

The Notre Dame Scholastic

DISCE · QUASI · SEMPER · VICTURUS · VIVE · QUASI · CRAS · MORITURUS

VOL. LV.

NOVEMBER 5, 1921.

No. 7.

AN OCTOBER MOOD.

Gold leaf and brown, life falling everywhere
From out the world this day.
The anchored Elms pensive are in prayer,
June fragrance is melted away.

Yet will we walk here and not grieve at all
That saffron are the woods,
And follow this winding pathway, hidden and small,
To catch Autumnal moods.

We will be gentler going home at even,
For all the little whispering
We've heard and the pines tapering to heaven,
And many a brown leaf's rustling.

The young stars will be lit for our home-coming;
The silk veil at the dark
Will fold us 'round; night voices will be humming,
Below the watch-dog's bark.

Let's harvest glad thoughts of October dying,
Against desolate indoor hours,
When disconsolate winds are at the windows
sighing,
And the patter of wild straws.

P. J. C.

VETERANS OF FOREIGN WARS.

VETERANS of the war with Germany who saw service overseas and who have now enrolled as members of the Notre Dame Post, No. 286, Veterans of Foreign Wars, held their first meeting Tuesday evening. The event was evidence of the enthusiasm that is present in behalf of the newest organization on the campus. Comrade Commander Himmelburger and Comrade Adjutant Nelson of the George A. Campbell Post, No. 763, South Bend addressed the meeting, while a number of new members received the oath.

Under a decision reached by the organization the first and third Tuesdays in each month will be observed as meeting nights. Walsh Hall will be the scene of the conclaves.

At the next meeting, nominations for officers of the post will be introduced. The election will be held at the following meeting. In the meantime members are looking forward to the opportunity of attending a banquet to be given Monday evening, November 7, at the Y. M. C. A. by the George A. Campbell Post, South Bend, to which Notre Dame members have been invited. The occasion of the installation of officers will be featured by a dance and a gala affair to be given probably in South Bend.

At present an effort is being made to complete the charter list of members. For this purpose eligible members have been invited to apply for membership through Robert Riordan, Room 233, Corby. The number of men at the university who are eligible for membership in the organization is very large and those who are sponsoring the Veterans movement are anxious that the major portion of these be represented on the charter list. The Veterans of Foreign Wars is said to be the only national organization composed exclusively of veterans of the wars and campaigns conducted by the United States on foreign soil and in foreign waters. It extends the hand of comradeship to all who saw actual service in any war or campaign with a foreign foe.

The objects of the association are fraternal, historical and educational; to preserve and strengthen comradeship among the members; to assist worthy comrades; to perpetuate the memory and history of our dead, and to assist their widows and orphans; to maintain true allegiance to the government of the United States of America, and fidelity to its constitution and laws; to foster true patriotism. The organization believes in the doctrine of one flag, one country and one language, is tolerant, not political and non-sectarian.

MOLZ.

FATHER MORRISSEY.

LEO R. WARD, C. S. C.

One of the last requests made by Father Thomas Walsh, C. S. C., as he lay dying in Milwaukee, was that Father Andrew Morrissey, C. S. C., then a young priest, succeed him in the presidency of the University of Notre Dame. Father Morrissey



V. L. O'Connor.

was then in Europe in the interests of his congregation, and it was with a heavy heart that he heard of the premature death of the President of Notre Dame, the amiable and accomplished Father Walsh. A little more than a quarter century later, on May 27, 1921, many a son of the University was saddened by the news—wafted in the other direction, from Paris to America—of the sudden death of another maker of Notre Dame, the Very Reverend Andrew Morrissey, for a dozen years president of Notre Dame, for a longer period provincial of the Congregation of Holy Cross in the United States, and in his last year its coadjutor-general.

The years allotted to him after the death

of Father Walsh were for Father Morrissey most busy and for his congregation and its great school in America most fruitful. Before he reached America in 1893 he had been unanimously chosen to succeed Father Walsh. His succession was the express desire of his predecessor; it was the hope and the recommendation of the founder of Notre Dame, Father Sorin, who more than any other knew the needs of the university and the ability of the men at his command, and it fulfilled the wishes of every member of the faculty, as well as of the students and the friends and well-wishers of Notre Dame. The new president was an able and zealous priest, thirty-three years of age, in no way a stranger to Notre Dame, a man who knew her ideals, her hopes, and the plans that had been laid for her expansion and ever-deepening usefulness. Father Morrissey stood in a sense between the old Notre Dame and the new. With brief interruptions he had been at the University for more than a score of years. He had the decided advantage of having been intimately associated with Father Walsh, Father Granger, Father Corby, Bishop Louage, of Dacca, and, most precious opportunity of all, with Father Sorin, the venerable patriarch of Catholic higher education in the United States. From them any high-souled and earnest young man must have drunk in the ideal that is Notre Dame. The old leaders were soon to be called to God—for Father Granger passed away a week after Father Walsh, and Father Sorin only three months later—and the great work of Notre Dame and of Holy Cross was entrusted to other but not unproved men, Father G. Francais, superior general, Father Corby, provincial of the congregation, and Father Morrissey, president of Notre Dame.

To know what kind of man was thus in 1893 chosen as the leader at Notre Dame, we might study his earlier photographs and his utterances, neither strikingly unlike his later ones; we might go to the periodicals of that day or to friends who survive him—but is there anything that could speak more eloquently for Father Morrissey's worth than the bare fact that Father Walsh and Father Sorin made him their common and unequivocal choice for the responsible office

of the presidency of Notre Dame? What kind of man were they likely to select? Plainly a man of superior business ability was needed. Father Sorin and his co-laborers by no means rested when the buildings wiped out by the fire of 1879 had been replaced, but they continued to build; and Father Walsh had a thousand plans and hopes and undertakings for Notre Dame till death ended them all for him. The mere continuation of the work that had been launched demanded foresight, prudence and economy, particularly in the hard times that gripped our country in 1893. But Father Walsh and Father Sorin were primarily educators, not financiers, and as educators most devoted missionaries. For them and for anyone whom they would designate to carry on their labors, interest of the mind and interests of the soul were of the first importance. In all and above all else, boundless zeal for education and religion was the only imperative recommendation.

Superior native ability, combined with a long and careful training, was the equipment which Father Morrissey brought to his new labors. He had come to the University in 1872, a mere lad—"a chubby little fellow," as all who later knew him may easily infer. His birth had been twelve years earlier in the land glorified by its priests, its teachers, and its soldiers; and his own family was not inconspicuous in the County of Kilkenny. With his maternal uncle, Brother Bernard, C. S. C., he came to America to study for the priesthood. After pursuing the prescribed course of studies at Notre Dame, he was orator of his class in the year of the great fire, and a year later he received the degree of Master of Arts. His noviceship was under Father Louage, who later became Bishop of Dacca. He studied theology at St. Francis' Seminary in Milwaukee, and was a priest at the age of twenty-three.

For a few years Father Morrissey taught and served in minor official capacities at Sacred Heart college, Watertown, and at Notre Dame. Father Sorin then sent him to Rome to deepen his studies in philosophy and canon law. As teacher and as student, he showed an exceptional proficiency in mathematics, philosophy, the classics and oratory; indeed so broad and so thorough

was his own education that as president of Notre Dame he was able to appreciate the work done by every professor and to extend his personal supervision to the whole course of studies.

His zeal for Christian education was limited only by prudence and obedience. He set his every energy to the perfect accomplishment of what he termed "the great work to which we have dedicated our lives—that of liberal Christian education." He became well known as an orator and an educator. His powerful voice, his clear, straightforward diction, and his progressive ideas made him an authority on education. The University of Michigan acknowledged him as such by conferring on him the degree of Doctor of Laws. In 1906 he received the papal degree of Doctor of Divinity.

Father Morrissey spoke with plainness and vigor; and that was well in keeping with the energetic straightforwardness characteristic of everything that he did, of the man himself. What there was not in him and what he could not tolerate in others was duplicity. It was the unpardonable sin. His contempt for anything like "smoothness" and double-dealing was the cause of many a lasting friendship and a passing enmity. The openness and sincerity that were inseparable from Father Morrissey made him the friend of the hierarchy and of educators, religious and secular, Catholic and non-Catholic. With less of candor and more of craft he could certainly have had more partisans who would have called themselves his friends. Students held him in high esteem because, as they put it, they knew where they stood. An honest complaint or excuse from them or anyone else he was always willing to consider. "You could sit down and have a good fight with Father Morrissey," says one who worked with him for years. Certain scurrilous accusations were once brought against Father Morrissey and the University and it happened that one of the priests, though quite unintentionally, helped forward the machinations, Father Morrissey merely asked the priest in question for a simple explanation; and when he had received that, he was willing to take upon himself the no slight consequences: an avowal of the luckless mistake was sufficient.

That Father Morrissey was for fourteen years the provincial of his congregation and in his last year its coadjutor-general, amply approves the saneness of the early judgment formed of him by Father Sorin and Father Walsh. As a superior he was always appreciative of the abilities and the efforts of others. He sincerely desired to let everyone prove himself; his policy was to trust and to inspire. But he wanted no shams in religion or out of it. As a religious and a priest, his own devotion, especially to the Blessed Mother, was genuine and in no way ostentatious. His whole life bore witness to the firmness of his faith. His duties, onerous though they frequently must have been, were never slovenly accomplished. When he had been named to fulfill the office of coadjutor-general, his great desire was to visit Rome to have the appointment formally confirmed. Serious illness at first prevented his journey, but as soon as his health permitted he rose up with courage and vigor and made the trip which may be said to have cost him his life. Thus this man of vigorous action and plain dealing was consistent to the last. The words "ability and aimability" were used many years ago to sum up Father Morrissey's qualities, and doubtless a great deal of truth is there; but the friend did much "big-hearted, good-natured, humble, and better who recently characterized him as zealous."

THROUGH THE OTHER END.

AARON H. HUGUENARD.

"I am going to send her to America by the next boat. It is impossible for me to stand her any longer, the little vixen."

"Mon dieu, Henry! But you would not do anything like that to her. She is your only daughter—think, one daughter and six boys. She is worth more than all of them."

"Bah! She is a devil, she is bewitched. Never does she rest. Always into mischief until my nerves are vibrating like telephone wires in a storm. What can I do? Let her go to the wilds of Huron and try her pranks with the goats. For two years, now, her uncle has begged me to send her to him. Let him have her."

"No, no, brother, you wouldn't do that. It would be like a city of the dead here. No one to create joy—"

"Joy, joy! Do you call it joy to have a little worm put ashes in my wine, to pull my hair when I sleep, to make my knife handle sticky with molasses? I am crazy with her. I can stand no more, Jean. I am through."

"Ah, but Henri, you are not fair. You look at the bad and miss the good. You do not weigh all things. You forget all she has done for you because you do not see results right away. She has kept you ten years younger and you do not realize it. But I knew, I knew. Then, too, did you hear what she did to Raymond Thoreau, the other night at the Church supper?"

"No. Tell me, did she fix the old fox? He beat me on the team of oxen last year."

"Did she? You should have been there. Never a Raymond satisfied with his meals. For years, now, whenever Raymond comes to the suppers, he complains. Once it is this and once it is that. When the potatoes are right, the dessert is burned. When the salad is good, the coffee is strong. Always it is something, and always has it been your little Marie's lot to be blamed.

"The little thing is scared of him, he acts so ugly. When he snarls at her, his yellow-stained teeth hang out like fangs. But she never says anything; only does her best to please the old fool. All the time I knew though she was hatching something back of those black piercing eyes. Ah! she takes after her papa, there.

"The cloud broke the other night. Oh, but it was funny. There we were all seated at the table. Old Thoreau as usual wore his doglike scowl. His beard bristled out like a porcupine's, his hair was unkempt and scraggy, his unclean teeth jutted irregularly out of his mouth like the rocks along the coast.

"My little chérie was put to serve the rat. Immediately, he started to murmur. First, it was because he was not served at once. Then, because his chair squeaked. As he sucked in his soup he complained that it was not seasoned sufficiently. It was this that my little Marie was waiting for.

"Oh, look!" she exclaimed, pointing to some imaginary thing on the ceiling, and as

the old lynx gazed unsuspectingly upwards, she put a whole handful of salt, which she had been carrying in her apron pocket, into his soup.

"Sacre nom d'un nom," he screamed as he took his next spoonful. "This soup is salty." Those sitting around, who did not know what Marie had done, started to bless themselves and pray. They thought Raymond had gone crazy. But Marie and I, we knew better. And laugh, I thought my sides would break out. I'll bet he'll never complain again about his meals.

"That is only one thing, Henri. Every day she does some good thing, but she never tells anybody about it. You have wondered why Pierre Martin has been so pious this last year? You would be surprised if you knew it was my little girl who caused it all? Listen!

"For four years, Pierre has never gone to Church. Why was it? From the day he buried his mother until twelve months ago, he never spoke to the priest. Why? You know that Madame Martin said in her will that Pierre was to have Masses read for her, but there was no money to be found. Truly, she wouldn't have wished this on her son, if she didn't have the means to carry out the work. Madame Martin was not of that type. Lean closer, while I tell you the secret that is only to Marie and me.

"One day when she was out playing, she came across big Pierre stretched out in the hayloft of Hauchecorne's barn. It was a wonderful, summer afternoon and the sun streamed dustily through cracks in the walls over Pierre's rugged countenance. My little girl could not resist to touch him. She laid her hand softly over his forehead. As she was stroking it, the dunce rolled over as if to awake but he didn't. Marie, who started to run away, came back and repeated the act. Then, what do you think happened? A million guesses, and you wouldn't hit it. Pierre began talking in his sleep.

"O Mother, mother, do that again. Only please do it again, and I shall take the money and have all the Masses read like I promised.

"And the little angel did stroke his forehead again. You know what happened. Everybody in Lille has been talking about

Pierre Martin, how good and how holy he has been. Pére Bergot cannot praise him too highly. Every Sunday, M. Martin sits in the front pew drinking in the services.

"'Oh!' some say, 'a saint must have prayed for his soul to turn.'

"'No,' others claim, 'his Mother besought the angels to save him.'

"But Henri, as truly as I am here, I know who brought Pierre back to the Church, and it was little Marie. That is the girl, my brother, whom you would wish to send across the ocean, to leave her friends, her brothers, her mama and papa, to let her cry her days away in some hut where even the angels would fear to go. No, it cannot be my brother who would do such a thing. Come now, what do you say?"

"Jean, do you mean everything you say? Are those things true?"

"Yes, every, every, every word is true."

"And she really did put salt in Old Thoreau's soup?"

"Yes!"

"And she really made lazy Pierre come back to his God?"

"Yes!"

"Mon dieu! Would I have sent a little angel away? Marie! Marie! Where are you? Come! Come to your papa."

"There she goes, running across the court after that dog. 'Cre bleu! My hat, my new silk hat tied over that cur's head and my cane broken, and she is giving the pieces to the whelp to carry! Henri, Henri, you must send her to America at once. She'll be my death.'"

"Sh—h—uh, Jean! What's a hat and a cane. They are nothing. And besides, didn't she salt old Thoreau's soup and bring Pierre Martin to the Church?"

AUTUMN.

'Tis Autumn now; and Nature's masterpiece,

A rainbow-tinted season, crowned with blue;

Her final blaze of glory—gay toilette

For Winter's muffled cloak of snowy hue.

THE LEAVES.

One morning Jack Frost traitorously kissed the leaves until the life went from them, and they were pale yellow. And they laid their dead but lovely bodies in great heaps against the dreaming bosom of the sky.

Below them at the foot of the raw clay bluff the river moved sleepily and gracefully along. Now and then a leaf fluttered down, danced like a yellow fairy through a hundred feet of air, curtsied and then slipped into the arms of the river and was borne away.

This went on for weeks.

And one day the leaves were all gone, and the trees shook their crooked branches to the sky and wailed. But the sky had grown old and grey, and although its heart was still tender, it was deaf and for a long time could not hear the trees. Meanwhile the winds had grown strong and bold and they carried the lament of the trees to the old grey sky.

The sky blessed the trees, and sent down pure white snow to cover them.

And upon one grey and silent evening, the Son of God came to earth.

V. ENGELS.

THE OLD PAINTED NEW.

If magic force, some dark and stormy night,
Would resurrect the men of ancient days;
I've often wondered how these men would act,
If they'd adapt themselves to modern ways.
I hardly think they would, but yet they might.

If Plato were to live again and write
His brain atwisting philosophic books:
I wonder if his matchless style would be
The slangy stuff of modern grammar crooks.
I hardly think it would, but yet it might.

If Phidias, the Grecian meteorite,
Should wield his mallet in this modern age:
I wonder if he'd carve from blocks of stone
Those funny Kewpie dolls that are the rage.
I hardly think he would, but yet he might.

If Raphael, Italia's beaming light,
In realms of modern painting should compete:
Would ink and pen replace the oil and brush
To draw cartoons for some vile comic sheet?
I hardly think they would, but yet they might.

A. E. M.

THE KEY-HOLE.

Since the passing of the foot-rail, the key-hole is one of the most neglected of home-furnishings. In that by-gone epoch, after the master of the house had zigzagged hilariously home it was the object of his tenderest affections. He would argue, coax, and beseech it to envelop his key. But the key-hole was unbending.

Success required an unconquerable determination with the highest form of strategy. After his conciliatory measures had failed, the befuddled one became angry. He declared war! Like a lion he crept toward the helpless mouse, he measured the distance, wobbled his hand carefully, oh, so carefully, toward the doomed victim. Then a savage lunge, and when luck was with him, he speared the enemy; and here we will desert him for we are concerned only with the key-hole and care little for such prosaic utensils as rolling pins, etc.

JOS. C. RHOMBERG.

THE STREAM.

I splash down deep canyons on my way to the sea,
And race from the snows and try to be free;
I thunder down falls in my momentary glee,—
As I drop down gorges to the sea—
Down, down to the sea.

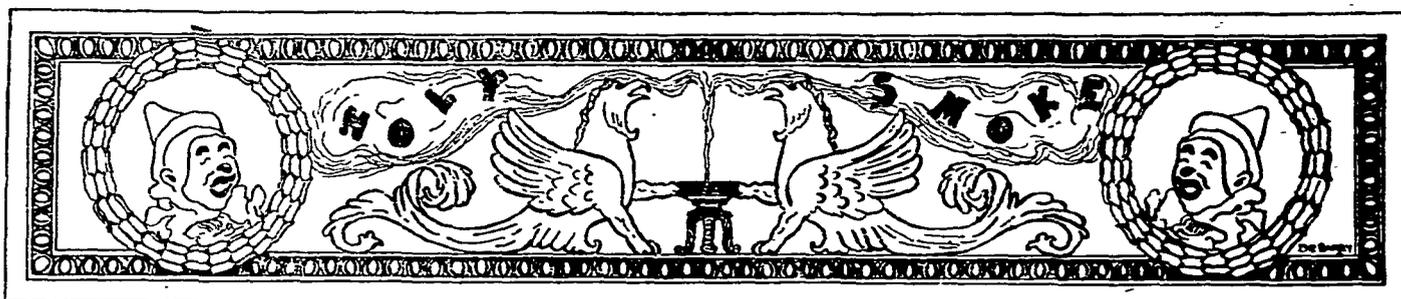
I slip silent past meadows on my way to the sea,
And, weary of my task to run and be free,
I sleep in deep pools and rest on the lea
As I slip past meadows to the sea—
Slip silent to the sea.

A RONDEAU.

When I am dead and bleak winds blow
Across my grave beneath the snow,
And when my body cold and gray
Lies changing into shapless clay,
I shall not trouble then to know
What laurels men on me bestow
Nor care what honors they may show;
I will not hear what mortals say
When I am dead.

But if my soul shall straightway go
To heaven's realms devoid of woe,
If angels quickly lead the way
To God's bright throne of endless day,
I'll rest content to have it so
When I am dead.

W. K.



And now we have a new gown, the Halfback.

First Fisherman:—Is the river up this morning?

Second Fisherman:—It ought to be. It's ten o'clock.

We Americans needn't be so highbrow about our Battle of Bull Run. History tells also of the Battle of Bouvines.

ENGLISH CLASS.

Prof:—A sentence, please, using the word "In-fractions."

Stude:—When Hector hit Indiana's team last Saturday they got up in fractions.

ABOUT MEN.

"And when I pick a husband, dear For bow legs I'll review them."

"Yes. There's a well-known rule I hear, It's easier to see through them."

Question:—Are you half the man your mother thought you'd be?

Answer:—Ya! Just about half.

She sure is a live wire.

How so?

Simply shocking.

Toddle fiends may toil not but they certainly spin.

Children should never be allowed to hear their father shave with cold water.

Of all the Freshmen I have seen
The queerest to my mind
Is one who claims hair vaseline
Makes questions slip his mind.

COMMERCIAL GEOGRAPHY.

Shoes are made of all skins known:
From tin we get our dippers,
And where banana trees are grown
Are manufactured slippers.

And now a Freshman suggests that a dollar sign be painted on the football to prevent all fumbling.

"You'll have to hand it to that guy," said Rockne as a green one fumbled a forward pass.

CRAZY STUFF.

"Do you suppose that the Dead Sea died for Bonnie Annie Laurie?"

"Naw! That's just an Indian notion."

I once had a sweetheart named Bonnie McStark. We went for a swim in the sea.

It chanced that we swam near a huge hungry shark Oh, bring back my Bonnie to me.

Ike:—And why do you call your sandwich "dog?"

Mike:—Because he's only half bread.

Stude:—I asked if I might see her home.

Fresh:—What did she say.

Stude:—She said that she'd send me a picture of it.

SOME DO AND SOME DON'T.

Mr. Volstead:—Now I want everyone to join in on the refrain.

"Officer, I want you to catch that man. He tried to kiss me."

"Never mind mum, there'll be another along soon."

You can take the ate out of plate and the ike out of Mike, but how can you take the joy out of life?

As I passed the Piggly Wiggly store,
A Freshman who was very sore,
Emerged. Said he, "It surely irks,
Me when a place is short on clerks."

The "bum's rush" for the guy who "poses" and blocks the passageway after each shot in a pool game.

"I don't see any advantage in standard time."

"Well, it gives one an extra hour of moonshine, doesn't it?"

Newcomer:—I wonder if they ever taught fencing at this school.

Old Timer:—Wait 'til you try to get over to St. Mary's and you won't ask.

—KOLARS.

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DISCE QUASI SEMPER VICTURUS VIVE QUASI CRAS MORITURUS

Entered as Second-Class Mail Matter.

Published every Saturday during the School Term at the
UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME.

VOL. LV. NOVEMBER 5, 1921. NO 7

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Advertising, an idea once scoffed at by many people has now grown to monumental proportions, and still it is said to be only in its infancy. It offers to the youth, as a profession unlimited possibilities of advancement; to the capitalist, as an investment a sound financial footing, and to the public in general, as an opportunity for business advancement an aid no longer to be disregarded.

Advertising has found a place on the campus of Notre Dame. The Bulletin Boards have become nothing more than billboards whereon all kinds and forms of advertising schemes may be found. From the small, scribbled strip of paper announcing the loss of a fountain pen, to the flaring placard in the center proclaiming the next dance at the Oliver it is all advertisement. This may be all right, but it is very tiresome to read of some two dozen lost articles, with all the frivolity of rewards, in order to search out the important announcements of the day.

It would be a humane act to classify these Bulletin Boards, and to place the "Lost" advertisements in a separate place where youthful fortune hunters could read them without the bother of announcements concerning school activities.

J. LULEY.

The students of the University are somewhat inclined to pass over as non-essential the concerts which are offered to them in Washington Hall. These ON GOING TO CONCERTS that is seen to by the person that picks them, but nevertheless the hall seems practically empty when the artists appear on the stage. Those that are in the hall at that time generally titter like a bunch of kindergarten children when a woman appears on the platform. It is useless to say that it very often affects the person concerned and throws her off her mental balance.

When a concert is given by a bunch of jazz wild persons the poor hall groans under the overflow crowd which soon becomes as wild as the Nubian lion at bay. The crowd calls for more after each selection and, as a rule, the players are kept on the stage for two hours or more. This was exemplified a couple years ago when a colored jazz band appeared in the Hall. The fiasco started at two o'clock and it was five fifteen when the curtain fell. Do you think the students wanted it to fall? Not a bit of it; they would have missed supper if the musicians had stayed.

All this shows that the students want jazz. Since such a thing is utterly irremediable, why not compromise and have a little classical music and then some "jazz?" Such a thing would, I think, solve the difficulty. It would eliminate the demented person who gets up during the middle of a performance and walks out making all the noise he can with his number twelve shoes. But—why not try to cultivate a taste for classical music and go to the exceedingly good concerts offered you?

B. HERMAN.

Many and multifarious are the reasons given for the phenomenal success of Notre Dame. One ascribes it to the patience and zeal of the founders; another, to the high standard of scholarship, and still a third may say that athletics have played an important part.

There is some truth in all these views but they do not tell the whole story. It is the

spirit of friendship, the brotherhood of the student body, that has brought about in a great measure the miracle we now behold. It is the spirit of cordial sincerity, which permeates our very souls, that has put Notre Dame in the foremost rank of American Universities.

The hearty "hello, Jack" or "hello, Jim" that greets us in the morning fills us with an indescribable exhilaration that warms our hearts and sends us through the day, more active and more willing. It is the spirit of friendship that carries the ball across the line in our football contest; it is the spirit of friendship that makes the student body rise as one to cheer on their team. The rivalry in the classroom, the sparkling eyes on the campus, have their beginning in this alliance with our fellow student.

It is the spirit of friendship that binds us with those who have gone before, with our comrades of the present and with the Notre Dame men that are to come; a spirit that binds all to Notre Dame and Notre Dame to all forever.

J. P. MULLEN.

The electric light companies in this country are far behind those of Europe in providing service for the poor. It is quite interesting to note that the Indiana PUBLIC SERVICE VS. and Michigan Electric PUBLIC CHARITY Company which operates in South Bend, has been the first in America to do just this thing. Perhaps one-third of the laborers in this city are Polish, Austrian and Balkan people whose daily wages are less than three dollars a day. The electric company has devised plans whereby a house may be wired for as little as fifteen dollars, and lighting service may be given for a minimum of one dollar a month. A Polish sales agent has been hired to talk to prospective customers, write advertisements, attend to complaints and in general to translate electricity into Slovak, et cetera. The men engaged in this work are confident of success and are going after it. The effect in raising the standards of living for these aliens gives them a feeling that they are sharing in American civilization, a feeling that will eventually mean a great deal to the public in general. This public service is

far better than any form of public charity.

J. R. SHERIFF.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Under this heading the SCHOLASTIC will print communications dealing with purely student topics, and for which the editors assume no responsibility.

DEAR SIR:

Some carping and malicious individuals registered at the University have made many derogatory remarks concerning the advent of canes on the campus.

The most vituperative and stinging words should be used on them. It might seem to some that we are cruel in saying that they are unmannerly in their conduct. Naughty is a word mild to use on them. They are simply horrid.

Canes should be carried at Notre Dame. It is a common thing to see such mediums of expression at institutions attended by some of the sweetest boys and young men in the country. Such ideas contribute greatly to the pleasure of girls at many fashionable finishing schools. Why should Notre Dame be outdone in this respect?

While we approve of the canes—even though some have suggested shillalah's we think embellishments for others are justified. For instance, Juniors should wear wrist-watches—the feminine kind. What would accentuate the comeliness and pulchritude of a Sophomore more than a shell rim monocle? And what would be sweeter than a Freshman bedecked in an Eton collar, a Windsor tie and ruffles on his trousers?

Some say that the Senior canes should be ornamented with bits of baby blue ribbon. But why gild fine gold? Why paint the lily?

Without the cane some might not think of the Senior as such. In his vindication, we say is justified; for at least by his cane shall he be known.

KNOT A. SENIOR.

FAMILIAR FOLKS

Fred J. Stewart, C. E., '12, is connected with Merton G. Hall, Civil and Sanitary Engineers, Centerville, Iowa. He was among the N. D. rooters at the Iowa struggle a few weeks ago and writes that numerous Iowa followers admitted a technical defeat for the Hawkeyes.

Just about six months ago, the editor-in-chief was chasing Joe Tierney, Ph. B., '21, around the campus on the trail of Personals. But in six months many things can happen, and among these the writer can become the written-up. Reliable sources inform us that the author of the "Shaggy Upper Lip" and

other stirring prose works is now instructor in Economics in the University of Rochester. His nights, however, are given over to study—of the heart.

Miss Anena Carolina Soisson, St. Mary's graduate, was married to John Carroll, Ph. B., 1914, on October 26, 1921, at Connessville, Pa. Congratulations.

Mr. Daniel McGlynn, Sr., of East St. Louis, father of Joseph McGlynn, who was graduated in 1912, of Daniel McGlynn, Jr., of the Class of 1919, and of Robert McGlynn, a student here from 1915 until 1920, was recently made a Knight of Saint Gregory by Pope Benedict.

Hugh O'Neil, '94, member of the executive staff of the New York Times, delivered an address on "Why the Selling Price of Newspapers Should Not be Reduced," to the New York City Circulation Managers' Convention Meeting, at the McAlpine Hotel, New York, recently.

Freshman journalists heard an interesting lecture on "The House Organ," and in particular, the "Plant" Organ, from Mr. Harry Botsford, Editor of The Dodge Idea, last Friday. The lecture was given in the Journalism Room in the Library, and is a part of the freshman study of the field of journalism.

"Eddie" McOsker, Journalism, 1917, has organized, and is now editor of the Employees Magazine of the Elgin Watch Co., Elgin, Ill., and is as successful in this as in his previous newspaper undertakings. He was back for the homecoming, and everybody was glad to see him.

SHEA. HUGUENARD.

OURSELVES

Even the casual observer will pause to regard the change in our back cover design. It is the passing of a landmark. In an era of progress and growth, landmarks are continually dropping out of existence, leaving some to mourn and many to rejoice. The new back cover in the SCHOLASTIC is an indication of healthy growth. Since the student body has taken over the advertising department, the amount of purchased space has jumped quite noticeably. This means that as soon as the advertising is of sufficient volume the editorial format of the SCHOLASTIC

will be improved. All this, of course, must go on gradually.

Getting back to advertising, it is perhaps appropriate to mention that the advertising staff is working to have a full page of advertising devoted to "movies" and theatricals which will give the student body an idea of the best shows in town. We suggest you give our theatrical advertisers your patronage, as they are helping to make the SCHOLASTIC pay its way. Since the present advertising campaign commenced, Notre Dame men have been allowed a ten per cent. reduction in the cost of shoe repairing. That is something to be appreciated.

All we ask you to do is to read the "ads." If you commerce men and journalists think it profitable to take a course in advertising, you will find it profitable in a more immediate way to look over our ads. That is business.

There's going to be a scalp dance next Saturday night. The S. A. C. has arranged the details of the celebration already. And it will be a classy affair. Jim Murtaugh, in charge of the event, has arranged for a creole orchestra of national fame to tintinambulate for the occasion. Of course the whole football team will be there in the Tribune Auditorium, but even the vaunted Castner will have some rabid competition in the degree of intricate toe-holds that will be displayed. All the reputed and otherwise celebrated steppers are going to have to show the best brand of footwork to hold a niche in fame.

The Knights of Columbus are scheduled to have two feasts at their meeting next Tuesday. Father Cavanaugh will speak. There will be pickled-ham sandwiches with ice cream and coffee for the chaser. So huge is the anticipated attendance that Lecturer Barnhart is undecided whether to hold it in Washington Hall or the Tribune Auditorium in South Bend. It is not known what Father Cavanaugh will say. But he will probably speak from experience. The coffee will not be necessary although earnestly appreciated.

Next Tuesday's impressive ceremonies will inaugurate the K. of C. entertainment program for the year.

"Absolutely all club pictures," says the editor-in-chief of the Dome, "must be in the engraver's office before Thanksgiving." The presidents of the seventy-seven clubs on the campus should interpret this to mean that they must make arrangements with Bagby to have the picture taken very soon; and that after the act has been done, they must notify Harold McKee, Walter Matthes or some other member of the Board so that reservations can be made. After all has been done to fulfill Dome obligations, the clubs may be disbanded.

Dr. Maurice Francis Egan, the celebrated writer, diplomat and former professor of English at Notre Dame, addressed the students of journalism on the afternoon of Oct. 20. He spoke of the power of the press and of the high ideals which journalists must continually have before them if they wish to maintain it. He illustrated his point by describing briefly the character and influence of the men who controlled the press when he was an editor in New York, forty years ago. Discussing the importance of good style, journalistic and otherwise, he advocated the thorough study of foreign languages as a method of improvement.

On Wednesday afternoon, Oct. 19, Mr. Edwin Markham, author of "The Man with the Hoe" read and discussed some of his poems before the students of English. He gave an interesting account of the writing of the poem which has made him famous, read several pleasing quatrains, of which the one called "Duty" was exceptionally beautiful, and spoke on Idealism. "Joy of the Hills" and "Two at a Fireside" were among the poems interpreted.

The sketch of Father Morrissey which appears in this issue of the SCHOLASTIC, is a very imperfect reproduction of Professor O'Connor's fine crayon drawing. "Holy Smoke's" halo was constructed by De Barry, other creations by whom are expected soon. All the editorials in this issue were written by Freshmen journalists—and Doctor Cooney may be credited with a "scoop" for having got hold of the '25 class.

MURPHY-ARNDT.

WHAT'S WHAT IN ATHLETICS.

JUPITER AND JUMBO

Iowa, Nebraska and Purdue were forgotten at Indianapolis Saturday afternoon when Coach Rockne's mud-fighters out-splashed Jumbo's boys by 28 splashes to 7. It was a warm sort of a victory in striking contrast to the pneumonia in the air; and though our feet were wet and our hair was dripping water because the darn fool band persisted in playing the Victory March as we hurdled puddles through the showers, nevertheless our hearts were glowing and our blood was hot and we exuded warm flames of enthusiasm.

Notre Dame won from Indiana—so decisively, so completely, so thoroughly, so easily, that it seemed hardly an effort at all; and although these words may seem to be just a little inconsiderate of the fighting qualities of a game enemy, still there has remained a big, gaping void in the composition of Notre Dame since the audacious attempt which Indiana made last year to beat the best team in the Middle West. The void is filled and smoothed over and decorated with crimson flowers.

A 12-hour downpour was still going strong when the 10,000 brave spirits who composed the crowd waded into the park and sought the remote corners of the grandstand to avoid the cutting rain that a contrary wind sheeted directly into the stands. Long rows of \$3 seats, all desolately and drippingly alone—though bought and paid for—lined the playing field which resembled that portion of Canadian soil known as the Thousand Islands. Two bands, as Mary Bostwick in reporting the game, said, "gave pneumonia the scornful raspberry" by taking their places on either side of the field. It was raining millions of whatever it rains, 20,000 feet were soaking, 10,000 compositions of matter and form were shivering; but months before, two human beings had decided that this was the best day for this—so in the manner of mortals the crowd came out into the rain seeking enjoyment—and strangely enough—found it.

For soon after the game began the rain stopped, the sun peeped out and the folks who had paid for the \$3 ringside seats began to crowd the folks who hadn't paid for them but who had got there first. The kick-

ing game which had been almost entirely the mode of attack in the first quarter, gave way to a running game as Coach Rockne withdrew his shock backfield of Phelan, Thomas, Walsh and Lieb and injected Coughlin, Wynne, Mohardt and Grant into the fray. Due principally to the work of Coughlin and Mohardt, the oval was quickly run to a corner of the field where Danny slid off tackle for the touchdown. Indiana followed soon after with the tying score when Kyle went through the line for three dashes after Indiana had recovered a Notre Dame fumble of the slippery ball on our 11-yard line.

The first half ended at seven all but the third quarter was a parade. Before it was over Rockne had sent his third backfield into the game and injected almost the entire second line. We made three additional touchdowns and were called back after Dutch Bergman had made another on a 35-yard run after intercepting a pass.

Danny Coughlin was the big star of the game. He scored two touchdowns and figured prominently in the others. He tackled and interfered and recovered fumbles. He did all of these things just when they were needed and he did them out in the open where they could be seen and enjoyed. Johnny Mohardt drove continually off tackle for consistent gains and threw six consecutive passes to Kiley and Eddie without a miss. Buck Shaw continued his steady work on the line and Hec Garvey showed his real stuff once again. Chet Grant struck his stride.

As a result of the Indiana victory the team has gone east with a great amount of confidence. Individually they are working to perfection; but the real cause for satisfaction lies in the machine-like calibre of the team play. Every man does his bit well and the interference and defense against passes were easily the best of the year.

FRANK WALLACE.

DETAIL PLAY

Notre Dame took the field first and Indiana followed immediately. Notre Dame won the toss and chose to defend the south goal. Thomas kicked off to Notre Dame's thirty-yard line and on the first play Degree returned the punt to Wilkens on Indiana's twenty-yard line. Kyle and Wilkens could

gain only four yards in two line smashes and Kyle punted to Notre Dame's thirty-yard line. Lieb hit the line for three yards, but fumbled on the following play and lost ten yards in recovering. Degree punted to Indiana's twenty-yard line, Wilkens returning the ball seven yards. Kyle gained nothing in two thrusts at the line and punted out of bounds to his own forty-six-yard line. Walsh advanced only one yard and Degree punted out of bounds to Indiana's twenty-yard line. Plunging was impossible through the mud and a continuous exchange of punts resulted. Burke and Thomas gained only three yards and Kyle again punted to the Notre Dame forty-yard line. Indiana was losing ground on punts. Lieb gained two yards on a right-end run and Notre Dame was penalized five yards on the next play for offside. After Lieb had lost two yards on a line buck, Degree punted to Indiana's thirty-three-yard line, Thomas returning seven yards. Burke and Hanny negotiated only five yards in three attempts to dent the line and Kyle punted to Thomas on Notre Dame's twenty-five-yard line. Walsh was thrown for a two-yard loss and degree punted to Indiana's thirty-yard mark, Wilkens bringing the ball back ten yards. Kyle punted to Notre Dame's twenty-two-yard line and without any attempt to gain on plays, Degree returned the punt to Wilkens on Indiana's thirty-three-yard line. Wilkens advanced the ball to the forty-eight-yard line when time was taken for the players to wipe some of the mud from their suits. Burke lost two yards around left end and Kyle punted to Notre Dame's thirty-five-yard line. Time was taken out for Ross and on resumption of play Degree punted to Indiana's thirteen-yard line. Kyle punted back to his own thirty-eight-yard line, Thomas carrying the ball back five yards. Notre Dame was penalized fifteen yards for unnecessary roughness, and the quarter ended. Score—Notre Dame, 0; Indiana, 0.

SECOND PERIOD

The regular Notre Dame back field was sent to the field at the start of the period, Wynne replacing Phelan at full, Grant taking quarter in Thomas' place and Coughlin and Mohardt taking the places of Walsh and Lieb, respectively. Grant and Coughlin gained one yard in two smashes at center and Degree

was forced to punt, the ball going out of bounds on Indiana's seventeen-yard line. Wilkens slipped through right guard for two yards, Kyle hit right tackle for two and then gave Indiana the first down of the game on a six-yard gain through center. Burke gained six yards in two line plunges and Kyle added three but gained nothing on the fourth attempt and the ball went to Notre Dame on Indiana's thirty-eight yard line. The Notre Dame march to its first touchdown began here. Mohardt cleared right end for eight yards and Wynne made it first down through center. Notre Dame was penalized five yards for offside but Coughlin tore through left tackle for nine yards. Mohardt skirted right end for three yards and Wynne made it first down through right guard, placing the ball on Indiana's fifteen-yard line. Goodman replaced Ross at center for Indiana. Coughlin gained six yards off tackle and Mohardt followed with five yards at the same place, giving Notre Dame first down on Indiana's eight-yard line. Wynne and Mohardt moved the ball to within three yards of the goal line and Coughlin plunged over on the next play, Shaw kicking the goal. Score—Notre Dame, 7; Indiana, 0.

Time was called while Mohardt changed shoes and then Garvey kicked off to Leonard on Indiana's thirty-two-yard line. Indiana was penalized two yards for delay. Kyle gained three yards through center, Burke was held to no gain and Kyle punted out of bounds at Notre Dame's twelve-yard line. Wynne made a costly fumble on the first play and McCaw recovered, giving Indiana the ball on the ten-yard line. Kyle hit center for three yards, Burke added one yard on a line buck and Kyle carried three tacklers over the line for a touchdown. Leonard kicked the goal. Score—Notre Dame, 7; Indiana, 7.

Garvey kicked to Indiana's twelve-yard line and Kyle returned the ball nineteen yards. Burke and Kyle moved the ball up five yards in three attempts at the line and Kyle punted to Notre Dame's thirty-one-yard line, the ball rolling out of bounds. Degree punted to Indiana's twenty-two-yard line. Burke gained five yards through the line and Kyle punted out of bounds to Indiana's forty-five-yard line, Shaw deflecting the kick,

Coughlin dashed through left tackle fifteen yards but the ball was called back and Notre Dame penalized fifteen yards for holding. Degree then punted to Wilkens on Indiana's thirty-yard line. Burke and Kyle got nowhere in two line plunges and Leonard punted to Indiana's forty-five-yard line, the kick being partially blocked. The period ended here. Score—Indiana, 7; Notre Dame, 7.

THIRD PERIOD

The lineups remained the same and Thomas kicked off to Garvey on Notre Dame's twenty-six-yard line, Garvey returning the ball twelve yards. Mohardt swept around right for four yards and then Degree punted over the Indiana goal line, the ball going into play on the twenty-yard mark. Burke fumbled on the first play and a Notre Dame man fell on the ball on the fifteen-yard-line. Kyle broke through the Notre Dame line and threw Mohardt for a loss of ten yards. Coughlin bolted through left guard for six yards and a short pass, Mohardt to Eddie Anderson, netted nine yards, placing the ball on Indiana's ten-yard line. Wynne plunged three yards for first down. Coughlin gained two yards in two attempts and time was called for Mohardt. Mohardt gained two yards through tackle and on the following play tossed a perfect pass over the line to E. Anderson, who dropped the ball, and it went to Indiana on the twenty-yard line. Kyle punted to the center of the field, Coughlin bringing the ball back six yards. Mohardt slashed off tackle for two yards and Wynne penetrated center for eleven yards, but was called back, and Notre Dame was penalized five yards for being offside. Coughlin was thrown for two yards around left end and Degree punted over Indiana's goal line, the ball being carried out to the twenty-yard line. Kyle and Thomas gained only two yards through the line and Kyle punted to Grant on Notre Dame's forty-five-yard line, Grant returning the ball eleven yards. Wynne and Mohardt plunged for two yards each and Mohardt tossed a perfect pass to E. Anderson, who was downed on the twenty-five-yard line, giving the Irish first down. Mohardt and Coughlin advanced the ball to the nineteen-yard line and at this stage of the game Indiana replaced Donovan at left end with

Bahr. Mohardt tossed an eleven-yard pass to Kiley, Coughlin skirted left end for seven yards and Wynne plowed through for the touchdown, Shaw kicking again. Score—Notre Dame, 14; Indiana, 7.

Garvey kicked off to Kyle on the five-yard line and Kyle returned the ball to the twenty-four-yard line. Thomas was thrown for a one-yard loss and Maynard replaced Hanny at right end. Kyle punted to Notre Dame's thirty-five-yard line and Grant returned three yards. Time was taken for Bahr. Notre Dame was offside and penalized again, five yards. Coughlin made thirteen yards around left end and Mohardt swept the other end for nine yards and first down on Indiana's forty-seven-yard line. Wynne hit tackle for five yards and Cox replaced McCool. Coughlin and Mohardt plunged to first down for Notre Dame, stopping at Indiana's thirty-seven-yard line. Wynne split center for nine yards and Mohardt gained four yards through right tackle for another first down. The Notre Dame backs were gaining on every play. Coughlin squirmed through tackle for fourteen yards and another first down as the period ended with the ball in Notre Dame's possession on Indiana's ten-yard line. Score—Notre Dame, 14; Indiana, 7.

FOURTH PERIOD

Coughlin made a touchdown on the first play, speeding around left end ten yards. Shaw kicked, making the score. Notre Dame, 21; Indiana, 7.

For Notre Dame, Carberry replaced Kiley, Castner relieved Coughlin and Mehre went in for Larsen. Garvey kicked off to Maynard on Indiana's thirty-yard line and Maynard returned eight yards. Maynard fumbled on the following play and Castner recovered and was stopped on the twenty-seven-yard line. Harris replaced Kyle at full for Indiana and Kyle moved to center in Goodman's place. Notre Dame substituted Dooley for Degree. Mohardt, after failing to gain in his first attempt, made seven yards through right tackle and Wynne added seven yards through the other tackle, but it was disallowed and Notre Dame penalized five yards for offside. Mohardt's short pass to E. Anderson gave Notre Dame the ball and first down on Indiana's sixteen-yard line. Mohardt gained four

yards in two line plunges, but Notre Dame was penalized five yards for being offside. On the next play Mohardt passed again to E. Anderson, who was downed on the eleven-yard line. Castner then took Mohardt's pass over the line for a touchdown, Shaw kicking goal. Score—Notre Dame, 28; Indiana, 7.

Cotton went in for Garvey and Bergman for Mohardt in the Notre Dame lineup. Indiana sent Raymond in for Burke. Shaw kicked off to Wilkens on Indiana's thirty-five-yard line. Raymond lost three yards on a line plunge. Brown replaced H. Anderson in the Notre Dame line. Indiana then attempted its first forward pass of the day and it was intercepted by Castner on Indiana's forty-five-yard line, who advanced three yards with the ball. Bergman and Wynne gained four yards, Bergman's pass to Carberry was incomplete and Castner dropped back for a drop kick which was short, however, and the ball was put in play on the twenty-yard line. Raymond lost four yards on an end run and Landis was sent in for Wilkens. Indiana passed and it was intercepted again, Bergman grabbing the ball on the thirty-five-yard line and carrying it to the goal line, but it was called back and Notre Dame penalized five yards for offside. Raymond gained four yards, an attempted pass failed and Maynard was thrown for a two-yard loss. Kyle punted to Notre Dame's forty-yard line, and after Grant and Bergman failed to gain in three attempts Castner punted to Indiana's twenty-yard line. Castner then intercepted a long Indiana pass on the forty-yard line. Bergman gained two yards. Wynne was hurt on the next play and Desch replaced him. A Notre Dame pass was incomplete and Castner punted over Indiana's goal line. Raymond passed from the twenty-yard line to Bahr for ten yards. It was Indiana's first successful pass. Two Indiana passes were incomplete. A third pass gained only four yards, and Kyle punted to Notre Dame's one-yard line. Notre Dame players let the ball roll, thinking it would go over the goal line. Bell relieved Bahr for Indiana. Castner, standing in a pool of water, punted to Notre Dame's thirty-six-yard line. Romnes replaced Landis for Indiana, and Indiana was penalized fifteen yards for making a play with a half back

standing outside the line. Burnette went in for Romnes, and Castner intercepted an Indiana pass on the forty-yard line. Notre Dame was penalized fifteen yards for holding, and Castner kicked to Indiana's thirty-four-yard line. Bean went in for Thomas in the Indiana lineup and failed to gain on his first attempt. Burnette tossed a four-yard pass to Bell and another was incomplete. Kyle then punted out of bounds to Notre Dame's fifteen-yard line. Notre Dame substituted Reass for Grant. Castner was held to no gain on a line thrust, and the game ended with the ball in Notre Dame's possession on its own fifteen-yard line.

LINEUP AND SUMMARY

Notre Dame (28).		Indiana (7).	
KileyLeft End.....	Donovan	
GarveyLeft Tackle.....	France	
H. Anderson	...Left Guard.....	McCaw	
LarsonCenter.....	Ross	
DegreeRight Guard.....	McCool	
ShawRight Tackle.....	Leonard	
	(Capt.)		
E. AndersonRight End.....	Hanny	
E. ThomasQuarter.....	Wilkens	
LiebLeft Half.....	Burke	
WalshRight Half.....	F. Thomas	
PhelanFull.....	Kyle (Capt.)	

SCORE BY PERIODS

Notre Dame	0	7	7	14—28
Indiana	0	7	0	0—7

Summary: Touchdowns—(Notre Dame) Coughlin 2, Wynne, Castner; (Indiana) Kyle, Goals from touchdowns—Leonard, Shaw, 4.

Substitutions—(Notre Dame)—Grant for E. Thomas, Mohardt for Lieb, Wynne for Phelan, Coughlin for Walsh, Carberry for Kiley, Castner for Coughlin, Mehre for Larson, Dooley for Degree, Cotton for Garvey, Bergman for Mohardt, Brown for H. Anderson, Desch for Wynne; (Indiana) Goodman for Ross, Barr for Donovan, Maynard for Hanny, Cox for McCool, Harris for Kyle, Kyle for Larson, Raymond for Burke, Landis for Wilkens, Bell for Barr, Robbins for Landis, Burnett for Wilkens, Bean for Thomas.

Officials: Referee—F. E. Gardner (Cornell). Umpire—Griffith (Drake). Headlinesman—H. Roy (Illinois).

ROUND THE WORLD IN EIGHT DAYS.

After meeting the Army at West Point today, Notre Dame will complete the most daring experiment of the football season by playing Rutgers at the Polo Grounds on Tuesday and Haskell at Notre Dame on Saturday of next week. Three games in eight days sandwiches between a trip of 1,800 miles represents the full enormity of Rockne's gamble.

The Notre Dame squad of 30 men will be guests of Joe M. Byrne, of Newark, N. J., president of the alumni association, during the interim between the Army and Rutgers games. After a dinner and theatre performance in New York tonight the party will be housed at the Deal Gulf Club where it will rest in seclusion until Tuesday and work out daily on the club greens. The team will leave for home late Tuesday night and arrive at South Bend Wednesday evening where it will be met by the entire student body regardless of the success of the Eastern invasion.

George Gipp won his all-American honors at the West Point game last season and five Notre Dame men of this year's team will be looked over carefully by the New York sport writers. The foremost in prominence is Johnny Mohardt, left halfback who has been qualifying so well as Gipp's successor in the Irish offense. Capt. Anderson and Kiley, ends are known favorites in the East where they were given consideration on mythical teams last season while Shaw and Garvey at the tackle positions rank with the best pairs of shock linesmen in the country.

Garvey is playing his second year on the squad and is showing a powerfully aggressive game but Shaw at the other tackle is considered the best bet on the Notre Dame line which has held Purdue, Indiana and Nebraska to 10 first downs in the last three games played. Shaw's work is the acme of noiseless perfection and he includes the triple threat of the ideal tackle in his repertoire. He backs both sides of the line, is consistently dangerous in blocking punts and crowding passers and goes down under his own team's kicks with the speed on an end.

THE FOUR GEORGES.

At the conclusion of the football season of 1920 Notre Dame was recognized as one of the greatest elevens in the country and George Gipp, proclaimed the greatest star of the year, was considered the prime force in the success of the team.

Without Gipp, Director of Athletics Rockne arranged an eleven game schedule for this year that included Iowa, Purdue, Nebraska, Indiana, West Point and Rutgers within 31 days. The Notre Dame coach was considered the madman of the gridiron—without another Gipp it simply couldn't be done. But Rockne went ahead because this season Rockne has four Gipp.

Johnny Mohardt, running mate to the all-American last year and co-star with him at West Point and Indiana, has been shifted to Gipp's place at left halfback and will do the passing so intimately connected with the success of Gipp and Notre Dame in the two previous seasons.

Gus Desch, world's champion 440 yard hurdler, hurdled and dodged his way for 3 counters in his first college football game and will undoubtedly become the marvel of athletics before the year is completed.

Chet Wynne, track captain and nationally known hurdler, took the opening kick-off of the year and raced 80 yards through the Kalamazoo team for a touchdown. Wynne won his football spurs at the Plains last season and is probably the lightest fullback in the game.

Danny Coughlin, who made the football record book when he raced 80 yards through the Michigan Aggies in 1920 for a touchdown, continued his form in the first games of the present season by sparkling dashes around the ends that rivalled those of Mohardt, Desch and Wynne.

Without Gipp Rockne couldn't do it; but with four Gipp?

DORM DOWNS.

The proverbial "dope pail" received not even a weak jolt during three Inter-Hall football games on Tuesday, and at no time was there the slightest danger of it losing its equilibrium.

Brownson played Carroll, and trounced

their ancient rivals handily by a 14 to 0 score, displaying throughout the game the stuff of which champions are made. Sorin Hall's now strong eleven had all the better of their tilt with Badin, and emerged on the top end of a 6 to 0 count, while Corby's fast going machine, going into their game with Walsh as the favorites, lived up to advance notices by beating the Millionaires by the close score of 2 to 0.

The Brownson-Carroll game, played in the morning on the enclosed field, proved fairly easy for the Brownsonites, although Carroll with "Doc" Connell in the backfield, fought gamely all the way and supplied real opposition for their heavier opponents in the last half, when the teams fought on almost even terms. In the first half, however, the excellent offensive play of the Brownson team, with Halfback "Jimmy" Burns running wild, proved too much for Carroll and two touchdowns resulted. Goal was kicked in both instances. The game was clean, although hard fought, and both teams injected enough of the spectacular to make it interesting for the spectators.

Sorin and Badin battled on the adjoining Varsity practice field while Brownson was "mowing down" Carroll, and this game also claimed the interest of a good-sized gathering.

While at no time looking the better team, Badin must be given credit for holding the re-vamped Sorinites to such a close score. They fought in true Inter-Hall fashion and although the winners threatened many times, it was not until the last two minutes of play that George Prokop of Sorin managed to slide across the goal line with the lone touchdown. Prokop's work stood out at all times and to his passing and running must be credited the victory.

Walsh Hall was unable to withstand the onslaught of Corby's warriors in the afternoon game and succumbed to a better team by the scant margin of one safety. Punting featured this game and faulty handling of a punt at a crucial moment by Walsh meant defeat for them. Maher played good football for the Corbyites, although it can be said that the whole Corby team performed in air-tight style. Walsh might have weathered the storm to a scoreless tie with a little more luck.

GILCHRIST