1872--1926

To Helen
*The Matator In Black*

Billy Walked A Mile
*George A. Scheuer*

On Learning To Smoke
*B. C.*

The Great Contention
*Sr. M. Symphoria, P.H.J.C.*
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IDEAL LAUNDRY

... This is Our 11th Year of Service
To Notre Dame Students
Rather phenomenal the way pleasantries form the chain of college life. As the football season draws to a close the pencil marks on calendars become more numerous and the days until vacation time diminish in proportion to anxiety to remain on the campus during the holidays. We have heard that the men from Indiana take a painful ride only too often regarding their home state; but this is one season when the men who live nearby can watch the far eastern and western fellows from the observation platform and give three lusty cheers for the midwest.

Now is the time for all good sports writers to choose all-American teams. From every corner of the country comes the ranking of the eleven best men who represent the peak of gridiron attainments for the season. And that all brings us back to the position of our own football team this season. We know that there are men out there who have been mentioned on national teams and sectional during this summary period. Last Saturday at Carnegie the scales tipped on us and the low measure was portioned to Notre Dame for the first time this season. There was an excellent spirit among the student body when the team returned but here and there one can find those who did not find defeat so easy to take as victory had been. Perhaps they had been acquainted with the victorious atmosphere more intimately, perhaps they were born poor losers. The point in question is that there are enough outsiders ready to grasp any opportunity to give the university the traditional going over. When vacation time comes and we return home there will be a much different melody singing forth from the lips of the boys back home. Then the tune of those who were out of key on the campus will change. They will defend the men from every debatable view. We know this positively; we know that in his heart every man on the campus is back of the team; then why wait until Christmas to prove this?

Following close on the heels of the second year men, the junior class held a meeting in the library last week to determine the date of the junior prom. Getting an early start is the surest way to terminate in a dance of real worth and we feel that next February when the most important event for the future seniors takes place the fruits of these early birds will be clearly written on the smooth ball room floor.

The Dome photographers made their last visit of the year last week. The editors report the co-operation given them by the two upper classes is hitting a pace that promises to gain momentum and perfection as the long winter months mould themselves into the background and the more welcome spring will be topped off with the resultant Dome of ’27.

Across the road the ground has been broken for the new dining hall. The Scholastic carried architectural designs for this campus addition in the past two issues. Now we see the heavy trucks carrying the dirt over to the banks of the St. Mary’s Lake, and work actually begun. This new building will mean a great deal to the student body when it is completed and will add another link to the strong chain that promises to link the greater Notre Dame together.

The Wrangler’s Club showed its colors at a banquet in Robertson’s Tea Room Wednesday evening. The Scribblers’ met and listened to four prepared papers by fellow members. John Cullinan, Dick Eipers and John O’Neill went through the ordeal with ease; but when President Grady’s one-act play “Career” was read considerable fruitful discussion took place. A great amount of heat was generated but the meeting resulted in a clear cut literary criticism which before all is the aim of the Scribblers men.

—W. H. L.
ROCKMEN KEEP SWELL
GRID ATTENDANCE MARK

While the statisticians are going wild over
gridiron attendance and records, it occurs
that this year's Notre Dame team has shown
its wares before as many as the majority of
them.

Although the Irish have not played to
large home crowds, their foreign excursions
have been huge attractions and on several
away-from-home tours they broke all exist­
ing marks. This was especially true of the
Northwestern and Army games.

Taking for granted the prediction that a
hundred thousand will see the Trojans and
Irish clash in Los Angeles tomorrow after­
noon the total attendance at the ten Notre
Dame games will be 399,000. Few elevens
can boast of a higher total attendance. Here
are the figures:

Beloit .................. 15,000
Minnesota ............... 45,000
Penn State ............... 18,000
Northwestern ............ 41,000
Georgia Tech ............ 15,000
Indiana .................. 20,000
Army ..................... 80,000
Drake ................... 20,000
Carnegie Tech .......... 45,000
Southern California .....100,000

Total ................... 399,000

EAST-PENNERS MEET

With 40 members present the East Penn
club met Wednesday night in the south room
of the Library and future activities were
discussed.

President, "Vine" McNally called the
meeting to order at eight o'clock and the
reports of the various committees were read.
Those in charge of "Joe Boland Night" pro­
mise to make that event one which will not
be quickly forgotten.

After considerable discussion it was de­
cided to hold the Xmas dance in Philadel­
phia instead of in Bethlehem, Pa., and a new
committee on arrangements was appointed.
All business at hand being attended to the
meeting was adjourned at 9 o'clock.

POETRY CONTEST LENGTHENED

Due to a decision of the Scribblers made
in their meeting Tuesday evening, campus
poets will be allowed until December 15 to
submit manuscripts for consideration in the
poetry contest being conducted by the club.
Of late the contest has been moving rapidly,
many poems being submitted at the last mo­
ment, but the Scribblers wish every able man
on the campus to be entered in the contest,
so they have lengthened the time. The con­
test will therefore close at noon, Dec. 15.
Prizes of $15, $10 and $5 will be awarded
for the three best poems. Every man on the
campus is eligible for entrance. Manuscripts
must be typewritten, three copies of each
poem being necessary, and should be slipped
under the door of 331 Morressey Hall.
Names of authors must be placed in a sepa­
rate envelope together with the titles of the
poems submitted. No names may appear
on the manuscripts.

PLAN XMAS DANCE

The Chicago Club has completed arrange­
ments for its most elaborate Christmas
Formal which will be held at The Drake in
its spacious quarters along the Avenue of
Palms, the same room used last week for the
brilliant Army and Navy Formal Reception.
This dance, an annual institution of the
Chicago Club, has as its guest yearly a large
number of the men from distant states who
spend their Christmas vacation in the vicin­
ity of Chicago. They are again this year
assured of an evening that will stand out in
the whirl of the vacation's social activities.

Music will be heard from Joe Rudolph and
his Rainbow Garden Orchestra who have
been broadcasting over WQJ for the past
year. Eddie McLaughlin and Gene O'Brien
struck a lucky note when they secured the
services of this band, for it happens that
they will be enjoying a short period of rest
between contracts, one of expiration at the
Rainbow, and the new one which carries
them to the Edgewater for a year.

Gene Brennan has accepted a bid on the
favor, which will be beautiful——? Come
over to The Drake, Monday, December 27,
and dance from 9:30 until satisfied.—R.L.M.
NOTRE DAME ON TOP

Christy Flanagan's name is known and honored wherever the manly game of football is known. His sixty-two yards in the game between Notre Dame and the Army made Notre Dame a winner by a score of 7 to 0!

Notre Dame is a wonderful institution! Its record for manly sport plus its record in the intellectual arena plus its religious and moral stamina has made Notre Dame University an honor to America, a joy to parents and a glory to the church! Well done, Notre Dame! Prospera! Procede! Regna!—Western Catholic.

TESTIMONIAL DINNER

The Notre Dame Club of St. Joseph's Valley announces a civic testimonial dinner to be given in honor of the football team at the Oliver Hotel, December 16. The outside speakers will include Warren Brown, Sport Editor of the Herald and Examiner, and Coach Jimmie Phelan of Purdue, who is a former Notre Dame man. The St. Joe Valley Club is one of the most active Notre Dame Clubs in the country and is to be commended for the fine work it is accomplishing.

DETOUR MEN BANQUET

The newly organized Detroit Club will hold its initial banquet of the year Thursday evening at seven o'clock in the Morning-side Club. Professor Clarence Manion will preside in the capacity of toastmaster. Professor Manion's excellence in this role was well demonstrated at a recent pep meeting. One other campus celebrity, to be chosen later, will address the club.

The officers chosen by the motor city men to guide the club's destinies include: Robert Hennes, '27, President; James McFarlane, '27, Vice-President; George Guettler, '27, Secretary, and Walter H. Layne, '27, Treasurer.

Contractors are already breaking ground for the new dining hall which will be ready the first of next September. The building will accommodate all students.
FRONING ADDRESSES ENGINEERS

The November meeting of the Engineers' Club was held last Friday in the Badin Hall lounge room. Herbert Braun, chairman of the program committee, introduced the various features. The program was arranged by Mr. Braun in conjunction with Leon Brezinski, and was presented by the Chemical Engineers.

Prof. Froning, head of the Department of Chemistry, spoke on "Chemistry in Engineering Curricula." After a few words on the good already accomplished by the Engineers' Club and suggesting several new fields of activity for the organization, he traced the probable development of the engineering profession from its origin to its present state. Starting from the age in which military operations furnished the only incentive for engineering ingenuity, he showed how the growing demands of an ever-progressing mankind were met first only by the civil engineer, then also by the mechanical, until in the present day a multitude of subdivisions of the profession are required for the work of civilization. "Naturally these fields interlap and so no one engineer can be ignorant of the basic principles or science underlying the rest... In general an engineer may be defined as a man with a broad scientific training who can apply this knowledge successfully to profitable industrial production." Prof. Froning then went on to demonstrate how chemistry had won its place in every branch of engineering, so much so as to displace older branches in many fields. He continued, "Chemical development has been responsible for the progress made in the solution of some of the greatest problems of the day, e. g., corrosion of iron and steel... Haslam, one of the great Chemical Engineers of the United States recently said, 95 percent of all energy for mechanical and electrical power in the United States is released and made available through a chemical process, combustion... The importance of chemistry in the field of power development is realized seldom by chemists, infrequently by the engineer, and almost never by the general public."

Wallace and Robert Schulze contributed much to the success of the meeting. Wallace Schulze showed new possibilities of the saxophone in the field of light classical music, relaxing between times with a mouth organ. Robert accompanied him very creditably at the piano.

Raoul Flores appeared in a little skit that conveyed the moral: Don't take engineering too seriously. After a few minutes of anecdote and advice, Senor Flores revived the Charleston in a fashion that startled the engineers and would have thrilled even those who visit the Palace more frequently.

Bud Topping, besides laudably pounding the piano himself, recruited some of the other talent of Badin Hall, who volunteered to contribute to the entertainment. Mr. Charles Beretz with his violin, Mr. Hebert at the piano, and Mr. John McShane in a series of songs and dances brought down the house with applause that was scarcely checked by serving refreshments, and could only be terminated by swinging into the Victory March and opening the doors.

—R.G.H.

A. I. E. E. MEETING

F. W. Golder of South Bend, district superintendent of the Indiana Bell Telephone Company, spoke to the A. I. E. E., Notre Dame branch, in Chemistry Hall last Tuesday evening, November 23. Mr. Golder's talk concerned the standardization of design in construction and maintenance practice in telephone work, and its effect on service. He gave a comprehensive outline of this phase of telephony, paying attention to service troubles such as he met in practice.

Monday evening, December 6, the A. I. E. E. will hold a meeting in the Engineering Building. Student members will perform various interesting experiments on high tension currents, using a Teslar coil. Eats are promised.

WATCHES FOUND

Two watches have been found and given to Brother Alphonsus. Owner may recover these watches by calling at the Brownson Hall throne and identifying them.
CLUB NOTICE

All Clubs and other Campus organizations are requested to notify Joe P. McNamara, Corby Hall, Director of Publicity at Notre Dame, concerning their prospective activities during the coming Christmas holidays. Students are asked to inform Mr. McNamara of any activities or events that should be sent to their home papers. It is the aim of the University to centralize all publicity concerning Notre Dame, and thus to eradicate false rumors that may arise. Co-operation of Campus bodies will enable this effort to be realized.

HOWARD HALL MELTING POT

The following states (or countries) are represented in Howard Hall this year: Arizona, California, Connecticut, Colorado, Chile, S. A., District of Columbia, Florida, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Massachusetts, Michigan, Mississippi, Minnesota, Missouri, Montana, New Hampshire, Nebraska, Nevada, New Jersey, New York, Pennsylvania, Oklahoma, Ohio, Oregon, Texas, Virginia and Wisconsin.

WRANGLERS ELECT NEW MEMBERS

Three new members were taken into the Wranglers Club at their meeting last Wednesday evening. Several names were proposed and after due consideration of the ability of every candidate John Cavanaugh, Robert Fogarty, and Mark Frerer were admitted to membership.

John Cavanaugh is a prominent campus dramatist and was the winner of the Barry contest for elocution last year. Robert Fogarty was a member of the Freshman debating team of '25 and has shown an unusual interest in forensic events. Marc Frerer is president of the Law Club and has been the chief promotor of debating among members of that organization. All of the men will be initiated at a banquet to be given in their honor at the Morningside Club next Wednesday.

The Wranglers are all primed for their debate with the University of Sidney on December 13. The subject for discussion is "Resolved, That prohibition is desirable and should be retained." The Australians will come to Notre Dame with a vast knowledge of the subject, having debated it all over the country, as well as well trained in the art of wrangling. All of the members of the Sydney team are graduates of the college and have taught politics and economics.

NEW JERSEY CLUB DANCE

Already discussions are being heard relative to the various Christmas dances that will be held by Notre Dame students over the entire country. President Joe Nulty, of the New Jersey Club, reports bright prospects for the annual dance of that club somewhere in Newark, perhaps the Newark A. C. the scene of the past few Yuletide dances.

He also reports the selection of Richard L. Novak, as general chairman, and the following who will comprise the various committees, a subdivision of which will be made later: Jack Wingerter, Gerald Griffin, Robert Huetz, Jerry Froelich, Carl Zwigard, John McLaughlin, Leo Hughes, Anthony Ceres, Charles McCarthy, Jock Cosgrove, George O'Brien and Sam Colarusso.

ENGINEERS GET TOGETHER

The Notre Dame Engineers gathered in Badin Rec Friday evening, November 25, to hear a prayer by Professor Froning, to be entertained, and to eat. All of these things were accomplished.

Prof. Froning, head of the department of Chemical Engineering, took the defense for chemistry, a subject that lacks popularity for all but chemists. Mr. Froning sketched the development of engineering through the ages, pointing out the inter-dependence of the many modern engineering branches. He made clear with numerous examples that every engineer must have a reasonable knowledge of chemical science. When he had finished, everyone present had been converted to that belief.

A program of musical numbers and fancy stepping put the tech men into the proper mood to enjoy refreshments. The eats topped off a very successful session.
FLORIDA STATE CLUB ORGANIZED

On last Monday evening the first meeting of the newly organized Florida State Club was held in the north basement room of the library. Election of officers was held and Tom Cary was tendered the office of president, while Walter Shelly received the position of vice-president, Louis Mahan, secretary, and Russell Christy, treasurer. All the newly elected officers were chosen by a unanimous vote.

This is the first time in the history of the school that Notre Dame has had a Florida Club. There are now twenty students attending the university who claim as their home the state of cyclones, sunshine, and citrus fruit.

Regular times for meetings have been decided upon by the new organization—the first and third Thursday evenings of each month. And, of course, the club will have a regularly executed constitution, which, it is hoped, will foster a sense of loyalty and honor to Florida and Notre Dame, and a sense of respect to Roberts' Rules of Orders.

PITT CLUB DANCE

Arrangements have been completed for the second annual Ball of the Pittsburgh Club, according to D. M. Meinert, president, which is to be held January first at the Pittsburgh Field Club. The Club is very fortunate in procuring the Field Club through Alfred J. Diebold, Jr., whose father is president. It has been decided to give perfume flasks with a seal of the club and the Notre Dame seal on opposite sides. Supper will be served at eleven thirty. The tax is six dollars a couple.


ROCHESTER CLUB BANQUET

The reception of the play-by-play returns of the Notre Dame-Southern California game by radio will be the feature of a banquet to be held by the Rochester Club at Robertson's Tea Rooms on December 4. The radio was obtained by the courtesy of the Robertson Company.

Mark Fitzgerald, who has headed the general committee, will act as toastmaster at the banquet. He has already arranged a program that contains many features and is at present planning on additional features.

Gus Jenkins who is chairman of the committee on entertainment promises to have not a few campus celebrities on the program which he is arranging.

It is expected that final plans for the Christmas dance to be held in Rochester will be discussed at the banquet. Because of the many features on the program it is expected that a representative gathering will be present.

SCRIBBLERS WRANGLE

The Scribblers held their most active meeting of the year in the Library Monday evening. Works from the pens of four members were read and later discussed by the embryonic Dickens, Shakespeares, and Shelleys. Dick Elpers read a short story, "Still Water," characterized by Prof. Charles Phillips as being "deep, a fine treatment of a subject often a question in the mind of youth." The story considered the query whether a young person must live deeply in order to be able to write of it. "A Criticism of the American Mercury," by John Cullinan, pleased the group exceedingly. Mencken's own destructive critical style was borrowed by the writer in his vigorous attack on the publication and its editors.

John O'Neill read two poems cleverly embodied in a letter which explained the evolution of the second poem from the original one.

A one-act play, "Career," was read by Les Grady. Discussion on the writing followed, revealing many keenly analytical minds in the group.
CAMPUS DRAMATICS ARE COMING TO FORE SOON

Reorganization of the dramatic activities at the University of Notre Dame, under the name of "The University Theater," with a centralized control, and co-ordinated action of the various groups, was announced Monday at the university. The plan goes into effect at once, and the first production will be given December 17.

A plan for this reorganization has been under consideration for some time, and was given final approval Monday by the Very Rev. Matthew J. Walsh, C.S.C., president of the university.

Dramatics have for a long time been among the most important of the winter activities at Notre Dame, and have started several well known playwrights and actors in their careers. Among those now before the public, who were at Notre Dame, are J. P. McEvoy, William Anthony McGuire and Charles Butterworth.

For some time a faculty committee, appointed by Father Walsh, has been working on a scheme for the centralization of the control of dramatic work at the university. The committee included: Prof. Frank Kelly, of the department of speech; Dr. John Becker, head of the department of music; Prof. Charles Phillips, Prof. Clarence Manion; the Rev. E. Vincent Mooney, C.S.C.; the Rev. J. Hugh O'Donnell, C.S.C.; Prof. Crepeau; Tommy Mills, assistant coach; Prof. Vincent Fagan, and Joseph Casasanta, director of the band and orchestra.

The permanent policy worked out by this committee calls for a parent body, "The University Theater." This will guide and control the activities of the subsidiary producing organizations, including players, singers and playwrights among the students.

Under this group will be the Players' club, which has been in existence on the campus for several years, and which has several excellent productions to its credit. Subsidiary to the Players' club will be the other organizations whose dramatic ventures are subordinate to their regular activities. These organizations include the Monogram club, the "Day Dogs," and others.

All of these organizations will work together, although each of them will retain its identity, and will very likely continue to produce its ventures. These, however, will be under the control of the central body. The "Monogram Absurdities" and the "Day Dog Revue," which have become almost traditional at Notre Dame, will probably continue to be produced.

Father Walsh has apportioned faculty supervision of the various departments of dramatics among the members of the committee who devised the plan. The Rev. J. Hugh O'Donnell, C.S.C., prefect of discipline, is to be general supervisor.

Production will be directed by Prof. Kelly, Prof. Fagan and Mr. Mills. Approval of script will be in the hands of Prof. Phillips and Prof. Manion. Dr. Becker, Mr. Casasanta and Prof. J. Crepeau will be in charge of music. Father Mooney is to be advisor for the various clubs.

The plan calls for almost continuous theatrical activity at Notre Dame during the winter.

The first dramatic program of this season will be given Dec. 17 on the campus. Prof. Charles Phillips' play, "The Fool of God," based on the life of St. Francis of Assisi, and a one-act opera by Norbert Engels, of the class of 1926, entitled "Lord Byron," will be given.

FASHION NOTE

A gray corduroy jacket with a gear wheel in red on the left pocket: it's being worn this season by our best dressed senior engineers. The fourth year lawyers are finding keen competition on the campus this year. They carry canes on Wednesdays and Saturdays, but the engineers wear their jackets every day. A walking stick may lend an air of distinction, but the senior C. E.'s, E. E.'s, M. E.'s, and Ch. E.'s hold that a collegiate jacket with a slip stick in the pocket is a positive proof of superiority, if there's a red gear wheel on it. Are you wearing one?
CONNECTICUT VALLEY CLUB DANCE

The Connecticut Valley Club of the University of Notre Dame will hold its formal function at the Hotel Kinball, Springfield, Mass., Monday evening, December 27. The affair will consist of a reception and ball.

Morey Pearl and his Band, one of the leading society orchestras in the Boston district, has been engaged to furnish the musical program for the evening. The scores of the Notre Dame Victory March, the university song, have been forwarded to the orchestra. It is expected that the stirring rhythm of this song which has excited comment in the wake of the flashing football teams of the mid-western school, will be a sensation in the East. The song was written by Senator John F. Shea and Michael J. Shea of Holyoke, Mass., alumni of Notre Dame.

Special lighting fixtures will be arranged through fixtures to be shipped from the university.

With the great increase of students from the Connecticut Valley district, this club has grown to be one of the most powerful and progressive organizations at Notre Dame. Club officials predict that the affair will be one of the most outstanding social events of the holiday season.

The list of patrons and patronesses includes some of the more prominent members of the valley society. Springfield, Holyoke, Hartford, Northampton, and Worcester persons are included in the list to be announced later.

William A. Hurley is general chairman of the committee on arrangements. Donald A. Bresnahan, secretary, and Joseph A. Radijan, treasurer.

The arrangements committee includes James D. Hayes, Edward J. McGauley, Timothy Hinchney, and Francis D. Ahearn.

The Connecticut Valley Alumni association is co-operating with the students in arranging the details of this dance. William J. Granfield, president of the Alumni association is handling matters in Springfield.

FORWARD DOME BUSINESS

The business staff of the Dome has been exceedingly active of late. 3000 letters have been sent out to members of the alumni, this year's Dome being dedicated to the "Old Boys."

The staff officers wish to announce that a thorough canvass will be made of the off-campus students in order that those who have not already subscribed for the Dome of '27 may do so. Subscriptions will also be received at the off-campus office.

There will be but 2000 copies of the Dome published this year, 1700 of these have already been signed for. There are about 800 who have not signed up so consequently many will be without a Dome for '27. Regarding this group the principal of "first come, first served" will be strictly adhered to.

ECHOES OF PROM

Echoes of the voices for information concerning the Junior Prom were heard in the vicinity of the library last Wednesday noon when the Junior Class met to decide upon a date for the outstanding formal of the year.

President Maurice Conley filled his official capacity in a suave and dignified manner; and after a short discussion the class unanimously voted in favor of his date of February 11.

President Conley pointed out that date was two weeks after the mid-winter exams; and on the following day there would be no classes, but in the evening, there would be a basketball game between Notre Dame and Franklin.

Joe Maxwell, the singing right end on the varsity squad, is recovering from an injury received in the Drake game two weeks ago. A small bone in the knee was dislocated, and necessitated Joe remaining at St. Joseph's hospital for a complete rest. He has gone to California with the squad, and will get into fracus should his injured limb permit it.
North Carolina State College has an interesting idea—that of getting the freshmen out at 12:30 A.M. and making them bark at the sophomore numerals. The effect is said to be particularly pleasing upon the disposition. A colorful annual event has taken place at Louisiana College. This is the observance of “Dog Day.” Evidently, this is a day of fun for the freshmen as the girls appeared with one-sided faces—that is normal on one side and drug-stored on the other—mateless stockings, ribbons galore, and more fun. The boys were not far behind with reversed clothes and hobby horses. An invasion of Alexandria with every student dressed in an outlandish costume preceded the observance of the day.

The first all-male sewing club is flourishing at the Carroll School under the auspices of the University of California. The club has eight members who can darn socks with feminine deftness. No doubt, Home Beautiful is the official magazine of the club.

Students who thought they could get away with anything in mid-ocean received a slight shock when the student council of the “Floating University” on board the steamer Ryndham expelled five of the students after charges of misconduct had been proved. The names of the five youths of misfortune are not known but they will be unceremoniously set ashore when the ship reaches Kobe, and returned to the “land of the free.” The exact nature of the misconduct remains a mystery but it was sufficient to set the misconductors adrift in the wily wilds of a western hemisphere. However, it happened, it reverts to this: that law abides, be it in a matter of bathtubs or oceans.

Do not smoke or swear! This is the latest edict offered for the benefit of the prospective orator at Baker University. Under the provision of a will of a wealthy alumnus, which provides a fund for prizes for winners of an oratorical contest, no users of profane language or tobacco may compete. And a storm of protest has swept the Baker campus. Students are quite ready to cut the gift strings.

When a man brings three or four dollars worth of flowers home for his wife and calls her “the dearest sweetest little woman in all the world,” he may not mean it at all. Charles Bird of the Minnesota University department of psychology, said recently that often the gift of flowers was only a result of an emotional state that a husband may be in after putting over a successful business deal. According to Professor Bird, the man may think that he is consciously sincere about his presentation, but scientifically it all results from some peculiar arrangement of the nervous system.

“Several years ago Percy Marks stood on the Chapel stage and said that fifty percent of the college students are dumbells. But I disagree with him for I think that ninety percent of the college students are dumbells when it comes to general culture.” This was what Professor Roderick Peattie of the department of geography said at the fraternity scholarship program in the Chapel of Ohio State University at which he was the principal speaker.

By means of a delicate pair of scales a Marquette University professor has the average weight of the dot of an “i” to be one fifty-thousandth of a gram . . . A scholarship at Carnegie Tech will be given to the most efficient caddy at a Chicago golf club. . . . The Haskell Indian Stadium cost approximately $200,000. It was built solely with Indian money; donations by white men were refused. . . . The man who smokes is most likely to be the most dependable and steady worker, according to results of experiments of Dr. Knight Dunlap of Johns Hopkins University.
EDITORIAL

THE RIGHT PERSPECTIVE

The superlative surprise expressed from parts near and remote over the defeat of the Notre Dame football team by Carnegie Tech is setting us in a light we neither covet, still less enjoy. Notre Dame does not claim, never has claimed, to be primarily interested in furnishing to the sporting world unbeatable football teams. The sport is a means of distraction for us during a couple of months of the year. Competition with other schools awakens certain wholesome enthusiasm, removes some of that monotony that clings to school life. Young men need diversions to give wings to the sometimes crawling hours. For these and other equally important reasons the University is gratified to see football a prosperous sport. But when those professing to be our friends contract chills and fever, or have to be given over to the care of a nerve specialist when our team loses then football assumes an importance which we are not willing to grant it; it loses the rating and ranking we intend it must take and keep in our academic life. So once and forever we beg to assure our friends and well-wishers everywhere, do not now, and we never intend, to let football or any other sport get out of its secondary place in our life. And so we will be much better pleased to have our dining room finished by next September than to win a so-called championship out at California; we will be a great deal happier to see about three new dormitories well under way next year than to beat the Army. Our young men who play football are not physical demigods, and we much prefer them not to be. They are just young fellows fitting themselves for life and find football a sport they can take up to advantage on the way. Please do not send in your condolences when we lose a game. We are not critically in need of them. But you might send in, if you are kindly disposed, and wish to let your sympathy go out in sweet service, a substantial donation for one of the new residence halls which will make for a greater Notre Dame.

WALK AND THINK

What has become of the solitary walker? Along with the undoubted blessings of our alleged modern civilization have come many detriments. There is an old Chinese proverb to the effect that with wealth comes responsibility and need for riches commensurate to the amount of the wealth. The point is applicable. Certainly our modern mode of living, with its conveniences, makes for a world easier to endure and potentially more worth while. But with the conveniences that bring wealth and ease and swift communication comes a temptation to forgo thinking—to do away with mental fight. It is inevitable that when there are machines to make our everyday problems easy of solution the result is a slowing of the thinking process. One might argue that when the daily bread comes softly, the daily thought should concern itself with things more worth while than the mere eking out of existence. Which is true—it should have such an effect, but it doesn't.

Sociability is one of today's blessings—and one of today's worst curses. It makes for understanding and co-operation, but it also makes for light discourse and fun to the detriment of creative thought. There is one escape for the man of today; one method by which he may escape the curse of sociability. That escape is in lone walking. Here it is that a man can really think—when his blood courses freely and not too fast; when there is no one to interrupt his dreams. With the wind in his face and the firm ground underfoot; with his arms swinging free and his mind clear, it is here, in the solitary tramp over the country-side, that the man of today may think and prepare to become the man of tomorrow.—J.A.B.
December

December art thou come again, to spoil at last,
Those gleeful hours of Summer happiness?
You the vassal serve the ways of that drear mon­arch Winter,
Sweet Summer thou hast led away with tempting Autumn days.
When, with beauty splurged in every nook
Summer betook herself to rest in some secluded spot.
And when at length she soundly sleeps,
You base knave with wicked zest,
Plunge deep your blade in Summer’s breast.
And cry aloud in fiendish moaning tone.
By day, by night, through trees and stone on stone...
Come Master now, for thou art king, come rule!
These then the words you say, as through the trees you wail to-day.
Come rule, come rule, come Winter, rule!

—J. F. M’MAHON.

Dear Cy: Your friend the Literary Editor has entirely the wrong slant on the subject of the interurban. I rode back from Chicago on it Sunday night, and you can believe me, it’s still an adventure. Not so much if you stay inside the cars, of course; but if you stand on the platform, with the window open, the night rushing by like a cool, black curtain, and a breeze caressing your face: why, it’s enough to make you glad to be alive!

—STUB.

Triplet

Inevitably as comes the morrow,
I’ll love you, but you won’t love me.
My heart will know a greater sorrow
Inevitably as comes the morrow.
And yet your love I will implore, though
I feel that you can never see:
Inevitably as comes the morrow,
I’ll love you, but you won’t love me.

—PORPHYRO.

Quick, Watson, the Lake!

Cyrano: The slam which you took at the only real cigarette on the market last week shows you to be neither a true Notre Dame man nor a con­noisseur of fine things. I suppose you like Chesterfields. Well, just a hint: Men smoke Camels! Most of us at Notre Dame are men.

—HOWARD HALLER.

Who? Who?

I notice some discussion in last week’s Scholast­ic asking where and who are the poets of Notre Dame. Now, having scribbled many poems, both bad and indifferent, during my career at this place, I should say that poets at Notre Dame are of the retiring specie. Which is to say, liberally speak­ing, they do not aspire to Olympian heights. Rather wud they write verses writ in water, which is a extremely gud idea. Pomes writ in water will never bother anybody, which is a gud point in favor of water writing. Pressing the point in point, I haven’t seen Rollo collars nor volumtuous Windsor ties here, either, which is more proof that pomesters at Notre Dame are sensible, which is a gud thing. It is gud not to have to be bothered with pomes. The pipes of Pan nearly all have a cracked reeds in them, which is a gud idea, because then no one will listen to them at all, on account of the tune being out of tune. Being a water writing poet myself I stand for my principles; for a pome in the brain is worth twelve on paper, especially since I am bothered consider­able with my orthography, which is the only thing that keeps me from writing my pomes down. Since the Scribbler club has advertised for poems I wish to commend to their ears a work of Bob Service entitled “The Shooting of Dan McGrew,” which has captured the hearts of the most brainy men in America and would doubtless be a shure shot for the contest. Now, you can use this testimonial as an ad for the contest, since I am going to enter myself, and since it would be a gud thing to show that competition is going to be keen. I think advertising is a good thing for stimulating reciprocation on the parts of various poets which I have had the gud fortune to meet here at Notre Dame.

—ARISTOTLE II.

Tragedy

What, asked Yung Bum, the poet,
Is sadder than two hearts
Each pining for the other
And neither knowing that the other cares?
Only this, the Philosopher gave answer,
As he cast his cigarette into the sink with a flourish,
One heart, pining for another
When he has accurate knowledge that the other
Does not give a hoot.

—LI CHAN.

Lost: One poet. Tall and handsome. Answers to the name of Prospero Image. Please return to 334 Morrissey.

—CIRANO.
TURNED down again. The same rejection—

“I’m so sorry, Billy, but I guess I’ll have to break that date with you this afternoon. Last night I told Mary I’d go along with her and a couple of our lake friends. You see they’ve been coming around pretty regular this summer—we might almost call them our steadies—and they wouldn’t understand at all if I refused to go along, even on such short notice. But I knew you’d understand, Billy, dear.”

“Oh sure. That’s all right. I understand.”

Yes, he understood. Before, he had just been kidding himself, but now he really understood. He was too tame for Marian. Why else should she always turn him down when she had a chance to go with that fast lake crowd? It was more fun for her to ride around in the sporty roadsters of the summer resorters than to chug along in his old wreck.

And what was that she had said about steadies? She had made several such remarks lately, and she was always raving about her “boy friends.” Perhaps she was just trying to arouse his jealousy. However, he could not be jealous, he loved Marian too much for that. Really, she could not be blamed; for when he looked at the matter from her viewpoint he failed to see why she should care for him at all. It was not probable that she did. But she might if he were different. That was it; he had to change.

When and how should he start? The answer seemed to come to him almost instinctively. He tossed his hat to the rear seat, slouched down a little, and pulled down the gas. The old car leaped forward. Billy knew it might tear itself to pieces under such strain, but on he sped; he was feeling wilder already.

But after all, what was the use of speeding where was he going? Home from church. Speaking of church—what was that queer text of the sermon? It had struck him at the time as odd; so in a moment he was able to recall it.

“I walked a mile with Joy, and though she chatted all the while, I left her none the wiser.

“I walked a mile with Sorrow, and though she spoke not a word. Oh, the lessons that I learned!”

In his newly assumed wildness this seemed a tame and pessimistic idea. Well, even if he would be “none the wiser” he had decided to “walk a mile with Joy.” Who would personify Joy for him today? Besides Marian he knew not a single girl with whom he cared to go anywhere. Perhaps Alice would go; she had several times showed that she would not be irresponsible to whatever attention he might show her. With sudden resolution he swung off on the road to her home. Perhaps she already had a date—no matter; he would make an attempt.

He wondered how one who wished to make an impression of wildness should go about this business of making a date. When he found himself stopping at Alice’s gate, he felt as though he wanted to drive on, yet he knew that he had already gone too far to back out.

There was Alice, on the porch, reading a magazine. She tossed it to the other end of the swing, and came down the steps.
“Why, hello, Billy. Haven’t seen you for a month of Sundays. Where have you been keeping yourself?”

“Oh, I’ve been around here for a couple of weeks, now,” responded Billy, rather taken back by the lively greeting. He came on into the yard still feeling rather ill at ease.

“How did you get along at college? Did you play football? I’ll bet you could make them all step to keep up with you. Or don’t you get to play on the team when you’re a freshman?”

Billy had to admit that although he had gone out for “Frosh Football,” the net result was nothing more than plenty of bumps and bruises. This at least furnished a topic for conversation and before Billy realized it, he was sitting in the porch swing chatting gaily with Alice telling her all about “the old school” as only a freshman can. Several cars whizzed past, filled with noisy young people.

“I suppose they are going to Grass Lake,” hinted Alice.

“Let’s go too,” offered Billy.

“Fine.”

Grass Lake is a charming little body of water a few miles north of Monkeytown, and is widely known as a summer resort. Billy drove along the lake front until he found a place to park. They then walked to an ice cream parlor, to which he and Marian had gone on the rare occasions when she had condescended to accompany him.

Although the place was crowded. Billy found a vacant table near the front. In a moment a waiter, who knew Billy from former visits, approached with ice water and a smile. Billy answered his smile. As he placed the water glasses, the waiter bent to Billy’s ear.

“Shouldn’t you be at the next table, sir?”

Billy started to rise.

“You will pardon us, please? We didn’t know this table was reserved.”

The waiter put his hand on Billy’s shoulder and gently but firmly held him down. Again he bent to Billy’s ear.

“I just meant to look.”

Billy looked. There, with another girl from Monkeytown and a couple of “resort-ers,” sat Marian. She was not looking his way and he hoped she had not noticed him.

“Thanks for tipping me off, but I guess we’d better stay here.”

He felt sure that Marian could not but analyze his behavior as an attempt to arouse jealousy. He wished she knew his true motive, that of being “wild enough” for her. Alice gave her order, and Billy mechanically ordered some kind of a soda. The party at the next table soon finished and prepared to leave.

As she passed the first table, Marian nodded and said, “Hello, Alice. Hello, Billy.”

Alice answered with some similar salutation, but Billy succeeded in little more than an unintelligible gurgle. He felt more at ease when the party was gone.

After a boat ride, Alice said it was time for her to get home; so they left Grass Lake.

The next evening Billy’s mother needed a few groceries and Billy, who was to go to town for them, dressed as wildly as possible with the available raiment. He selected his loudest tie, slipped into a bright jersey, and left his hat at home. He drove the old car “wide open,” and in a few minutes slid up to a stop at “Dobbs’ Groceries and General Merchandise.”

While Billy was leaning against the counter giving his order to “Old Man” Dobbs, Marian came in. Billy wondered what she would say about the affair of the preceding day.

“Hello, Billy.”

“Hello.” Billy felt a little uncomfortable.

“Quite a crowd at the Lake yesterday, wasn’t there?”

“Yes, there was,” admitted Billy.

“Really too crowded for a good time. I wanted to come home early, but Mary seemed afraid she was going to lose those two dumbbells if we didn’t stick with them all afternoon.”

“Why, I thought they were pretty slick looking shieks,” ventured Billy.

“Or, not so slick. But say, you stepped out in rather grand style yourself.”

Now Billy was getting confused. Dobbs saved further embarrassment by shoving Billy’s order across the counter. Billy paid for it and gathered up the packages.
On the way home Billy got to wondering why Marian had mentioned the Grass Lake incident, and had seemed so apologetic instead of jealous. Why should she call her lake friend a dummell and compliment Billy? Could it be that she approved his "wildness?" He resolved to "make good" by some really wild escapade. One of his old high school chums worked at the Lake and occasionally got in on some rather wild parties. He had offered to get Billy an invitation, but that was before Billy "went wild." The next opportunity would not be refused. It came sooner than he expected; for the next Saturday Jim phoned him at noon.

"Hello, Bill?"

"Yes; is this Jim?"

"Yes. Say Bill, there's a party over here tonight I was going to, but I have something else to do. Do you want to go for me? I'll go along and introduce you, then I'll leave. Is that all right?"

"Sure. What time?"

"Oh, eight or after. No hurry. So long."

"Thanks. All right, Jim. Goodbye."

So Billy went to a "wild party." He did not remember much about it. Jim introduced him and left. Card games, dancing, drinking and the like followed. He knew little about cards and less about dancing, while at drinking he was a rank amateur. Observing his inexperience the crowd proceeded to get Billy about as intoxicated as they felt they could afford, then they told him they would take him home if he would tell them the way. A couple of them took him in his car, while another car followed to bring them back. Upon reaching Monkeytown they drove around until Billy got sleepy.

When he awoke it was no longer early morning, and his car was crossways in the middle of Monkeytown's Main street. A sign hanging across the windshield said "We don't go home until morning."

Without a word to the curious bystanders, Billy tore the thing off and, after a few trials, started his motor. He roared out of town with the throttle wide open. At first he was angry at the jokers. Then he realized that, thanks to them, he certainly would have a reputation for being wild; so he drove on home.

Gossip spreads fast enough even when it has nothing to work on; so with Billy's Main street affair to start it going, his reputation as a "wild man" was firmly established. Naturally such things grow with the telling. Not only was this escapade painted as black as possible, but as is usual when one of former good reputation goes bad, it was hinted that he was associated with every "wild party" that came to the attention of the village gossips. Billy did go to several more questionable affairs and began to develop a taste for them. Quite a bit of the talk got back to him. He was not sure what to make of it, nor of Marian's new attitude toward him. He had, at first, thought she would be proud to claim the "wildest shiek" in the neighborhood. Not so, however; for she continued to rebuff every advance that he attempted to make. While she had formerly been gay and flippant in most of her refusals, now she was serious and moody. Moreover, she had entirely quit the lake crowd.

For want of better company, Billy got to going with Alice more and more. She seemed sure that she had a firm hold on him, yet she strove to make it more certain by running Marian down all she could. At times she and Billy went on parties similar to the one which had established Billy's reputation as a "wild man."

On the way home from one of these parties, Alice laughingly reproached Billy for the extent to which he had gone into the spirit of the party.

"Why, if Marian knew you'd been so wild, she'd faint."

"Oh, she wouldn't care."

"Yes, she would. She sure is getting old fashioned here lately. I imagine she's rather jealous because we've been running around so much together. She and I used to be great chums, but she's such a dead one now, that I've been letting her slide. She still keeps hanging on though; guess she wants
to reform me—and say—speaking of that—
the other night I nearly died laughing. She
said she thought marrying a man to reform
him, was one of the highest ideals a woman
could have. You know Billy, I'm afraid
she's going to try to get you back and re­
form you."

Billy had not been answering. He ap­
peared to be giving all his attention to the
car.

"Yes, I wouldn't be surprised," he said
finally.

From there on to Alice's house they rode
in silence. Billy silently left her out, and
merely nodded when she said "Good night."

He drove on down the road, slowly turn­
ing over in his mind the events of the past
summer. What bothered him most was
Marian's idea about marrying a man to re­
form him. Was he as bad as that? So wild
that he must be reformed to be fit to marry
the girl whom he had idolized? Of course,
he had no intention of marrying for several
years, but just the same, if he were as bad
as Marian seemed to think him, he must re­
form himself.

Would it be as easy to reform as it had
been to "go wild?" Perhaps not. It would
mean giving up drink, reckless driving and
the lively lake crowd. Then too, he would
have to face taunts and jeers. But even so,
it was nothing as a price to pay to restore
Marian's respect in him. It was evident
from Alice's revelation that he still retained
Marian's love, but could he ever win back
her respect? He determined to go to her
the next day and tell her all. After that
decision he felt more at ease.

The next day, shortly after noon he set
out for town. Almost unconsciously he was
reformed. He did not notice it, but while
he drove down Maple Avenue with consid­
erable speed, yet it was the speed of a careful
driver in haste and not that of a reckless
fool going nowhere. The wheels did not
slide when he stopped nor did the horn
squeak.

Marian was in the garden. She had not
noticed Billy drive up, and before the squeak
of the gate warned her, he had time to take
in the beauty of this wonderful girl in a

background that seemed so fitting as to be
a part of her. It seemed that the garden
itself bespoke Marian's charming personal­
ity. Fragrant flowers filled the air with per­
fume as pleasant as the scene was beautiful.

Marian had been gardening since she had
stopped running around. It was he, Billy,
who had been wayward. Before, he had
been so tame and she so lively. It all seem­
ed a complex problem. To get back to their
old normal relation of high school days was
the desired solution.

Marian had been picking flowers. As
Billy entered the garden she turned to him
and forced a smile, but it vanished in a mo­
ment. Billy came forward without a word.
She held out her bouquet toward him. He
took a cluster of Sweet Williams from it.
He had heard somewhere that Sweet Wil­
liams had something to do with smiling, and
he wanted her to keep on smiling. In gal­
lantry that was far from the mockery it
might have seemed he placed the flowers
over his heart and dropped to one knee be­
fore her on the path.

"The Sweet Williams, one of them wild,"
she said simply.

"He was wild, but you have tamed him,"
declared Billy.

Then he thought of the sermon he had
heard just before he went wild. Its text
now came to him in a different light.

"I walked a mile with Joy, and though
she chatted all the while, I left her none
the wiser;

"I walked a mile with Sorrow, and though
she spoke not a word. Oh, the lessons that
I learned!" he quoted.

Billy did not notice that Marian started
just a little and looked away, as she recog­
nized the quotation; so he went on to tell
how he had once resolved to "walk a mile
with Joy" and to be "wild." He told her
how we got "wilder and wilder." And now
he was going to attempt a complete change
again.

"I'll not ask you to say you believe in me.
I'll go and try to show myself worthy of
that," he concluded.

"I know you can succeed, Billy. I did,
and you're stronger than I."
"You reformed? Why you never needed to."

"Oh yes, I did. And isn't it strange. Just when you decided to 'Walk a mile with Joy,' I had tired of her—that is of false joy, and was trying to forsake her. In fact it was the sermon that started me to thinking. You remember I told you the next day, how tired I was of gadding around with the Lake Crowd? Well, that's when I quit the first mile, but since then I have walked the second, because I knew that I had caused you to walk the first."

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**On Learning To Smoke**

*The Art of Smoking Finds a Worthy Exponent*

B.C.

No doubt you expect me to tell you how I sat back of the barn, rolled a bundle of cornsilk into a pencil-like shape, and paid initial homage to that distinctly American God, the Cigar Store Indian. My method of learning to smoke, however, deviated somewhat from this traditional procedure. My primer lesson was, I believe, the most effective of all methods, for it taught a greater appreciation of a real smoke by the emphatic impressiveness of antithesis. I learned to smoke by stealing pencil shavings from my father's pencil sharpener, rolling them in a piece of wrapping paper, gluing this together, and puffing vigorously and continuously for fully five minutes upon the finished product. By that time a thin coat of lead oxide, delicious, as you may imagine, had been deposited upon the membranes of my throat, and the papillae of my tongue stung with the sweet taste of charcoal. Only one who has attempted to digest lead oxide and charcoal can fully appreciate the soothing aroma of a true cigarette. Contrast, besides being the author of humor, is an effective teacher of sincere appreciation.

After one's first headache and dizzy spell one advances rapidly in the art of smoking. The fundamentals are few and easily learned. The correct technique of flicking away a cigarette must be mastered. One must be able to shoot a butt straight to the gutter when he wishes to leave the impression of force, and to cast it away in a beautiful, parabolic curve when he wishes to achieve the idea of grace. To keep smoke out of the eyes is a primer lesson. It is convenient to know how to blow rings in order to entertain nephews, nieces, and grandchildren. When one is able to take a deep inhalation of smoke, drink a glass of water, and then vigorously exhale a jet of black gas without choking one bit throughout the test, he may be said to have received his sheepskin from the school of the Caribs, the Indian discoverers of tobacco.

The Ancient Greeks with all their culture and artistic superiority were left in the lurch in this art of smoking by the American Indian. Apollo with all his god-like form and beauty never had the thrill of nonchalance which comes to a man as he carelessly snaps a cigarette butt into the gutter. Zeus, the ruler of the universe, never had the pleasure of coming home in the evening, lighting his French Briar or Meerschaum, and peacefully perusing the Olympic Gazette. What smoker, even in these days of prohibition would trade his place for the exalted, but smokeless, position of one of these Greco deities?

Every boy sometime in his life must learn to smoke, even if he only wants to become a reformer. Else how will he be enabled to demonstrate the evils of tobacco? Even a reformer must be able to inhale a pouter pigeon, stretch a spotless handkerchief over his mouth, and, to the astonishment of the children and the childish about him, emit a poisonous gas which deposits an insidious crust of brown nicotine on the immaculate whiteness of this improvised linen register of health and purity of blood. I have no
sympathy with those reformers who cry down this pleasing habit of smoking. They consider only the nicotine poisoning which comes, after all, to only the few inveterate inhalers. They forget the psychological good which accrues to all the followers of the art. No man just sits and smokes; he sits and smokes and thinks. I know that smoking affords a physical relaxation which prepares for subsequent mental effort. There are as many smoke-castles as there are air-castles. Day dreams, ambitions, desires, all are frequently inspired by a Chesterfield or a Bobbie Burns. Puritanical reformers can never succeed in abolishing smoking. They can only succeed in placing adults once more in the position of little boys back of the barn with "the makin's" and an unholy desire to enjoy a forbidden pleasure. "Learning to smoke," though it be a phrase despised by parents, abhorred by teachers, and decried by reformers, to my mind has some value to one who learns to enjoy the art with proper moderation and good sense.

The Great Contention
The Pathetic Story of the Last of the Pagan Bards
SISTER MARY SYMPHORIA, P.H.J.C.

WHEN we take up a literary history of Ireland, we find that Irish Ireland has produced a vast amount of true poetry; for the love for literature of a traditional type in song, poem, and saga was more prevalent there than in any country of western Europe. An almost universal acquaintance with a traditional literature was a leading trait amongst the Irish down to the eighteenth century, when every barony and almost every townland still possessed its poet and reciter, and when song, recitation, music, and oratory were the recognized amusements of nearly the whole population. It is difficult to say just what would have been produced if the poets had written under happier circumstances.

Side by side with numerous prose sagas, there exist an enormous mass of poems, chiefly of a narrative and minor epic type, usually introduced by a dialogue between St. Patrick and the poet Oisin. This so-called Ossianic poetry is still recited in the Gaelic on the mountains and the wild shores of Western Ireland. In these poems we have, perhaps, the nearest approach to drama in early Irish poetry. The conception of bringing the spirit of paganism and that of Christianity together in the person of the last great bard and warrior of the one, and the first great saint of the other was truly dramatic. The plot of the poems is simple enough. Oisin, the last of his race and clan, meets St. Patrick and the new preachers of the gospel. Patrick is most desirous to learn something concerning the past history of the island as well as to become acquainted with the legends connected with the streams, the hills, and the raths. Oisin, the guest of St. Patrick in one of the convents, willingly recounts all past events to his host. All these recitations are preserved to posterity by Brogan, the scribe of St. Patrick.

Oisin, despite these poetic disputations, flourished nearly two centuries before the time in which St. Patrick labored. The dialogues, of course, never were an actuality. We have here just a linking of the Heroic period with the Saintly period of Ireland. Oisin was the son of Finn mac Cumhail and was fabled to have lived in Tir-na-nog, the country of the ever young. This fairy realm, Tir-na-nog, lay in the ocean far beyond the opening of the river Shannon. It was generally regarded as the region of departed spirits, the heroes of ancient traditions. The inhabitants were thought to enjoy perpetual youth, and to enjoy lives of unalloyed happiness. The bards seem to exhaust all their powers of poetic delineation in describing its perpetual verdure, its vocal groves, its grand palaces, its soft and silent
glades, its undulating hills and vales, with its lofty and majestic mountains. It was to this Irish Elysium that Oisin went and remained for two hundred years, thus surviving all his contemporaries, and living to hold colloquy with St. Patrick. Oisin accepts the Christian faith, though with misgivings, for he fears that by its acceptance he is false to the friends of his youth. "A theme full of pathos and interest was presented by the blind old warrior bard, divided between his devotion to his father and to his son on the one hand, and his reverence, on the other, for the teachers of the better Faith—between old affections and new convictions—patriotic recollections and religious hopes."

Not seldom crossed by bodings sad,
In words though kind, yet hard
Spake Patrick to his guest Oiseen;
For Patrick loved the bard

In a pretty little poem "The Great Contention" the poet thus introduces us into the august presence of the famous bard Oisin and to a personality, saintlike and kinglike, namely St. Patrick. Behold the clear portrayal of the venerable bard in the following lines:

In whose broad bosom, swathed with beard
Like cliffs with ivy trailed,
A Christian strove with a Pagan soul
And neither quite prevailed.

Silently the monks glide over the courts of the cloister, but Oisin, true to the warrior instinct strides through the church itself as if he were on the mountain side; the priest might soften his voice so as to remind one of the sighing wind, but the bard would give the stag-hound's cry, even during Holy Mass, if the stag-hunt then chanced to pass the church.

One day while at prayer, dreams of bygone days came vividly before Oisin's mind; he was, for the time being, the old pagan warrior again who rejoiced that his sight was so far spent that he could scarcely make out the shape of the priest. The pagan heart rebels because the monks have gained control of the people and have no faith in the chiefs of Innisfail. He pours forth his venom in a spirit of banter against St. Patrick, assuring him that conditions would not be thus if Diarmuid and Diorring, Goll and Conan were living. The mere mention of these names recalls another—one very dear to the old bard. It is that of Oscar, the name of his son. The thought of his beloved Oscar pacifies the rising temper and

Then Patrick answered: 'Old man, old man,
That Pagan realm lies low:
Our home is thine! Forget thy chiefs,
And thy deeds gone by forego!

'High feast thou hast on festal days,
And cakes on the days of fast.'

There follows a flash of the old warrior spirit:

Thou liest, thou priest, for in wrath and scorn
Thy cakes to the dogs I cast!

Since an appeal to the satisfied appetite produces no ameliorating effect, St. Patrick has recourse to song. He tries to convince Oisin that the latter had never before heard such strains as those of the Chiristian hymns. To Oisin's ear these make no appeal. He has heard more wonderful strains; strains that were dear to the warrior's heart. Could the hymns of the Christian monks compare in any wise with the famed blackbird in Letter Lee wood? What were they when heard alongside the music of clashing swords? A number of other lines expressive of sounds are cited which, in Oisin's estimation, are more inspirational: The grating of barks upon the strand; the shout of sailors for assistance; the echoes of the bark of hounds from across the bay. And then, Oisin swears that the hounds lacked but baptism to place them on the same level with St. Patrick's monks to sing the praises of the Almighty.

Now follow a few pathetic lines. We might picture to ourselves how this ancient is swayed by the recollections of days spent in pleasure and in the loving company of his dear ones. The storm has passed; there is a calm.

Oiseen's white head on his breast dropt down,
Till his hair and his beard, made one,
Shone out like the spine of a frosty hill
Far seen in the wintry sun.
St. Patrick leaves Oisin to a few moments of silent reflection. Slowly the bard lifts his eyes. There is a worried and perplexed look in them. He is still concerned about his beloved ones; about Finn, his sire, and his chiefs. Would they partake of the joys of Tir-na-nog or paradise of which St. Patrick so frequently spoke? He would have St. Patrick answer this question. The answer is not in conformity with Oisin's views. Heaven, the court of the Great Ardri, ought surely to welcome such heroes as Finn and his braves! He would rather not go to heaven if his father and Oscar are not granted admittance. Note the loyalty and disinterestedness in the following:

By this head, thou liest, thou son of Calphurn!
In heaven I would scorn to abide
If my father and Oscar were exiled men,
And no friend at my side.

Oisin is determined still to know just what kind of place St. Patrick's heaven is before he would consent to go there. The Saint's response does not put an end to the queries.

Are the men in the streets like Baoigne's chiefs?
Great-hearted like us are they?
Do they stretch to the poor the ungrudging hand,
Or turn they their heads away?

Ere the Saint has had a chance to answer, Oisin's wolf-hound comes to seek a token of recognition. He tries to poke his cold nose under Oisin's clenched fingers. "My master is perplexed and in a strange mood"; so much his dog sense tells him. Oisin betrays a tender regard for his faithful hound.

My dog, may he pass through the gates of heaven?
May my wolf-hound enter free?

The Saint's patience is strained and he puts on a little episcopal severity.

Old man, not the buzzing gnat may pass,
Nor sunbeam look in unbidden:
The King there sceptered knows all, sees all:
From Him there is nothing hidden.

That is more than the old warrior can comprehend. Finn, his king, would never act as St. Patrick describes the Great King. Everyone was free to come to Finn's court, unquestioned and uninvited. What an odd place this Christian Court of heaven must be!

St. Patrick loses his equanimity and somewhat nettled he replies:

Thy words are the words of madness, old man,
Thy chieftains had rule one day;
Yet a moment of heaven is three times worth
The warriors of Eire for aye!

These words produced a new flash. The old withered form of the bard drew itself up and the almost sightless orbs peered forth from their sockets beneath their shaggy brows. The wolf-hound placed his fore-feet upon his master's legs as if he would beg him to be calm.

The three concluding stanzas are beautiful; one can feel the depth of their meaning more easily than one can set it down on paper. One's heart goes out to the old bard and warrior and we admire his loyalty to his near relatives and to his clan.

Though my life sinks down, and I sit in the dust,
Blind warrior and gray-haired man,
Mine were they of old, thou priest over bold,
Those chief's of Baoigne's clan!

And he cried, while a spasm his huge frame shook,
Dim shadows like men before me,
My father was Fionn, and Oscar my son,
Though to-day ye stand vaunting it o'er me!

Thus raged Oiseen—'mid the fold of Christ,
Still roaming old deserts wide
In the storm of thought, like a lion old;
Though lamblike at last, he died.
To Helen

You were a star;
A bright star
In clearest skies
I found you.
Your limpid light
Attracted me.
I basked in it,
Yearned for you.
Pull you down?
No! I couldn't
Do that;
Your fall might heap
Those blazing
Starry fragments
On my form.

You were wine,
In goblet;
Crystal clear
And sparkling wine.
I sipped—
Such saccharine sweetness,
It set my head a whirl.
Drink it all?
No! Never,
Never would I drain it.
Those potent dregs
Are hemlock to my soul.

You were a flower
On river's brink
A-blooming;
Inhaled—I stopped,
Entranced
In heavenly fragrance.
Desire possessed me.
Uproot the whole?
Oh no! The pull
That severs you
From Earth's nurturing bosom
Would send me reeling
Reeling backwards'
Backwards to my doom.

—THE MATADOR IN BLACK.
That wise promoter, who said that your medicine tastes more bitter when it is swallowed by yourself, must have been thinking about the Notre Dame and Carnegie football elevens for his apothem just describes the football game which the Irish and Scotch put on at Forbes Field, Pittsburgh, last Saturday.

After colliding with some eight opponents during the current season and emerging from those eight debacles with their medicine-spoons well drained, the Irish tried conclusions with a veritable Tartar and were forced to swallow the uncoated pill of defeat which they had administered so often before.

It took Wally Steffens' inspired Skibos just three periods to spend their offensive power but for a full four periods they managed to prove that they could outcharge and outmaneuver the Irish line. The score was 19 to 0.

This is no attempt at eulogy, alibi or sobbing, but it's a narrative of how a tired and worn bunch of Irishmen, fatigued after great victories over Northwestern and the Army, happened to hit an inspired bunch of Scotchmen who had lost a couple of times and otherwise done a very neat job of their fall's assignment.

Until Saturday's game the Thundering Herd was being deeply considered as the kingpin of American intercollegiate football. It has met and defeated the best in the country but on Saturday it picked out the wrong camp for a friendly jamboree and wound up on the wrong end of the count. It did have the satisfaction of knowing that none of the others could claim the title which it had aspired to.

But that doesn't prove that Carnegie Tech wasn't a great team last week and anybody who denies that the Tartans were living up to their names with all the zest in the world to spur them on is letting a horrible pipe dream crawl through his battered hat.

CARNegie IN FORM

These Skibos were a real gridiron eleven last week and actual statistics proved clearly that they deserved their victory over the Herd. Called upon to pass, kick, sweep the ends or buck, the Skibo backfield responded nobly and had the satisfaction of seeing its fighting line undo the Irish frontal wall.

Fuller must have been the satisfaction which the Carnegie defense felt. Instead of a peppery, powerful attack which had been vaunted the country over, it found a listless, powerless offense which had almost spent itself in the eight battles of the eight previous weeks.

Carnegie's attack was withering. After the second string Irish eleven had held the Tartans at bay for a quarter, the Carnegie backs tore loose when the Notre Dame regulars entered the fray and scored the first touchdown soon after the second period began. Donohue, whose running featured the game, gained repeatedly around end and off tackle and went over for the first down. During the same quarter the Plaid profited by punt exchanges and Irish fumbles. Toward the end of the half Letzelter, giant Carnegie fullback, dashed through the Notre Dame lines for gain after gain, finally plunging over and adding the point.

Despite the valiant efforts of the Irish to come back and even the count, their offense was weak before the fast-moving Carnegie tacklers. O'Boyle was equal to the occasion, piercing the Plaid line frequently but when scoring opportunities came the winning punch was not to be seen.

HARPSTER KICKS TWO

Harpster, quarterback and kicking ace of
the Scotchmen, added the final points in the third period. Twice the lanky boy drop-kicked field goals after he and the other Skibo backs had pushed into Notre Dame property through punting and running advantages.

For Carnegie, Harpster, Donohue and Captain Yoder starred. All played brilliantly from first kickoff to last gun. For Notre Dame Harry O'Boyle's plunging and Hearden's consistent effort to check the Carnegie's offense stood out.

---

IRISHMEN FACE TROJANS
AS GRID CURTAIN DROPS;
100,000 TO SEE THE BATTLE

Two great teams will meet in Los Angeles Saturday in one of the classic intersectional contests of the year.

Having been billed as the headliners of their respective sections, both elevens have faced unexpected defeat and although the contest can have no bearing on a national title it promises to go down in grid records as an epochal struggle.

Defeat of each team exploded a bomb in grid camps the country over. The Southern California machine was traveling at a rapid pace until its Tartar, in the form of Leland-Stanford, bobbed up and pulled through to a 13 to 12 win. Hopes for a coast title were shattered by the low-margin defeat.

Notre Dame was considered a sure bet for national championship consideration when the inspired Skibos from Carnegie let loose with a powerful barrage, the equal of which they had not shown all year, that buried the Irish 19 to 0.

Despite the comparative disagreeable outlook on the game it will draw one of the largest crowds ever assembled in a modern stadium. The recent Army-Navy game at Chicago with a paid attendance mounting over the 100,000 mark and the Ohio State-Michigan game, which drew nearly 95,000, were record-breakers for crowd-pulling but the Trojan-Irish battle may eclipse either of them. Reports from Los Angeles indicate that 100,000 permanent seats have been sold and only standing room remains.

As for football, it should be displayed in a glaring manner. Banked with several great stars and a supporting cast of unusual strength, each eleven will display an attack, running, passing, and kicking, that is not to be equalled anywhere.

Upon Captain Morton Kaer, sensational signal-barker of the coast team, hinges many of the hopes of the Trojan followers. Kaer has set the sport world, or the western part of it, agog with his brilliant work throughout the season. His versatility on attack, his clear-headed signal calling and alert defense work has brought him consideration as an All-American candidate. Around him is built the Trojan attack and if the Irish eleven can successfully combat the mighty Kaer, it will have been well on the road to a win.

As his ace in the hole, Knute K. Rockne, the Notre Dame coach, has Christy Flanagan, the high-stepping Texan. On numerous instances Flanagan has run wild and defied his opposition completely. His running game was at its height in the Army game and Notre Dame patriots are hoping that the blonde lad will reach the peak again.

The Notre Dame eleven is recognized as a more balanced and more finely polished eleven than the Trojans. Its line is rated as a superb one and its general backfield play is far above the ordinary.

But the Irish face one obstacle which may determine the tide of the battle. To reach Los Angeles they have traveled for three full days without respite and with little in the way of practice. Only one practice was held after the Carnegie game and another this afternoon in Los Angeles will complete preparations for the big struggle. In addition to the odious trip a weather variance of some 40 degrees is bound to work its effects.

The Irish are somewhat enraged after their Carnegie setback and its a leadpipe cinch that Southern California will get plenty of punishment before the issue is settled one way or another.
Splinters From The Press Box

If champions always swayed at their dizzy heights—if the benumbed ex-champions always grovelled in their own ruin this would be a pretty tough old life because only one in a million would have a show.

It was tough to see a championship float away in a cloud of vapor but it will be satisfying to see the champions that would have been, assert their power and ride over Southern California.

And when you think of the Notre Dame-Army game of 1925 as contrasted to the Irish-Mule game of 1926 or when you compare the Carnegie-Notre Dame game of a year ago to the Saturday fracas you can almost feel sure that someone always comes back.

* * * * *

“Lighthorse” Harry Wilson, whose powerful thrusts were powerless before the Irish line, fared a little better with the Navy for it was “Lighthorse” who jerked the game from the fire.

On the side we might mention that 100,000 saw the spectacle which had been talked, bally-hoed and press-agented for some six months. And the million who wanted to go but didn’t, won’t agree that you missed nothing since the score was 21 all.

* * * * *

Applications for a national championship will be received by anybody and duly considered by everybody. Notre Dame lost, Navy and Brown were tied. Let the Alabama-Stanford struggle decide the title if you wish but cross the national part out of the consideration.

* * * * *

We’ll concede that it was our wake! Twenty to 0 almost hit it on the head but the 20 wound up in the wrong stall. Give this one the once-over and if it isn’t right give us credit for trying: Notre Dame 14; Southern California 7.

—GHoul POST III.
It seems to me that almost every football game has a real thrill packed in it somewhere for football is the game where the unexpected is liable to happen any time or any number of times. The winning run in any game is enough to make one get overly excited and a particularly good play is never without its real interesting part.

But there was one game which Notre Dame played two years ago that had me more wrought up than any of them. It was toward the end of the 1924 season, when the parade of the Four Horsemen toward the national championship had become a big spectacle. Notre Dame had won all its games and had tackled Carnegie Tech after putting the skids to the old rival, Nebraska.

“Rock” started the “shock” troops, that is the second stringers who were to stave off the Carnegie eleven as they had the other teams whom they had met. The “shockers” played the entire first half and although they did a splendid job on the offense their defensive work was not so brilliant for Carnegie’s backs ran as madly as did Notre Dame’s. At the half the score was 19 all.

Seeing that a lead was necessary and that quickly, Rockne injected his aces, the Four Horsemen and Seven Mules, into the game. Carnegie wilted under the attack and the Horsemen ploughed through for three touchdowns. Livergood plunged terrifically; Miller and Crowley ran the ends like fire or caught passes from Stuhldreher. It was like the slaughter of the innocents.

FRANK MAYER

Come back with me two weeks in the past (as the old story writer used to say it) and I’ll let you in on the biggest thrill I ever got out of college football. We’ll let the scene be the Yankee Stadium, the time Saturday afternoon, Nov. 13, and the opposition, as many will doubtlessly recall, the Army.

That game might not have been so thrilling after all but if these thrills were not made that afternoon I guess they’ll never be. In fact the game was one big kick after another, some of the kicks coming from our own success on various plays and not a few of the kicks coming from the hoofs of the Army Mule.

About every angle of the game has been discussed pro and con and every detail is past history. That first quarter was pretty exciting because it looked as if we were going to get a jump by scoring right off the bat. The last quarter was much more exciting because it looked as if the Army might snare a pass anytime and spoil the whole works.

But the third quarter beats all. The Army noted O’Boyle’s fine plunging through center in the first half. It sucked in to stop him and on the third play, taking advantage of the Army line’s compact defense, Edwards sent the play off tackle. Flanagan took the ball off tackle, cut in and switched across and beat it down the sidelines. By the time the linemen were held out the play had well started and a sense that it was a play of destiny was felt. I saw Flanagan hoofing it down the side and only two men to get him. Wilson approached to tackle him but Miller cut the Army back perfectly; the Army safety man essayed to spill Flanagan but Voedisch clipped him out in the nick of time. It was satisfying to watch that play but nerve-racking, too.
PHELAN TO HEAD HARRIERS;
WIN A. A. U. CHAMPIONSHIP

By an unanimous choice of his teammates, Richard (Dick) Phelan, veteran Notre Dame harrier, was elected to lead the Irish cross country athletes in their 1927 campaign. Phelan is a junior in the College of Arts and has been a varsity cross country runner for two years. He comes from Elgin, Illinois.

A sensational finish was clamped on the 1926 running season when Johnny Wendland’s harriers finished in the van of the annual cross-country championships of the Ohio-Indiana-Kentucky A. A. U. The meet was held in Louisville, Kentucky last Saturday under the auspices of the Y. M. H. A. “Scrapple” Young, running in his last harrier meet for the Blue and Gold, followed the usual custom and broke the tape well ahead of all opposition. Phelan, John Brown and Masterson finished among the leaders.

The Irish carried away a handsome team trophy and Young was awarded the silver cup for first place. Cross country athletes will rest until varsity indoor track claims their presence in the distance events.
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ARMOUR TECH TO OPPOSE COURT FIVE MONDAY NIGHT

Coach George Keogan’s basketball five, pointed for another western championship if not a more pretensions title, will make its formal bow to Notre Dame next Monday night in the gym, when it combats the Armour Tech (Chicago) five.

With four of the five veterans, who won nineteen out of twenty games for a clear-cut claim to the western championship, returning for duty again this year, Keogan holds high hopes that his combination will add to its laurels.

Captain Johnny Nyikos, with Vince McNally, Bucky Dahman and Lou Conroy, will form a nucleus of the team while the battle for the fifth job will engage some dozen stars of the 1926 reserve and freshman squads.

Monday’s game will find the Irish without their full strength for McNally and Dahman, football luminaries, are with the Irish grid squad in Los Angeles. They will be on hand soon, however.

Although Keogan could not give a lineup early this week, he intimated that the first five would be picked from Captain Nyikos, Conroy, Besten, Moore, Victoryn, Newbold, Bray, Colerick, Crowe and Gebhart.

Armour Tech has the advantage of an early start and will hit the Irish in practically mid-season form. The first tip-off will be at 8 p. m.
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