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AN OPEN LETTER.

MR. PAUL CASTNER,

St. Vincent's Hospital,
Indianapolis.

Dear Paul: The first news of your injury carried our thoughts to the team and its future. We shall miss your playing and good-will in the games that are still ahead, and it is natural that these things should come first. You would expect that. But gradually our sentiments have worked round to you personally, and each and every one of us makes a little thought trip daily to the hospital where you are lying. With decent luck you are sure to be up soon. We hope, very soon.

But your football career at Notre Dame is over, Paul. The laurels you might have won at Pittsburgh and Lincoln will go to someone else. During the past two years, lovers of the greatest American collegiate sport have been following your work with keen interest and admiration. Punting, passing, charging, tackling found you always alert and consistent, always everything that a stellar backfield man can be. This year, as the acknowledged nucleus of a great team, you drew all eyes when the Gold and Blue marched on the field. Of applause and hero-worship you have enjoyed a goodly share . . . and we know you hate to think of all this being over. It was a little hard, in the midst of the struggle with Butler, to follow in the bitter footsteps of Tom Lieb.

When a man comes to Notre Dame with the idea that, perhaps, a monogram may some day be his, the modesty of his hopes is very seldom anything like the radiant reality of his achievement, if success becomes his. You came, played with some of the greatest men in the history of our team,

men like George Gipp; and everybody knows that critics of the game throughout the United States naturally ranked your name with theirs. This year we hoped for you a place on the most representative all-Western and all-American teams. In every game of the season you have played brilliantly and hard. Against Indiana you carried the ball over the goal line twice and made probably the finest goal-kick ever seen on Cartier Field. Your passing was the brightest spot in the brilliant invasion of Georgia. And so on ad infinitum. Is it all at an end?

Well, we believe it isn't and will not be. You have been, during three years, not only one of Notre Dame's finest sportsmen, but more simply one of her finest men. Whatever courage, loyalty, steadiness, and modesty mean to college men (and they mean inexpressibly much) you have symbolized for us. A memory of you will always be the memory of something eminently sterling and worth-while. You have made the present Notre Dame a better place to live in, have done so much that the student life of your time can scarcely be separated from you.

It is for these reasons that this letter is addressed to you. We want to make it quite clear that your recent unfortunate injury, so sincerely regretted by every follower of Notre Dame football, has really served to call our attention to what you have symbolized for us, and to make us understand more completely your career. This letter would like to convey what we feel. With it go also our personal best wishes, our hearts, to help you overcome the tedium of hospital days and to spur on your recovery. When the Notre Dame football team will have completed an undefeated season, we shall expect you back at hockey and baseball.

We beg to remain,

Yours sincerely,

NOTRE DAME.

GELINA CHANGED OUR MINDS.

EDWARD C. DINEEN.

"Well I'll be blowed!" Gelina Samson, plump and past forty-five, indulged in strong language only when she became excited. "Clem Samson, come here this minute and see what your son is up to."

Clem threw the wood into the box, wiped his feet carefully on the little strip of carpet, and came into the sitting room. "What's he been up to now, ma?"

"Huh, what hasn't he been up to!" exclaimed his wife. "Here, read this," and Gelina handed the Creekville *Bugle* to her husband.

"Thirsty days hast September,
April, June, and November;
All the rest are thirsty too,
Unless you make your own home brew!"

"Well now, that's purty good; and you say our Cicero wrote it?"

"Can't you read under the headin'? There, by 'Cicero J. Samson.' That new-fangled idea of this paper is goin' to be the ruination of Creekville! A contest for local poets! Well if that ain't the limit! Just you wait until that lad gets home here; he'll get more to do than to set down and write about the months!"

"Yes, it do be silly business to set down and spend time on that stuff. Potatoes to be hoed, trees to be trimmed, fences to be patched, and what not! You give it to him right and proper, Ma, an if thet don't do him, I'll let him know thet his pa still has a say into what goes best around here."

"Next thing you know that boy will be wantin' to go into Noo Yawk! Jim Smithers and Lem White went, and now nothin' will be pleasin' him unless he gets there too. Well, he has another think comin' to him. Gettin' so mothers and fathers ain't got no say at all. Well, he'll soon know that his ma and pa have!"

"Land a Goshen! If here ain't Cinthy Snell. Meetin' day an everything, and I clean forgot all about it! Like as not she didn't miss a word, so I just saved a dressin' up and a hot walk!"

"Afternoon Gelina, afternoon clem; Circle just got over, and thought I would

drop in on you for a minute. Goodness, I can't get my breath! Roads turribly dusty, and like as not I'll be a coughin' my way to the grave!"

"Nonsense, Cinthy, a swallow of water will clear that up in a minute," and Gelina disappeared into the kitchen.

"Suppose Gelina's own sewing kept her from meetin' today. It was too hot to do much, but then Sister Langhorn says as how them poor heathens are in dire distress."

"Yes, I reckon as how ma has about all she can do right here at home. Wash day one day, bakin' day next, and Gelina has her two hands full."

"That's right, pa; here Cinthy, take a good gurgle, and you won't be a coughin.' 'Bout time that lad o' ours got home. Lord knows there's chores around here for a whole army!"

"Goodness, I clear forgot all about it! Sally Crutes an' all the ladies was sayin' as to how your son wrote a nice pome in the "*Bugle*" this week. They was all a talkin' about it, and says as how his mother ought to be the proudest woman in the village. I says it was real good too."

"What's that you say, Cinthy? That pome thing that Cicero wrote? Why I——"

"Oh yes, Cinthy; Clem don't be foolish, go put the water on to boil. As I was sayin', Cinthy, Clem an' I thought it was purty good too, but you know as how we don't like to say anything nice about it before the neighbors do. So long as you say they liked it at the Circle, why of course there is no stoppin' talkin' of it."

"It was real sweet, Jane Popp's thought, an she said that Elmer Hanson, you know he runs the paper, was goin' to give Cicero a money prize. But I can't tarry here, Gelina. Lord knows as to how John will be a waitin' for his supper, and there's still a good two mile to go."

"Well, women sure do be funny!"

"Stop your noise, Clemon Samson! An' if you dare to say a thing to Cicero, you will do without your supper tonight, so you will!"

"Huh, next time Cinthy Shell goes to Circle, tell her not to stop in here on her way home. If it don't beat everything how women do change their minds when they get together! Nothin' wrong with Cicero's pome

at all, now! Nice an' sweet, an' won a money prize!"

"Clemenon Samson, will you be quiet! Now I know why Aunt Belinda Bean insisted that we should call him Cicero! I always knew how he would be a great man some day. Here he comes up the road, Clem, an' now never let on as to how Cinthy Snell was in. We'll just take it as a matter of fact, so as not to let him get too proud!"

"Well, I suppose you have changed our minds again, Ma. But, oh well!"

REFLECTIONS AND A REFLECTION.

JAMES F. HAYES.

One of the fondest stories I can recall out of those books of fairy-tales which I read and re-read when I was in my 'teens, and which I have not even yet entirely forsaken, is the story of the Magic Mirror. This mirror had the power of reflecting for its owner whomsoever he wished to see, and in whatever mood he wished to see him. Kings and queens, rich and poor, great and near great, all were at his call. How he finally became infatuated with a beautiful princess who lived ten centuries before his time, and how he called her back so often that the mirror was worn smooth with her image, and then, when he betook himself in an odd moment to call for a portly gentleman, Falstaff, I believe, the mirror could not stand the strain and broke in a thousand pieces and he lost his beautiful princess forever—all this is beside the point.

Let us go back in fancy now to the scene of this fairy tale and sit before the magic mirror. We are inclined to seek adventure in the realms of literature tonight, and so let us pick up a volume at random (see, it bears the title "Romance"), and flick the pages with our fingers, holding the book before the enchanted mirror.

At first, centuries of authors pass before us, too swiftly for us to recognize them, but then the pages of the book turn more slowly and the figures which appear in the silvered surface of the mirror are distinguishable.

There, is not that Barrie, gazing out on the world from his little window in Thrums? And is it fancy or do I see Tommy, sad, lov-

able, sentimental Tommy, giving orders from the Lair in the Dens to his army—plotting the overthrow of the queen and the conquest of England?

And there is Cooper, his spirited pen painting ocean and forest with untiring power, and sending Nattie Bumppo to brave deeds and fainting heroines.

Sienkiewicz and Hugo are there, the one the flashing sword, the gay laugh, the cavalier; the other the guillotine, the Bastille, the sewers of Paris.

Hawthorne, brooding over the terrors of sin and judgment; Kipling, surrounded by the golden dreams of India, searching the hearts of all about him; Scott, magnificent in the company of kings and knights, reveling in the ever-changing splendor of the tournaments; all these and others pass before us in slow review as the pages of our book turn slower and slower. And now they come to a stop.

The man before us is Robert Louis Stevenson. His life makes it possible for us to consider him from a number of viewpoints. We can find pleasure in his style, marvel at his literary training. We can look at him in the light of his genius and study him merely as a man who wrote stories and essays, but the stories that Stevenson wrote often conceal from us the story of his own life, and it is one chapter of this story, "Stevenson—the Man," that gives us some idea of the remarkable nature of the Edinburgh romancer.

Stevenson was, from the beginning a fighter. His whole life is marked with a courageous overcoming of obstacles. If we look back upon his boyhood days in Scotland we see him a delicate child struggling vainly to stave off sickness. If we see him in California, sick, penniless and forsaken, he is working steadily on volumes which were afterwards to make him famous. If we go a little further to the years that followed the California days, we find him again battling sickness on the continent—forced to absolute rest and quiet by his doctor. Absolute rest and quiet for a man whose nervous energy found a difficult outlet in ordinary life. Here let us take a glimpse at the unconquerable courage of the man. He was taken ill late at night and his wife hurried to his side.

Although choked with blood from a hemorrhage, and unable to speak, Stevenson made signs for paper and pencil and calmly wrote, "Don't be frightened; if this is death, it is an easy one." Incidents like this occur frequently throughout his life. At Vailima in later life, with death hovering constantly about him, he was seldom depressed. It would appear that he was living two lives. In one he was the "delicate girl," confined to bed, helpless, and unable to talk; in the other he was the adventurer, the pirate, the soldier, the man of brave deeds and heroic action. In fancy he lived the life that was denied him in reality. Surely he was not living in the present who could write "A Child's Garden of Verses" in a darkened room with his left hand, while waiting daily for death!

It is said of Stevenson that in his writings he seeks adventure not within himself, but outside, in the world about him, that his stories deal more with actual physical combat than with mental activity. This is true. Stevenson had little to live for in himself, and so, he was constantly painting colorful pictures of romance and adventure as a sort of mental gratification for his physical infirmities. He was fighting continually with his own maladies, overcoming their depressing influences and triumphing over their greatest victories. His work was for him his life, and to the very end he made full use of his gifts.

It would be unjust to pass over Stevenson without mentioning his beautiful defense of Father Damien. Here again we find him the man, the fighter, championing the cause of his friend from unjust and malicious slander. This act will long be remembered in Catholic minds as the work of a noble man. In all his life Stevenson nourished a remarkable tenderness and respect for the Catholic Church, and a careful study of his life would indicate that it was only a question of time before he would have been converted to the Catholic faith.

And then we find Stevenson near the end, still fighting a losing fight with his own health, but fighting all the time. To the very day of his death he worked upon his writings, planning and plotting the characters and incidents of another story, probably a

story in which he himself would take the hero's part and defend with the sword, even as he had defended with his pen, those who were oppressed or in need.

He was human, he had his faults, and perhaps his writings cannot be ranked with the foremost; but in courage and perseverance, and devotion to the art of writing—in these three things he has not been surpassed. And now let us leave him, this exquisite romancer, before the black clouds which are gathering in our mirror shall hide him forever from us. He was not afraid of death, and when the time came for him to leave his beloved Vailima, to dip no more his fire-tipped pen of genius, he did not complain. No lines can be more fitting to describe this heroic life and death than those from his own epitaph.

"Glad did I live, and gladly die,
And I lay me down with a will."

A SOURCE OF HERESY.

GERALD J. HAGAN.

"A little learning is a dangerous thing,
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring,
There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
And drinking largely sobers us again."

POPE.

A writer in a recent issue of an educational review attempts through several pages of discourse upon the necessity for a broad and solid foundation for those who aspire to teach the social sciences. It appears to the casual reader of his article that our secondary and normal schools are graduating students whose training in Community, State, and National Civics; European History; American History; and problems in American Democracy is entirely insufficient and incomplete for those of them who intend to become instructors in the social sciences. This condition probably exists—there can be little doubt of it, and up to this point we can all give a chorus of assent to the views of the writer.

Here is where the difficulty arises. Our writer is emphasizing the need for a good training in those subjects mentioned, for one who would be a competent instructor. He is

entirely correct as far as he goes, but it is evident that he does not go far enough. It is just such a half way attitude as this which is responsible for the existence of innumerable involuntary heresies even among educated Catholics, and for the existence of some immoral principles accepted as correct by the world at large. The moral aspect is neglected entirely, the religious viewpoint disregarded, and we are left to infer that he who can speak intelligible English and has passed his examinations in Civics and History is qualified to "rear the tender thought and teach the young idea how to shoot."

It is in just such attitudes that heresies are born. A prominent Catholic economist has said that hundreds of supposedly educated Catholics have erroneous beliefs on fundamental questions, and that every time one of them opens his mouth he utters a heresy. This condition should not be strange or surprising, for error in the fundamentals of the social sciences is difficult to detect, and for those who have not made an intensive or intelligent study of Catholic doctrine error is almost unavoidable. Such error may be considered excusable, for education does not come to us all nor do we all attain education. Error on the part of the student, even, has many mitigating circumstances, but for one who professes knowledge to advocate those few subjects mentioned as a ground-word for teaching social sciences is absurd.

"People," he says, "should not be expected to do those things in government which they do not know how to do. Likewise people should not be expected to do those things in teaching which they do not know how to do." Clearly people should not be expected to do those things in teaching which they do not know how to do, and most certainly one cannot know how to teach social sciences unless he has a background of sound principles. The writer tells us that the development of moral qualities in the individual is the function of the home and the Church, while the development of social intelligence is the interest of the State. In other words, social intelligence is a thing entirely separated from moral qualities.

This emphasis on social intelligence as a thing separate from moral qualities is what Newman calls "embellishment of the exter-

ior." It is a false training and is all the more dangerous because it encourages the teaching of false doctrines by those who do not know enough about them to realize whether they are right or not.

The necessity, of moral training, in education is evident, for religion touches life so intimately that no science treating human life can be studied without raising religious questions or making religious assumptions. Attempts to make social sciences unmoral will only make them irreligious and immoral. To make social sciences unmoral would be as effective as making a history impartial; making history would be impartial because history tells the truth and truth is not impartial. Similarly, for social sciences to raise moral questions and to attempt to settle them on an unmoral basis would be fundamentally fallacious.

Even if religion were permitted in studies in a small degree, the training would be incomplete and ineffective, for to relegate religion to such a place as would make it less important than other subjects, or to make it something "tacked on" to an education would be ridiculous, since religion is at the very heart of life and touches it at every point.

Some of the most fundamental questions of the social sciences, I might say all of them, are moral questions. Under the social sciences we consider among others such questions as the relation of the Church and State; the duty of the State in regard to Natural Law; the duty of the State in regard to the family; the relation of the State and education; and numerous others of similar moral import. How can our teacher of social science take a correct viewpoint upon such questions merely from what he has learned in his "National Civics" or "Problems in American Democracy"?

It cannot be emphasized too much that the relation of conduct and creed is one of effect and cause. Without the Catholic attitude and the Catholic spirit in our social sciences we can reach only immoral or pagan solutions of fundamental problems. It is well for us to remember always that there is not and never has been a moral system that endured, which was not based on religious conviction.

ON GETTING ACQUAINTED.

DONALD S. GALLAGHER.

Getting acquainted is a process both slow and interesting. Man's characteristics and whims are so complex that before we can become acquainted with him we must become fully aware of his different qualities and unconsciously compare his good traits with his bad ones. If the former are more numerous, we are attracted to him and the acquaintance quickly ripens into friendship; if his bad qualities dominate, he assumes a repulsive manner and our acquaintance ends here. It takes time for traits to manifest themselves, but time will definitely show with just what type of a person we have made acquaintance.

There is a peculiar charm about meeting people, observing their manners and customs and finding out, by their conversation, in what their interests lie. The purpose of our existence is to make the world a better place to live in. How many of us are trying to realize this purpose? When meeting strangers, we can tell by their smile, the touch of their hand, their first spoken words, whether or not they are working for the improvement of the world. Making the world a better place to live in does not mean that we have to improve the land, perfect inventions or stimulate education; the world is made up of people and it is for the good of these that we should work. What is more effective in promoting happiness, content and renewed effort than a friendly smile, a cheerful greeting or a kind act? When given freely and sincerely there can be no better social philanthropy. For this end, money is not a requisite; just the contrary. Money caused the downfall of the Caesars and it will undermine every nation under the sun when its respective people forget that others exist and work for their own material advancement. Goodness is the all powerful force that binds the members of a family, a state and a nation in a powerful union. Goodness fosters the making of acquaintances; acquaintances lead to friends, and out of friendship grows love. It is this love, the ultimate goal of our acquaintanceship, which gives a peculiar charm to the making of acquaintances.

It is difficult to become intimate with some people. This is because there is such a depth to their natures that it takes time for them to become known. Once understood, friendship develops quickly and is made the more valuable by the wealth of understanding which each friend senses.

The greatest mistake a man can make is to accept some one's acquaintance before he is really acquainted with him. We should not judge by our first impressions, as these are very frequently deceptive. Many people have mannerisms, which to the unacquainted, appear most attractive; later, these mannerisms become boresome and the real nature of the man appears, a nature that is so disagreeable that the owner assumes a false appearance to hide his real self. It is the association with people of this sort that causes us untold embarrassment. Having accepted the man as an acquaintance and later finding that we are mistaken and he is not the man we at first thought him to be, we attempt to drop him from our list of acquaintances, and, it is this act that leads others to form an uncomplimentary opinion of us. To avoid this embarrassment it behooves us to go slowly when getting acquainted and not to mistake a man's assumed manners for manners not essentially his own.

A GLIMPSE OF BROWNING.

S. M. A.

When the rain falls pit-a-pat, and the wind whistling round the corner tells of its conquests among the leaves of the giant oaks,—when the day is drawing to a close, and the stage has been set for the solemn religious drama that takes place in every Catholic Church on All Souls',—it is then you must read "A Grammarian's Funeral."

Of all Browning's poems none appeals to me less strongly on its very face than this particular one, though I much prefer its content to that of many another of the same facile pen. Its sombre title holds out little inducement to gay, care-free, and irresponsible youth, and I doubt if even the maturer mind can wholly suppress the word that rises to his lips,—"Of all things one least expects to find in poetry, above all in Brown-

ing's, a funeral is the first." In truth, to the wilful, restless lad of the grammar school, who has long since celebrated the solemn rite to which Browning seeks to lend deep significance, our poet seems to have gone wholly awry. The enthusiasm with which Browning immortalizes the arduous labors of the old grammarian, will always be a stumbling block to the type of high school lad whose chronic complaint may be readily diagnosed as thorough dislike of rules and mental discipline.

So much by way of introduction and first impression. If the poem is to be a reflection of Browning's attitude toward the revival of learning, which is obviously its historical setting, then we must concede that its end has been achieved. It seems a pity, however, that the garb in which the poet chooses to present himself is not of finer texture.

Generally speaking, I find the poem difficult to read, perhaps in this respect it may be considered quite Browningsque. The rhythm is often halting, and in many an instance sound seems to have been sacrificed to sense. In spite of it all there are many beautiful lines one would wish to remember. The dominant note of the poem is struck in the poet's exaltation of the lowly and apparently insignificant things of life, which take on added worth from the spirit in which they are performed. Browning makes room for a wide optimism, which at once debars narrow and petty anxieties about the great things in life forever eluding one's grasp, and makes it evident that simple devotion to simple duty is truly great. Success is to be posited not so much in achievement as in honest struggle.

One cannot pass by this phase of Browning's spirit, notably stressed in "A Grammarian's Funeral," without pausing a moment to consider how close he came to the whole truth. Just one more touch—a supernatural influence—and his message would be in perfect accord with that of the Master-Teacher.

The American translation of "*Domine ad adjuvandum me festina*" is "O Lord, help us to make haste."

VERSE.

PARTING.

C. S. CROSS.

The thin sword of sorrow
Pains my heart,—
To-morrow
We must part.

THE SHORE.

V. D. E.

There they looked out, upon an awesome sea;
Watching the blind mist cling to it like lace,
Feeling the slow winds crawl a heavy pace
From wave to sand, to vague immensity.
Then humbly prayed great stars that they might be
Towers of white glory, to guard their race
Always. Far-shining battlements, through space
Protecting so, would serve to make them free.

Two frail, queer children on the shadowed sand.
The vast unknown, that rolls to heaven away.
The solemn curve above the vaults of day.
The thousand flamings of a burning word
Upon two heads the arrows of the moon,
And two hearts throbbing to an ageless tune.

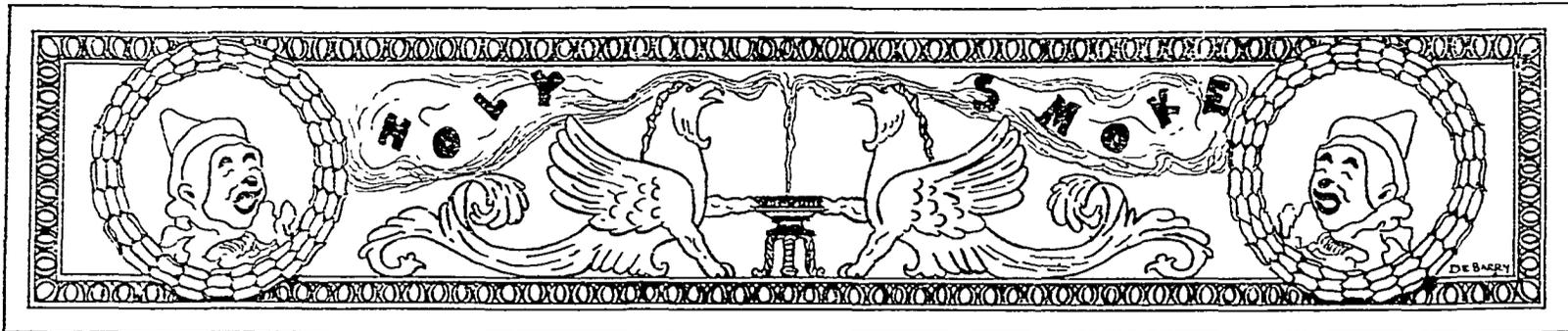
IN THE GARDEN.

C. O. M.

Red flowers in the garden
Swing in the wind
And toss proud heads;
They are defiant,
They are full of blood,
And they are zestful;
But their slender stalks
Are strong and lithe,
And only bend,
When the red flowers
Swing in the wind.

White flowers in the garden
Are small
Like innocent faces,
And they are white
Like angel wings,
As they cling
To their green leaves;
Over them
The wind sprays its kisses,
And the white flowers
Soar away.

Red flowers toss
In the wind;
White flowers soar
Away.
And in the garden
Are paths
Where men and women walk.



HE KNOWETH NAUGHT OF TEN CENT MOVIES.

Verily the Freshman
Putteth on the
Dog.
He taketh his
"Choise"
To the Castle,
Layeth down Two
Quarters,
And sayeth,
"Two, please."

Prof: The work for today will be lesson—
Stude: Less'n an hour I hope.

Fresh: Now, MY love is different—
Soph: I'll say she is. I saw her last night.

She: So Jack was drunk last night, was he?
He: Wushz he! My goodnish, it took him two
hoursh to put me to bed.

AND NOW WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH OUR BAND?

That tag: Send the N. D. Band to Pittsburgh.

He (enthusiastically): Now for instance, sum-
mer sports—
She: And some 'r not.

Di: What is the time to that piece the orchestra
is playing.
Do: It's Three O'clock in the Morning.

BETTER.

Judge: Look here Sam, didn't you tell me the
last time you were up for stealing chickens that if
I let you off you'd do better in the future.
Sam: Surely judge, surely. Dis time it's turkeys.

THE PROPHECY.

She: No, now please don't; my parents don't al-
low me to kiss on Sunday.
Voice from the head of the stair: Daughter,
hasn't that young man left yet?
She: He's going at quarter past twelve, father.

THE ZERO HOUR.

None of the students knew
That some one had blundered.
And all of the whole back row
Drew much less than a hundred.
Moral: Be sure your neighbor has it right.

He: Look here, Mabel, I've already over drawn
my account at the bank—

She: Well don't tell the bank about it and it'll
be all right.

"What'd ya mean, your wife wrenched your eye?"
"A monkey-wrench man; a monkey-wrench."

Teacher (trying to teach the class the necessity
of tidiness): Now, Johnny, if you saw a coat lying
on a chair at home what is the first thing to do?

Johnny: I don't know, but if it's dad's coat ma
always goes through the pockets.

A shirker named Nicholas Von Zevel—
(From work was a regular rebel)
Once asked for a raise,
But came out in a daze,
For the boss raised not Nick but the D—l.

And then
Some of them are so
Invulnerably DUMB
That if you try to
Razz them
And call them
Loafers
They think it's a job
In a bakery.

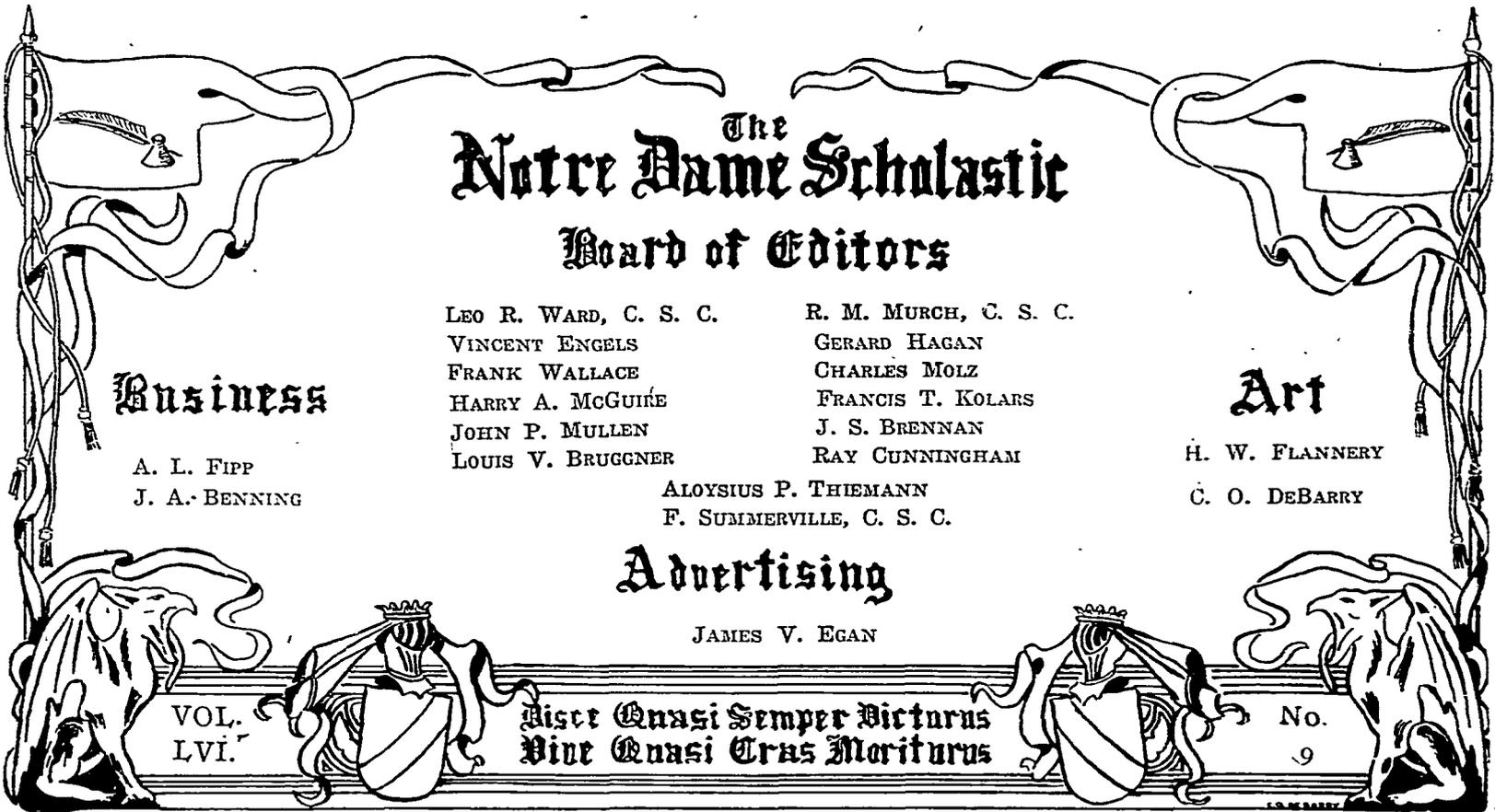
A professor asked his class where the Azores are.
"The Azores," wrote the bright student, "are a
tribe of people found in Mexico."

Spink: After all, time is the fastest thing in
the world.

Spank: Ya, but an orchestra leader beats time
every day.

The usher will pass handkerchiefs amongst the
audience while the orchestra plays that touching
Chinese song, "Why Should I Cry Over You?" by
Mr. Un Yun.

KOLARS.



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VOL.
LVI.

*Discit Quasi Semper Victurus
Dicit Quasi Cras Meriturus*

No.
9

Thirty thousand people will be crowded into the stands at Forbes field, Pittsburgh, this afternoon. On the chalk-lined gridiron, two teams will be lined up for the kick-off. The bands will be playing. Streamers will be flying in the air. A mob of frenzied rooters will be cheering wildly for their teams. Five hundred miles away is a quiet room in a hospital. The window is open, but there is no noise of cheering, no music from bands. Occasional footsteps echo in the hall; that is the only sound. On the bed in the room a young man is lying, but the room is still. In Pittsburgh, it is time for the kick-off. A shrill whistle cuts the bedlam of noise. In the hospital room, the young man fingers the cover on his bed. His eyes are turned to the window. MOLZ.

Men have souls; insofar are they different from animals. But young men now in our universities are confusing themselves with the animals—they are forgetting that they have such things as souls. MEN HAVE SOULS.

Their pursuit of the material dollar is so furious that their development in the natural idealism of youth is being neglected. The present spirit of university life makes a man scorn payment in anything but bank-notes, makes him scorn payments in the love

of life. This day's animal man feeds his senses and kills his soul by starving his ideas of the beautiful. The music of jingling quarters in the pocket is sweeter than the music of rhymed verse to the youth now within university walls. The clash of jazzed syncopators is prettier to him than the perfect notes of classical composers. The material is to him substantial and real, the spiritual unsubstantial and foolish. Hence this plea for the love of life, for the realization and development of the soul. FLANNERY.

The man of sincere convictions is not compelled to seek far to find the things for which he may be thankful. They are all about him.

FOR THESE GIVE
THANKS.

The greatness of their number, not their scarcity, will surprise him. The school, as a unit,

is in a position similar to a man. As Thanksgiving Day approaches, it may find not few, but many, causes for thanks. We say this as honest opinion. We have no desire to be tritely sentimental.

The school may give thanks for that rebirth of school consciousness, annual though it be, which gives to Notre Dame its solidarity. We may find cause for thanks in the renewal of the traditions of the past. These unite the Notre Dame of the past with the Notre Dame of the present. There can be

no forgetfulness of our continued supremacy in football. That supremacy has been no less notable than ever. Let this be cause for thanks. Upon the campus are greater numbers; in the classroom studious activity prevails. New buildings are planned; some of them will be under construction before the year is over. All around are the signs of awakening. The fame of the university spreads farther and farther. Her prestige grows. On Thursday, the dome may rightfully shine luminously in the sun. MOLZ.

Christmas is coming, the season of gifts and of prayer, of joy and disappointment.

Christmas—and what gift to the folks?

HOLIDAY HALOS. What gift do they wish more than the wholesome heart of a son?

They will grasp your hands when you return, and search your eyes. They could not be happier than if they could find there that which would make them say confidently: "Here is a man."

Promise yourself that this gift will be theirs, surely. Think of it day by day. Perhaps there is some study to be mastered—some habit to be conquered. You can master and conquer—but not through spurts of effort. Steady plodding only will give you power—"day by day" stuff.

A journal will help you. Each night before retiring, write down frankly whether or not you have progressed that day, and write down also, what you will do tomorrow. Within a month, the goal will be in sight,—two weeks later, and it may be reached.

And, then on Christmas Day, the folks will recognize the gift, although no word may be spoken, and you can write in your journal:

"This is the finest gift I have ever given: it is the best Christmas I have ever spent."

And it will be.

V. D. E.

THOUGHTS.

Politics is sorely in need of more policies and fewer politicians.

"Better late than never" does not apply to rising for morning prayer.

It is pleasant to get up in the morning—if the steam be ahead of you.

A WARNING TO ALL SUBSCRIBERS.

Next week, being graced as it is with Thanksgiving Day, will require no issue of the SCHOLASTIC to make it a perfect success. We shall therefore refrain from putting out one. Subscribers will kindly note and not pursue us with irate correspondence. The issue of December 9th will be if present plans develop successfully, the greatest football publication ever dedicated to a Notre Dame team.

IN MEMORIAM.

Francis P. Dreher, Law, '96, died August 2, 1922 in Detroit, Michigan. At Notre Dame he is affectionately remembered by the faculty and his death is much lamented. R. I. P.

"ARE YOU PLAYING FAIR?"

Editor the SCHOLASTIC.

Dear sir: The conduct of so many Notre Dame men who remain only for the first few numbers of the concerts given in Washington Hall cannot be called gentlemanly. I wonder if they have ever considered their action from the viewpoint of good sportsmanship.

The men of Notre Dame are famous for their sportsmanship; they are proud of this reputation and are ever anxious to safeguard it. Why not demonstrate some of this spirit of fairness in Washington Hall? Attendance at concerts is optional. The music may be good, it may not be good; the performers may please, they may not please; but each man should regard his decision to attend as a sporting chance. Is he loses let him accept the result as a sportsman. Surely, it is not fair to the musician for the student to rise in full view of everyone and stalk out of the hall. To add insult to injury many slam the door as they depart to the cafeteria for toast and coffee.

We shall not say that it is ungentlemanly to leave a concert before it is finished because too many are doing this very thing every week in Washington Hall. But it must be admitted that such conduct is unsportsmanlike and unworthy of a college man. Surely, looking at the matter in this light, we shall in future refrain from insulting those who serve us, and hesitate to shame our fellow-students who feel responsible for us.

J. W. SCALLON.

A LITTLE THEATRE?

A recent editorial in the *South Bend Tribune* suggests that a combination of effort by Notre Dame and the city would make the establishment of a Little Theatre possible. The suggestion is timely and if properly considered and acted upon may be the means of development of the Little Theatre movement which has been fostered to some degree at Notre Dame during the past year or so.

The coöperation of the city and the university in the matter is much to be desired, as each is able to contribute to the enterprise that which the other lacks.

In order to see what is requisite for the success of the project it would be well to hold an inquest over its failures in localities where the movement has been attempted. A review shows that the failure of the Little Theatre can almost invariably be traced to three causes: first, a lowering of the standard of the plays presented; second, the lack of a suitable place in which to present the plays; third, the lack of financial support. The first can be overcome in our case by having, from the outset, a clear understanding of just what the Little Theater is and a strict adherence to its principles. It is not the playground of the amateur minstrel, neither is it a rendezvous for the faddists or the "little groups of serious thinkers." The Little Theatre strives to satisfy those who care—to gain "the appreciation of one who knows rather than a whole theatre of others." The university could do much to uphold the standard of the plays.

The selection of a suitable place to present the performances brings up the problem of financing the undertaking. Although the project is not essentially commercial, yet some commercially sound factors are essential to its success. In eliminating the financial and housing difficulties there is grave danger of jeopardizing the first requisite—the maintenance of high class plays. If the cause is to be supported by the multitude it must play to the taste of the throng. Notre Dame would be expected to do its part in supporting the movement and no doubt it would do so, but the burden in large proportion would be on membership in the city. In

respect to skilful direction Notre Dame would make her most worth while contribution. In Mr. Sullivan the faculty of Notre Dame has a man who has had experience in the Little Theatre movement in other cities.

No doubt many will think that it is a far cry from the Players' Club of Notre Dame to a Little Theatre, but it is not at all impossible when one realizes that the Little Theatre movement entered into with South Bend would supply that one factor, the lack of which has always made the best productions at Notre Dame burlesque in the opinions of the super-critical audiences of Washington Hall. "Notre Dame builds men," but not for feminine roles. So long as female characters are portrayed at Notre Dame by an inter-hall grid hero with a stiff hip and a turned ankle, just so long will that something—technique I think they call it—be lacking in our feminine characters. And Ellsworth's gowns, designed and constructed to button under the arm will emerge from the dressing room conference of "maids" buttoned up the back. Those are small things, of course, but the theatrical audience at Notre Dame seems to look for small things. Children's parts have been similarly difficult to portray. If all the poise and sedateness of our neighboring college was not sufficient to confine a perfectly proper sense of humor when a curly headed Romeo of twenty years attempted to condense his burly barytone into the cherubic wails of an infant, then surely the theatrical dead on the Notre Dame stage will have to excuse the roar of laughter that rolls over the footlights at the moment of their tragic demise. It is difficult for art to shine through the ridiculous.

The Little Theater would eliminate the objectionable in the playing at Notre Dame and at the same time give an outlet for an immense diversification of talent that exists at the university.

H. F. H.

They that follow a Brisbane, a Crane, or a Barton, can be found among the supporters of "It isn't what a man believes, but what he does that counts."

A fop is one who stands on his own foot and cries out in pain at the supposed trespass of another.

BOOK LEAVES.

C. O. M.

Sinclair Lewis has discovered that George F. Babbitt actually exists. Furthermore, he is a realtor living in Massachusetts. Babbitt is said to be very much embarrassed at finding his double in popular fiction. "Such happenings as this," says one writer, "may explain the preference of many novelists for autobiographical material. The author who writes about himself risks many dangers, but at any rate he is safe from libel."

The South Bend *Tribune* has furnished a delicious sidelight on "Babbitt." In a recent issue (either November 13th or 14th, as we remember) the *Tribune* offers editorially a paean of thanks that South Bend is not like these Zeniths that Sinclair Lewis has pictured. We suggest that the writer of the editorial read the eighteenth chapter of *Luke*, verses ten to fourteen. The Rotarians will join in prayer.

A book which will be highly welcome when it appears is "The Life of Cardinal Gibbons," now in the writing. The work will be the authorized biography of the great cardinal written by a friend, Allen Sinclair. The cardinal's letters as well as all the documents in the archives of the archdiocese of Baltimore were placed at Sinclair's disposal when he began the work. The biography will consist of two volumes and will bear the Dutton imprint.

"Perfect Behavior" is Donald Ogden Stewart's latest parody, a burlesque on books of etiquette. Stewart is beyond doubt America's cleverest parodist. His "Parody Outline of American History" is skilful humor skilfully arrived at, and we challenge anyone to find anything anywhere as funny as the story of the Whiskey Rebellion told in the style of a Burgess bedtime story.

Among the new books: Owen Wister, *Neighbors Henceforth*, a novel, Macmillan; Henry Kitchell Webster, *Joseph Greer and His Daughters*, a novel, Bobbs Merrill; *Letters of Franklin K. Lane, Personal and Political*, Houghton, Mifflin; John Talbot Smith, *Saranac*, a story of Lake Champlain, Benziger; John Drew, *My Years on the Stage* (foreword by Booth Tarkington), Dutton; Canon Patrick Augustine Sheehan, *Literary Life and Other Essays*, Kenedy; George Ade, *Single Blessedness and Other Essays*, Doubleday.

The present year has not been a productive one so far as good poetry is concerned. The quantity of notable verse that has been published in the magazines may be said to have been negligible. William S. Brathwaite, editor of "The Yearbook of American Poetry," is forced to admit in his annual review, which appeared in the *Boston Transcript* of November 11, that the older poets have

given us little this year and that hardly a new poet of importance has appeared. The Brathwaite anthology will be ready for publication early in 1923. It is being preceded this year by a new anthology, "The Bookman Anthology of Verse (1922)," edited by John Farrar of the *Bookman*. This contains only poetry published during the current year in the *Bookman*. Looking through its pages we have been convinced more than ever of the futility of poetry anthologies, particularly this kind which, limiting its pages to verse from a single publication, cannot be at all representative.

"To Tell You the Truth," will be the title of Leonard Merrick's new book of short stories. Those who remember "While Paris Laughed" and "The Chair on the Boulevard" may want to order their copies in advance.

Stephen Leacock will contribute a new series of nonsense novels to *Harpers* during the coming year, according to the editorial forecast made by that magazine. Leacock, to recall what everyone ought to know by this time, is an economist at McGill university who writes humor as a sideline. Those who have enjoyed "Literary Lapses," "Behind the Beyond" and the rest should not overlook his latest book, "My Discovery of England," which was published during the summer. This, to our mind, is the best thing Leacock ever wrote. It differs somewhat from the burlesque manner of his nonsense novels.

Cheerless autumn days, a book, a pipe—and bliss....Harpers will publish this month G. K. Chesterton's newest collection of detective stories, "The Man Who Knew Too Much"....The soggy realism of Sherwood Anderson is represented in his novel "Many Marriages" now being published serially in the *Dial*....Some one advertises in a Chicago newspaper "one set of the Harvard classics in good condition, never used." May we be permitted to conjecture that this is the common fate of the five-foot shelf?....Don Marquis, famous as essayist, poet and humorist through his column "The Sun Dial" in the *New York Sun*, has gone to the *New York Tribune* to fill the place left by F. P. A. when the latter moved, "Conning Tower" and all, over to the *World*....Recommended to all, "Mary White" in the collection, "Modern Essays" edited by Christopher Morley....Now come Putnams with the announcement that "The Outline of Humor" by Carolyn Wells is in preparation. Next!...Fall lists contain two translations from Joris Karl Huysmans, French decadent writer, one, "The Cathedral" published by Dutton, the other, "Against the Grain" (A Rebours) by Lieber and Lewis...Henry Seidel Canby, discriminating critic of books and things literary, has become literary advisor to Harpers.... Amy Lowell has brought up to date her "Book Shelf of Modern Poets"...."A man's daily reading, like his habitual conversation, is a symbol of his life and character."

FAMILIAR FOLKS.

Sunday, November 26, is the eightieth anniversary of the arrival of Father Sorin at Notre Dame.

Harry M. Jewett, '90, former football player and monogram man, is president of the Paige Motor Car Company, of Detroit.

Ed Gottry, '22, who spent several years at Notre Dame as a prep and a college student, returned to his home in Rochester a few days ago. Ed came for the Homecoming game and found it impossible to break away until last week.

Sylvester Steinle promises to rival Phineas Fogg's feat of touring the world in eighty days. He recently returned from Kobe, Japan, and is now on his way from Seattle to New York, from where he will sail for Europe.

Dan Sullivan, '22, is connected with the export department of the Hudson Motor Company in Detroit.

The most recent additions to the Notre Dame colony in New York are Cletus Lynch, '22, who is with the Equitable Trust, and Morgan Sheedy, '22, who has started his career as a financier by joining the force of the National City Bank.

Clement Mitchell, '02, Chicago, Illinois, attended the meeting of the Board of Lay Trustees, Tuesday.

"Six Cylinder Love," which came to the Harris Theatre in Chicago after a run of more than a year in New York, is the work of William Anthony McGuire, student here in '08-09. Mr. McGuire's new play, "It's a Boy," opened in New York on September 19, after a tryout in Atlantic City. One of his first plays, "The Walls of Wall Street," was presented at the Oliver while he was still at Notre Dame.

The marriage of Miss Georgene Muessel, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Muessel,

of South Bend, and Giles Cain, Jr., of Streator, Illinois, was solemnized Saturday morning, November 18, in the Church of the Sacred Heart, Reverend J. B. Scheier, C. S. C., officiating. Miss Eleanor Barran, of Chicago, was maid of honor and Clarence Jennett, of Chicago, attended the groom. Mr. and Mrs. Cain left for a short trip after which they will be at home at Wakewa Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Evans, of Columbia, Missouri, announce the marriage of their daughter, Lucille, to James Phelan. Jim left in 1917 to join the service, coached later at Missouri University, and is now football mentor at Purdue.

Marcellus A. Cremer (old student), writes from Rua Anchieta 26 Leme, Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, as follows: "Am here, with my wife, as representative of the Department of Commerce."

J. Ralph Coryn, Ph. B. in Commerce, '22, is employed by the sales department of the Standard Oil company in Iowa and Illinois.

Election echoes from what Vice President Coolidge calls "the old Bay State," include much cheering for State Senator John F. Shea, Ph. B., '06, A. M., '09, author of the much appreciated *Victory March*. Mr. Shea was one of the two lone Republicans to survive the Democratic tidal wave that rushed Holyoke, Massachusetts, completely off its feet. Under the circumstances his majority of 2,000 was extraordinary. On the other hand, Mr. William A. Fish, LL.B., '12, was a successful candidate for the U. S. House of Representatives, in Dorchester, a Republican stronghold. Mr. Fish has always been an ardent Democrat.

David P. Champion, president of the Champion Rivet Company, Cleveland, Ohio, delivered a lecture before the Chamber of Commerce last Monday. He developed a number of business maxims, the truth of which he has realized in his long experience in the business world. Mr. Champion is a

member of the advisory board of the College of Commerce.

The prayers of the students are requested for the mother of Reverend George Finnegan, C. S. C., who died recently; for the father of John McInnes, '22; for the father of Charles Ward, and for the sister of Thomas McArdle.

BRENNAN.

CAMPUS COMMENT.

This week will witness the coming to the Oliver Theatre, South Bend, of Robert B. Mantell, assisted by Genevieve Hamper, in Shakesperian and Classic plays. Mr. Mantell's reputation for excellent representation should secure for him a good audience of Notre Dame men. The repertoire is as follows: Monday night, Bulwer-Lytton's brilliant historical play, "Richelieu"; Tuesday night, "Macbeth"; Wednesday night, "Julius Caesar." Prices are very reasonable, ranging from 50 cents to two dollars.

The 1923 Dome has announced its selection of editors for the year. The men were chosen after conferences with professors of the university, consideration being made of ability and reliability. Meetings will be held regularly in order that the staff may be acquainted with the progress of the work, and may coöperate better. The meetings will be of especial value to the members of the staff who are Freshmen and Sophomores, since next year's chief editorial board will be chosen from these classes. Past Dome boards have had to begin their work without the advantage of experience and advice, have necessarily made many mistakes and blunders, and were unacquainted with successful maneuvers of past staffs in the building of the Dome. By means of frequent meetings this year, the staffs should begin work next year with a more secure knowledge of what is before them and what should be done. It is planned to have several artists of worth in South Bend and elsewhere come to Notre Dame and speak to the members of the art staff on engraving, and preparation of art work, and some similar scheme will be followed with regard to the editorial and business members of the staff

so that work on the Dome will not only be a means of advertising and aiding Notre Dame, but a means of obtaining practical knowledge and experience.

The appointments are as follows:

Senior associate editors: Louis Bruggner and Clifford B. Ward; Junior associate editors: Charles Molz and James Hayes; Junior and Senior assistant editors: Vincent Engels, Gerald Hagan, Leo R. Ward, C. C. S., Paul Breen, Frank Kolars, William Greavy, Edward Dineen, and Edward Thode; Sophomore and Freshman assistants: Mullen, McGuire, Thiemann, Cunningham, Sullivan, Holderman and R. S. Horan.

The list is subject to modification by addition or otherwise, and does not include the names of many who are doing and will do special work for the Dome. The list of art assistants and editors will be announced later, that list being followed by the list of business assistants.

Letters are now being sent by the 1923 Dome to university officials, deans, coaches and leaders, to secure short essays by these men on phases of university life and ideals. Each essay will have a part in the presentation of the Dome's idea of the Greater Notre Dame. These essays, which will be a very important part of the book, will portray the spirit and idealism of the present University and embody a conception of the greater University of the morrow.

You may have wondered why it takes so much soap to keep clean around here. There's a reason. It was shown at the last Chemistry Club meeting that the soap is not all being used in removing the dirt, but rather in softening the extremely hard water. One half of that bar of Palm Olive could have been supplanted by less than one cent's worth of soda ash and lime. These two chemical are, it was demonstrated, able to soften any water. To tell whether water is hard, notice the volume of curdy white precipitate which forms in the bowl while washing.

The "Carnegie Victory" Dance will be given tonight at the Oliver Hotel by the Sophomore class, the necessary harmony being fur-

nished by the "Big Five." One of the novelties of the evening will be the distribution of printed consolation cards signed by those who attend the dance. These will be mailed to Paul Castner collectively. There will also be another novelty, but this is being kept a dark, dark secret.

Although the Sophomores are engineering the dance, it is not for second-year men exclusively; cardboards being procurable in all halls.

Committees and committeemen comprised: Music, Humbert Berra and Leo Sutliff; publicity, Joe Luley, Anselm Miller, and Ray Cunningham; novelties and decorations, John Stoeckley, Robert Worth, Joe Burke, and Harry McGuire; tickets, Eddie Ashe and Jack Scallon.

FLANNERY.

SHIFT.

GEORGE BARRY,

I. N. S. Staff Correspondent.

West Point, Nov. 11.—They may have signed an armistice and ceased fighting four years ago today but the news has never reached South Bend, Ind., and West Point, N. Y.

For four bitterly hard periods the undefeated army and Notre Dame football teams slammed each other from pillar to post on the Plains this afternoon and in the end, as the shades of darkness were stealing across the field they were forced to call it quits. Neither side scored and the ninth annual intersectional struggle between the cadets and the Hoosiers went down in the book a nothing to nothing tie. It was one of the roughest, hardest, fastest football games ever played at the Point, or on any football field. Before Referee Ed Thorpe blew the final whistle a dozen men had retired from the game on account of injuries and Thorpe himself had a broken finger. It was a game that kept the 25,000 spectators on their feet instead of in their seats. The cadets were much the heavier team but what the westerners lacked in weight they made up in speed and fight. Notre Dame uncorked a brilliant attack at several stages of the game but always lacked sufficient drive to cross the Army's goal line. Castner, the brilliant Notre Dame full-back twice tried to drop kick from the center of the field in sheer desperation, but each time the ball fell short.

If the first half of the game was the Army's, the second half was Notre Dame's. The Hoosiers started the third period with a whirlwind attack, but the cadets had enough left to stop every onslaught. Give and take, the ball surged up and down the field ending finally in Notre Dame's possession on her own 40 yard line.

ED SULLIVAN,

New York Mail, November 13.

Knute Rockne's Notre Dame team that held Army to a scoreless tie at the Plains Saturday is the smartest football team we have seen this season. Outweighed twenty pounds to the man along the line and apparently outplayed by the Army backs, Notre Dame's speedy youngsters outsmarted a team that on the surface appeared two touchdowns stronger. Crowley's fumble at the Army goal line in the fourth quarter was the only thing that prevented Notre Dame from winning.

Paul Castner, the left-footed Notre Dame kicker, has been severely criticised for his failure to deliver at least one well-intentioned dropkick. Considering the fact that he was given virtually no protection by a light set of forwards, we think that the wrong-footed kicker accomplished wonders. He backed up the line on practically every play and still had enough left in him to conceive and personally conduct the rampage that carried Notre Dame two yards away from the Army line as lights started twinkling along the banks of the murky Hudson.

GRANTLAND RICE,

In the "Knickerbocker Press."

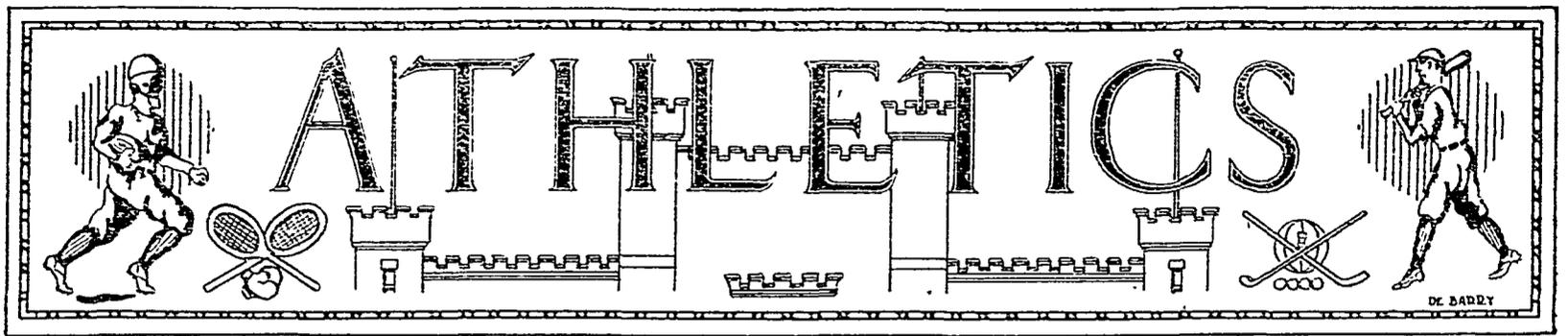
Notre Dame's attack is more like a modern war offensive than anything we have seen. The infantry is there to strike through the line, with the air fleet above busy bombing holes in the rival defense. If the defense falls back to meet the air attack, the infantry keeps marching on. If the defense stays up to meet the line attack, the air fleet carries the day.

GEORGE R. PULFORD,

Toledo Blade, November 13.

Princeton's defeat of Harvard, the time game played between the Army and Notre Dame and Cornell's triumph over Dartmouth were the chief topics in eastern football circles after Saturday's games were concluded. The attack of Dobie's crew which scored 23 points on Dartmouth was the subject of much comment and so was the victory of the Tiger over Harvard. But the big talk was around the scoreless performance of Knute Rockne's Hoosiers and the cadets on the West Point plains. They say Notre Dame did not look so impressive as in previous years, which is not strange considering that Rockne was forced to manufacture a varsity team out of nothing in particular this Fall. The mere fact that Notre Dame could hold the powerful Army team to an even break is in reality a moral victory for the travelers.

A day seems long or short according to the hour at which we get up.



BUTTING BUTLER.

BY ROBERT WORTH.

For the third time in three years Notre Dame's bow to Indianapolis has been made on fields of mud; last Saturday was as bad, as, if not worse than any of the preceding years; in fact, the field was so muddy that the best description we have yet heard was given by a fan Sunday morning: "It was soaked," he said, commenting to a group who had been unable to procure tickets because of the small seating capacity of the stands. There was no rain during the afternoon, however, the sun smiling his good omens for us at times.

* * *

Layden kicked off to Griggs, who punted to Thomas, who was downed on his thirty yard line. A few plays later, when a penalty made first down doubtful, Layden punted and Butler was stopped on her own fifteen yard line. Butler then made eight yards and punted to our thirty-seven yard line. After Connell made four yards off left tackle, Layden punted forty-five yards and the ball was returned thirty yards, placing it on the fifty yard line. Butler was thrown for a loss and was still on the fifty yard line on fourth down; Griggs attempted a place kick from his own forty-two yard line but failed. The two next plays netted Notre Dame six yards after which Layden again punted to Griggs who was tackled on Butler's 36 yard line. Butler made first down and time was called for Notre Dame. Then we were penalized five yards for offside, and Butler was thrown for a loss of three yards. Butler made no gain and was penalized five yards for offside. The ball was on the fifty yard line and it was fourth down; Griggs punted 30 yards to Thomas who returned the ball to Notre Dame's 22 yard line. After being stopped at center for no gain, Layden

punted 40 yards to Griggs who returned five and was downed on the 35 yard line by Capt. Carberry. Griggs made one yard and the quarter ended, Butler 0, Notre Dame, 0 with the ball on our 34 yard line.

* * *

On the second play of the new quarter Butler made a pass, Griggs to Leslie, which was completed and would have been good had it not been called back and Butler penalized fifteen yards for holding. This placed the ball on our 46 yard line. Griggs, after losing six yards on an attempted pass, punted to Stuhldreher who ran it back to Notre Dame's 34 yard line. Miller fumbled and Butler recovered, Woods made one and then three yards through left tackle and a pass, Griggs to Leslie, made seven yards and first down. Griggs made one yard, Ferree made three, and Griggs was held for no gain on our twenty yard line. Griggs dropped back and kicked a field goal from the 29 yard line. Crowley went in at left half for Bergman.

Griggs kicked out of bounds and the ball was returned for another kickoff which was received by Don Miller who fumbled; the ball was recovered by Castner who ran through Butler for 46 yards, putting the ball on Butler's 49 yard line. Notre Dame was penalized five yards for offside, and Crowley made seven yards through tackle, Miller was stopped, and a pass, Castner to Stuhldreher was incomplete. Castner punted over the goal line and Butler put the ball in play on her own twenty yard line. Ferree was stopped by Weible, and Griggs by E. Miller. Mayl and Collins were sent in as ends and Miller and Oberst as tackles. Griggs punted 45 yards to Stuhldreher who returned 10 yards to Butler's 45 yard line. Crowley then made four yards, Castner made five, and, again, six, making first down on Butler's 33 yard line. In two runs Crowley made 28 yards; Castner was stopped. Time was taken

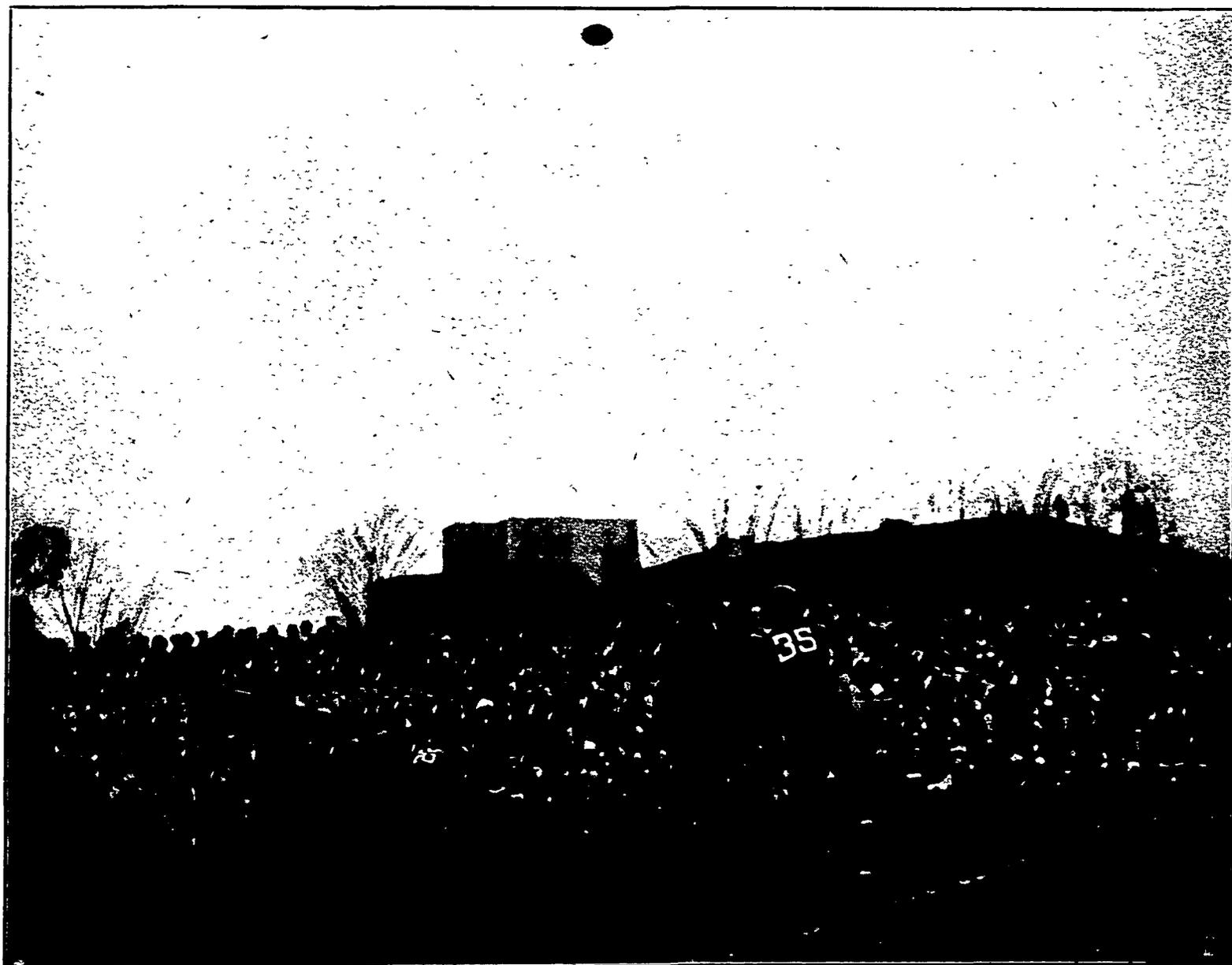
out to dry the ball nad Notre Dame was penalized fifteen yards because the trainer went on the field with a dry rag but without the referee's permission. Don Miller then made a brilliant run for a touchdown, and Castner kicked goal. Hungate went in at half for Butler. Griggs again kicked out of bounds and on the next try kicked to Cotton who was stopped on his 30 yard line. Crowley made two yards through right tackle and Castner made three and first down through right guard. Stuhldreher passed to Castner for 14 yards and Castner made 16 yards on a run. Notre Dame penalized two yards for delaying the game. Castner lost 12 yards on an attempted pass, but on the next play passed 16 yards to Stuhldreher, who ran 24 yards for a touchdown. Castner failed to score the extra point, and the half was over. Score: Notre Dame 13, Butler 3.

* * *

Bergman went in for Crowley at left half, and Maher for Miller at right half.

Butler attempted a short kickoff which was received by Degree and carried to Butler's 45 yard line. Maher made five yards and lost two at left end. On third down Castner kicked to Middlesworth who was downed on his own ten yard line. Notre Dame was penalized fifteen yards for roughness. On third down Butler was on her thirty yard line and a pass from Leslie to Middlesworth gained six yards. Griggs punted to Stuhldreher who ran it back 20 yards to Notre Dame's 35 yard line. Maher made 13 yards through tackle, Castner was stopped, and Stuhldreher went through center for twelve yards. Ferree went in for Hungate. Maher hit tackle for 11 yards and first down, and on the next play ran 22 yards for a touchdown; the try for goal was blocked.

For the third time Griggs kicked out of bounds; on the second attempt Maher received on our twelve yard line and ran through the whole field for a touchdown. Castner missed goal.



THE ARMY GAME—WOOD PUNTS.

Griggs kicked off to Castner, who received behind the goal line and carried the ball to the Notre Dame 33 yard line. It was on this play that Castner was injured and had to be carried from the field. Livergood replaced him and Layden replaced Bergman at left half.

Notre Dame was penalized five yards for offside. Layden made a run of 28 yards; again he took the ball and carried it twelve yards, putting it on Butler's 22-yard line. The next two plays netted only seven yards and Notre Dame was penalized 15 yards for roughness. Layden lost a yard and a pass by Stuhldreher was intercepted. Butler's first down on her own 40-yard line. Nipper made ten yards at right tackle and six more at right guard. Notre Dame penalized five yards for offside and Butler made first down on our 47 yard line. Griggs failed to gain at left end; he then passed to Konold for six yards. Another pass, Leslie to Nipper, made twenty-eight yards and put the ball on our five yard line. Butler was twice stopped and a pass was incomplete, leaving the ball in possession of Butler, fourth down, on Notre Dame's eight yard line. Third quarter over. Score: Notre Dame 25, Butler, 3.

* * *

Butler made seven yards on a pass, being stopped on our one yard line by Stuhldreher. Notre Dame took the ball. Stuhldreher made two yards, Layden made six, and then made first down on our eleven yard line. Layden then ran 32 yards. Kizer went in for Degree and Miller for Oberst. Maher ran 50 yards to Butler's 10 yard line. Hunsinger substituted for Mayl. Notre Dame penalized fifteen yards for holding. Maher made two yards, Livergood six, and a pass, Stuhldreher to Hunsinger six. Notre Dame failed to gain on a pass and Butler took the ball on her three yard line.

After making three yards at center Griggs punted to Stuhldreher who was downed on Butler's 45 yard line. Layden then ran 15 yards and Livergood 10 to the Butler 20 yard line. Maher made four yards at right tackle, Livergood plunged through the line for twelve and hit center for two more, placing the ball on the two-yard line. Thomas replaced Stuhldreher and carried the ball over

for a touchdown. Layden missed the goal.

Harmon went in for Walsh. Griggs kicked to Maher who was downed on our 20 yard line. Layden ran three yards on a fake kick and was held for no gain on the next play. Stange substituted for Cotton. Maher then made five yards and first down. Layden made three yards and punted 44 yards to Griggs.

Butler passed twice but failed on the first attempt to complete, and on the second because both teams were offside and the ball was called back. Butler was next penalized five yards for being offside. Layden intercepted a pass but the ball was returned and Notre Dame penalized 35 yards for slugging. Butler's ball on Notre Dame 40-yard line. A pass was not completed and Harmon threw Griggs for a six yard loss. Griggs punted to our 19 yard line and Livergood made four yards. Layden punted to Nipper who was downed on our 45 yard line. Notre Dame penalized five yards for offside and before the next play was completed the whistle blew, leaving the ball in possession of Butler on Notre Dame's 40 yard line. Score, Notre Dame 31; Butler, 3.

It was very hard to pass or kick the ball because of the extremely muddy condition of the field. The temperature was ideal, and the game attracted a crowd which could not be seated. The playing of both teams was often brilliant and at times spectacular, especially a run by Castner in which he ran diagonally from one side of the field to the other, turned and ran to the center where he was downed, after making a fifty yard run through the whole Butler squad. While we have not seen the Army or Georgia Tech game, we do say that it was the best football game we have seen this year.

THE INTER-HALL SCRAP.

At the beginning of the intramural scraps the various halls were placed in one of two groups. In the first of these is Carroll, Corby, Sorin, and Brownson; in the second, Walsh, Badin, Day Dodgers and Freshman Hall. It was thought that in this way the champions of each group would arrive at the finals without any dispute and that the

best team would consequently be accorded the honor due it.

Badin is now the unchallenged victor in the first group but a slight mixup has occurred in the second. In the elimination to determine who was strongest and had to right to appear in the finals both Walsh and Carroll had one tie game to count against them and so it was decided that the one who had the highest average in all the contests should be the team to meet Badin. Carroll has won three, lost none, and tied one, while Walsh has won two, lost one, and tied one.

While this may appear to be the right way to settle matter, yet it seems to many students that the finals should have been extended to another game and all three teams allowed to compete, since Walsh lost its game by a default, and was not outplayed.

THE WALSH-CARROLL GAME.

Walsh.	Carroll.
Buell -----	Barry
Right end.	
Powers -----	Kaiser
Right tackle.	
Franz -----	Kenny
Right guard.	
Stanhope -----	Murphy
Center.	
Scallaro -----	Solon
Left guard.	
Londo -----	Hatton
Left tackle.	
Dorschel -----	O'Connell
Left end.	
Murray -----	Schiffer
Right halfback.	
Hauber -----	Daugherty
Fullback.	
Joss -----	Kuman
Left halfback.	
Whalen -----	Purcell
Quarterback.	

First Half: Walsh's heavy line was too much for Carroll and Walsh marched down the field using straight football. On the fifteen yard line Walsh fumbled and O'Con-

nell of Carroll fell on the ball. Carroll punted and it was Walsh's ball on the fifty yard line. Walsh attempted a pass which was intercepted by a Carroll back. The rest of the period was fought mainly in Carroll's territory with Carroll fighting fiercely to prevent Walsh from scoring. Hauber and Powers, both of Walsh, were stars for that half; they bore the brunt of the struggle, sharing honors in plunging through the line and in defensive work. O'Connell of Carroll played well, making one of Carroll's big gains when he upheld the receiving end of a well-directed pass. Walsh might have scored in the second quarter, but their team failed four successive times to complete passes from Carroll's twenty-five yard line. Fumbles prevented Carroll from seriously threatening the Walsh goal at any time and careless handling of the pigskin was also responsible for Walsh failing to score.

Second Half: This period was practically a repetition of the first; Carroll's line seemed to hold better than in the initial half but there was little choice between the football ability of the two teams as drawn out by the game. Walsh was penalized once for slugging; a little later it might have scored after Hauber had made a run of over fifty yards had not the ball been called back because the backfield was in motion.

Joss of Walsh was injured during the first few minutes of the game and had to be taken out. In the second half Kuman and O'Connell were a little bruised and Kuman had his nose broken.

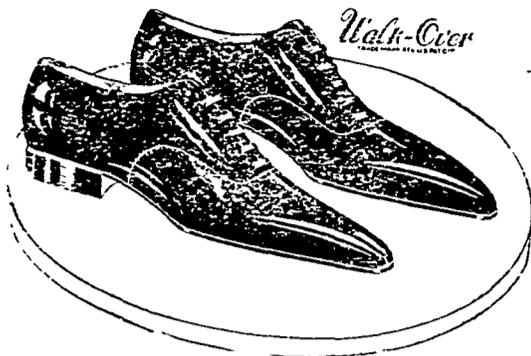
M'ENIRY.

CROSS COUNTRY.

The cross country team last Saturday carried off the Indiana intercollegiate championship, winning over Purdue, the nearest rival, by seven points. Indiana and Wabash finished third and fourth. There were no other teams entered in the meet. In a cross country meet the scores are figured according to the position each man finishes in; the first man scores one, the second two, the third three, etc. In this way the team that has the lowest number of points wins. Notre Dame had 35; Purdue, 42; Indiana, 44, and Wabash, 95. Paul Kennedy was the N. D. star, finishing in 19:36.

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CHANGE

BY CUNNINGHAM

GIVE 'EM CREDIT FOR IT.

The brisk Autumn atmosphere, with its chill winds, its fascinating charm, and its invigorating freshness, has induced thirty co-eds at Kansas University to join the "Hiking Club" in which they may earn a point a mile for five or ten mile hikes. An average of three miles an hour with not more than five or ten minutes' rests, must be observed by all on the hikes.

Do not throw away your old corduroys! Save them like many students are doing at other universities, especially in the West, and make out of them a pair of "toreador trousers," such as the idolized movie actor, Rodolph Valentino wore when he killed the mad bull, and by so doing he won the love of the fairest of *senoritas*. All that is required to convert the old "hod carrier" pants into "movie actor" trousers, is a six or eight inch slit a little below the knee with a piece of blue velvet inserted in the slit. A row of small white buttons down the side, adds the finishing touches.

CO-EDS DON'T LIKE 'EM,—AND SO—

If we can rely upon the statements of twelve co-eds at the Michigan University as a general opinion of all the fair sex regarding a dislike for mustaches, we would advise all of the Notre Dame fellows who are attempting to grow a hirsute sun shade on their upper lip before going home to see "her" at Xmas, to shave it off, because "she" will not like it. The co-eds (six brunettes, four blondes, and two titian-haired) disapproved of the mustache because they maintain it is unsanitary, silly and foreign looking. A word to the wise.

COW BREAKS RECORDS.

Pauline Segis Fayne, a Holstein junior two year old, at the M. A. C., says the *Holcad*, is now holder of the state record for milk and butter production for 365 days, for cows of her class. She surpassed the old record by over 800 pounds of milk, thereby establishing a new mark of 21,060 pounds of milk. Just think what an asset this heifer would be to the average city dairy,—42,120 pounds of milk for 365 days.

An interesting survey of the Freshman class at Columbia University, conducted by the *Spectator*, reveals that there are twenty-seven states and nine foreign countries represented; that the students range in age from twelve to twenty-six years and in weight from 85 to 250 pounds; that the smallest student is four feet eight inches and the tallest is

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six feet four inches; that the average age is seventeen and one-half years, the average weight 144 pounds, and the average height five feet nine inches; that the longest name is Ignatius John Gyrosenski and the shortest is Farn Chu; that one youth is working his way through college conducting a love-lorn column while another preaches on Sundays. Some class! Some class!

INSECTS PAY TUITION.

Just as "Tanglefoot," that sticky fly paper, has earned a wide reputation for its ability to catch flies, so also has Earl Hilifiker, a Sophomore in the University of Rochester, gained for himself an equally wide reputation for capturing butterflies, frogs and caterpillars and selling them to pay off his college expenses. Last summer he made \$700 by collecting and selling to various universities for biological and zoological experiments, insects that gathered in great numbers along the sea shores near his home. Next June, after school is out, he is going to South America to get more of them.

This is not a co-educational university, but even if it were and we could rely for our percentage on the tests made at the Chicago University regarding the comparative studiousness of young men and young women, we would not have to fear that the coeds would obtain better class grades than the eds. Here is the reason for so bold an assertion. The wearing of spectacles was taken as the most infallible of all signs of studiousness; and in the main study hall where the test was applied, one-third of the eds wore glasses, while only one-fifth of the coeds wore them. Not bad we men!

The French universities are offering fifteen fellowships in open competition among graduates of American colleges for the purpose of encouraging advanced study and scientific research work in different universities of France during 1923-24. Each fellowship has an annual value of 8,000 francs, and is granted for a year with provisions for a renewal of a second year.

A "BUM" SOCIETY.

The Sundowners of the Sagebrush is the appellation of a vagrant society of twelve men organized recently at the University of Nevada. The only requirement for a candidate to be eligible for membership is that he present sufficient proof that he has, at some time or other, "bummed his way" by land or sea at least one thousand miles. Ernie Pyle, an Indiana University student, deserves to be president of that club. He claims that he has "bummed his way" 35,000 miles with Hoosier athletic teams.



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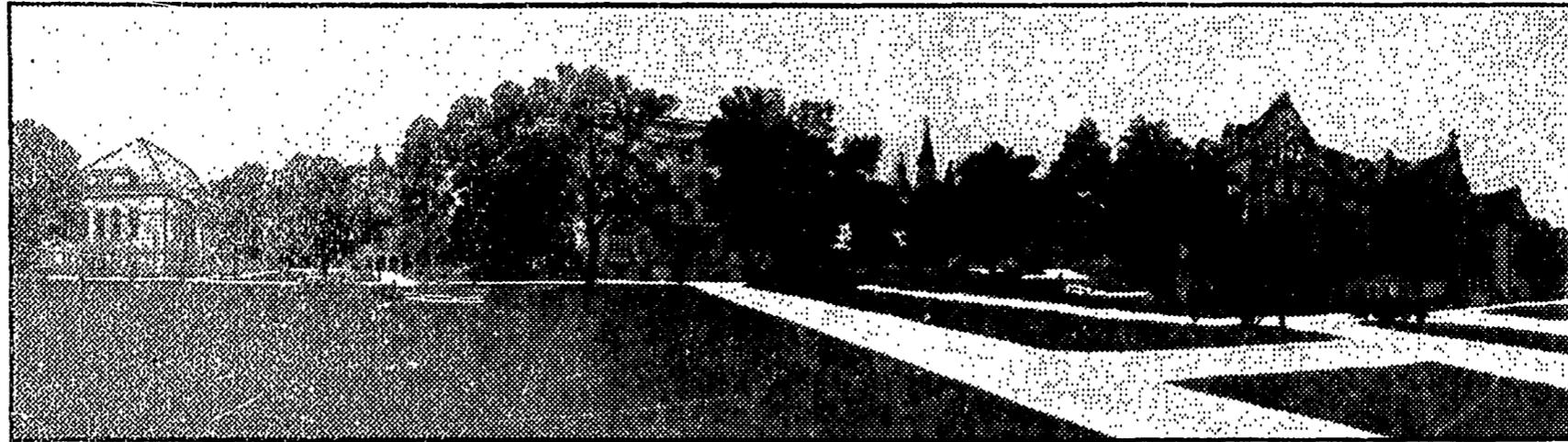
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Many features of this school of high ideals, its broad campus and well equipped commodious buildings, cannot be touched upon in the limited space of this announcement. The President, therefore, cordially invites correspondence from parents having daughters to educate, and will take pleasure in mailing an illustrated catalog and descriptive literature. Address the President,

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