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SONG.

V. D. E.

Winds, and a sweep of withered prairies; Hills, and the tang of heaven's air; Leaves, and the thrilling thought of one leaf Touched, and brought homeward in her hair.

THE COMMON.

L. R. WARD.

NCE on a Sunday morning in May, the High Mass over, I walked through the campus, to find it alive with birds and trees and

flowers and grass—and growing men. I remember one fellow, note-books in hand, was on his way to the library—but only one; he was a foreigner, and a leisurely pace he set. Lads were lolling on the grass-plots here and everywhere; lying at full length and kicking their heels aimlessly into the air, or luxuriously dreaming, with a listless look, on the summer skies. On the campus in September and October, too, I have seen these same men, a few of them in the most indifferent clusters, the others taken up with a game of football or of "tag," in which they or their companions were immersed.

So you will find them on almost any day of the year. Today it is not so. This same path that yesterday was the jubilant way of young men coming and going is today a desert place. We are alone and, if we will, can look about us to our own melancholy satisfaction at the fading autumnal tints, the dim orange and saffron and mellow pink. The paths that wind among the lingering ruins of a season's beauty echo only to our reflective going, and shadows speak in lonely whispers of the drooping garlands of the year. How, indeed, should laughter take its pleasure beside the paler moods, of nature tired of the harvest, of man hearkening to the sighing symbols of his fliting youth!

Let us not wonder, however, that the students are not out on the campus today. It is so rainy and cold and dispiriting. Neverthe less, they are out, to a man; they are full of animation, and defiant of cold rain. With one heart and voice they follow their heroes on Cartier Field. Through their acclamations and exhortations, we can get some notion of how the game goes; we can measure in a rough way the progress of the teams up and down the field; and surmise, too, something of how the score stands. When they accompany the team to another college, their enthusiasm and confidence, I have heard, are quite contagious and altogether boundless; among the few at home you can positively feel the turning tide of the battle, and the cost at which it is made a victory. A friend of mine who journeyed some hundred miles to see his team beaten here, says: that the first unmistakeable divergence between Notre Dame and his own Alma Mater -a big scattered university-must be made: on the ground of unity and organity: his: school knows no common efforts or sympathies; its sons may become the heroes of a coterie, never of the student body.

Not for any chance purpose do our students thus desert the campus; only for some affair wherein the interests of all are concerned and the affections of all aroused: for the big field events, of course; for a mass meeting three or four times in the year, perhaps; and for the Sunday Mass or the Mass and general Communion offered for some significant and pressing purpose: and on these occasions they constitute a very Leviathan. Would not that be an invincible state whose members should stand so nearly as one, so closely and warmly allied on the more important transactions of the year, on religious ideals and practices, and on devotion to their heroes?

THE MAN WITH THE EVIL FACE.

CLIFFORD WARD.

Have you ever longed to sit by a blazing hearth on a wintry night and watch diabolical faces leer at you through distant windows? If, in a moment of mental wistfulness, you wish relief from life's tedium in such a manner, no face could better satisfy your erratic whim than that of Pierre As coarsely featured as a bas-Touisaint. relief, with the inexplicable irony of life itself, Pierre's face contradicted incredibly the *je ne sais quoi* which was his, a nature as suave and as self-possessed as the Prince of Darkness himself. Yes that was it—it was his awful self-possession that got one. Words fled out of the corners of his mouth as if driven to escape by fright, and every twitch of his lips suggested some horrible childish nightmare.

I first met him in a little tavern in Paris. Even from the first time I hated him, while fighting at the same time a fear as childish as intense—as a babe's fear of darkness, or a school-girl's love of the romantic. Never did I see or conceive him either in my waking moments or when his gnarled face woke me from sleep into a terrible consciousness when I swallowed hard and clutched bed sheets for relief, as smiling. A smile on his lips would have been as inconceivable as a prayer on the lips of an imp. A grin, a hideous vortex of cavernous wrinkles, to be sure, was wont to play over his face at times, but only to make you implore your patron saints with greater zeal, and draw from you promises ever more impossible than the one you had made but a minute before. Well. so much for the description of Pierre Touisant.

In the fall of 1912 I was assigned by the news-service for which I was then working, to cover a murder case which had occurred near the banks of the Seine in a Parisian inn. For some years I had been covering diplomatic news, and international relations, doing syndicate work for an American agency. Murder stories were out of my line, but orders had been cabled to me to go at once to Paris to keep my eyes open, and to cable my copy without regard for anyone, no matter how great his position or his in-

fluence. I wondered generally at the orders but particularly at the latter stipulations. I knew it was strange that I should be assigned to a seemingly trivial murder case, when they could have clipped the story from French sources, but the thing that struck me as most unusual was that they should have stressed my instructions to disregard everyone. Who outside of some insignificant prefect of police would protest any news sent cut concerning a murder, the like of which was a weekly or at least a fortnightly occurrence in any city the size of Paris? It was not for me to interpret, I decided, and immediately I set out for the French capital determined to obey the cablegram, and use their carte blanche to the omega, if necessity seemed to warrant.

I arrived at my destination on October 12th, and put up at once at the Siam, a small but clean hotel, which was always a mecca for foreign correspondents of American newspapers. Aware somehow through the subterranean channel of news which newspaper men always seem to have access to, the telephone in my room rang, and Herb Grinnell, a *Times* correspondent announced his coming, and hung up. A few minutes later Grinnell hopped into the room singing his joyfulness at seeing me in a dozen different ways.

It seemed, according to Grinnell, as if the murder I was assigned to had been committed in a very ordinary manner. Several peasants from the rural districts of France had come in for a few nights of dissipation, had taken a stranger into their confidence, had been there at the time the man was killed but had immediately fled, leaving no clue as to how the act had been accomplished. So much for the murder, but the unusual phase of the case had evolved out of the fact that French papers had completely ignored the murder, and the prefecture of police had categorically denied that one had ever occurred. A most unusual case, and had it not been for the embalmer, whom a clear-brained person had summoned, no one would have learned of the affair at all. These facts I found out from Grinnell, who for reasons which he could understand, had been told to leave hands off the affair. I was at once aware that something was involved

here besides a murder the like of which was nothing unusual, and that I was a lone hand in a game being played by powerful and invisible forces. Putting two and two together, it was not hard to see that I would be under surveillance if not in actual danger from the instant I started until the story was concluded, and the culprits exposed. It was not difficult to imagine the culprits more than mere bandits; how could the complete connivance of French newspapers and prefectures of police be explained otherwise? Grinnell needlessly warned me to keep my identity as much a secret as possible, and to conduct my investigations in the dark.' I smilingly pointed out the futility of his advising me further, unless for the sake of em-Wishing his good luck, and invitphasis. ing me to call upon him, if I thought it in the slightest digress necessary, he left me alone to my thoughts.

Putting a small American-made revolver which I always carried in my bag, into my hip-pocket, I descended to the main floor and walked into the dining-room. Frankly I didn't like my assignment. I had never cared for the thrill and adventures of the police reporter, being usually content with the ordinary of life, spending my time in the writing of what, I prided myself, was intellectual and high class reading. This sort of work was out of my line. I was in need of solitude, and wishing to think things out alone, I sat down at a small table inside the door of the dining room. The dining room, very typical of a small hotel, was about half filled. Here was a double table of permanent guests enjoying the familiarities of those who live together for even so short a time as a week-end. Here was another table of foreign visitors exchanging awesome appreciations of a first day in Paris. I had been seated but a few minutes when Grinnell came into the dining room escorting the person whose face has always afterwards haunted me, and whom I have already described to you, Pierre Touisant.

With all the *savoir faire* of a veteran diplomat he bowed an acknowledgment and remarked his pleasure at the introduction which Grinnell had brought about. Having accepted my invitation to dinner, he sat down opposite me, seeming (as I thought, overly-gushing in his polite mannerisms). As he did so I noted a wink from Grinnell, laden with a world of import. I never had been certain, of course, but I have always imagined that Touisaint saw that wink, as well as I did, although Grinnell was standing directly behind him. A look of contemptuous amusement surged over his face at the moment, but only for an instant, for then he dropped back into that overly-polite manner of his.

Centuries of inherited culture seemed to be his. No subject arose on which he could not converse with all the erudition of a savant. Painting, music, architecture, history, current events of a foreign or a domestic nature, were to him as the alphabet to a high school lad. "Charming," would be the word. if it were not so misused, to describe his manner. His words seemed to have that soft, lulling, tone with which a Hindu maiden, charms and entrances a snake into a mere, limp and harmless reptile. Despite all of his intellectual beauty, I never once lost sight of his physical repugnance; in fact as I became more and more impressed with his mental power, I became more and more impressed by an uncontrollable fear. The meal, like everything, came to an end, and we parted mutually and for my part mendaciously expressive of our desire to meet again.

When I had returned to my room Grinnell was lying on the bed, smoking one of my American cigars, personifying ease and comfort to the nth degree.

"Do you know why I introduced Touissant to you, tonight?" he said without a preliminary word to alleviate the suddenness of his remark.

"No," I replied, "I don't unless the idea was to keep me entertained."

"Well," he laughed, "I am not so considerate of your contentment as that. The reason I brought Touissaint to you tonight, was that I believe him to be the real solution to this murder enigma which you are attempting to solve. I did it because he was lookingfor you, and because I felt certain that unless you met him face to face, you would be in far greater danger than you are now. He did not know that you were his man, until I introduced you to him for that express: purpose, and then the startlingness of the discovery almost unmasked his cold impenetrability, as you perhaps noticed."

"No, I didn't notice that, or in fact I would buy a new hat for any man who could notice anything about that man which he doesn't wish to be noticed."

"Yes, you're right," Herb answered. "He's a clever man, and a worthy enemy. Watch him or he will wrap you up in such a maze of incidents that your name will be a memory, and your record a monumental inscription."

It was not long until I had occasion to recall my friend's remarks. I had just about wired in my inability to handle the case, and to express my willingness to resign. The usual sources of information in a story of this kind, were all closed up like the wellknown crustacean. The only clue that I had was an insignificant one obtained from the embalmer, whose usual fluency of speech froze into utter dumbness when the murder case was mentioned. After many vain attempts, I secured a sufficient number of francs to thaw out his tongue, and he told me the story, of Pierre Touissaint and the murdered man.

To the best of his knowledge the murdered man was a veteran of the French army, the possessor of several decorations besides, who had held a commission as a major. During the war he had been placed after several years at the front, in charge of a Parisian prison, where his hatred of such a position found expression in cruelty. Everyone who was so unfortunate as to fall under his authority was made the subject of the most inhuman treatment. Men were made to battle naked against death in the water box, where only a man's strength and endurance saved him from the most horrible of deaths. Floggings were daily incidents to both men and women prisoners alike. At that time the people and the government of France were too busy in the prosecution of the war, in driving back of the Germans from Paris, to investigate the rumor of the prison's cruelty which was always in the air.

It seems that there was brought to the prison one day a man sentenced for a minor crime, whom the murdered man had conceived a natural dislike for, and taking par-

ticular occasion whenever he could, he did his best to make the prisoners' lot an unbearable one. Punishment that carried the prisoner almost to the very threshold of death, only to drag him back for another attempt, was continued throughout several years. As time went on, the warden's hatred transformed itself into an insane obsession. With each new punishment, the victimized prisoner became more and more callous, and more and more inexpressive of The more the warden tried to suffering. punish, the more defiant the prisoner became, until his very face took on a look of satanical defiance, a look that the warden saw but once and afterwards never forgot. It followed him everywhere. He saw it in the daytime. It passed him in crowded streets, on a strange face. It tortured him at night when sleep was hovering over him. The arc lights at dark corners, at night, seemed to indicate the presence of that hideous face, with the man's promise to kill. After a while the old major became hysterical at times, and never ventured out into the street unless heavily armed. Even the proximity within the prison terrified him, and even the stone walls and iron bars which separated them, were not sufficient to appease his fear. If he freed the man, the prisoner would always be in a position to kill him, and if he himself stayed within the prison, the nearness of the man would be constant hell to him. He attempted to escape the shadow which impended over his life, by resigning his position as warden. This he did without the desired result. Everywhere as before the same face leered at him from darkened corners, from behind dark places, in sombre shadows. Then he began drinking heavily, while people hissed him on the street for his alleged cruelty. His name became a byword, and his inhumanness a curse. Drink failed to free him from the ever-present spectre. One night found him in the tavern which had been the scene of the murder. He had been drinking heavily, and talking loudly. Along about midnight the outer door opened, and the man with the hideous face appeared in the doorway. Not a shot was fired, but the warden lurched over the table with a mocking grin, as if trying to grasp something, and fell

backward upon the floor dead. Witnesses fled, and no one would testify, for fear of this evil-faced being, whom some doubted to be really a man.

And there is the story of Pierre Touisaint, and the murder case. No one, not even the prefect of police, would consider the case a murder, or print it as news, because of their hatred for the man who died, and their fear of the man with the evil face. And that's all. Pierre Touissant was never afterward heard of.

"THE FEAR OF LIVING."

S. M. G.

There is a vividness, an atmosphere of reality, and "typicalness," if I may use the word, about the characters of Henry Bordeaux's masterpiece, "The Fear of Living," rarely met with outside the great masters. This novelist's forte is, beyond question, the delineation of character and it is significant to note that his works are marked by a paucity of personnel, but these strongly and masterfully drawn.

Psychologists tell us there is no such thing as a type character, that the variety and diversity among human beings make the term an anomaly. Be this as it may, we can not get away from the fact that certain persons remind us of certain other persons, and that we, unconsciously perhaps, but none the less really, place people in definite classes marked by particular characteristics. The Yankee," expressions "typical "typical schoolma'am" find their way into our speech and there is no reason to suppose that they are not the result of a real mental process. Were this not the case literature would lose a great part of its appeal, because we must see in each character portrayed the representative of a larger class.

When the novelist sets himself to the working out of his chosen theme he must resolve upon characters, (types we may call them), which will adequately exemplify the classes involved in the particular phase of life he is about to portray. In this sense, then, the characters of "The Fear of Living" are typical, representing quite definitely certain groups into which the author divides French society.

His theme cuts deep into the root of modexposing the selfishness. ern weakness, which is either lazy, refusing the responsibilities of life, or ruthless, seeking only the satisfaction of personal passion. To do this he has chosen his actors carefully and from a somewhat limited field. We have modern aristocracy in the Dulaurens family, the military calling in M. Guibert and Jean Berlier, the professions in the Guibert family. and garish wealth in M. Landeau. They are respectable people and the incidents of the story are unmarked by any violent departure from the usual and the ordinary. And yet M. Bordeaux has succeeded, with all this slenderness of plot, in holding a rather exacting modern audience and this by the force of genius displayed in the genuineness of his creations. Else why would a story containing nothing more spectacular than the sight of an old woman sending her children from her one by one, because their duty as they saw it, called them elsewhere, a young man preferring the charm of a pure marriage to the allurements of a sensual love, a family ruining itself financially to uphold the honor of its name, command the interest of so large a reading public?

In a study of the leading characters, we may choose Alice Dulaurens as the chief embodiment of the theme. We see her, a delicate, quiet, beautiful girl, reserved to the point of timidity. In many respects she recalls the qualities of Ophelia, with certainly all her charm and perhaps even more of her weakness. We are not surprised that Marcel should be attracted to this sweet girl, but we do wonder at his continual blindness to herone great defect, lack of will power, until it comes upon him as a crushing blow in hislast interview. Marcel and Alice both suffer the retribution which follows, as their great literary prototypes had done before them. and yet we cannot but feel that the tragedy which visits both can be laid at Alice's door. The author would have us feel no pity for a cowardice so despicable, as she displays, and which brings so many evils in its wake.

In sharp contrast to Alice is Paule Guibert, a worthy sister to Marcel and daughter to Madame Guilbert. Possessing beauty, naivete, maidenly reserve and poise in abundance, she has otherwise all that Alice so sadly lacks. Healthy, because not afraid to test her strength in homely duties, courageous to a fault, high-minded and determined, she wins by sheer force of personal excellence the love of a good man, though her rival is a woman more beautiful, perhaps, at any rate, holding out a strongly sensual appeal.

Ruthless selfishness would serve as another name for Isabelle Orlandi, the product of a generation or two of lap-dog fondling and duty shunning. Hers is not the timidity of Alice Dulaurens, but the resolute pursuit of pleasure and avoidance of pain or inconvenience in any form. Her coarseness, reared though she was in the lap of luxury, her sensuality, her utter lack of almost every womanly quality cause us to hope, though we've seen her many times in real life, that she does not represent a large class in modern society.

The heroine of the story, however, is the mother of Marcel and Paule, Madame Guibert. The tendency of literature seems to be to deal with life in the making, to lay greater stress upon the beginnings than upon the middle and later periods. Hence this portrayal of the ideal mother in her influence upon her children after the ministrations proper to motherhood are over comes with the refreshing touch of unusualness.

Madame Guibert is a character we love to recall long after we have laid the story aside and surely this is because she answers so correctly to our instinctive concept of what the word "mother" implies.

In the God-given plan of things "mother" and self-effacement are almost synonymous. Always she must be sacrificed for the interests of the child. At birth, her life must be given if both cannot be saved, and during the period of helpless infancy every desire, every craving, every comfort on the mother's part must be renounced if it, in any way, interferes with the well-being of her infant. Ordinarily this self-abnegation is instinctive and is scarcely felt as a burden because Providence has endowed a mother's nature with an inexhaustible fund of love which makes all sacrifice a delight. It is this selfeffacement which wins our admiration for Madame Guibert, displayed as it is long after, in the natural order of things we might expect it to be necessary.

For Madame Guibert is a mother par excellence to her children, who turn to her as naturally in their perplexities as flowers to the sun. Deeply have they imbibed her fearless attitude toward the responsibilities of life, and we can plainly foresee that whatever their lot in the future there will be no shirking of sacred obligations.

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In the few incidents which show the character of this admirable woman the author has displayed remarkable skill in bringing out apparently conflicting traits. Naturally Madame Guibert is timid and retiring as the first view we receive of her amply reveals. It is only when moral principles are at stake that she rises to the full height of her heroic nature and performs her duty even though by it her soul is wrung with sorrow. It is a marvellously human picture the author presents to us, when at the death of Marcel, his mother seems at last to have been tried beyond even her limit of patient endurance. We see her for a few moments crushed and almost despairing under the trial, but rising once again when duty to her last child recalls her to herself.

Perhaps there is nothing so sweetly compelling in all literature than her employment of an ingenious ruse to persuade Paule to go whither her heart was leading her in the person of her lover, and somehow when Paule finally yields to conjugal duty and departs to far-off China with her husband we feel that in the eternal order of things Paule has done right and the mother's sacrifice is as it should be.

Later, in her befriending of Alice Dulaurens that other quality of motherhood, its universality, is apparent. Surely it can be said that a mother's heart is large enough to compass the world, and none so poor but has experienced this all embracing quality. Here was a poor unfortunate girl, who sadly needed a mother's care. True Madame Dulaurens was still living but how long since she had ceased to be a mother to her child.

What matter it to Madame Guibert that the Dulaurens family had slighted, even insulted her, that Alice by her cowardice had practically sent Marcel to his death. Her mission to relieve suffering allowed of no exception and bravely she counsels the despairing Alice to forget the past and take her duty as the present moment offered by fidelity to the man, brute though he was, whom a selfish mother had forced her to marry.

Our last glimpse of the little woman returning from the railroad station after bidding farewell to her last beloved child and bravely fighting back the tears that will come, though unbidded, puts a final touch of pathos to that quiet, calm, but heroically courageous character, which bids fair long to defy oblivion in the literary world.

TO MY QUEEN.

Mother, that I may know and love the true, That I may think pure thoughts, and better be Devoted to your brightening purity, I offer mind and heart and soul to you. For those that to my desert paths are dew, For all that glow within my memory, I sacrifice and pray incessantly, That they may taste beatitude with you.

Yet, were my thoughts clear-eyed, my soul unstained,

Were all my heart a blazing fire of love, And were my dearest friends with God above, Still would I give to you my life unfeigned: For you, my Queen, are that white Mother-Maid Against whose heart the mighty God was stayed. L. W. R.

AN AWAKENING.

Tell me, Soul, if you were free, Would you return to me? Have I the power, the grace, the right To claim you again, if claim I might? Have I so marked you by sins of the past That you, in ectasy, free at last, Would fly to some haven more secure From debasement and agony you had to endure?

Tell me, Soul, and I can rest Without this haunting fear in my breast; This fear that always seems to break The thread of my dreams as I lie awake Waiting for slumber's subtle breath To waft me close to the borders of death. Soul! Oh, what would your answer be? God must have an answer from me. J. H. K.

A LEAN HORSE FOR A LONG RACE.

(A Retrospect.)

PAUL E. JACKSON.

This morning in the Hill street car I sat next to a fellow who was, with care and devotion, grooming a pony for a long and hard race over the barriers of higher education. The irony of the situation came to me when I saw that the pony was for use in an Ethics examination. After all, I suppose that it is no worse to use a pony in an Ethics examination than in any other one. Still it is most incongruous; imagine cheating in a course designed to teach proper moral conduct!

I wonder if all through the ages men have entered examinations with their hope of passing based largely upon their ability to select a good horse and to drive him noiselessly through the briars and brambles of the wilderness out into the clearing, the "good grade"? Perhaps the student of the stone age inscribed a few notes on a bit of stone and by that stone laid the cornerstone for a great institution of wisdom (built about him-not within him). I wonder if Plato ever found any of his students "playing the ponies"? Perhaps those old fossils really supposed that an examination was a test of knowledge and not of horsemanship. I am rather inclined to believe that through the ages men have stolen and cheated, but I cannot believe that the men who were of any consequence did. I do not mean the men of a puff and a flash, but the men whose names and deeds linger, the men who are honored and loved the more and more with time. Did such men cheat in examinations? If they did, never tell me for I do not wish to be disillusioned.

What does it all matter? Not much, I suppose, but though I love horses, love them so much in fact that I hate to have them contribute their name to the weapon of the cheat, I cannot quite like the scholastic horse. Even thieves and blackguards refuse to cheat at cards. Of course an examination cannot be compared to a game of chance (to be certain it cannot, unless the rider forgets to bring the pony;) and besides why try to thrust a criminal's code of morals on honest, honorable students?

The Notre Dame Scholastic



$\operatorname{HOT}\ \operatorname{DOG}$

When you have just eaten Chop Suey with Onions And your pal comes in With two girls And one is a peach And she's for you. Then you stop to Think about the Onions And kick yourself Planning a "Door Step" "Good Night." And then she orders Chop Suey with Onions-OH BOY!!! ***

Con Man: Your trade is no good. Why don't you do something big?

Pick Pocket: I just did a fat man out of his watch.

Senior: Hello Jim. Fresh: My name ain't Jim. Senior: Well, Hank then. Fresh: Ain't that either. Senior: Jerry? Fresh: No. Senior: Well, then what is it? Fresh (in stupified excitement): Well I'll be da-d if I haven't forgot it myself. ***

"Hello, Mack. Say, Mack, a senior girl—" "You couldn't have seen her, she's abroad and—" "Well if your girl's a "broad" I'm sorry, but that isn't what I meant. I wanted to say that a girl senior g—"

"Seen my what?"

"Shut up, will you? Listen. A girl who is a senior gave me a date and—"

"And you want some "sugar" to make it a good one. No, thanks, I'm broke. G'by."

DOWN WITH ADVANCEMENT.

From a Chicago paper: "Rollie" Williams, captain of the Wisconsin University eleven has been protested by Illinois University on charges of *pro*gressionalism.

THAT CAMPUS STORE.

Clerk: Sir, these smoking jackets aren't selling at all.

Boss: Label them lounging robes, and the Freshmen will buy them.

Nick: Ya, Pete's a great boy, but he drinks too much.

Nack: Too much what?

Nick: Of MY liquor.

THIS ONE BEATS THE LATE RECORDS OF HIGH SCHOOL ELOPEMENTS.

Tribune: Mother of six weds again at ninety.

HEARD AT HOMECOMING.

Stude (to track team aspirant): Smoking's bad for you, seein's how you're trying out for track.

Would-be-Star: O, I don't know, 'snever affected me yet.

Stude: Maybe so, but it will in the long run.

Would-be-Star: Just so, just so, but I do the 220.

Flub: Why did you drop Jack? Didn't he take you around enough?

Dub: That's just it. He took me every place but into his arms.

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AFTER THE EXAMS.

Oh, where is my wandering boy tonight? Packing his trunk for the old home flight.

Cow Bells: To the Freshman who can't see how a bull can be picked up by a cow-catcher.

She (a garrulous film enthusiast): And Rudolph Valentino! You know I'm just crazy about.

He (sick of it): About most of the time.

Stude (reciting): A bunch of the boys were whooping it up.

Friend: Ya? Must have been bad stuff.

Production, prices, goods and utilities I've learned them all in economics:

Although I may have doubtful possibilities

I'd rather read the Sunday "comics."

KOLARS.

The Notre Dame Scholastic



Whether we admit it or not, there is a Notre Dame spirit—a spirit that is peculiarly characteristc of our own university. It is

A REMINDER

the spirit of a great school whose students

are welded together by common ideals and common interests. It is the feeling of fellowship and respect, student for student, man for man. Here are no artificial ties, no false barriers between one student and another in the guise of fraternities or inter-class organizations. All stand on the same ground.

Despite the atmosphere of fellowship that prevails, no one finds it possible to know personally every other fellow. Our numbers are too great. One can hardly hold as acquaintances all those in his own year.

It is possible, regardless of these facts, however, for each man to greet his fellow students in his contact with them on the campus or elsewhere. It is not necessary that you should know his name in order to have a hearty greeting for him. A cheerful "Howdy" should be on your lips all the time. It brings you closer to the other fellow.

To some such a plea as this may seem superfluous. To others the suggestion that it should not go unheeded by the upper classmen will seem nonsense. Yet observation will show that the upper classmen are less ready with a happy word than the newly-arrived freshman. Possibly it is only because they forget, while the freshmen are looking for friends. But should anyone forget?

· MOLZ.

Judging from the frantic absurdities with which some ministers of the gospel are attempting to attract the laggard American

THE SOUL VS. THE SENSES. populace into their churches, many congregations may soon expect to enjoy vaudeville in re-

turn for their pew rent. Even motion pictures may soon grow stale, and in that case the ministers might become boxing promoters. Thus they may hope to draw a class of the people whose souls will not be harmed by a little fistic salvation. Of course the altar may have to be removed to make way for the ring, but what of that when the fate of so many souls hangs in the balance?

It is evident that there is a dangerous apathy toward religion among Americans. A short time ago twenty Harvard freshmen attended chapel services especially arranged for the new students. The other 760 freshmen apparently forgot the location of the chapel, or perhaps it was too far from their halls.

In the light of this neglect and the consequent "features" with which many ministers are attempting to overcome it, the Notre Dame student's devotion to God shines

like a "Golden branch amid the shadows." During the month of October there was an average of 646 communicants each day on the campus. And there was no outside force driving them to the sacraments, nor any material inducement calling them to the altar rail. But there is in the very atmosphere of Notre Dame, in the sanctity of her traditions, and most of all in the faith she teaches, an irresistible impulse for men to seek communion with God.

America may well have a care lest its spirituality be lost in materialism. But we may be thankful that while Notre Dame and kindred universities stand, the citizenship of the nation will be enriched each year by thousands of men who still believe in God.

HARRY M'GUIRE.

Sport writers make an effort each year to determine by mathematical calculation and by a consideration of superficial evidence,

FOOTBALL SU-PREMACY. which is the stronger in football, East or West. The conclusions are always various. The

Easterner picks the East, the Westerner, the West; only now and then does an unbiased observer pass judgment that is really valuable. As a matter of fact, it is probably unimportant which section of the country is the stronger. It is important that teams from both sections play clean football and uphold the dignity of intercollegiate sports. It is also important, we think, that they engage one another in intersectional contests. The relative importance of one section over another may be a matter of local pride, but it need not be a serious consideration. East and West employ different methods, comparatively speaking. There can be no question as to which section has developed the more interesting features of the game; the decision belongs to the West. Nevertheless, Eastern football, though somewhat effete, may be effective. Each section is equally capable of developing teams and at once advancing the game. Everyone may reasonably form an opinion regarding the comparative strengths of the sections. Too much emphasis should not, however, be placed on that opinion in itself. There are much more important aspects of football than championships and intersectional supremacy.

MOLZ.

We hear a sigh clear from Badin to the new dormitory and back again, and it is one of relief. The first quarter has ended, and examinations are over.

AS THE WHISTLE Year after year this al-BLOWS. Ways seems cause for re-

lief. Well, there is always the second quarter ahead. To the engineers may be left the problem of discovering why four quarters instead of one constitute the whole. The first quarter contained, of course, that one essential necessary to make it a success—the taming of the Army mule. True, he was not caged this year,—but all's well that ends well. Eighteen hundred wrote better examination papers for our having twisted the mules' tail. And so that's that. MOLZ.

IN MEMORIAM.

The Moline Daily Dispatch of October 28 carries the news of the death of M. J. McEniry, '81. Mr. McEniry was a prominent figure in the Democratic councils of his state until a few years ago when he withdrew from politics to devote his time to the prohibition movement. He graduated from Notre Dame in science and also held a law degree from the University of Michigan.

JUNIOR THOUGHTS.

Our reward is measured by our effort.

Futile worries are fine food for pessimism.

The "better-half" is often the whole cheese.

There is a touch of tomorrow in all we do today.

A man without some tribulation is a rare specimen.

Do not seek happiness here, as you will not find it.

He who laughs last laughs best, but why be different?

GET ON THE BAND WAGON Prepare for Monday, Nov. 21st.

JOHN CAVANAUGH.

Now that Homecoming is over, the S. A. C. has another very important proposition to submit to student coöperation. No student will deny that a Greater Notre Dame Band is the next necessary step in our growth. Because there is this general feeling now to encourage a greater band, the S. A. C. has decided to start a permanent effort that will finally culminate in a band as famous, in its sphere, as our football team.

To begin with we have at the present time a band made up of as loyal men as those who win our games on the gridiron. These men have had neither encouragement nor reward for their efforts. They have sacrificed hours in a dull room in Washington Hall night after night for not even a word or a simple act of appreciation. They have shown themselves to be the purest loyalists at Notre Dame. All of us should feel proud that though our band has been outnumbered during the year, it has never been outplayed. Professor Parreant has proved conclusively that if he were given more men and more support he would turn out a famous Notre Dame Band. We have a leader and a good band, then, for the nucleus of a famous band.

The first thing we must do to produce a famous band is to give the men an incentive. There are at least twenty-five capable men at Notre Dame now who are not in the band. You will say that these men cannot be of the right stuff, but we shall all have an opportunity to test their stuff and, incidentally, to test our own. Before we criticize them we must give them a reasonable incentive. There are mighty few rational animals in this world who have the patriotism, loyalty, love of school—or whatever you will—shown by the faithful few now in the band. If the band is to be as good as it ought to be we must furnish the incentive.

For this reason, we have chosen next Monday, November 21, to be tag day for the band. The Boosters, whose work during Homecoming was so efficient and successful —will have charge of the work. They will see to it that not a man is moving on the campus without a tag; and we hope, as a result, to give our band a trip to the Carnegie Tech game. We know that next year and every year afterwards a constant effort will be made to increase the Band Fund. We hope that the band will be given one of the best trips on the schedule each year; that unique, Notre Dame uniforms will be purchased for them, and perhaps even next year the Famous Notre Dame Football Team and the Famous Notre Dame Band will march on the field together.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"CONGRATULATIONS, S. A. C.!" Editor the Scholastic.

Dear Sir: The success of the last Homecoming celebration was due largely to the unceasing work of the S. A. C. For more than a month, members of the Students' Activities Committee had been planning on the event. All the details of the festivity were recognized beforehand and proper measures for their execution were taken. From advertising to traffic policing is a wide gap, but the S. A. C. saw that it was properly filled. The cooperation of the student body and of South Benders with the S. A. C. helped immeasurably in realizing the plans and in making the three days an unprecedented success. The campus never before displayed such gay fall apparel. Everything, moreover, was done according to order. And all was due chiefly to the vigilance and foresight of the members of the S. A. C. They surely deserve our heartiest congratulations. ALUMNUS.

THE VICTORY MARCH.

Editor the SCHOLASTIC.

1

Dear Sir: The untimely singing of the Victory March, by the students of Notre Dame, has occassioned much comment during the past two years.

As a song of our Alma Mater, which should receive the respect and reverence due to all Alma Mater songs throughout the higher institutions of learning in this country, it has been much abused and possibly irreverenced by being over-worked.

The fact that it is played on many occasions which do not warrant its use, is detracting from its sacredness, its greatness and, most of all, from the standards and traditions which it represents.

The Victory March reflects the struggles of men, whose labor and sacrifice has made Notre Dame, not alone the great center of learning, but an institution wherein the finest characters in men are molded; men that become living examples of higher ideals, as well as important factors in the progress of the world.

The Victory March is an agent of inspiration,

that calls upon the inmost soul in man to do his best, whether on the playing field or in the world, where every one is judged only by his merits.

Let us hark back to the early days of the Victory March, when its inception served to elevate to a still greater height, the ardor and loyalty of those men of former years. The men, around whom the great traditions have been formed, revered the song, held it in high esteem as a priceless treasure not to be toyed with. Those men did not sing and whistle it as they retired or invoked its charms amidst their midnight masquerading. Therefore there is no apparent reason why the present student body should not take better care of this now famous song.

Battle-scarred indeed, but ever flaunting that same unconquerable spirit that made Notre Dame what it is, and made the "Fighting Irish" what they always will be. T. W. C.

"WHAT SAY?"

Editor the SCHOLASTIC.

Dear Sir: First, this is a suggestion, not a rebuke. "Keep off the grass" and "Please" signs were the first evidence of establishing a more beautiful Notre Dame by the S. A. C. This action of the S. A. C. has produced the desired effect, namely, of impressing upon the student body the necessity of support to create a successful "Campus Beautiful" campaign.

The work of the S. A. C. is by no means fully accomplished. Gaze over the grounds. Litters of papers are scattered about. Receptacles should be conveniently placed for refuse and worthless newspapers, etc. It's up to the S. A. C. to have these repositories placed on the grounds. J. P.

Editor the SCHOLASTIC.

Dear Sir: Enclosed you will find a possible contribution for your publication. In case you cannot use it will you kindly enclose it in the stamped and addressed envelope I am enclosing for that purpose.

I have sent in two other articles this year but have never even received an acknowledgment of them. They were neither printed nor returned. Did the waste basket claim them even before you could slip them into an envelope for return? I shall keep sending in "stuff" until I "rate" your paper.

Sincerely,

ANSLEM D. MILLER.

A JOKE ON YE "JUDGE."

Editor the SCHOLASTIC.

Dear Sir: Hast heard of ye recent goofing party? 'Twas to be a royal one and was to take place in ye room occupied by a certain individual well known in athletic and Glee Club circles. Several of ye aspiring goofers hath rounded up a meek, unassuming and apparently unsuspecting Freshman and hath talked him into trying out for ye college Glee Club. They leadeth him to ye room already famous for ye physical examinations conducted there. Ye stage hath all been set and ye properties placed.

Ye Freshman entereth and faceth ye all-unsmiling judges. Ye trial beginneth and promiseth to be good. They tryeth ye Freshman out on all ye popular songs and he singeth them with a will. His listeners appeareth quite entranced by the modulations of his beautiful voice. Apparently their flattery overcometh him quite and he redoubleth his efforts. When several more of ye gleesters arriveth ye party promiseth to be gleeful to ye extreme and ye conductors of ye tryout hath considerable difficulty in keeping their various faces straight. Ye Freshman appeareth to them such a scream—they hardly can waiteth to telleth their friends in ye morning. Ye trial proveth satisfactory and ye Freshman is measured for ye noble dress suit and told to report early ye next morn in full regalia for ye Glee Club practice. He thanketh them for their patience with him and then leaveth them to their laughter.

But they are not the only ones who laugheth. Ye Freshman hath friends who knoweth his plans and waiteth to laugheth with him over his success. When he telleth them how he, ye supposed victim, hath turned ye tables and made ye goofers ye goofed, their laughter ringeth loudly even to yet top of ye Dome. For ye Freshman hath gone into ye party with his eyes open and hath played well his part. He hath enjoyed the evening immensely while, at the same time providing much merriment for others by allowing them to think that they wert goofing him. We giveth him credit and thanketh him for ye laugh which he hath given us ye opportunity of enjoying on ye "Judge." And ye "Judge," like ye good sport that he is, laugheth with us.

ANSELM D. MILLER.

MEETING THE TEAM.

Sometimes the best of us are a bit disappointed in some feature or other of life at Notre Dame. This, that and the next thing ought to be changed, bettered, pushed off the map. Yesterday we got a shaggy deal from a man who should have known better; today our personal fancies were not consulted and we feel that the fur, the precious fur, of our individuality has been rubbed the wrong way. All of these matters are the most natural details in the world, are what life everywhere does to everybody. Still, it doesn't do a great deal of good to be told so. Perhaps, we say, the earth is a little finicky about giving to each and every one of her sons that which best suits them—but we'd like to look round a bit for ourselves and find out.

It is in just such a mood that welcoming the football team as it was welcomed on its return from West Point last Sunday night gains a value far transcending the immediate excitement of being in the crowd. Hundreds massed the empty spaces surrounding the Lake Shore tracks in the hope of getting a first-hand look at Rockne and his disciples after the dust of a far-off battle had settled upon them and made them somehow strange. Hundreds these were, too, without a single thought of any glory for themselves or even Sleep, precious sleep, any great benefit. was being lost, and study-time with examinations ahead is a matter of some value. The important concern was the tribute that had to be paid to men who succeed in upholding the tradition which Notre Dame is proud to carry upon every football field. Great players appear and then leave, to be heard of again only when memory conjures up for a passing instant the glory of other years. Team succeeds team, and before the chorus of enthusiasm for one year's touchdowns has quite died away, the time has come to begin anew.

And yet ye are sure that the precious quality that makes a Notre Dame squad battle and bite for every inch of ground, that instills the peculiar dash so notable about our method of attack, is a legacy hoarded carefully and passed on gently to the teams that Coming through South Bend with follow. crimson torches, yelling one's fool head off, is a worthy meed of praise to the backfield and the line which held Army to a tie. But it is more. It is a tribute to the masculine side of Notre Dame's educational idea. It emphasizes the point that what we have, in every respect, has been fought for and handed down by men whose names we seldom recall, but the shadows of whose qualities get into all of us who play the game squarely. There is a tradition in whose atmosphere we breathe lusty strength to make us men. We train on a field the dust of which is shaken from a sod trampled by thousands before us.

Greece saw in the statutes of Phidias and in the games which Pindar sang the ideal to which its national life aspired by reason of a high communal dedication. Football is only a sport, too, of the life which a college trains its men to lead. You can work that out in many ways. One of the best may be understood when, on the evening after a great game, the heroes for whom everyone is waiting manage to slip out unseen and get back into the rhythm of academic life, with its examinations and its lectures, as naturally as if they had never left. So, perhaps, is victory always never an end in life, but merely an episode wherein what is best in man triumphs momentarily and lights up, with fragile radiance, the best and sturdiest that is the legacy of his race. V. I. R.

OUR DEAD.

November, gray and ghostly, with its chill winds, its stripped trees and carpet of crisp, crunching leaves, is already with us. And with November has come the Church's reminder that this is the month of the dead that underneath the fading grass and heaped up leaves lie father and mother and friend. The great army of summoned souls little recks world wars or the noisy cries of campaigning politicians or the latest bulletins from football fields. They have put behind them the petty aims and ambitions of men. They have passed through the gate and beyond the walls. And yet, they are not severed altogether from this world of ours. They are crying to us, and their cry pierces the veil: "Have pity on me! Have pity on me!"

Forgotten is the word that sadly describes the condition of too many of these pleading souls. It is not long since they were with us. We loved them, or so we thought. We would have bitterly resented the suggestion that we could ever forget them. And we have forgotten them all the same. Now, we do not reproach anyone for not grinding their nerves for years with sharp-edged grief and tears. We must live; and we cannot go on weeping. But why need we forget? We need not shed tears every time we think of our dead; but why go to the other extreme and never think of them at all?

The Church bids us remember them in love and charity; not necessarily with tears or repining. Let us think of them with love and with pity; pray for them; have masses said for them. That is the way to remember our dead. We who are Catholics know we can help them and comfort them still, and that is a sweet and welcome thought. The human heart need not be rent for half a lifetime for the death of a beloved one; but that heart must be hard which can close itself up in selfishness after a few tears and regrets, and ignore the claims of those for whom it pretended to be sorry.

We men of Notre Dame might give these salutary thoughts a practical turn during this month of thinking of and doing for those souls who have gone before us. Many of us, perhaps, have seemed not to care to remember. Many of us have been stingy of the means we have to comfort and help those who can no longer help themselves. Let us think often during November of the souls in distress. They need our help. Let us give it to them generously. JAMES P. COYLE.

CAMPUS COMMENT.

Quarterly examinations began Tuesday and continued until Friday noon. There was a great demand for Man O'War, Morvich, and Whiskaway.

"Who or what is Mental Poise?" is a current campus question. Father O'Hara's Religious Bulletins have excited no little comment among the student body. Their brilliant, sparkling wit and humor closely rivals that of "The Wake" or "The Line." Read "them and get next to yourself.

The motion pictures of Homecoming were shown at the Blackstone Theater this week, many students being in attendance to see whether they had broken into the movies or not.

Thanksgiving vacation will extend from Wednesday noon, November 29, to Friday noon, December 1. The Director of Absentees has issued a warning stating that those expecting to skive classes on Friday or Saturday by seeing a dentist or an occulist at that time will be embarrassed by unexcused absences. But do not let this affect your appetite.

Busts of Rockne are still on sale by various students about the campus. A pupil of Lorado Taft, internationally known as a sculptor, made the original from which the casts were reproduced. Proceeds realized from the sale of these busts go into the Notre Dame Expansion Fund. Two of these busts make excellent bookstands.

A Sophomore Class meeting will be held Monday, November 19, at 12:30 in the South Room of the Library. The meeting was postponed last Monday due to the exceptionally poor turnout of second year men.

The College of Commerce has a request for fifteen honor students to begin work December first, on a salary and commission basis, with a minimum prospect of three thousand dollars a year. Graduates interested in this exceptional opportunity should apply at once to the Dean.

The Notre Dame Band will accompany the Varsity to the Carnegie Tech game at Pittsburgh November 25, if they are successful in their efforts to obtain permission.

Sunday night an aggregation of about six hundred spirited students marched from the campus to the New York Central station to welcome the Varsity eleven on their return from the East where they had held the Army to a 0-0 tie. A snake-dance was held down Michigan street. After the train, which was thirty minutes late, had arrived, a torchlight parade escorted the team to the corner of Michigan street and Washington avenue, where Cheer Leader Gleason, who had accompanied the team to West Point, gave a short talk and led yells for the individual members of the team. It is to be regretted, however, that some students found it necessary to express their enthusiasm in a manner unbecoming a true Notre Dame man; viz, by pulling street car trolleys and blocking traffic. THIEMAN.

BOOK LEAVES.

C. O. M.

This is the time when this fellow and that are hunting around for good football stories. Along the middle of November no one gets enough of football. The surprising thing is that, despite the prominence and popularity of football, there are few first-rate stories based on the game. Three or four can be recalled, but one might expect more. There is "The Girl and the Game," by Jesse Lynch Williams and Wadsworth Camp's "Guarded Heights," as well as the stories of games between Andover and Lawrenceville in Owen Wister's "The Varmint" and between Yale and Princeton in "Stover at Yale" by the same author. Second-rate stuff is plentiful, of course. The Youth's Companion and the rest will contain the regulation story in which the green sub rushes into the game at the last minute, carries the ball sixty-yards for a touchdown, wins the game, becomes the school hero and falls in love with a millionaire's daughter. But there—you've said it.

Mention of Owen Wister's "The Varmint" and "Stover at Yale" recalls the skill of Wister in writing the college story of twenty years ago. The two just mentioned and "Philosophy 4" fill a place all their own. They make "This Side of Paradise" and "The Beginning of Wisdom" look like pink tea and marmalade. Wister's characters would have thumbed their noses at the rubber-tired sophistication of Amory Blaine.

"I have often been asked this question," writes William Lyon Phelps in his department 'As I Like It" in the November Scribners, "'What is the most exciting novel you have ever read?' The answer is not difficult. I have been thrilled by 'The Three Musketeers,' 'Treasure Island,' 'The Adventures of Captain Horn,' but the most exciting novel I have ever read is 'The Wings of the Morning' by Louis Tracy. It opens with a shipwreck, and from the first chapter to the last word on the last page, it never lags or sags. I will guarantee the story to all convalescents; and as an anesthetic for railway travel, it is effective."

Among the new books: Dorothy Canfield, Rough Hewn, a novel, Harcourt Brace; Oliver Herford, Neither Here Nor There, brief essays, Doran; Edward V. Lucas, Giving and Receiving, familiar essays, Doran; Hugh Walpole, The Cathedral, a novel, Doran; G. C. Williamson, Behind My Library Door, literary diversion, Dutton; John Murry Middleton, The Things We Are, Dutton.

The impression which a book makes depends oftentimes on the mood of the reader. There is likely always to be difference of opinion, therefore, about the merits of various books. Certainly we would not suggest "Wings of the Morning" as the most exciting book of English fiction, even though we would be willing to admit that it has all a good book of adventure demands. We would hesitate to name any partiular book to occupy that niche. We have in mind a book that would approximate the requirements. It is "The Beetle" by Richard Marsh. Anyone who reads it and does not have nightmares for seven days and seven nights thereafter deserves a vellum copy of Freud.

Of unusual interest and importance is the personal account of the conversion of G. K. Chesterton to Catholicism, the first installment of which appears in the *Catholic World* for November under the title, "Where All Roads Lead." Chesterton, who was formerly an Anglican, was received into the Church in August.

Every man, and every woman, to his, or her, opinion about "This Freedom." In view of the theme of the book, the opinion of Miss M. Carey Thomas, former president of Bryn Mawr and high priestess of feminism, is in order. Miss Thomas is making a tour of the world at present. the is said to be her habit to read during meals, propping a book in front of her, and ignoring her table companions if the book holds her interest. One evening last summer, she was thus engaged with "This Freedom" in a restaurant in Constantinople. During the greater part of the meal, she silently pursued her reading. At last she reached the end, closed the book and looked around the room. "Waiter!" she called in a determined voice. The man hastened to her side. "Waiter," said Miss Thomas, "throw this book in the Bosphorus."

The veil of anonymity cast over "The Mirrors of Washington" and "Behind the Mirrors" has been lifted. The publishers, G. P. Putnam's Sons, announce that Clinton W. Gilbert is the author. Gilbert is a Washington correspondent for the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*.

We have something in our mental constitution that inhibits our overlooking anything that bears the signature of Christopher Morley. He makes us lazy, it is true, makes us wish for a pipe and an easy chair for the rest of our days, but he has distilled pages that are elysium for a weary reader. Looking over "Translations From the Chinese" (Doubleday Page), we find him in the bright-colored cloak of a Chinese poet looking through almond eyes at a passing show. The verses contain penetrating observation couched in the softness of free verse. They are a response to the belief of Morley that

> "There is, in each man's heart Chinese writing— A secret script, a cryptic language: The strange ideographs of the spirit, Scribbled over or half erased By the swift stenography of daily life."



WHEN GREEK MET GREEK.

The Plains of West Point have been the scene of Notre Dame victories and Notre



LAYDEN.

Dame defeats, but never of a greater Notre Dame battle than that fought against the Army last Saturday. The 0 to 0 tie was a victory for a team whose line was outweighed 20 pounds to the man, a large number of whose men were playing their first year of collegiate football, a team crippled by the loss of several of its finest players, yet a team whose fighting spirit scorned defeat.

In the first half, the West Point eleven, their best in years, and heralded as one of the greatest in the East, twice battered its way to within scoring distance of our goal, and both times Notre Dame smashed them back and broke up their offensive. The third quarter was largely a punting duel, but in the last period the Gold and Blue was splendidly supreme. Our warriors smashed and passed their way to Army's four yard line with an attack that will be unforgettable for its speed and brilliancy. Then followed rapidly the sure shift of our backfield, the pass of the ball, the drive of the interference, then the breaking through of a heavy man and the terrific impact as he crashed into the light one who carried the ball. Only a superman could have held the ball in such a shattering collision; it bounded from Crowley's arms and was recovered by an Army back. Our chance had passed.

But our victory lies in the fact that the Army, with its vaunted offense and tremendously strong forward wall, not only was unable to pass our 10 yard line, but was almost helpless before our onslaught in the last quarter. Weaknesses may be picked in our light and inexperienced line, but these seem to count as nothing in the light of its relentless courage.

Castner bore the brunt of the backfield's battle, and bore it like a true All-American. Many of his passes failed, some of his kicks were blocked, and a few of his runs and plunges were unsuccessful. But he tossed a beautiful pass to Stuldreher, caught one from Crowley, frequently outpunted his rivals in the face of enemy line that made his kicks hasty, and dove through the line for constant gains. He was the central figure of the whole battle.

The rest of the backfield played great football. Layden reeled off a startling 30 yard run, and intercepted a pass at a crucial moment. Crowley made many advances, and next to Castner was our most consistent ground gainer. Miller was mighty good, and Stuhldreher handled passes well.

The line was wonderful. McNulty, taking Capt. Carberry's place at end while the Judge is laid up, featured with his aggressive defensive play, the recoveries of a fumble and a blocked punt, and nice action in grabbing passes. Degree, Cotton, Regan, Brown and Vergara showed 20,000 fans that fight means more than weight.

Four Notre Dame fumbles, three of which Army recovered, were exceedingly costly, and were a big factor in saving the soldiers from defeat. Three of Castner's kicks were blocked, and one was recovered by Army. During the first half Notre Dame was never herself unless pushed back beyond her 20 yard line. Fumbles and unsuccessful passes are no part of our team's game when it is on its toes. And it is no alibi to say that the big breaks were against us.

Wood, Smythe and Capt. Breidster were the Army's outstanding stars. Wood's allaround playing and splendid kicking made him prominent, yet he was not the equal of Castner.

Castner started the game by running the kickoff to his 25 yard line. Layden made eight yards on two plunges and Castner punted. Wood made 16, and on two plays Smythe carried the ball to our 30 yard line. Wood broke through center for 15, and Dodd carried the ball to our 12 yard line, from which a forward pass was grounded behind our goal and we took the ball on our 20 yard line. An exchange of four punts gave us the ball on our 25 yard line. Castner made 10 yards, and Layden streaked around left end for a sensational 30 yard run as

the period ended.

At the start of the second guarter N. D. failed to gain, so Castner kicked. His kick was blocked, but McNulty recovered. Army was penalized five, and it was Notre Dame's ball on the soldiers' 30 yard line. Layden fumbled, but again McNulty recovered the ball. On the next play Castner fumbled and Wood recovered for Army. The Army kept in style by fumbling on their first play, but they Mulligan punted to recovered. Notre Dame's 45 yard line, where Stuhldreher fumbled and Dodd grabbed the ball. Two plunges and a Notre Dame penalty brought the ball to the Blue and Gold 30

yard line. Wood made first down in two drives. Army gained but little in three attempts, but injured Harvey Brown to such an extent that he had to be carried off the field. As a last resort the soldiers tried a forward pass, which Layden intercepted just before the half ended.

Castner ran the kickoff back to his 35 yard line to start the second half. Miller made five through left tackle, and Castner made 10 through center. Miller gained five more, but on the next play N. D. was penalized 15 for holding. The exchange of three punts resulted in Smythe receiving the ball on his 15 yard line and running it back to the 40 yard line. Army was penalized and kicked. Two plunges and an unsuccessful pass netted N. D. but three yards, so Castner punted. The kick was blocked but recovered by Vergara on the Gold and Blue 43 yard line. On a delayed pass Crowley made 9 through tackle, but Castner lost two and Crowley failed to gain, so Castner punted 60 yards over Army's goal line. Wood kicked to our 35 yard line. After two plays Castner kicked, but his punt was blocked and recovered by Army on her 45 yard line. On a short forward pass from Wood, Smythe ran 25 yards, but fumbled when he was tackled, and Regan recovered. A forward pass from Castner to Stuhldreher put the ball on Notre Dame's 40 yard line. Castner made five through center and the quarter ended.



THE MILLERS.

At the beginning of the last quarter Notre Dame's drive got under way with amazing speed. Crowley shot a pass to Castner which carried the ball to Army's 38 yard line. A pass, Stuhldreher to McNulty, netted another first down. Crowley smashed through left tackle to the soldiers' 15 yard mark, and Miller went around end for 5 yards. Castner slipped through right tackle to the 4 yard line for first down. Castner made one on a delayed pass. On the second down, with 3 yards to go, Crowley fumbled and Lawrence recovered for Army. N. D. was penalized five, Wood made 5 through center and then kicked to Notre Dame's 46 Three passes failed, and Castyard line. ner's kick was blocked, then recovered by Breidster on the Blue and Gold 43 yard line. A pass netted the Army five yards, but on the two following plays they failed to gain. On the last play of the game Garbisch attempted a placement kick, which the Notre Dame forwards blocked and recovered.

The championship of Indiana will be decided today when we meet Butler, the state's only other undefeated team, at Indianapolis. There is every reason to believe that we will win, for the Army game has instilled a relentless spirit into our men; but it is needless to say that the game will be a real battle. Butler has defeated Illinois and Wabash; and Illinois has beaten Wisconsin, who had been looked upon as one of the contenders for the Big Ten title. It is evident that Butler is mighty good, and the intense manner in which she has prepared for the game indicates that she will sacrifice everything to beat Notre Dame. And everyone knows that such a thing is not impossible, though, we might add, very darned near it.

Next Saturday Notre Dame lines up on foreign field, against Carnegie Tech at Pittsburgh. It is not stretching a point to say that Carnegie Tech, although beaten last Saturday by Penn State, 10 to 0, is still one of the East's most formidable aggregations. And it is just as true that Tech has been priming all season to trample over us—this is plainly evident from the fact that they have cancelled their game with St. Bonaventure today. "Injuries" is the reason given, but Carnegie Tech would not ordinarily cancel a game on account of a few injuries. The sign that they have hung out says glaringly, "Look out, Notre Dame, we're after your scalp!"

NOTRE DAME. ARMY	•
McNulty, Collins Wh	nite
Left end.	
Cotton Mullig	ran
Left tackle.	,
Brown, Weible Breids	ter
Left guard.	
Walsh, Regan Garbis	\mathbf{sch}
Center.	
Degree Farw	ick
Right guard.	
Oberst Goodm	an
Right tackle.	
Vergara Myers, Stor	rck
Right end.	
Thomas, Stuhldreher Smyt	he
Quarter back.	/110
Layden, Crowley Timberlake, Do	66
Left half back.	
Miller Dodd, Lawrer	nce
Right half back.	100
Castner, Cerney Wo	hou
Full back.	ou
Officials: Referee, Ed Thorpe, LaSalle; umpi	סיר
\sim	,

Officials: Referee, Ed Thorpe, LaSalle; umpire, Costello, Georgetown; head linesman, H. E. Von Kirsberg, Harvard; field judge, Thurber, Colgate.

INTER-HALL DOPE.

Badin played some nice football last Saturday when she defeated the Day Dodgers, 16 to 0. The first score came in the second quarter when Coty ran 19 yards for a touchdown, after a 35 yard run by Mouch.

In the second half Casey and Evans made a couple of pretty dashes that put the ball on the Day Dodgers' 15 yard line, where the Exiles held for downs. Tennes tried a pass from behind his goal line, it was blocked and he snatched it out of the air, but was downed for a safety. In the last 30 seconds of play Wrape snagged a neat pass and raced for a touchdown.

HOW THEY STAND.

Hall.	Won	Lost	Pct.	
Group 1:				
Carroll	_ 2	0	1000	
Corby	_ 2	0 、	1000	
Sorin		• 2	000	
Brownson	_ 0	2	000	
Group 2:				
Walsh	_ 2	0	1000	
Badin	_ 1	1	500	
Day Dodgers	_ 1	1	500	
Freshman Hall	_ 0	2	000	
HARRY M'GUIRE.				

THE SHIFT.

GRANTLAND RICE.

If some stranger, inquiring for details, cares to know about the case, the forward passing headquarters of the world are located at Notre Dame and the master in charge of the lodge is an individual known as Knute Rockne.

Rockne and his Notre Dame team have made forward passing an art and a science, where most of the others have in a way still figured it a guess.

At Notre Dame it isn't a guess. It is merely a matter of passing perfectly to the receiver and of having the receiver skilled in the knack of taking the ball out of the air, even at top speed.

Last fall Rockne, in the closing stages of the race, had one of the greatest football machines we ever saw.

It is only an outside opinion, but it is our belief that through November Notre Dame could have beaten any football team in the world, and we know just how strong Iowa, Lafayette and W. and J. were then.

Iowa's great machine beat Notre Dame one touchdown earlier in the year, where the vital statistics show that Rockne's team gained almost four yards, against one.

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But November was another story, when the Rockne had his great cast working in perfect order.

From that star cast Notre Dame lost almost every member. Only one or two veterans came back. In addition to that, he lost Lieb, one of his stars, and other injuries cut down his forces.

He was forced to send new stuff into action, but he has now a team that is the best forward passing aggregation in the country, barring none.

When he played Georgia Tech in Atlanta several of his best men were in poor physical shape, and it was for this reason we figured Tech to win.

But even against these heavy odds and the long trip, Rockne sailed along to another triumph.

On Saturday of this week the Army again will attempt to break up this baffling passing game which Rockne has built into such top science.

The Army for many years has been attempting to stop this passing game, without much luck.

They have tried out all the known defenses, but the defense that will check the passing game leaves the line attack in position to work, and Rockne always has at hand one or two great ground-gaining stars, such as Gipp, Mohardt, and now Castner, one of the best all-round football players in the United States.

The Army will find Castner a harder man to handle than any member of the star Yale backfield, and Yale has her share of backfield talent.

But Castner can kick, drop kick, pass, run and do anything else that may happen to be needed at the moment.

No wonder the Army defense is always at high tension in meeting a Notre Dame attack. For the Army knows by now that it is up against the greatest passing game yet devised, and that, in addition, Rockne always has a running attack that must be carefully watched. This season Major Daley has a fine defensive team, one that proved its worth against Yale's hard, smashing attack. But unless there is a Notre Dame slump, the Army defense will find itself up against a far more baffling proposition than Yale proved to be. Rockne may not have the hammering power that Yale's fast veterans had in the Bowl; but he will have more skill and more deception in his open game, and it is this which breaks down the mental poise of any defense.

W. B. HANNA,

New York Tribune, November 14.

It's a treat to see fast running off of plays such as Notre Dame did in the Army game, and one reason it's a treat is because it is so rare. It used to be much more frequent than now, but that was a long time ago. No more were the players up from one scrimmage than they were hustling to position for the next. That was before the day of shifts, which, by their very nature, slow the tempo.

GRANTLAND RICE,

New York Tribune, November 14.

"Speaking of great football teams," writes G. H., "remember this: Notre Dame this season is ninetenths sophomores. Just figure what this team under Knute Rockne will be in the next two years."

Albany Times-Union.

Albany was blessed this morning by 40 young giants, members of the Notre Dame football team, which plays the Army at West Point tomorrow in one of the feature gridiron games on the eastern schedule. And Albany blessed the 40 young giants back, for during their short stay in Albany the collegians showed that the West appreciates in every detail the wonderful hospitality of the East, and in conversation with some Pine Hillers who happened to be in the vicinity of the Vincentian Institute this morning, the Indiana boys showed how thankful they could be for the reception accorded them by the Rev. William R. Charles of St. Vincent de Paul's church, his assistants at the rectory, and the congregation of the Pine Hills church.

Knute Rockne, the "wonder man of the west," who has turned out more championship elevens than any other football coach, beheld his charges go to the altar rail of the Grotto on Madison avenue, shortly after seven o'clock this morning to receive Holy Communion. Following receiving the Sacrament, the members of the football squad went to the Vincentian Institute, where they breakfasted with the parish priests and members of the congregation. Coach Rockne, when asked to tell how Notre Dame stood to beat the Army tomorrow, said that the team was confident and that nothing could stop the boys from South Bend, Indiana.

Albany wishes you well, Coach Rockne, and to your 40 young huskies we wish the greatest of luck. You will succeed!





HOOT MON!

Next Saturday, when our "Fighting Irish" squad arrives at Carnegie Tech, they will be met by hundreds of the students and the famous university band, and will be escorted in a big parade through the city streets to the athletic field. All of the bandmen will be fully garbed in the tartan kilt of a Scottish Highlander, including the official plaid, brooch, sporran, dirk and the Glengarry Bonnet, says the *Carnegie Tartan*.

Rev. George Baby Rice, Council Bluffs, Iowa, has the distinction of being the oldest college graduate in America. He is 103 years old, and graduated from the University of Vermont in 1845.

SHEIKS AT NORTHWESTERN.

Northwestern is universally famed for its good looking co-eds. But evidently that splendid reputation has not sufficiently satisfied them because they are now boasting of the great number of good looking eds attending the university. And there is a reason. Professor L. G. Kanz, the physical director there, stated that he has noticed the Northwestern fellows are becoming better looking each year. He attributes this advancement in beauty among the male sex to the new plan adopted almost everywhere in high schools of giving students two years of health training.

The plans for a \$430,000 memorial stadium to be erected on the present athletic field at Nebraska University finally have been completed, and provisions have been made for two football fields, one baseball diamond, a half mile track, an indoor running track, twelve indoor tennis courts and thirty handball courts.

DANCING PLAY BY PLAY.

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History tells us that Nero played while the Romans frantically danced about in their burning city. Today the Idaho University students frantically dance about at the matinee dances, while their football team plays on a foreign field, and at the same time reports are received in the dance hall play by play.

HOW THEY ABUSE 'EM.

Even the dear Freshman co-eds are not immune from hazing at some universities. We learn that at Buffalo University they are not permitted to wear hair-nets, earrings or jewelry of any sort; they dare

The Notre Dame Scholastic

not use powder or rouge; and they must not chew gum at any time during the year. Besides they must wear arm bands and green hair ribbons. Those at Temple University, Philadelphia, are required at all meals to wear bibs bearing their name; are forced to wear lisle hose on Monday, Wednesday and Friday; and are not permitted to paint, powder or curl their hair on date nights.

The library officials at Princeton University have purchased 25,000 books in Germany at a fraction of their original cost, taking advantage of the fall in the value of the mark. The principal manuscripts obtained were the ones concerning the "House of Orange," from which Princeton received its standard's color.

COULD YOU SEA THROUGH THIS?

The former captain of the abandoned convict ship, Success, is offering \$125 apiece to the Harvard and Boston Tech student who will undergo a week of solitary confinement aboard his forsaken vessel. The separate cell in which each man will be confined twenty-three hours a day are narrow and lightless. And the rations of bread and water will be served only twice daily. During the other hour each man will be compelled to walk about the cell for exercise dragging a ball and chain.

Statistics complied from interviews with twenty young ladies and young men at Chicago University show that the chief motives underlying the unprecedented demand for a "higher education" are, in the order of their importance, for men: vocational training, general education, social life and athletics; for women: general education, social life and passing time pleasantly.

AWFULSKI CONDITIONSKI.

Another proof of the topsy-turvy conditions in Russia today is clearly shown by the fact that even though students were paid 6,000 rubles a month by the Soviet Government last year to attend classes at the Kharkox University, and this year they pay their own tuition amounting to 2,000,000 rubles a month, the enrollment figures have greatly increased over those of a year ago.

EXTRAORDINARY FROSH.

Freshmen at the University of South Dakota are required to chase squirrels about the campus. We do not understand how those Freshmen get away with it. At most every other university the conditions are naturally just the reverse.



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