll complete your conversion by taking you with me on a dream-journey. We are off.

Do you notice that the scenery is changing? The dim light of the dormitory has faded and in its stead is a tropical twilight. Before us, far across a blue bay, a range of red hills is outlined against a strip of yellow sky which irresolutely retreats, like a rear-guard of the forces of the Day. The armies of Night are in close pursuit, and in the van are the delicate crescent moon and the majestic Southern Cross. Day is speedily routed by these doughty warriors; Night is now in full possession of the scene. The moon, in a few moments, has picketed the sky with her star-sentinels. The bay has become streaked with silver and the far-off hills have darkened gradually from red to brown, from brown to black.

While we are still enraptured by this beautiful picture, exemplifying the skill of the Master Artist, there comes a terrific explosion and in a twinkling, like the bursting of a bombshell, our picture is shattered. In its place there are now the gloomy dormitory lights and the voice of a prefect growling, “How many times must I tell you guys to get up?”

Do you wonder that I go about preaching a crusade against early rising and against “Poor Richard,” the fraud who encouraged this habit?
Elegy for Oboe and Clavichord

PROSPERO IMAGE

The glitter of the sun,
The singing of the wind,
Mock those who mourn
For Marvax.

Bitterly they mourn
Those who mourn for Marvax.

The taciturn gentleman
In the alpaca coat,
Does not see the tear
That twinkles in his beard.

The lady in the plumed hat
Wrings her jeweled fingers.

The delicate face
Of the slender young lady
Is twisted by sorrow.

Young men weep
With unaccustomed eyes;
Timidly use their handkerchiefs,
Cautiously clear their throats.

Marvax is dead,
Gay, laughing Marvax.
Flowers for his coffin,
Marble for his grave.

His hectic laughter
Will never reach them from this bed.
Six feet of clay,
Grass root,
And Marble!

Why do they bend their heads
Towards the new mound?
Do the taciturn gentleman,
Or the slender young lady,
Think they can hear
Through six feet of clay,
Grass root,
And marble,
The sound of his laughter
His wild wilful laughter?

The glittering sun
And the singing wind
Mock those who mourn,
Those who mourn
For Marvax.
The City In The Morning
J. P. McM.

Monday morning.
Raining.
ALONE . . .

A few unconscious hours on a railroad train.
The woods are gone.
There is no bird sound.
Below the city hums a beautiful, discordant, cadence.
Over the roof of the Public Library with its serried shelved sermons
Looms the spire of the Metropolitan Tower,
Rising majestic, like one of the minarets of St. Sophia's.
Immediately below workmen are demolishing a building
That a greater one may rise in unison
With the strident, screeching, rapping of the trip hammer.
Down Fifth Avenue streams a flood of traffic
Guided by the hand of man,
Stopping, starting, slowing, speeding.
Men hurrying along.
They look so small, these men.
All moving with a purpose—sordid or spiritual—
Moving, moving, moving.
The sky-line broken by a vista of irregular lines,
Man's Cathedrals of Commerce.
It's sublime and beautiful,
The city in the morning.

The city in the morning,
It's grotesque and horrible.
The rivers of traffic.
Men with furrowed brows,
Stopping, starting, slowing speeding,
Pushing onward—selfish—striving, starving.
I want to get away from it all.
I can't breathe.
Tear down these Cathedrals of Commerce
Make place for God's Cathedrals,
The trees.
Stop the rapping of the trip hammer,
That I might hear the tapping of the woodpecker.
Take away the ugly river of Man's toiling traffic.
Let me lie by the peaceful God-guided river
That flows tranquilly, gently,
Onward, onward.
My soul is pent and perishing.
Oh God! remove from me the struggling selfish spirit of the city.
Your streams, your trees, your woods are calling me.
I want to go back.

Alone . . .
Raining . . .
I

T is to enlist the sympathy of those of my fellowmen who are capable of being embarrassed that I unburden my mind of these distressing comments. How unfortunate is the lot of our class—of us who come, in the scale of sensibility, between the careless, crude persons who cannot be embarrassed, and the privileged nobility and the wealthy who are able to rise above embarrassment on the wing of superior breeding or meet it face to face, secure behind the shield of title or the less romantic barricade of pecuniary accumulations! We who abhor the unconventional and have no magic wand to pull us out of difficulties, must blush and stammer and stumble when the antics of Fate prove disconcerting to our sensitive temperaments.

I believe that the form of embarrassment which involves the pecuniary element is the type that proves most discomfiting to the victim. I refer to those particular incidents which often befall us, when one is required to have money—and firmly believes he has it—and then discovers that his pockets are utterly devoid of even a humble penny.

One Sunday I was obliged to dine alone because of the non-appearance of a friend with whom I was to take dinner. I felt that after eating in a cafeteria all week I was entitled to a square meal, so having selected a somewhat pretentious-looking restaurant. I ordered an excellent dinner. Soon I was enjoying the food and feeling very self-satisfied in the midst of many well-dressed people.—This turkey certainly is tender, and what excellent coffee! What shall I have for desert?—Just then some psychical imp inadvertently threw over the switch and side-tracked my pleasant train of thought, bringing it up abruptly against a terrible realization—I had forgotten my pocket-book!

Instantly all tranquil thoughts vanished, and with them that delightful nonchalance and peace that I was enjoying. Confusion reigned among the wreckage of my thoughts. What should I do? Would the Chinese proprietor understand my predicament? He might raise a terrible hubbub about it. But here! I must not allow my confusion to become evident to those about me; this is just a bit of misfortune, there's no use getting excited over it.

Ah! I felt the bulk of my watch in my vest pocket; assured that the proprietor would accept that as security, I resolved to resume my repast. Foolish indeed was the endeavor, for just then the unexpected and decidedly inopportune wailing of a music-box somewhere in the restaurant startled me nearly out of my chair, while the soft approach of a waiter sent chills down my back. With that dreadful realization that I could not pay for my meal hanging over me like the sword of Damocles, I could partake of nothing more. In order to put off the ordeal of explanation a little while longer—human nature is at times that paradoxical—I ordered dessert and made believe I was eating the tasteless stuff.

Finally, no other time-killing device being available, I ran the gauntlet of staring faces on either side of me and pleaded my case before the restaurant owner. Quite naturally—though incomprehensible to me then—he accepted my explanation. I hurried out to procure my money. On returning I hastily paid my bill and, in my excitement, generously tipped the waiter. Then I fled to open air. Serenely I walked up the street, my confidence in humanity increased a hundred-fold by the benevolent, and still incomprehensible act of the Chinese proprietor.

What aversion burned in me for the Ku Klux Klan and for all similar organizations that exists to persecute foreigners! Why, I felt equal to the task of persuading Congress to cancel the Chinese war debt—if there is one. But seriously, dear reader, I had indeed drank deeply from the cup of embarrassment. I sincerely hope that if a similar experience should ever befall me, it will catch me in front of an open-air hot-dog stand, where surrounding billboards will assure me that I am in the United States and not marooned on an Oriental isle.
Collegiate

GEORGE A. KIENER

In days blase, when Right may be
What fancy and one's choice ordain,
Life to Youth is oft a fee
Paid for Pleasure's earthly gain.

Alas! illusioned modern lad,
Embracing tinsel, shunning gold!
Your frank blue eyes tell naught of bad
You simply mock the truths you're told.

Old hoary heads, old minds of years
Have wisdom gleaned from Life's expanse.
They know there's but One Law that cheers
The heart when Youth has danced its dance.

Your scorn, that caustic, biting sting
Meets kindly words from those who know,
And Modern Thought on vulture's wing
Consumes your heart, leaves blakkened woe.

Poor disillusioned man of years!
You've chased the tinsel, shunned the gold.
Your cynic eyes can shed no tears.
You cruelly mock the truths you're told.
Ohio State University makes criminals and then proceeds to break them. Several students are chosen from the class in criminal and legal psychology, and are permitted to do some act or stunt about the campus. The students are tried in the classroom the following day by the instructor, with the class as a jury. An association test with the suspect seated before a chronoscope constitutes the trial. Printed words are dropped one at a time. The suspect is asked to speak the first word which comes to his mind and the length of time between showing the word and giving the response is noted by the chronoscope. Crucial and non-crucial words are interspersed; with crucial words pertaining to the crime committed. The guilt or innocence of a student is then determined on a basis of time. This appears to be highly developed propaganda for a stammering school where a degree is offered with the correction of the defect following five lessons.

Columbia students, New York, lived in style for a short time this school year at the expense of the university. School dormitories had not been completely constructed upon their arrival and they were told to find lodging at hotels. Some stayed at the Ritz Carlton while others rented rooms at the Plaza where lodgings amounted to twelve dollars a night.—Discovering that a rope strong enough to withstand the strain of a tug of war between the twelve hundred members of the freshman and sophomore classes would cost at least one thousand dollars, the Princeton Senior council has decided to abolish the event. Scientists at the college found that the rope would have to be one thousand feet long and three inches thick to withstand the onslaught of both warring classes.

Following a pep meeting at the University of Michigan, students left the campus for the invasion of the down-town districts of Ann Arbor. Police resorted to tear gas to disperse the crowd which attempted to force itself into several theatres. Students gathered before the police station and showered it with old fruit and vegetables, but when one more daring than the others hurled a brick through the window of the municipal building, the police replied with tear gas. Rioters turned on the weeps and left for the campus.

Dean Raymond A. Kent of Northwestern University has devised a scheme through which the ratio of men and women attending school is to be artificially controlled in the future. There must be four hundred and fifty men for every three hundred and fifty women according to the announcement and the action has been taken “in order to increase the professional atmosphere of Northwestern, and to protect the men.” Notre Dame heads have admitted that it will be some time before a campaign is conducted for “More and Better Ladies.”

The result of the Freshman information tests given at Newcomb College, New Orleans, were announced recently showing much misinformation and an average grade of 57.5. Calvin, the religious reformer, was identified as the present president of the United States; Sampson was said to have fallen before the wiles of some Irish lady named Delia; Lord Wellington was the English general who was defeated at Bunker Hill; and Cotton Mather was discovered to be the inventor of the cotton gin, giving the world a hitherto unknown secret about the famous Puritan Divine. But as one freshman said, “to hate is human; to forgive divine.”

Curly hair will soon be seen on the campus of Ohio Wesleyan University. The embargo on curling irons, in effect since 1835 has been lifted. Until the present, the deans of women of that institution have held that a curling iron was a dangerous “weapon,” and have forbidden the article in the halls of residence. An added addition to the feminine stock of weapons.
Irish Hurricane Stops Golden Tornado

That enlightened king of the barometer who thought that a tornado could not be harnessed received a severe blow in the head last Saturday afternoon when he saw Mr. Knute Rockne's Thundering Herd blow two touchdowns over Georgia Tech and win 12 to 0.

Advanced reports said that the Golden Tornado of the south, well barricaded with a passing attack that knew no defense, intended to blow the Fightin' Irish into a tangled mass of worthless debris but Mr. Rockne's boys did not allow the erroneous reports to trouble their academic minds.

Rather they unloosed something in the nature of a fierce squall during the first half of the game and having convinced themselves that damage had been done, they crawled back into their shells and were content with a bit of listless fooling around.

The gnarled boards of Cartier Field, which are supposed to hold 30,000 if the occasion demands, did not even creak slightly last week because a scant 12,000 showed up to see the Georgia boys put on their annual tussle with the Irish.

Some of the public prints were very rude in saying that Mr. Rockne's lads disported themselves in a very delicate manner and were afraid that they might accumulate too much sweat in their leather millinery but they forgot that these Irish have a tough conflict within the next two weeks and can take no chances that might result disastrously.

IRISH CONTENT WITH TWO MARKERS

The Irish extended themselves just enough to put over the desired two touchdowns, which the board of strategy deemed sufficient to place the encounter in the cooler, and then settled down into a calm stride that favored much of absolute peace of mind.

Meanwhile the suave gentlemen of the south, neatly attired in jerseys and spotless white socks, opened up various bags of tricks which appeared menacing at times but just as soon as a vestige of danger loomed Mr. Rockne, perched in his regular place on the side-lines, tipped his grey slouch hat according to the code and the blue clad warriors of Notre Dame bucked down to the task in a most impressive manner.

Much of the tameness of the game might have been attributed to the indisposition of some few of the Irish regulars. Twisted ankles, sore ribs and bum shoulders as well as sundry hurts of different kinds, were marked up after the names of Edwards, McMannon, Wynne and others of the Antelopes so the Irish grid master allowed his charges a brief respite.

But the capable lads who did fill the breach did their work in a satisfactory manner and amply proved that a squad of 80 is not impressive in size only. Second, third and fourth stringers were injected into the fray at opportune moments and all came through with the goods.

TOUCHDOWNS COME EARLY

Following their Cartier Field policy the Irish pushed over a touchdown before the afternoon's gridiron tea had a chance to come to a boil. Less than five minutes after the initial whistle the Georgians found that their goal line had been rudely trampled upon. The event did not happen again until the second quarter when Bucky Dahman connected with the second and last touchdown of the game.

Mr. John Roach, of Appleton, Wisconsin, whose ceaseless wanderings between Badin
and Sorin mark him as the Notre Dame man without a hall, was a conspicuous figure in the first marker. Teamed with his graceful colleagues, Charley Reilly, Johnny Niemic and Red Smith, he sliced the Georgia line at will and had the honor of going over for the first touchdown.

After Notre Dame had kicked off deep into Georgia territory Parham, Tornado left half punted to his own 40 yard line and the Irish tempest began to make relief necessary. Roach twisted his way around right end for 20 yards and aided by Smith advanced the ball to the Georgia five yard line. Smith and Chevigny made short gains and then Roach pranced across. Smith's try for the extra point was not of the score producing variety.

A see-saw attack marked the latter part of the first quarter and part of the second period. Both Notre Dame and Georgia Tech punted frequently but the burden of the attack rested with the Irish who pushed into Georgia territory often only to lose the ball on downs or punt rather than undergo the fatigue of plunging the ball.

But towards the middle of the second period the necessity of scoring a touchdown for safety's sake appeared to the Blue and Gold and once they had cast aside their wooden shoes the speed moccasins which they substituted lost no time in striding down the chalk marks.

**TORNADO TOSSES INEFFECTUAL**

O'Boyle, whose plunging and short dash off tackle was one of the bright spots of the game, sauntered through tackle for a 30 yard gain and it was first down on the Georgia 40 yard line. However, O'Boyle's trick leg deserted him and he had to be carried from the field after the play. McCabe, who replaced O'Boyle, dived after Niemic's short put speedy pass and netted 18 yards. Dahman and Niemic carried the ball alternately to the five yard mark and from that point Dahman plunged over, failing to add the extra point soon after.

The third and fourth periods were listless affairs and only the sincere work of the Georgia Tech backfield kept the spectators from chattering their paws apart. Vaunted as a passing machine, the Tornado took to the air frequently and not without a fair success, either but whenever it got within scoring territory this Notre Dame defense acted very clamish.

Barron, a brother of the renowned Penn State hurdler of a few years back, was the main cog in the Georgia outfit. His brilliant running and passing were the life of the Tornado backfield and frequently he broke away on runs that would have proved disastrous if the Irish secondary defense had not been alert. Harry O'Boyle's efforts were of the spectacular variety and had his temperamental knee gone the right course he alone might have run wild. But his 10, 15 and 20 yard ambles were the basis of the Irish offense early in the game.

Lineup and summary:

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<thead>
<tr>
<th>NOTRE DAME (12)</th>
<th>GEORGIA TECH (0)</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Walsh</td>
<td>L.E. Crowley</td>
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<td>Riley</td>
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<td>Georgia Tech</td>
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**Touchdown**—Roach and Dahman.

**Substitutes**—Notre Dame—O'Boyle for R. Smith; Niemic for Roach; Dahman for Chevigny; Wallace for Maxwell; McNally for Riley; Boeringer for Monihan; Voedisch for Walsh; Benda for Wallace; Parisien for McNally; McCabe for O'Boyle; Flanagan for Niemic; Hearden for Dahman; Riley for Parisien; R. Smith for McCabe; Monihan for Boeringer; Maxwell for Benda; Mayer for Lippig; Miller for Hogan.

Georgia Tech—Brewer for McRae; Hearn for Pool; Smith for Purham; Tharsh for Hood; Irwin for Marshall; Bullard for Crowley; Reed for Barron; Angley for Drennan; Randolph for Murray; Parham for Smith; Horn for Parham; Drennan for Angley; McRae for Brewer; Brewer for McRae; Rurant for Reed; Smith for Horn; Jamieson for Randolph.

**Officials**—Referee, Birch (Earlham); umpire, Carrithers (Illinois); head linesman, Wyatt (Missouri); field judge, Streit (Alabama). —F.E.D.
PAT PAGE'S HOOSIERS, VOWING SURE COMEBACK, INVADE CARTIER SATURDAY

Sycamore and corn stalks are burning skyward these brisk nights down in the wilds of southern Indiana for the enthusiastic Hoosiers who make their homes near the murky waters of the Wabash are looking forward to a big event.

Rumors that Mr. Pat Page, who up until a few months ago was the football destiny at Butler College and who is now the sleigh-driver at Indiana, will send his crimson-clad lads against Mr. Knute Rockne's Fighting Irish, have been verified.

That's why they're raising so much fuss in southern Indiana. It's considered within the bounds of possibility that these same crimson Indiana gridders can slap Mr. Rockne's outfit in the face just enough to bowl them over for the first time this year. Hence they are working up to a crisis for the big feast.

Five thousand ladies and gentlemen who are taking French with their meals and cramming in engineering between times, will accompany Mr. Page's Hoosiers to South Bend they're all set on seeing a slaughter of some kind or another and that is improbable.

Wise crackers, who are earning their meals by pounding dilapidated typewriters and telling the world how the next week's encounter will wind up, agree that a slaughter is in prospect but they are figuring Indiana as the sacrifice.

IRISH AFTER SIXTH STRAIGHT

They point that Mr. Rockne's quick change artists have romped to five straight victories with more or less ease whereas Mr. Page's bold lads have won only twice and have lost to three teams. Since these Hoosiers do their banqueting in the select circles of the Ten, Saturday's game is expected to be another exhibition in which that organization's colors are dipped quite severely by these rawhide Irishmen.

Mr. Page's eleven has not scored in the last three games and there's a chance that his offense won't do anything bold in this week's game. Having tried twice against Northwestern and once against Wisconsin, the Hoosier lads are starting to think that Mr. Stagg's prophecy about "millions for defense and not one for offense" is a good idea when armless men get together. Northwestern and Indiana, whose love for each other must be quite deep since they have played twice this year already, completed their series with the Wildcats will in the van. The scores were 20 to 0 and 20 to 0 and it wasn't Indiana who had the 20's either. Then Wisconsin came along with a 28 to 0 romp over the Hoosiers and set the latter further back in the mud.

BENNETT, SIBLEY ARE THREATS

And now, worked up to a hot frenzy, the Hoosiers are vowing that they'll take out their wrath on the Irish. They've been pointing for the game, it's said, and everything is in readiness. Mr. Bennett and Mr. Sibley whose work is quite outstanding in the Crimson backfield, are prepared for work and they're confident that they can make Mr. Boeringer and other Irish linemen get their silk pants soiled considerably.

But these Irish are too far along to let an Indiana menace set them back, it's said. With five pelts in the sack and the biggest one of the season only a week in the future, Mr. Rockne's energetic lads are prepared to sweep the Hoosiers out of the way and then go after the real game. It's even hinted that the bald-headed Notre Dame mentor will use third and fourth stringers again because his big guns must do plenty of firing against the Army.

However, these southern Indiana bonfires are still burning, for where it smoulders, it's liable to flame.

With the whole nation applauding the deeds of his first eleven it would be supposed that Knute Rockne would be putting in his time developing the latest edition of his Wonder Teams. However, that is not the case. At present he is spending most of his time with the third, fourth and fifth teams. Six tough opponents to be met on successive Saturdays, will call for a lot of reserve material, Rockne thinks, and then too, it is admitted that he is building for the future.

—J. P. M'NAMARA.
Speaking Of A Genuine Thrill

ELMER WYNNE

Perhaps one must brood and meditate over a thought for a long time before it really becomes of any consequences to him. It's probably that way with a thrill as well as anything else. The more you think about it and wonder why it came out your way, the more you understand just how much it means to you.

Our latest engagement with Northwestern isn't even two weeks old and I've had only a few days to think it over but believe me those days have been ones with kicks in them. Every time I think of the game it gives me a shudder for things might have turned out far differently.

All the publicity they gave to that game and all the columns about celebrities attending it, determining the outstanding team of the middle west and other such angles had their effect, because it really did appear as a game of some moment.

Then again the fact that Notre Dame had beaten Northwestern 13 to 6 and 13 to 0 in two successive years made Northwestern appear as the jinx team in the path of the Blue and Gold. The fact that Ralph Baker had been such a threat for two years and would make his third and final attempt to beat the Irish added much impetus. All in all the game was something in the nature of a tense moment in a good show.

That first half was about as dramatic as you would want. It seems that the defense was suffering from off-color for the Purple backs advanced the ball with monotonous regularity and they were parading to a touchdown apparently. Twice they had it down there in scoring territory and our own goal posts loomed up a bit too closely for safety.

But forward passes were the things in that game. In the second quarter Tom Hearden snared one right on his own goal line. After Baker had let it go and after it had soared up toward the goal line I thought that things were shot but Hearden was on the job and right there was the crisis that just about turned the game.

Parisien's passing in the last quarter wasn't anything to be calm and apathetic about, though. His two fine throws which resulted in a touchdown surely turned the black clouds into golden ones. Especially was that last flip to Niemic an exciting one for it was so sudden and unexpected that it found the Purple team napping.

HOCKEY CANDIDATES CALLED

Forty-six aspirants for the 1927 Notre Dame hockey squad answered the first call of Goshen Dubois Tuesday noon, and were told his plans for the coming season. A schedule unprecedented in the history of Notre Dame hockey is being arranged, and will include besides the usual games with Minnesota, Saint Thomas', Wisconsin, Marquette. Games with the I. A. C. and C. A. A. and a dandy jaunt far from home environs. Manager Jimmy Jones is working with Coach Dubois on this trip and the itinerary will be announced soon. However, it can be said at this time that there will be one game at Madison Square Garden, New York.

Hockey prospect for this year are exceptionally bright, as seven of last years' eight monogram men are back. These men are: Hicock (Capt.), McSorley, Martin, Boeringer, Murphy, Stadell, and Holland. Twenty-one of the forty-six candidates are eligible for varsity competition, and many of them besides the returning monogram men are of proved ability. The remaining twenty-five freshmen will be eligible for more than half the games, as these contests are with schools or athletic associations where the one-year residence rule is waived.

Until the arrival of ice weather, Coach Dubois will work towards perfecting the physical condition of his men. Road and gym work was started Wednesday. This work will be supplanted by chalk talks, and shooting practice on a smooth board floor. As soon as it is deemed advisable, the rink will be constructed between Badin and Walsh Halls. It will be nearly half again as long and much wider than the rink of last year, and there will be added facilities for flooding.
Splinters From The Press Box

The famous bowl of gruel which could not maintain its equilibrium on the table edge came to no more sorrowful disaster than did three or four of the country’s football landmarks, last Saturday.

It all started when the Navy bested Michigan 10 to 0, in a little game of keep-away which had chosen Baltimore as the trysting spot. And far in the west, at Palo Alto, California, to be exact, the Stanford Bears eked out a 13 to 12 win over Southern California, touted as the best on the coast.

Dartmouth’s winter sport festival seems to have started early for the Big Green toboggan was still on the go last weekend. Brown wallop ed the boys from Hanover making the third straight defeat for the latter, who were up among the top notchers last year.

Notre Dame’s prize ball toters did not see much action in the Georgia Tech fracas. Edwards’ foot, which was mistaken for a steering wheel by an astute Wildcat the week previous, was favored with a rest while Elmer Wynne’s excitable shoulder also took a vacation. It is probable that minor injuries will be favored in the Indiana game, too, because perfect shape will be necessary when Army game time rolls around.

A man whose name is connected with the greatest football team in history, the 1924 Notre Dame eleven, was sitting on the Georgia Tech bench Saturday in the capacity of opposing coach. He was none other than Don Miller, right half back of the Four Horsemen whose fierce gambols set the grid-iron world agog. Miller’s football knowledge was reflected in the Tornado backfield which worked in a snappy, proficient manner.

That the Irish are now considered potential national champions cannot be denied. Army, Navy, and Notre Dame are the only three undefeated teams whose playing with one another can lead to well-based claims on a national title. Rockne’s prediction that an Army victory over Notre Dame would make the Army-Navy game a championship one sounds logical.

Keeping in accord with the weekly policy of hit and miss this score is ventured: Indiana 0; Notre Dame 20.

—GHOUL POST III.

FATHER MOONEY’S MAULERS SINK FRESHMAN COLORS

Proving Jimmy Crusinberry’s assertion that there is nearly as good material on the waiter’s teams as there is on the varsity, Father Mooney’s Maulers from Freshman Hall stepped out last Friday and pulled a sneaker by taking down the Freshman Varsity 6 to 2. Most of the boys on both squads are so friendly that they occasionally sign each other out, but verily, brethren, at the end of the game the buddies who bit out of the same plug were ready to bite out of each other’s ears.

The third Frosh Varsity squad started, but it was unable to cope with the attack of the boys from the Pasteboard Palace, and was replaced by the second stringers. This outfit and the Maulers battled back and forth hammer and tongs for nearly three quarters, until a sprightly youth by the name of Keeneally, quarter of the Maulers, decided that this thing had gone far enough. So this lad hied himself over towards the right and threw a pass that was a pass to Bambrick, a half who is a half. Bambrick caught the oval in the most approved and most valuable manner, and it did not matter after his touchdown that the goal kick went wrong.

In the last quarter the Maulers were confronted with the task of holding the Frosh Varsity regulars, but instead of becoming awe-stricken, Father Mooney’s boys settled down and pretty much held their own. With a few minutes to play, they showed real headwork when they voluntarily made a
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safety, rather than kick from behind their goal line. From then on the Maulers held their opponents safe.

**FRESHMAN HALL (6) FRESHMAN VARSITY (2)**

| Hardacker | L.E. | Jones |
| Smith     | L.T. | Carrol |
| Ullrich   | L.G. | Walsh |
| Logan     | C.   | Kassis |
| Martin    | R.G. | Metzger |
| Endress   | R.T. | Eagleton |
| Wilmot    | R.E. | Velt |
| Kenneally | Q.B. | Sylvester |
| Bambrick  | R.H. | Mullens |
| Kingsley  | L.H. | Murphy |
| Listzwan  | F.B. | Dailey |

Touchdown: Bambrick.
Safety (Intentional): Freshman Hall.—E.J.M.

**BEARCATS WIN, 7-6**

Brownson’s Bearcats paraded to a clever 7 to 6 victory over Battle Creek, Mich., College at Battle Creek last Saturday afternoon.

Although they played a team supposed to be far above their caliber, the Bearcats showed a strong defense and snappy offense throughout the game and elicited much praise by their steady work.

Brownson’s score came in the first quarter when Dew, Purple right halfback, took the ball on a delayed cross buck and ran 48 yards for a touchdown. He kicked goal soon after and it afterwards developed that the extra point was the winning margin.

Brownson carried the ball often in the second and third quarters and twice was in striking distance of the Battle Creek goal but the Michigan line tightened. The Michigan team did not score until the last quarter when Stammates ran round right end for 50 yards and a marker. He missed goal.

Dew’s offensive work and Sebesta’s efficient playing at guard featured the game. The all-around playing of Stammates, Battle Creek halfback, was the bright spot in the Michigan team’s playing.

**NORTHWESTERN FALLS BEFORE IRISH HARRIERS**

Indications of another great cross country season were seen last Friday afternoon at Cartier Field when Notre Dame’s crack harrier squad outran the Northwestern team, 22 to 33.

It was the second win in as many starts for Coach Johnny Wendland’s boys and they looked more impressive by far than they did in their previous workout. All of Wendland’s runners seem to have worked into the best of shape and are now ready for the bigger meets of the season.

“Scrapiron” Young, the sturdy Irish two-miler, who seems to get stronger as he goes farther, was out in front by the customary 200 yards and won the race handily. Furry, of Northwestern, finished second and the Brown brothers, John, the sophomore and Bill, the Junior, brought up third and fourth places. A Northwestern runner came in sixth while Phelan, DeGroot and Captain Nulty followed in close order.

Nine men ran for each team but only five of them were eligible for point scoring.

Indiana and Notre Dame cross country squads will race over the Notre Dame five mile course to-morrow morning, Coach Wendland announces.

Do you believe in signs?

Knute K. Rockne, who has garnered some fame by coaching the Fighting Irish, does.

If some day, you should wander into the confines of the varsity dressing rooms in the gym here, the thing that would strike you first would be a galaxy of neatly designed signs devoted to pigskin topics. They are as nicely executed as show cards in a big department store and are to the point.

“A good Interferer never looks back,” “A Winner Never Quits and a Quitter Never Wins,” “Pep,” “Intestinal fortitude is all that counts,” and “One for all and all for one,” are a few samples of this week’s edition of the signs.

Teamwork is stressed. Perhaps the main sign from Rock’s point of view is the one that reads: “It’s not how you look that counts but how the team makes out.” And his protegees seem to take to their training.

Rockne believes that it pays to advertise, and you’ll agree when you learn that the last thing the team sees as it leaves the shower rooms for the field is a sign with large blue letters that reads “We Deliver.” —And they do!
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