

The Notre Dame Scholastic

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No. 10

A HALLOWE'EN SOUVENIR.

And so we keep this gracious hallowe'en—

We friends whom Chance and Time have brought
together.

The way we've come this little while has been
Full of low laughter and of joyous weather.

God only knows how soon the parting hour—
The hour of hand-clasp and the quick good-bye.
But we shall go out bravely knowing the Power
That leads us; we not caring where or why.

We'll carry memories of this night of ghosts;
And many but half-remembered joys now gone
Shall march with trailing feet, like weary hosts,
Across our desert loneliness, one by one.

Ah, yes we're met this night to harvest dreams
For pensive days, when we are sad and spent.
We'll keep them for the Winter time, when gleams
A feeble sun from a clouded sky and rent.

And so, dear friends, this night of pranks and spooks
We'll keep apart to age like vintage rare.
It shall bring soothing, when in quiet nooks
We drink this wine of dreams, to mellow care.

A. F.

THUS ENDETH ACT ONE.

CHARLES O. MOLZ.

THE players cease their work. The merry jesters stop their quips. Song dwindles away into the dull strains of the orchestra. . . . The first act is over. The two months that mark the initial quarter of the school year have come to a close. . . . The players, undaunted, tireless, await the second act.

The weeks that have passed have hardly been conspicuous. The usual number of freshmen, ready to paint the dome or to buy a seat in the church, have appeared. The rats still thrive in Sorin. Walsh Hall men have sneaked down the lane to St. Mary's. Brownson Hall inmates have made their weekly pilgrimages to Niles. Off-campus students have failed to distinguish "rec" nights. And so on.

There has been a measure of satisfaction in our numbers this year; we have seen a new record for enrollment. Yet this has failed to deter the Hill street car from swaying like an electric washing machine as it jogs down Notre Dame avenue. The traditional Wednesday night "rec" has given way to Sunday night. But this has not solved the problem of how many South Bend dates one may have each week with propriety. Nor has the field of science been enriched by the proper classification of the species that reside in Badin.

The quarter has, however, been very successful. We have seen Coach Rockne turn out another wonder team. We have marvelled at the praise which has been heaped upon the same team in the East. Cartier field has witnessed the presence of 16,000 people, while hundreds of old grads revisited their *alma mater* for another glimpse at the quadrangle and another taste of Notre Dame buns. And all the while we have heard, bit by bit, of progress in the drive for the endowment fund.

These weeks have not lacked their intellectual treats. The ready wit, the diplomatic grace of Maurice Francis Egan have charmed us in Washington Hall. The humor of "Tom" Daly has caused tears of laughter to roll down the cheeks of even the hardened youths who inhabit Corby. There have been talks on economics, on disarmament. Even they were not without their compensations.

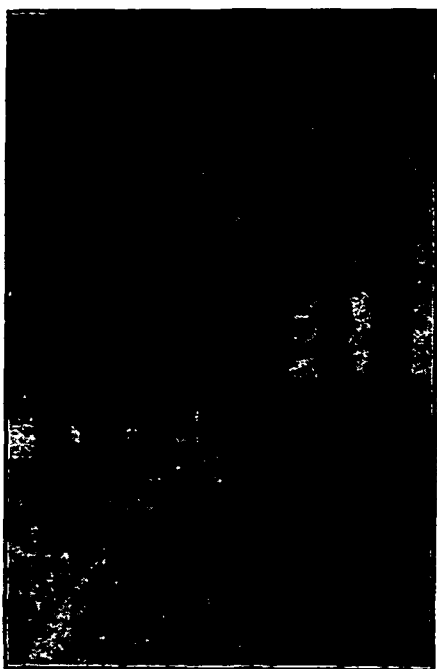
We presume the three quarters that are to come will be not unlike the one that has just closed. And if they are not, we shall be satisfied. There will be "skives" and absences that have accumulated to twelve—but, no, there will be no worse. . . . And so, let the second quarter begin.

Let the curtain rise for the second act!

THANKSGIVING.

M. J. L.

The origin of the national festival of Thanksgiving has been traced by historians to the celebration known among the Jewish race as the Feast of Tabernacles. The Greek festival of Thesmophoria and the Roman



A LONG AND LOVELY LANE.

celebration of Cerealia were both corrupted specimens of the same origin. The harvest festivals known and loved by all the peoples of Europe perpetuate in our own days the social rather than the spiritual side of the ancient Jewish feast.

The Feast of Tabernacles was a well outlined festival. It was commanded by God and the ceremonial was taught to the Jewish people by Moses. "When you have gathered in all the fruits of your land" says Leviticus "ye shall celebrate the feast of the Lord seven days." The Book of Esdras directs each family to build for itself a tabernacle using for that purpose the boughs of heavy trees, the wood being that of olive or myrtle or palm. In these bowers they were to live for seven days. Thus it was that the external conditions of the feast were calculated to be certain to remind the Jews of that great Providence which God had extended to their fathers when having left the land of Egypt they lived under tents in the desert. In the celebration of the feast there was 'exceeding great joy' and it was held as an

'everlasting ordinance' in all the generations.

The first celebration of Thanksgiving on American soil was held in the fall of 1621 by the settlers of the Plymouth colony, which was at that time under the direction of Bradford. This celebration had its immediate origin in the Harvest Festival with which all the settlers were intimately acquainted. They had fond remembrances of the festival and their love of it afforded a stronger guarantee of its perpetuation than any national pronouncement.

Bradford himself it is who tells us the reason for the first Thanksgiving. It was the time of their first harvest and there was "full and plenty." To add to the general good feeling he states, "Now there began to come in a store of fowle as the winter approached, of which the place abounded. . . . And besides water fowle there was great store of wild turkeys of which they took many beside venison." Winslow adds that Bradford sent four men fowling with the result that the four in one day "killed as much fowle as with a little help beside served the company almost a week." To add to the occasion Massasoit with ninety of his braves joined the gathering. Catching up the spirit of the festival they presented the colonists with five deer, making a special offering of the same to Bradford, Winslow and Standish. Thus it was that here on the ridge of civilization there were those for whom the "memory of the heart" was of some importance, and who felt that it was to have the best of life

To watch the long smoke coiling from the fire
And feel content and wisdom in your heart.

The Plymouth Colony omitted the practice on the following year but as evidence of their continued trust in Providence they celebrated a Thanksgiving in 1623 because having suffered drought "soft and moderate showers fell." Connecticut was one of the most faithful to the yearly practice of thanksgiving. And if at times they were preserved from the dread destruction which the presence of the Indians threatened they invariably recorded their gratitude by acts of public thanksgiving.

The first appeal for the national celebration of Thanksgiving was made by George Washington on the recommendation of Con-

gress in the year 1789. He chose the last Thursday of November for the festival and the choice of that day was later confirmed by the nation and has remained fixed since 1863. In appointing the twenty-sixth of November as a day of public rejoicing he desired that the nation would regard it as a day of public thanksgiving and prayer to be observed by acknowledging with grateful hearts the many signal favors of Almighty God. With that Christian spirit which so well befitted the Father of His Country he implored all "to beseech God to pardon our national and other transgressions, to promote the knowledge and practices of the true religion and virtue and to grant to all mankind such a degree of temporal prosperity as He always knows to be best."

The next appeal for a special day of prayer was made by Adams and was arranged for the month of May, 1789. Madison appointed a day of rejoicing in April, 1815 on the return of peace to the nation after the war of 1812. The various states now gradually grasping the reins of sovereignty began to have a desire to perpetuate the annual festivals in keeping with the national spirit. Hence we find New York celebrating Thanksgiving in 1817, and by 1859 twenty-eight other states had made the custom their own.

Lincoln was but following the footsteps of Washington in appointing the last Thursday of November, 1863, as a day of public prayer and thanksgiving. With tenderness of heart begotten of great sorrow he begged all to implore God "to heal the wounds of the nation and to restore it as soon as may be consistent with the Divine Purpose to the full enjoyment of peace, harmony, tranquility and union."

President Johnson followed the practice of Lincoln even in the day and Grant continued the good example of both. Thus since 1870 the festival has been a day to which the nation annually looks forward with joy. It is the harvest time of fond memories. To the paternal home the scattered ones return and little groups sit round the glowing embers once again in that sweet mood "when pleasant thoughts bring sad thoughts to the mind."

To-day as in the days of Dickens there are men who have inherited the temperament of Scrooge and who see nothing in such festivals but additional expense and exaggerated joy. For them there is no right to rejoice "for the race that faithful feet have run." It is of little worth to remind them that there is a ray of sunshine for every drop of rain. The realism of the world has turned to stone the hearts that once rejoiced

For sweet hopes born,
For sorrows dead,
For true songs sung,
For fond words said.

For such let us have only words of sympathy and prove to them that no Golden Age will ever dawn upon their horizon. The millennium of the materialist will never be more than the hour of sordid greed and the annihilation of all that is great in the human soul. The Golden Age for which forsooth they are storing up the expressions of their joy will come, not when they have put out the lights of heaven but just as soon as men choose to have more of that which brought a King Louis from the glory of the French court to the fever stricken camps outside the walls of Jerusalem and less of that which is forever symbolized in Croesus' "golden touch."

Philologists derive both *think* and *thank* from the same root. The fact is confirmed by our experience, for who can with any degree of imagination deem it possible to exist without having a motive for gratitude. To afford a motive to the most skeptical it may not be out of place to recall the episode which took place between George III and a learned divine, after the signing of the peace of 1783 by which his majesty ended his control of the thirteen states of the union.

He informed the divine that he wished to have a solemn thanksgiving service at Windsor Castle. It was beyond the capacity of the minister to find a motive for such a celebration. At last he was forced to inquire of the king whether it was the loss of his thirteen precious jewels or of thousands of men or perhaps of his millions of pounds that prompted him to ask for the special thanksgiving. His majesty in no way put out by the inquiry, calmly replied, "It is not

for any one of these things that I want to thank God but I am desirous to express my gratitude to Him that things are no worse." Undoubtedly the king was wiser in that affair than he was in his treatment of the colonies and his answer furnishes us with a solid reason for thanksgiving when all other reasons fail.

Finally, in the spirit of the Fathers of the Union every good American citizen can climb the hill of Thanksgiving and view from the summit thereof a land which is the hope of the world. As he gazes he will not fail to be imbued with the truth that each passing age has welded an additional link in the chain which will bind all thoughtful souls in closer union about the feet of God for joy of their inheritance.

THE INNER FIGHT.

EDWIN W. MURPHY.

The scene is the inside of a dilapidated hut on the banks of the Mississippi, deep in the cotton country. There is a rude log table toward left center. Two men are eating their evening meal. Near the rear of the cabin is an improvised cook stove, leading up from which is a mud chimney. In the corner of the room is a double bunk, exhibiting a dishevelled condition that probably is chronic. The older of the two men is perhaps fifty-five. He is sallow and furrowed, with a great mustache straggling along the ends of his mouth. His clothes are seedy and nondescript. The younger man is certainly not more than twenty. His dress is much the same as that of his partner. He is freckled, and angular of physiognomy. Red hair is his crowning glory. Both are eating with audible satisfaction of a meal consisting of corn pone, yams and bacon.

Dad, (smacking his lips lustily): 'Reckon ya mought get better grub than 'is when yore gone, but they don't be more on 't.

Pete: I an't never got fat on cawn pone and yams, but it ain't because I never et 'nuf. (Indulges in a monstrous mouthful.)

Dad: You done growed up on this yere grub, shore 'nuf. Golly, how the years galloped by since you wuz no higher'n a toadstool. An' now yore gonna leave the old shack.

Pete: Yup, dad, I'm gonna leave. (Tears in his voice.) Don't see how I could ever do it, if t'warn't thet we're broke—dead flat broke. The river sure played us mean.

Dad: The river's like that. She be a monst'ous big snake to swaller anythin' in 'er way. Then all to once, she can be's smooth an' gentle as a kitten. Ya gotta understand the river.

Pete: You onderstan' 'er, dad?

Dad: Boy, I wuz raised on the river, and I love 'er, even if she did take a swipe at us.

Pete: It shore's funny how all in one night she'd cut loose and bust through our little bottom land—the only thing twixt us an' the porehouse. Why couldn't she gobble a slice off one o' them big plantations which'd never even miss it? You kin bet I don't love 'er.

Dad: Cain't say's I blame ya. But she's been a pal to me. I only left 'er once to go west. I stayed nigh two years in Arizoney wit' the sand blizzards an' rattlesnakes. An' I'd ruther this yere python, any day.

Pete: Well, dad, you kin stay here just the same when I'm gone.

Dad: Yup, maybe I kin make suthin pilotin'. I used to be the ace pilot in these yere parts in my day. The ol' boys has quit the game, though. I oughta get suthin, though. I know ev'ry eddy an' sandbar 'um yere to Vicksburg.

Pete: Don' worry, ol' fellow, I'll make 'nuf to keep us both. All you gotta do is keep the roof of this yere shack on. I'll send ya 'nuf money to buy all the corn meal and whiskey ya want. They pay good wages in Chicago.

Dad: Chicago's a big place—bigger'n you know anythin' about. You'll have a tough time gettin' used to it. Yore gonna be lonesome and humsick, without the river, and maybe you won't find work so easy to get, an'—Oh, hell, why don't ya stay here? We'll get along.

Pete: I gotta a swell job, ready waitin' fer me—in a big hotel. It pays \$45 a month a' grub. Ain't that grand? I'll send ya \$30 a month.... an' dad, I'll never ferget ya. I won't.

Dad: I know ya won't, Pete. You an' me allus made a fine team. Ever since you wuz a little bob-tailed shaver, we pulled together.

We're pals, even if we ain't nothin' more.

Pete: What'd'ya mean, dad? What'd'ya mean, pals?

Dad: (Startled and disconcerted. Pauses awkwardly) I mought's well tell ya now. Mebbe I'll never see ya again.... Pete, I ain't yer dad.

Pete: (Sitting up in his chair and staring a full minute) You—ain't—my dad! How come? What'd'ya *mean*?

Dad: I mean yore dad died when you wuz in dipers. An'—well, I been yore dad ever since. Y'know yore maw died when you wuz born.

Pete: Yes, I know. But what about my dad? How did he die? And how come you're my dad?

Dad: (Silence for several heavy seconds) Well, I'll tell ya. I'll tell ya all about it. (Another silence.) Ya know, Pete, I done my best to bring ya up, hones' lad, like yer paw would 'a wanted ya. I allus liked you, Pete. I done without a lot o' things fer ya. Why, I even got married once to get you good care. But the woman got sick of it, and lit out. Women is suthin' I could never figure out.

Pete: (Petulantly.) Yes, but what about my dad?

Dad: Yes, I'll get around to him, directly. Ya know, yer dad, he wuz Awrish. You are too, but he wuz a whole lot more Awrish than you are, count o' yer maw bein' German. I think it wuz German.

Pete: Go on. Never mind 'bout that.

Dad: Well, anyhow, when I first saw yer dad, it wuz in Vicksburg. He wuz mate on a river boat. I wuz pilot, then, and lived there in Vicksburg. You wuz bein' nursed by old lady Williams. She's still livin' there, I heard.

Pete: Well, go on.

Dad: Yes. Well, one night yer dad was in Hodge's saloon—it's still there—He had a powerful drunk on, roarin' and' cussin' suthin' fierce. He wuz a battler, and the bartender and the rest o' the crowd wuz afeard to put him out. Nobody wuz gave 'im much attention, when, all to once, he ups and knocks a glass of whiskey out o' the hand of the man next to 'im. The feller wuz drunk hisself, and quick grabs fer his gun. Yer paw give 'im a turrible smash on

the jaw, afore the guy could draw. He dropped his gun, and, and tumbled over like a top. He wuz down a second, and crawls to his feet, pullin' out a big bowie knife. Yer paw makes another fierce smash, but the feller dodges by a hair, and jumpin' forrard, digs the knife into yer dad's chest, up to the handle. (Makes an anguished grimace, and pauses.)

Pete: (Who is listening with horror in his countenance mumbles half to himself) God. It's awful—it must be 'the snakes.

Dad: (Continuing haltingly): He died next morning. He had a priest. Bein' Awrish, he wuz one o' them Catholics. I guess that's what you ought to be, too. Anyhow, they buried 'im with the priest sprinklin' holy water on the casket.

Pete: (Suspiciously.) Well, how come you're my dad?

Dad: It wuz like this. They wuz nobody to take care o' you. Mrs. Williams wuz fer sendin' you to the orphanage, when no more money wuz comin' in. I allus took to yuh, while I wuz boardin' at Mrs. Williams'. So when nobody come ahead to adopt yuh, I did. Then, I got married.

Pete: How old wuz I?

Dad: You wuz about two years old. You couldn't 've been more'n that. An' then that damn woman left me. The only thing I could do wuz take you with me up an' down the river. You used to play around the chart room, and I'd be pilotin'. Them wuz the days of Diamond Joe and Steamboat Bill.

Pete: (Grinding his teeth.) An' who wuz the feller that knifed my dad? (In a hard voice) I'll get 'im, if he's alive.

Dad: What'll you do, Pete?

Pete: I'll kill 'im, by God, I'll kill 'im... the cowardly—I'll knife 'im just like he done dad. Who wuz he?

Dad: (Pausing before the wrath of Pete) Well, Pete, it's no use. He's dead. (Pauses again, then shudders, as if a powerful revulsion possessed him. Speaks again with sudden vehemence.) Hold on, do you really want to know who that man wuz?

Pete: (In a towering rage.) By thunder, who was he? (Coming down on the table.) Tell me, WHO WUZ HE?

Dad: Pete, Pete ol' pal, it was me—ME.

Pete: You—you. (In a voice as hard and

cold as steel.) Then, I'll kill you. I'll kill YOU.

Dad: No. No you won't Pete. I'm more to ya, than your dead dad would ever've been. If he'd lived, you'd killed 'im. Pete, he wuz a demon a demon with red hair. If you kill me, you'll kill the only pal you ever had. I'm yer real dad, Pet. I'm not scared o' that gun. Put it down. You don't think I'd a-told ya this, if I was scared. I'm old, an' I might as well die now as any time. Shoot, if you want. But you'll be shooting the only friend you ever had.

(They stand facing each other, taught and rigid. In the eyes of the boy, a demoniacal fury is raging. He received the words of the old man, wearing a horrible leer. Revenge, the primitive instinct of the untamed youth, holds him in a vise. The instinct of gratitude is fighting for domination. In his hand the boy holds a levelled gun. His trigger finger is playing dangerously, as the old man looks into the muzzle of death, unconcerned in exterior, and equally composed within.)

CURTAIN.

This is a real problem play. It is up to the reader to make his own conclusion. In a primitive nature such as Pete has been bred to, revenge is an emotion, that explodes very easily. It has been a question, at least to me, whether in the mind of the savage the emotion of gratitude or revenge is most powerful. Pete is a savage, as much so as any South Sea cannibal. The situation is enough to bring out the rawest elements of his nature.

The recent snow storm was doubtlessly the cause of much sentiment. Snow storms and sentiment are as closely connected as a theatre ticket and the war tax. And the word sentiment is used in the broadest sense; all emotions or feelings, whether productive of poetry or profanity, are grouped under this heading.

The gentle snow obliterating the irregularities of the landscape causes the imagination of the poet to take flight, (especially if he is toasting his toes over a real, honest-to-goodness radiator). But the same snow is

the cause of impolite language when some improvident farmer ventures forth in the morning to split some wood and seeks to discover the whereabouts of his axe hidden by said gentle snow.

The snow may bring a smile to the face of the shoe dealer and he straightway inserts in his window the sign "Rubbers for Sale." When, however, some poor average man is caught away from home in a pair of thin soled shoes an entirely different sentiment is produced.

Of course various reactions may be brought about in the same individual. When little Johnny hops out of bed and sees his favorite hill covered with glistening snow, his thoughts immediately turn to the prospect of a gay time with his sled. Should Johnny, however, be delegated to remove some of his welcome snow from the sidewalks he enters a protest.

Indeed, we all like the snow, more or less.

NIGHT.

The day is o'er, and soothing night
To weary earth its silence lends.
The lustrous moon bestows its light,
A light of peace, that Heaven sends.

JOSEPH C. RYAN.

LESSONS.

Winter showed me the comfort of chimney-places,
Of slow-burning fires;
Of soft flesh pleading silent for embraces,
Of new old desires.

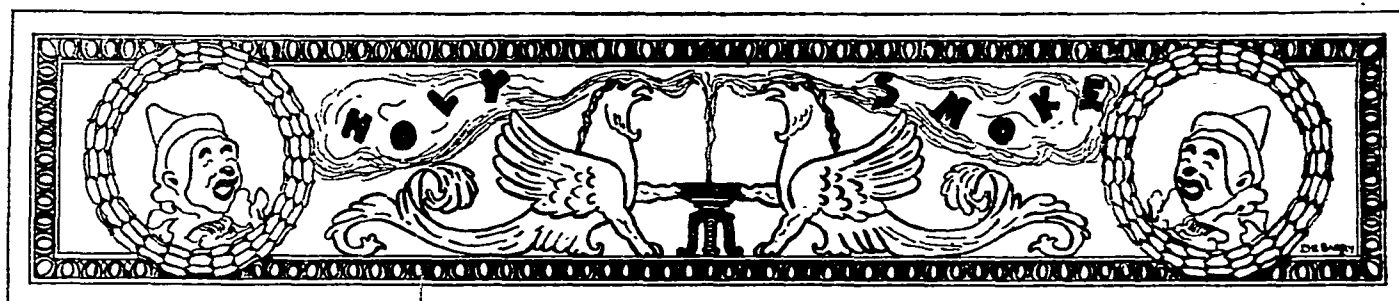
Spring gave me courage to begin anew.
Taught me forgetting;
Burying old sins and old loves, too,
Without regretting.

Summer brought me the solace of a low-hung moon,
With brooks reflecting;
The sweet drunken langour of things, rich in bloom;
The world neglecting.

I often wondered what the autumn gave
To me and you.
Could falling leaves and dying flowers have
A comfort too?

I owe my deepest debt to autumn now;
This is why:
Season of fading beauty, you taught me how
Graciously one may die.

J. H. M.



"How much are photographs please?"
 "Two dollars a dozen, madame."
 "But I have only eight children."

IN HISTORY CLASS.

Prof.:—And what can be said of the great Jewish prophets?

Stude:—They were enormous.

"Going to the stag party tonight?"

"No, I have no dough."

"I guess it will be a hick affair anyway."

"Ya, the last one was quite a-hic-affair."

Fresh:—What would you say of a hobo who was about to grab the rear car of a freight?

Senior:—That he was prepared for the end.

This is not bad if you happen to have a "musician" next door: Quick, Watson, the ear-muff.

Stude:—Where's all the gang?

Fresh:—They're over eating at the refectory.

Stude:—You must be crazy.

Dirtie Shirtie says: When criticising this page, "Say it with eggs."

OUR DAILY PERSPIRING REPORTER.

Today's question: Should the (g) be taken out of (malign)? Should it be left in and pronounced? Or, should it remain as it is.

Where interviewed: Oliver lobby (near the fountain).

Takke Mehorne, Freshman, says: "This being my first year at school I am doing as little thinking as possible. Besides this I don't believe there is such a word. You fellows are always doing something smart. You make me sick."

Islelove Kane, Senior Law, says: "I have always used "gee" in ma line and I do not like to think of dropping it now. In fact I do not like to think at all, but you must admit that the word 'gee' lends a lot of pep to one's speech."

Wall E. Read, Soph., says: "The word is no good. That is, it isn't any good. Mal, means ill, and ein means one. That proves it. It's a bad one and therefore should not be atall."

Imnott Wright, Junior, says: "It should."

"How did Jim get that black eye?"
 "From wearing shoes on the wrong feet."
 "How's that?"
 "They were his room-mate's."

There isn't much difference between bridle and bride. One controls a horse. The other—

The fly-paper said to the fly with a smile,
 "Don't go, what's your rush. Stick around for awhile."

"And what does your mine do for its stockholders? Does it yield copper, oil, coal or iron?"

"No, gypsum."

Bownson:—She said that she couldn't marry me but that she'd treat me like a sister.

Sorin:—What did you do?

Brownson:—Borrowed five dollars.

First Prof:—It annoys me terribly to have students sleep in my classes.

Second Prof:—Yes, especially when they talk in their sleep.

THE HOLY SMOKE RUBYAT.

A loafer bred, a mug'er mule and, WOW!

Fresh:—I grow cold when I think of the exams.

Soph:—Cheer up. You can't fall below zero.

NO SOAP.

Corby:—What kind of soap do you use for a head wash?

Walsh:—I suppose you think that I'm going to say "Ivory."

"I haven't been out with a single girl for two weeks."

"You better watch out for their husbands."

Stude, rehearsing elocution in his room:—"Is this a dagger that I see before me—"

Roommate:—No, it's my girl's picture, and if you're looking for trouble just pull another one like that.

When a man tries to light a cigar at a drinking fountain it isn't because he is thirsty.

MEMORABLE MEN.

Alpha J. Ball, student during 1894-95-96, was elected mayor of Plymouth, Indiana, in the recent fall elections. The honor is



especially marked by the fact that he won by the largest majority ever recorded in the history of the city. The Plymouth Democrat remarks: "Judging from Mr. Ball's past standard as a business man and public spirited citizen, he will in his official capacity not disappoint his friends. No one better than he understands the changes needed to lead the city into an influential prominence among the best towns of the state, and no one is better able to accomplish these changes."

Justice Victor J. Dowling, of the Supreme Court of the State of New York, has found occasion to emphasize once more his deep interest in the Notre Dame Dante collection. His gift this time is a very rare old Dante map, quaint and valuable.

Miss Miriam, daughter of Mr. J. Louis DuCharme, was married to Mr. Warren Baldwin on November 15, 1921. The wedding took place at St. Andrew's Cathedral, Little Rock, Arkansas. Warren received a Ph. B. degree here in 1914. Best wishes!

Among those who were here for the Haskell Indian game we might mention Eugene McBride, Journalism '16, and William Bradbury, Law, '16. Eugene, who wrote the first rhymed calendar for the *Dome*, is a very successful advertising man with the Farrar Advertising Company of Pittsburgh, and produces a specialty known as the Milk Pail—a publication that has done more to help

along prohibition than all of Volstead's Acts, by stimulating an irresistible desire for milk. "Brad," among other things, is an enthusiastic legionite and was a member of the Illinois State Committee to welcome Marshal Foch in Chicago. It is rumored that the Marshal smiled upon him most benignantly.

Mrs. Ellen Ryan Jolly needs no introduction to readers of the SCHOLASTIC. She has recently spent some time in Washington with the Arts Commission, studying a beautiful model for the projected Nuns' Monument.

Mr. Edward B. Doyle, famous editor of the *Dome* and forerunner of the cane habit, is now dwelling in the office of the Catholic Citizen, Milwaukee, Wisconsin. It is rumored that Edward intends to inoculate the Blatz-Schlitz combination with some literary microbes direct from Tarkington Town.

Mr. W. T. Carskaddon, a seventy-year-old architect's representative with the dash of "seventeen," recently enlivened a business trip to Notre Dame by recalling old times. As a hardware clerk in South Bend, Mr. Carskaddon turned in the alarm for the great fire in '89. A charcoal burner had been left on the roof by the men sent to make repairs; this overturned and started a blaze which the old horse companies of the time could not put out.

T. A. Daly, the Philadelphia humorist and poet, spoke in Washington Hall on Saturday morning, Nov. 12th. Mr. Daly kept the entire audience in an uproar for an hour. The Quaker City humorist is an old friend of Notre Dame, and his recent visit was a most welcome event. The Keystone state poet used as his topic, "Poets Wild and Tame," and his audience readily agreed with him that T. A. Daly was the best of them all.

The recent arrival of "Bill" Hayes, sensational sprinter and "Johnnie" Murphy, Notre Dame's most famous high jumper of all time, has served to send the track aspirations of the Gold and Blue up into dizzy heights. Track fans can not see how Notre Dame can be stopped afield and on the cinder path during the coming season and it is certain that the addition of these two sure point getters means a great deal to the team.

The Notre Dame Scholastic

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*Disce Quasi Semper Victor
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No.
10

A university, like other modern institutions, thrives on the publicity which it receives. The news events which occur around it become the means for advertising it.

Whether the news is the story of a football battle, a scholastic contest or an important discovery in the chemical laboratory, it brings the name of the school before the eyes of the public. To-day, the story of success is the story of advertising.

Until recently Notre Dame was none too well represented in the way of publicity. The name of the university stood for eminence in education, yet there was not the constant presentation that is needed to bring either added prestige or to attract students. This has recently changed. Now the interest of students and alumni, supplemented by the university through regular publicity channels and further increased by the fame of Notre Dame football teams, is enabling the school to achieve new distinction.

The interest that the alumni and students take in the work of publicity is cause for congratulation. The school deserves a continuation of that interest. Both graduates and students should be encouraged to increase it. There is one element in publicity of the kind which does not come from the university itself, however, which ought to be considered. That is the accuracy element.

Failure to see that a newspaper receives

the truth in every detail may easily lessen the value of the publicity that is desired. Occasionally it may work harm instead of working benefits. When truth is absent, untold consequences may follow—consequences that reflect on the university. This fact should be remembered by those who submit publicity material in any form to the newspapers. It should, we might even say, be pondered thoroughly.

MOLZ.

The Freshman class this year is by far the largest ever enrolled at Notre Dame. As a whole, the class is made up of very fine chaps—none better—but

THE VILLAGE CUT-UP there are a few who seem to think that in novelty there is strength without remembering that this is a quality of garlicky odors. In the past, such abominations as "hazing" have always been frowned upon, but that does not mean that harm may never come to undesirables. Perhaps these few unleashed clowns in the Freshman class are merely reflecting at school the influence of their home environment. It may have been the custom in their home town to be practical jokers. If such is the case they are to be pitied rather than scorned. They should not, however, forget that they have come to Notre Dame seeking education, and that education may consist of more than the teachings of the class-room. It has never before been deemed necessary to convert the lakes

on the campus from ornaments of beauty to a means of subjecting obnoxious freshmen; never has an upper-classman noticed unbefitting boldness on the part of a first year man. But unless the gentlemen of the Freshman class take it upon themselves to correct the few misguided youths of their ranks, the Dome may witness a radical change in the conduct of the campus. Smoking on the street-car in the presence of ladies and priests is not a sign of gentlemanliness; "wise cracks" in a public gathering do not inspire admiration; hoodlum conduct is not the proper method of informing people that you go to college; much less are these the qualities of a Notre Dame man. If you were the "village cut-up" at home, please remember that you are not at home now. If you were considered funny by your former companions, please consider that Notre Dame finds no humor in your conduct. You have taken your place among gentlemen; try to be one without having to be spanked. C. J. H.

A GOLDEN JUBILEE.

"It was wonderful,—the greatest day of my life!" said the Reverend John Lauth, C. S. C., speaking of the celebration in honor of the Fiftieth Anniversary of his Ordination to the Priesthood; and wonderful, indeed, it was. At eight thirty o'clock on the morning of November 11, the anniversary day, the aged priest sang a Solemn High Mass of Thanksgiving in the Sacred Heart Church. The assistants at the Mass were the Reverend Andrew Capisius, O. S. B., a nephew of Father Lauth, subdeacon; the Reverend Joseph Gallagher, C. S. C., Superior of the Community House, deacon; and the Reverend William Connor, C. S. C., master of ceremonies. Father James Donahue, C. S. C., after reading the brief that brought the Papal Benediction to the jubilarian, preached a beautiful sermon on the dignity of the Priesthood. At noon a jubilee dinner was served in the refectory of the Community House. Congratulatory greetings were proffered by the Provincial, the Very Reverend Charles L. O'Donnell, C. S. C., and by Brother Columbanus, C. S. C. Father Lauth then thanked all of his friends for their kind wishes and for their efforts to make the day what it was, one of the happiest of his life. At two o'clock solemn benediction was given in the Chapel of the Community House. Father Lauth was celebrant, Father O'Donnell, deacon, Father Capisius, subdeacon, and Father Gallagher, master of ceremonies.

Father Lauth was a member of a deeply religious family that has given to the service of God four priests and two Sisters of Holy Cross. He was born in the Grand Duchy of Luxemburg, on

January 1, 1841, and came to America toward the close of the Civil War. A short time afterward he came to Notre Dame to pursue his studies for the priesthood, and was raised to that dignity on November 11, 1871, by Archbishop Purcell, of Cincinnati, Ohio. During the next four decades he served as assistant pastor of St. Bernard's Church, Watertown, Wisconsin, as pastor of old St. Patrick's, South Bend, Indiana, and for many years as pastor of Church of the Assumption, Taylor, Texas. During his years in the South Father Lauth was closely connected with St. Edward's College, at Austin, Texas, and for a short time was President of the institution.

Although Father Lauth has reached the age of eighty years, he is still rather active. Almost every day he walks about the grounds near the Community House, diffusing everywhere the gentleness and kindness that are so characteristic of him. During his whole life and especially during the time of his residence in the Community House Father Lauth has given many beautiful examples not only of these virtues, but of all those virtues which are found in a noble priest. His love of the sick and afflicted has long been the subject of conversation. His devotion to duty as a confessor ever tended to increase his popularity in this regard, and to win for him a place in the hearts of his many friends.

Though late, the SCHOLASTIC wishes to proffer congratulations to the jubilarian, and hopes that God will continue to bless him with all the graces necessary to persevere in the ways of holiness and love. *Ad multos annos!* R. N. M.

IN MEMORIAM.

LAWRENCE S. STEPHAN.

It is with the deepest regret that we learn of the death of Lawrence Stephan at Ft. Wayne, November 11, 1921. Lawrence was an LL.B. man of 1920, and his record at Notre Dame is one of the most illustrious ever made. He was a founder of the Law Reporter, president of his class in 1918-19, business manager of the Dome, a magna cum laude student, and a bachelor orator at his commencement. But, above all, he was a real man, a man with an ever-present smile, and always willing to go to any inconvenience to help out his fellow-students. To his parents, we extend our profound sympathy.

REVIEW.

This year, among other things, is the tercentenary of the death of a most lovable Saint, John Berchams. The great Bollandist and charming writer, Hippolyte Delehaye, S. J., set out therefore to pre-

sent the main aspects of the Saint's life in a correct and interesting manner. This volume has been translated by Father Semple, and is now accessible to English readers in a form that is very attractive. St. John Berchmans was one of those quiet, cheerful people whom nobody notices particularly until death suddenly makes the world aware that a Saint has lived. Young men can find no better or more companionable a model for the spiritual life; and when this example is set forth in brisk, colorful prose, many ought to be influenced. Benziger Brothers, publishers. Price \$1.50.

OURSELVES.

The Advertising Club held its monthly meeting Wednesday evening, November 16. Elementary business was discussed and then Paul Castner introduced Mr. Lamporte, President of the Lamporte-McDonald Advertising Agency of South Bend as the speaker of the evening. Mr. Lamporte has favored many clubs on the campus during the past years with interesting reports on advertising and seemed to possess the same perfection last Wednesday when he spoke before the Lahians. During the course of his talk he outlined the various kinds of advertising, and then spoke on "Selling Your Prospect." Mr. Lamporte sketched the uses of campaigns in selling advertising to a prospect and closed his talk with a boost for the team.

All seniors who are pursuing courses which include the three-year philosophy program, are requested to see Father Miltner as soon as possible to secure his approval of the subject chosen for the graduation thesis. This essay, which is one of the requirements for the bachelor's degree, must attain a high standard to be acceptable, and must be submitted before May 10. The Dockweiler Medal is awarded to the writer of the best essay.

After weeks of planning, work in organizing units of the Catholic Students Mission Crusade will begin within the next few days at Notre Dame. The Crusade is an organized body of Catholic students, now numbering more than 100,000, who are interested in the work of the domestic and foreign missions of the Church.

Rev. W. A. Thill, secretary for the Crusade movement, will arrive at the University,

Monday, to assist in organizing the local units. Father Handly, Paulist missionary, also will be here in the interest of the work. It is probable that individual units will be organized in each of the halls.

The purpose of the Crusade is not to carry on mission work or to solicit funds for the missions. It serves merely to arouse interest in them and to stimulate American students to consistent support of the workers in the mission fields.

On Thanksgiving morning, fourteen young men finished their year of novitiate and took the first solemn vows of the Holy Cross Order in the Church of the Sacred Heart. The newly professed Scholastics are: Edward Wetzell, New Orleans; Thomas A. Kelley, Chicago; Henry Bolger, Watertown, Wis.; Francis B. Summerville, Cambridge, Ohio; Raymond Norris, Peoria, Ill.; Thomas McEvoy, Tipton, Ind.; Edward Hoffner, Fort Wayne; William Somers, Detroit; William Kelley, Boston; Joseph Hart, Boston; Edward Bartlett, Sioux City, Iowa; Patrick Henry, Chicago; Anthony Jehl, Fort Wayne, and Frederick Collins, Detroit.

The Glee Club gave an enrapturing Thanksgiving dance last Thursday evening in the Rotary Room of the Oliver Hotel. The governing board of the Club was in charge of arrangements. The good music was furnished by Harry Denny's orchestra, and Pat Manion's quartet added special entertainment.

Notre Dame's artists and future artists met in enthusiastic conclave Tuesday afternoon to discuss plans for entertainment to break the monotony of the painter's life. Confident of their ability to emulate Fritz Leiber or Ben Turpin, the members appointed a committee to arrange for the production of a play to be foisted upon the unsuspecting public sometime before Christmas. Frank Bedrotty, custodian of the bass horn, headed the committee, which consisted of Charles De Barry and Ray Cunningham. Plans were also laid for a smoker to be smoked on November 29 in the Carroll Rec Room. Prof. Kervick is scheduled for an address, and speeches on art are to be given by

the oratorically inclined members of the club. Walter Matthis, Louis Chesnow, Clifford Noonan, and Harry Flannery of Juggler fame, were instructed to take charge of the arrangements. The chair was held by Robert O'Riordan of Marion, Indiana.

Philosophy, politics and oratory were agreeably compounded when the St. Thomas Philosophy Society met on Tuesday, Nov. 15. Mr. Raymond Murch read a scholarly paper on "The Relativity of Truth" in which he examined carefully the nature of certitude and successfully vanquished those philosophers who believe that all truth is relative. After Father Miltner explained the importance of the subject, there was a business meeting which was enlivened by a colorful debate on the general topic of membership and attendance. White ghosts and black magic will be discussed at the next meeting.

A number of Notre Dame men were guests at the get-together-dinner of the George A. Campbell Post of the Veterans of Foreign Wars given in South Bend last Monday evening.

The entertainment program included a special act by Mr. Edwin Lightfoot, of the university, which was heartily applauded by the veterans.

A wonderful spirit of comradeship exists between the South Bend Post, named after our old sergeant, and the new Notre Dame Post No. 286. The George A. Campbell Post will assist at the installation of officers for the Notre Dame Post next week.

The first regular session of the Press Club was held Monday afternoon under the very able chairmanship of Wm. A. A. Castellini, the new president.

A constitution was drawn up and adopted after considerable discussion. Other matters of business were transacted. It was decided that the Press Club would conduct the Round Table as part of the regular work instead of having a separate organization for the Round Table as was the case last year.

The committee on entertainment, Flannery, Riordan, Molz and Maguire, arranged for a smoker and social gathering with appropriate entertainment which was held in

Brownson rec. room, Monday evening, November 14th.

Pio Niño Montenegro's oratorical ability has once more won for him the presidency of the Manila Club. Joaquin Gonzalez was selected to assist Señor Montenegro, and was given the title of vice president. Alfonso Zobel was made secretary-treasurer amid universal acclaim, after which plans were discussed concerning the Filipino convention in Indianapolis. This convention will take place on the thirtieth of December in Indianapolis in honor of the national hero of the Philippines, Dr. Rizal. The convention will be attended by Filipino students from Notre Dame, Purdue and Indiana Universities.

The Press Club started off the week by a social gathering which transpired amidst great clouds of blue smoke. Report has it that there was also black smoke, but this is unconfirmed. Mr. Irvin Dolk of the Lamport-McDonald advertising agency addressed the students, and Mr. E. Richard Lightfoot, a questionable character, held the stage for a time, declaiming all the while upon the subject of humor and rendering several samples before the defenseless audience. Walter Clemens, formerly of the Associated Press, gave several of his experiences in the newspaper game and imparted several pointers to the news hounds.

ENGELS, HAGAN, FANNAN.

WHAT'S WHAT IN ATHLETICS.

THE MARQUETTE GAME.

PLAY BY PLAY.

FIRST HALF.

Marquette won the toss and chose to defend the north goal. Castner kicked off to Dunn, who returned the ball 25 yards. Cronin made one yard around right end. On the second down Shaw stopped Kenning for no gain. Taugher went through center for seven yards. The ball is now on Marquette's 37 yard line. Fourth down one foot to go. Dunn punted to Thomas who was downed on the Notre Dame 30 yard line. Castner made four yards around left end. On the second down Castner punted out of bounds on the Marquette 45 yard line. Taugher made no gain on an attempt at center. Garvey stopped Cronin for no gain, Dunn passed to Marquise for 20 yards. First down ball on Notre

Dame 30 yard line. Taugher made two yards at left guard. Taugher made no gain at left guard. Third down. Garvey broke through and stopped Dunn for no gain. An attempted forward pass was incomplete. First down Notre Dame ball on their own 28 yard line. Castner tried left end but failed to gain. Castner punted out of bounds, but the ball was called back and Marquette was penalized five yards. The ball is now on the Notre Dame 33 yard line. Castner attempted to punt but the kick was blocked. Marquise recovered the ball and ran it to Notre Dame five yard line. Taugher was held at left guard. Cronin gained one yard on an off tackle play. Kenning carried the ball through left guard to the one foot line. Taugher went through left guard for a touchdown. Dunn kicked goal. Score Marquette 7, Notre Dame 0. Castner kicked off to Ross on Marquette's 25 yard line. E. Anderson made the tackle. Cronin lost one yard at left end. Dunn punted out of bounds on Notre Dame's 34 yard line. Castner was stopped at left tackle for no gain. Mohardt circled right end for nine yards. Castner failed to gain at left tackle. The ball is now on Notre Dame's 42 yard line. Castner punted to Dunn who was downed on his 20 yard line. First quarter end. Marquette 7, Notre Dame 0.

The play was resumed on Marquette's 20 yard line. E. Anderson stopped Taugher for no gain. Cronin failed at center. Dunn punted to Thomas who was downed on his own 47 yard line. Castner went off tackle for 5 yards. Mohardt went off tackle for a touchdown, running 48 yards. Shaw kicked goal. Score: Marquette 7; Notre Dame 7. Wynne cleared the way for Mohardt on his 48 yard run.

Castner kicked off to the Marquette 25 yard line and Roessler returned the ball 18 yards to Marquette's 38 yard line. Garvey stopped Kenning after he had made one yard.

On the second down Dunn fumbled and Eddie Anderson downed him for a four yard loss. On the next play Marquette gained one yard. Fourth down. Dunn punted to Mohardt on the 50 yard line. Wynne went through center for 8 yards. Mohardt lost 2 yards. Castner attempted a drop kick but the ball rolled over the goal line. The play was resumed with the ball in Marquette's possession on its own 20 yard line. Dunn made one yard at right end. He made another yard at left guard. Dunn punts to Thomas on his 35 yard line. Mohardt failed to gain at left tackle. Time out for Marquette. Marquise was injured and Regan replaced him at left end. Roessler goes to right end. Castner went off tackle for 3 yards. A forward pass, Mohardt to E. Anderson resulted in a touchdown, Anderson running through a broken field for 45 yards. Shaw kicked goal. Score: Marquette 7; Notre Dame 14.

Fisher replaced Cronin at right half. Dunn kicked off to Castner who received the ball on his 10 yard line and ran 18 yards to his own 28 yard line. Wynne plunged through center for 7 yards. Castner failed to gain around left tackle. Castner made 3 yards through left tackle. Mohardt made one yard

off tackle. Castner punted to Dunn on his 34 yard line. Kenning bucked the line for 3 yards. Shaw stopped Fisher for a one yard gain. Dunn punted 30 yards to Mohardt who was thrown for a 4 yard loss. Marquette was penalized 5 yards for off side. Wynne hit center for 10 yards. Castner made 8 more in the same place, but Notre Dame was penalized 5 yards for offside. Mohardt had his neck hurt on the play and time was taken out. Grant replaces Thomas for Notre Dame at quarter. On the third down Mohardt passed to E. Anderson for 5 yards as the half ended. Score: Marquette 7; Notre Dame 14.

SECOND HALF.

The teams took the field at 3:45 to start the second half. Dunne kicked off for Marquette, to Castner, who received the ball on his 20 yard line and ran to his 30 yard line. On the next play, Castner punted to Fisher on his 50-yard line, who was downed in his tracks. Taugher made two yards through left guard. Taugher then tried right end, but Shaw stopped him with no gain. Taugher made four yards at left guard. Dunn kicked out of bounds on Notre Dame's 30 yard line.

Castner punted 50 yards to Dunne, who was downed on his own 25-yard line by Kiley. Taugher made one yard at left guard. At an attempt at center Taugher failed to gain. Dunne fumbled after a bad pass from center and Eddie Anderson threw him for a 14 yards loss. Dunne punted to Grant on the 45 yard line, where he was downed.

Hunk Anderson was ruled off the field and Degree went in at guard. Notre Dame was penalized half the distance of the field, putting the ball on the 22-yard line. Mohardt failed to gain at left tackle. Castner punted 45 yards to Dunn, who was downed on his 34 yard line by Anderson. Taugher failed to gain at left tackle. Notre Dame was penalized 15 yards for holding, bringing the ball to midfield. Capt. Sheeley replaced Dunn at quarter for Marquette.

Fisher failed to gain through Degree. Shaw tackled Fisher for no gain. On a fake pass, Sheeley made eight yards at right tackle. Fisher made six yards for first down. Taugher failed to gain through Garvey. Kenning was thrown for a three yard loss on an end run. A forward pass, Sheeley to Regan, netted three yards.

Sheeley kicked over the goal line and Notre Dame put the ball in play on their 20-yard line. Castner kicked to Sheeley on his 40 yard line, he was thrown by three Notre Dame tacklers. Third quarter ended with ball in Marquette's possession on their own 40 yard line. Notre Dame 14; Marquette 7.

Fisher failed to gain at left tackle. Garvey went back of the line and stopped Sheeley with no gain. Sheeley punted to Grant, who ran eight yards to his own 35 yard line. Wynne circled right end for 25 yards. Wynne failed to gain at right guard. Castner was held for no gain at left guard. Mohardt went around left end for 35 yards, carrying the ball to Marquette's five yard line. Mohardt carried

BLACKSTONE

THEATRE

Commencing Sunday, Nov. 27, for
One Solid Week.

The Original World Famous

KILTIES BAND

The Greatest Added Attraction that Has Ever
Appeared in South Bend.
This in Addition to Our
REGULAR PICTURE PROGRAM

Sunday Only

"INVISIBLE DIVORCE"

Monday for Three Days
D. W. GRIFFITH'S

"LOVE FLOWER"

Thursday for Three Days

"Buntz Pulls the Strings"

No advance in prices for this extraordinary
Program.

Musical Program Changed
With Picture.

LASALLE

Hot Dog! Let's celebrate
that Michigan Aggie Vic-
tory! Look what's coming
to the LASALLE!

BEAUTIFUL

FLORENCE REED

IN

"The Black Panther's Cub."

"It's a 'Class AA' Feature"

the ball over the line but was called back for going out of bounds. On the next play Wynne plunged through the line for a touchdown. Shaw kicked goal. Notre Dame 21, Marquette 7.

Mehre went in at center for Larson and Coughlin replaced Castner at right half. Garvey kicked off to Linnan on his 35 yard line where he was downed in his tracks. On a side line play, Marquette failed to gain. Notre Dame was penalized for off side, putting the ball on Notre Dame's 35 yard line. Coleman replaced Taugher for Marquette. Fisher was thrown for a three yard loss by Degreee and Marquette called for time out. Sheeley completed a forward pass to Roessler which netted 13 yards. Coleman went through center for two yards, making it first down by an inch. Coleman made another yard at center and Sheeley passed eight yards to Regan. With one yard to go, on the next play Notre Dame was penalized five yards for off side. Kuchenberg replaced Sheeley at quarter for Marquette. Notre Dame was again penalized five yards for off side and an argument ensued. Notre Dame's ball on the 39 yard line. McGill replaced Dohte at center for Marquette. Coleman made three yards at right tackle. Kenning went through center for five yards. Kuchenberg went through center for first down. Ball on Notre Dame's 25 yard line. Cotton went in at tackle in place of Garvey. The Marquette stands gave Garvey a great ovation as he strolled off the field. After two unsuccessful passes, Coleman attempted another pass which Mehre intercepted and ran five yards. Mohardt passed five yards to E. Andreson, who ran 14 yards to the 40 yard line. A pass from Mohardt to Kiley was blocked. On the next play another pass was broken up as the game ended. Final score, Notre Dame 21; Marquette 7.

Marquette.	Notre Dame.
Marquise	Kiley
Left End.	
McGinness	Garvey
Left Tackle.	
Davis	H. Anderson
Left Guard.	
Bohle	Larson
Center.	
Evans	Dooley
Right Guard.	
Linnan	Shaw
Right Tackle.	
Roessler	E. Anderson (Capt.)
Right End.	
Dunn	Thomas
Quarter	
Kenning	Mohardt
Left Half	
Cronin	Castner
Right Half.	
Taugher	Wynne
Full.	

THE DORM SEASON.

With the Brownson Hall-Day Dodger game as yet unplayed, but everything pointing to a Brownson win if the game is played, the curtain is ringing down on the 1921 Inter-Hall football season, and the husky Purple eleven, backed by their unbroken string of victories, are the Champions of Notre Dame's campus circuit.

Although some of the games were close, in every case Brownson's superiority was decisive, and although their material was no better than several other halls, the able coaching they received at the hands of "Eddie" Anderson, and consistent practise, transformed them into one of the best Inter-Hall elevens seen at Notre Dame in several years.

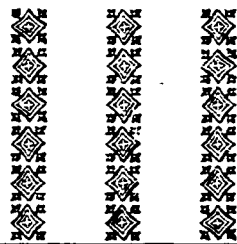
The latter part of the season found Sorin's team coming along in great style, and it is hard to figure out what might have happened had this team knuckled down to serious effort at an earlier stage. It is safe to say, however, that they developed into a dangerous eleven in their last few games.

Corby, defeated only by Brownson, and that by a close score must also be reckoned among the first flight. At all times Corby gave indications of strength and more practise would certainly have worked wonders with them.

The remaining teams in the race, Walsh, Badin, Carroll and Day Dodgers were all of sufficient strength to provide good opposition and enough of the unexpected to bring out exciting football at every game during the season.

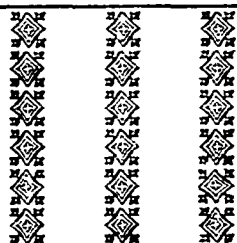
Tie scores seem to be the "thing" this season whenever an Inter-Hall eleven sallies forth to do combat with one of the many independent teams of this district.

First Brownson and Sorin returned from Chicago and Benton Harbor respectively, played to a draw decision by teams in those cities, and last Sunday Corby Hall took on the Goshen Independents in that city and a hard game resulted in another tie, the score being 3 to 3. Goshen presented a strong club, fresh from a 7-6 game with the Thorn Tornadoes of Chicago, on the previous Sunday, and Corby had to fight every minute to stave off defeat by their heavier opponents.



Compliments of
Will H. Weaver

Advertising
Service



OLIVER THEATRE

Palace Theatre Corp. Lessees

Starting Sunday, Nov. 27, For One Week.
1 P. M. to 11 P. M.

"THE SHEIK"

With

RUDOLPH VALENTINO

Dashing Hero of "The Four Horsemen." A
Flaming Screen Version of the Book
that Thrilled the World.

**HAIR DRY? DANDRUFF?
HAIR FALLING? USE**

MORDEO

and **KOKOL OIL**

They have no superior. Let us send a bottle
home for you.

THE CAMPUS BARBER SHOP

HOURS 8:00 A. M. TO 6:00 P. M.



Now showing patent, also dull of this type—a full dress or dancing oxford—price \$9.00.

KLINGEL'S
ACROSS FROM OLIVER HOTEL



NOWADAYS IT'S
KUEHN'S
FOR SHOES
EVERYTHING NEW

125 South Michigan Street

"Jimmie" James notched Corby's three points on a beautiful drop kick from thirty-five yards out, while Goshen's count was the result of a similar play. Adverse weather conditions hindered both teams, and much slipping and fumbling featured the game all the way through.

Displaying drive and strength which nearly every one thought they lacked, Badin Hall swept Benton Harbor High School team off its feet in the Michigan metropolis and added another well earned scalp to their collection. The score was 6 to 0. Brownson Hall, undefeated leaders of the Inter-Hall race, were tied by Benton Harbor on the previous Saturday, and Badin's clean cut victory would make it appear that they have improved a great deal in the past couple of weeks. The Badinites' points came when Mouch caught a pass and raced nearly sixty yards to a touchdown. Goal was not kicked, but as it turned out the extra point was not needed.

GILCHRIST.

PICKING STARS.

With the Michigan Aggie game at Cartier field Thanksgiving Day Notre Dame has completed what has been in many respects its most successful year. Victories over Kalamazoo, Depauw, Purdue, Indiana, Nebraska, West Point, Rutgers, Haskell and Marquette have led the way to the finale of the Aggie contest.

The one dark spot on the record was a 10-7 loss to Iowa in the third contest of the season. Iowa plunged the Notre Dame line for 10 points in the first period but was on the defensive throughout the remainder of the game. Notre Dame outyarded the Hawkeyes more than two to one, scored one touchdown and was on the one yard line for the winning score but lacked the vital punch. The defeat was the first in three seasons and the second in four years. The line which permitted the Iowa victory held Indiana, Purdue, Nebraska and West Point to 11 first downs in the four games which followed the Hawkeye contest.

The team reached top form at West Point where it smothered the Army under 28 points for one of the big surprises of the sea-

The Notre Dame Scholastic Advertisements

son. Rockne's forward pass attack as exemplified by the Mohardt to Kiley battery, the intricacy of the Notre Dame shift, the strength of the line and the speed of the backfield combined to stamp the squad as one of the most colorful and modern in the country. Grantland Rice, Sam Crane and other authorities rated Rockne's squad ahead of any team in the east and the entire host of sport writers who witnessed the games at the Plains and Polo Ground centered with varying degrees upon seven men as worthy of all-American consideration. Two of these, Desch and Castner, are halfbacks who have been to some extent crowded from the line-up by older men. The remaining Notre Dame candidates are Kiley, Mohardt, Capt. Anderson, Wynne and Shaw.

Notre Dame is generally recognized as the best forward passing team in the country; and the Mohardt to Kiley battery has been the big cog in this aerial offense throughout the year. Capt. Anderson has been slightly behind Kiley in receiving passes but plays an important part in the system by decoying the opposing defense away from Kiley. Against Iowa this trio completed 13 passes for 235 yards while the Hawkeyes made but one pass for 8 yards. Three Notre Dame passes in succession were good for 70 yards and the fourth was ambitiously in search of the Iowa goal when the whistle blew for the first half.

Purdue and Nebraska were beaten without the pass but it was used extensively against Indiana. The Notre Dame game against Army and Rutgers was a veritable passing show, unanimously considered the greatest exposition of the aerial game ever seen on any gridiron. Mohardt has a few equals as a passer and has been the best running back on the team throughout the year.

Kiley is considered by many authorities to stand alone as a receiver of the pass. He catches the ball like a baseball and takes it out of the air from any angle. He is a hard man to down after receiving the pass and has scored a touchdown against every team he has played against this season with the exception of Nebraska. Capt. Eddie Anderson and Kiley are easily the best team of ends in the country and although Kiley's work in

WALK-OVER



Stock Reduction Sale

Every pair, Shoes and Oxfords, in our stock reduced in price. Prices ranging from \$5.95 to \$9.95

Charges made only at Regular Prices.



Copyright, 1922
WALTER REYNOLDS

Announcement

The Crawford Shop is now handling an exclusive Line of Young Men's Suits and Overcoats.

Crawford Shop

116 West Washington Ave.

Managed by an ex-Notre Dame Man.

When you have failed elsewhere
You Can Learn to Dance

under

PROFESSOR CHARLES G. GATES

Studio 120 East Wayne St.

Hours from two to nine.

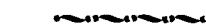


Expert lady assistants.—Fox Trot,
One Step, Waltz, and up-to-the-
minute society dances taught.

ONE KISS 85 Cents

(Selvin Orchestra)

It is entrancing



JUST MOON

I WONDER DO YOU STILL
CARE FOR ME

(Jones' Orchestra)

MY SUNNY-TENNESSEE
WHY, DEAR?

(Isham Jones)

SECOND HAND ROSE
YOO HOO

(Fenton's Orchestra)



Brunswick Shop

NEXT TO OLIVER.

Brunswick Records Go on Any Machine.

the east gives him preference there, Capt. Anderson has a slight edge in the west where his ability to get down under punts, out into a play and recover fumbles has been a feature of his game all season. Anderson's work in recovering fumbles after tackling the receiver of punts was responsible for the victory over Nebraska and figured materially in the win at West Point.

Chet Wynne, track captain and plunging fullback, was styled by Charlie Brickley "the best running back of the year." Wynne, who is also track captain and a nationally known hurdler, has improved greatly throughout the season and has starred in every contest of the year. His work against Nebraska paved the way for the single winning touchdown. He twice ran the kickoff to mid-field against West Point where he also cut through the line for 12 yard gains and took a forward pass for a 45 yard ride to a touchdown. His diving recovery of a pass, line plunging and running against Rutgers caused Brickley to class him as the best running back of the year. Wynne weighs only 170 and combines drive with speed.

Buck Shaw, right tackle, is the last serious Notre Dame contender for national honors. The big tackle uses to advantage in the line the strong right arm which earned him the title of conference champion shot putter and the magnificent physique which awarded to him a medal for being the best built man in the University. His 182 pounds are so evenly distributed that he combines maximum strength with speed—and he has used this ideal combination with deadly skill throughout the season. Iowa gained little through Shaw's side of the line and the big fellow broke thorough on several occasions to throw Aubrey Devine for losses.

Paul Castner, second string halfback, who was the individual star of the Rutgers game where he ran 45 yards for a touchdown on the second play, drop-kicked 42 and 47 yards in two attempts, averaged 55 yards on punts and went down and tackled his man after kicking off, is also a clever passer and will make a strong bid for high honors next season when the team will be built around him as it was around Gipp last year and Mohardt this season,

FRANK WALLACE.