

The Notre Dame Scholastic

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT
NOTRE DAME UNIVERSITY

Disce Quasi Semper Victurus : Vibe Quasi Cras Moriturus

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COACH KNUTE K. ROCKNE
THE "WONDER MAN" OF FOOTBALL



...THE WEEK...

HERE are rumors that other things happened this week beside the victory over the Army, but no one on the campus seems sure about it. At least everything else is expressed in terms of its relation to that event. Our sporting department managed to collect a little data on the main attraction so we are left with the difficult problem of ferreting out the sidelights.

Some have advanced the claim that the S. A. C. was instrumental in urging the twenty-four hour period of complete domesticity on the campus to secure a good attendance at the Gridgraph. There were other rumors concerning the sudden unworldliness of the student body. At all events the result was a metropolitanism on the campus last Saturday that almost proved fatal to some of the older members of the institution. Many of the boys found that it was possible to spend a pleasant evening outside the bright lights of Michigan Avenue and the softer glow of the Palais Royale and the theaters. Older students were reminded of the ancient glory of the "rec rooms." Be all that as it may—the Gridgraph was so well attended that the Blue Circle became even bluer trying to provide seats, and Father Walsh had such a crowd at his dinner party that O. A. Clark almost decided to start suit. Father Walsh's famous "Goal Post Story" was rendered Saturday evening, as our musical reporter might say, with variations. Speaking of music, the band broke forth in several popular melodies Saturday that evolved many "More's." A program of moving pictures at Washington Hall was unfortunately cut short. Whether the machine broke down from the vibration of the cheers in the afternoon, or the scintillating remarks of the younger element in the

audience, is still a problem. Many doors that had been locked on Saturday nights for years, hung out the "At Home" signs.

Sunday was simply an opportunity to continue the post-mortem on the Army corpse (sic). Few of us remember the day that we made the great decision to come to Notre Dame, but few of us will forget 5:22 Sunday when the team came back to Notre Dame. A parade through the business district was planned—and held. Noise and cheering were produced in superlative quality and quantity as elsewhere described.

It seems almost foolish to suggest that life is going on as usual at the University. But we suppose that some absurd philosopher would claim that football exists for the school, after all, and not the contrary. Clubs are gradually clubbing their way over the prostrate forms of obstacles and threaten continued action throughout the year. These threats have been made before. It is hoped that this year they will be carried out. The Blue Circle is making feverish haste to have everything in readiness for a more satisfactory seating plan at next Saturday's Gridgraph. The morning mass meeting disconcerted the plans last week. The Villagers were responsible for a dance last Friday night. President McGuire of the Scribblers is sending out reminders to the poets and playwrights of the campus that the Poetry Contest of The Scribblers closes December First, and that all one-act plays should be in by November Eighth.

The *Juggler* shows signs of emerging in all its former glory. Denis O'Neill's "Dome" has disposed of the Senior problem and is attacking new difficulties. *The Scholastic* is still sending out the S. O. S. to suspected scribes.

S. A. C. NOTES

AN ELECTION committee, composed of John Moran as chairman, Edward O'Neill and John Twohy will superintend all class and S. A. C. elections this year. In addition it will correspond with the leading universities of the country with the purpose of gathering material to be used in recasting the election laws now in force at Notre Dame. When all possible data has been brought together, the S. A. C. will draw new regulations to govern future student elections.

—NDS—

A tag day to help finance transportation of the band members to Madison will be held soon. A committee, consisting of Paul Kohout, chairman, Mark Mooney and Jack Reidy, will handle all affairs in connection with it. Here's a chance to show that you appreciate the band's excellent work. Don't begrudge them a good sized contribution.

—NDS—

Better seating arrangements are promised for next Saturday's gridgraph. Both students and townspeople will be accommodated more easily.

—NDS—

A trophy, to be known as the S. A. C. trophy, will be awarded this year to the football team winning the Interhall championship. To retain permanent possession of the prize, however, one team must win the championship three times. It is not known definitely yet what the trophy will be but as soon as it is procured it will be placed on display in some prominent place. A hope of stimulating further interest in Interhall athletics has prompted the S. A. C. to take this action. It hopes eventually to award trophies for each of the four major sports though this desire may not become an actuality within the present year.

—NDS—

The S. A. C. Homecoming dance will be held on Friday, October 31, at the Palais Royale beginning at 8:30 o'clock. The Miami Lucky Seven has been engaged to distribute the melody for the evening. Tickets will be

on sale immediately after the Princeton game.

—NDS—

The 500 tickets available for the Wisconsin game are being disposed of rapidly and it is urged that all intending to go to Madison do their "shopping" without delay. Exact statistics are desired by the S. A. C., that they may proceed with the problem of transportation at once.

—NDS—

Once more: Secretary John Twohy wishes to have the names and addresses of the officers of all Campus organizations immediately. He offers the warning that unless the tardy clubs come to the front at once they will be in grave danger of being considered non-existent.

—NDS—

Nominations for Freshman class officers will take place Friday, October 31, at 12:30, in Washington Hall. Elections will take place Monday at the same time in the same place.

TIGER TROT

THE TIGER TROT, which will be the official celebration of the Princeton victory, Saturday night, will be held under the auspices of the Junior Class. Dan Brady, the President of the class, appointed the committee two weeks ago, and practically all arrangements have been completed. The Tribune Building has been rented, and the Big Five engaged to furnish the music. Advertising placards already have been printed and are now prominent upon the campus and throughout South Bend. Tickets may be secured in any hall.

The dance committee is composed of Eddie O'Neill, chairman; Ben Bourne, Eddie Duggan, and Jake Purcell.

A large sale of tickets is expected, and the success of the dance seems assured.

"TAG" THE BAND TO WISCONSIN

THRONGS WELCOME TEAM

The victorious football team returned home from the Army game Sunday afternoon at 5:22 and received from enthusiastic thousands the noisy, spirited welcome it had earned.

Every position of vantage near the New York Central station held its quota a good while before train time; and when the band arrived, leading another large group, it seemed that all of Notre Dame and a good portion of South Bend were there. Tom Moylan, assistant cheerleader, climbed to the top of a convenient sign and asked for some preliminary cheers. They were given with a will and topped off with the Victory March.

When the train came into sight the real noise began. Coach Rockne and most of the players escaped from the welcome awaiting them by getting off the train a block up the tracks. That was a disappointment but it didn't diminish the great roars of greeting.

After the cheerers had spent some of their energy they started out on a parade to the Oliver Hotel, headed by the Band. Along the way they told the world with much gusto and frequently that Notre Dame had scored 13 points against the Army. They even laid special stress on each one of the 13 points. They gave many "big" U. N. D.'s and many "big" locomotives. They cheered Coach Rockne, Captain Walsh and all the rest. After traversing Michigan Street through large crowds they turned on LaSalle street to Main street and then went south to the Oliver.

Cheerleader Eddie Luther, who had accompanied the team to New York and led the cheers for Notre Dame there, appeared on the balcony of the Oliver. First there was a locomotive and then a siren. Then Adam Walsh appeared with both hands bandaged and received the magnificent welcome he so richly deserved. He told the big crowd down below that it was the hardest game they had ever played in, and that the final result was in doubt until the last whistle was blown. He didn't tell that he had stayed in the game after bones in both his hands had been broken nor that he had been "knocked cold" four times and still stayed. Neither did he tell that he had intercepted

an Army forward pass at a critical moment and run 20 yards before being downed. But Eddie Luther told all these things about him later.

Elmer Layden appeared for a brief moment after Captain Walsh but despite his wondrous playing he was too modest to say even one word. There were continual calls for Rockne but "Rock" had gone home to escape the crowd. Neither could any of the other heroes be induced to answer the demand of their admirers. But notwithstanding, each of the men who had played in the game was given a great cheer that reechoed through the business district of South Bend.

Afterwards Eddie Luther asked the audience whether they wanted Notre Dame to be the national champions. They emphatically did. And to give voice to their desires they responded joyfully to his request for a three minute cheer. Then they sang the Victory March and the Army victory was complete.

SPECIAL TRAIN FROM CHICAGO TO MADISON

Arrangements have been completed by the Notre Dame club of Chicago to operate a special train over the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul lines to Madison on November 8 to insure alumni of that city an opportunity to witness the Badger contest. This game has aroused considerable interest among former students in Chicago.

The special will start from the Union Station Saturday morning, November 8, at eight o'clock and in returning will arrive in Chicago at ten o'clock that evening. The train during its stay in Madison will be located on a siding near the football field.

Officials in charge of the excursion expect that at least one hundred and twenty five alumni and their friends will make the trip to Madison.

Recent reports show that there are more than five horsethief detectives per horse in Indianapolis. This is overdoing the hundred per-cent business.

A. I. E. E. MEETS

ENGINEERS at Notre Dame have often been accused of gross inactivity and indifference in campus and club social affairs. To those who attended the local branch meeting of the American Institute of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers at the Electrical Building last Monday such statements will hereafter mean little.

Mr. Manson of the Indiana and Michigan was the principle speaker of the evening. In view of his wide experience in installation and construction work around South Bend, Mr. Manson made a real hit with the members present when he discussed the solution of some of the practical problems met with in the field. Mr. White, one of Mr. Manson's assistants told briefly of the value of a technical education such as that given by the Engineering Department at Notre Dame.

Following the business session a surprise lunch was served under the direction of Chief-Steward Hafel. Electrical tricks and an excellent radio program, with Lester Wolf manipulating the dials brought the evening's meeting to a close.

At a former meeting of the club, the following officers were elected for the year:

President	M. A. Brule
Vice-President	Harold Kiley
Secretary	John Kelly
Treasurer	Ed. J. Pfister

On Thursday, October 16, the members of the Senior class of Electrical Engineers made an inspection trip to the new Twin-Branch Power plant, yet under construction, and the new installations at the South Bend sub-station, just east of town. The trip was under the direction of Prof. Caparo, Dean of the Department, and four of the Engineers of the Indiana and Michigan.

SCHOLASTIC NEWS STAFF

THE SCHOLASTIC news staff will meet in the publication office, Corby subway, Monday at four o'clock. Important!

MUSICAL NOTES

THE first elimination was made in the ranks of those trying out for Glee Club. The cut was made during the week, and the list of those successful was posted Saturday morning by the officers of the Club and the assistant director, Mr. Joseph Casasanta. Of the original ninety men who tried out, there have been sixty retained so far. Another cut will be made this week which will leave about forty members who will compose the personnel for this year. The men who have been dropped from the roster of the Club will continue to meet every Wednesday noon for rehearsal under Dr. Browne, who will form them into a chorus, which will take active part in a Festival to be given in the Spring.

—N D S—

The new uniforms which have been ordered to outfit the Band will arrive sometime this week. There have been about fifteen complete outfits sent for to equip the men who have been added to the Band this year. The full Band will total sixty-two members including the director.

—N D S—

Dr. J. Lewis Browne, who comes from Chicago every Tuesday and Wednesday to coach the Glee Club and to direct the Orchestra, also has charge of the direction of the choir of St. Patrick's Church in South Bend. Rehearsals are held in the Church every Tuesday night, and any men interested in joining the choir are requested to speak to Dr. Browne immediately.

—N D S—

The Band appeared in the Gym Saturday afternoon and played several numbers before and during the showing of the Army game on the Gridgraph. It was also a featured part of the rally held Sunday night to welcome the team home.

—N D S—

The Orchestra met several times during the past week for rehearsals, conducted by Dr. Browne and Mr. Casasanta. Work is progressing on the new program to be used this year.

SPIRITUALITIES

REV. JOHN F. O'HARA, C. S. C.

Here's Your Old Team.

Dear Father:

Once I heard the saintly Pius X say that when he returned home during his Venetian days completely tired out but happy, he was sure he had done work that was good. That is how I am feeling now, and I know your football men are at one with me.

The morning Mass was never more exhilarating than today when the big bus and autos from the Biltmore Country Club swept down the avenue and the passengers, a quiet, gentlemanly crowd, picturing boyishness plus the perfection of health, quickly found their places to help me with the Mass which I was offering for them. The altar boy was late; it mattered little. One of your boys was by my side immediately and we of Notre Dame started our day's work. They went as they came, as quietly and reverently as Mary used to walk around her little house at Nazareth. God's smile is on America when He prepares for her such citizens.

I am enclosing the editorial page of our diocesan weekly which makes manifest, rather tardily, to be sure, one of the records of which Rockne's men may justly boast. For this record I thanked the boys at Mass. The reading of these few lines will outvalue many sermons this week. I gave them your message of Joan of Arc, the Patroness of their game with the Army.

Our boys continued their lessons to the football world. They added another page to their record of true gentlemanliness. Without question theirs is the leading place in popularity here in New York. Rockne's name at this time of the year fills the place that McGraw owns during the baseball season. And God's blessing is Notre Dame's for leading them to that other record which

deservedly finds first place today in the Catholic News. Yours gratefully,

—MICHAEL J. SHEA, '04.

—N D S—

Practical Catholicity.

(From the Catholic News.)

The football team of the University of Notre Dame, Indiana, is well known for its records on the gridiron. The members of the team are proud of another record—not so well known. This record is that since their first Eastern trip over ten years ago, the Catholic members of the team have never missed daily Mass and Communion. At times it was necessary to interrupt the trip. This happened frequently in former years when the game was played at West Point.

This Saturday Notre Dame meets West Point at the Polo Grounds, and an attendance of fifty thousand is predicted. The team arrived at the Grand Central Terminal Friday at 9:30 A. M. and went from the train to St. Agnes Church in East Forty-Third Street to receive Communion. On Saturday morning a special Mass was provided for them at the Church of St. Gregory in Harrison, N. Y., through the kindness of the pastor, Father Prunty. The Westchester Country Club, where the team practiced on Friday, is but a short distance from this church. Sunday the team has been invited to attend St. Patrick's Cathedral. The invitation comes from an honored friend of Notre Dame, Monsignor Lavelle.

To Catholics who excuse themselves frequently by urging the inconvenience of religious duties, the example of these young men is a silent sermon. Evidently Notre Dame's team, whether at home or traveling, finds daily Communion no more inconvenient than making touchdowns.

WITH THE CLUBMEN

Notre Dame council 1477, of the Knights of Columbus, held a free smoker last Thursday night in its council chambers. Mark Nolan was in charge of the affair, which was well attended.

One of the features of the program was the first appearance of the newly organized Knights of Columbus orchestra.

Aside from several boxing exhibitions refereed by Pat Canny, there was a juggling act secured from one of the South Bend theatres; "Prof" Morrissey in songs assisted by Ray Downs at the piano; and "Mac" McNamara gave a few selections on the piano, in "Duo Art" fashion.

Refreshments were served following the last number on the program.

—NDS—

THE INDIANAPOLIS CLUB failed to hold a scheduled meeting last Sunday morning in the Law Building, on account of the illness of the president, Maurice McNulty. The postponed meeting will be held in the near future.

—NDS—

Plans for a Christmas dance were discussed at a meeting of the newly organized NEW JERSEY CLUB last Thursday night in the basement of Walsh Hall. The meeting was well attended.

—NDS—

The Officers of the CUBS, Journalism Club, held a meeting last Thursday night and drew up plans for a smoker, which is to be held sometime next month. The committee for the affair will be announced later by president, Mark E. Nevils.

—NDS—

It is rumored that the boys from the State of Missouri are about to form a club. At present the Missourians are in a position to organize a club with a large membership.

—NDS—

THE ENGINEER'S CLUB held their first meeting of the year Tuesday Oct. 14th, and made plans for the reception of the Freshman Engineer's. This momentous event took place at a Smoker given on Wednesday Oct. 22nd., at 8 o'clock in the gymnasium when the yearlings were introduced into the Club

with all proper pomp and ceremony. The committees appointed to run the affair were an entertainment committee, headed by George Ludwig, a reception committee, headed by George Driscoll, a decorations committee, headed by George Rohrbach, and a tickets committee, headed by Austin Reilly. Clarence Kaiser is General Chairman of the affair. At this meeting a constitution was adopted. It was also decided to issue membership cards to all those who pay their dues. Plans are being made by the Club to decorate the Engineering Building for Homecoming, and for the staging of an Electrical Show after the Christmas holidays.

—NDS—

Students in the Department of Boy Guidance have formed an organization to be known as the "Knights of Columbus Foundation in Boy Guidance." They elected officers as follows: Jim Egan '24, President; Cyril Birchell, Vice-President; William Morrissey, Secretary-Treasurer; R. LeClerc, Sergeant at Arms; A. J. Connelly, Historian.

—NDS—

Ed. Gould, '23, represented the Alumni Chicago Club of Notre Dame at a meeting held by the Chicago Club on the campus, Thursday, October sixteenth. During Ed's short stay he told the fellows of a few things the Notre Dame Club was doing in Chicago in the way of fostering and carrying on the "old spirit."

—NDS—

On Friday October seventeenth, a hard times dance was given under the auspices of the Club at Hedelberg Hall. The affair was a great success. Pat. O'Connell, Roge Kiley and Ed. Gould were in charge of arrangements.

—NDS—

For the first time in the history of football the Gridgraph made an appearance in Chicago, when the Club received the Army returns over the wire at the Arcadia.

The Gridgraph will also be brought into use for the Princeton and Georgia Tech. games at the Arcadia, Broadway at Lawrence. This will enable thousands of Chicagoans to see what a Rockne Team can do.

PLAY CONTEST NEARS CLOSE

Opportunity to submit one-act plays to the contest sponsored by The Scribblers will be discontinued November 8th. It is hoped that students on the Campus have been studying this interesting and popular form of literature and are working up original plays. The contest is open to all and there is evidence that a number of obscure writers are about to be revealed. This is one of the big aims of the contest. The Scribblers are planning the publication in book-form of the best plays submitted and there is a strong possibility that the plays may be produced on the local stage.

Besides the Play project The Scribblers are conducting their Second Annual Poetry Contest. The final date for this contest is December 1st. Last year the contest brought to light many remarkable and pleasing manuscripts of undergraduate verse. It is thought that the stimulus to poetry given by last year's success will result in even greater success this year. The successful men in the first contest are still members of the student body and through the medium of other publications many new and talented writers have been discovered.

THE CURTAIN RISES

The first of the series of meritorious concerts and attractions to be given in Washington Hall this year will be presented next Wednesday night. The Thaviu Festival Orchestra, assisted by four operatic singers, will present a program that has been highly praised by newspaper critics.

This musical organization is directed by A. F. Thaviu, who enjoys an enviable reputation among classical entertainers. The program to be presented consists of the better type of music and promises an enjoyable evening for the student body.

The movie for Saturday night, October 25, will be Buster Keaton in "Our Hospitalities."

"TAG" THE BAND TO WISCONSIN

VILLAGERS' DANCE

Colorful, dignified, entertaining, best describes the Villagers' dance held last Friday night at the Elks Club. An enthusiastic crowd danced to the appealing strains of Harry Denny's Collegians. Tasteful programs added to the success of the affair.

The dance on the whole was as memorable as previous Villager parties, and established the reputation of Mansiel Haggerty, President of the club, in the South Bend-Notre Dame social whirl.

—N D S—

Much hammering in the vicinity of Sorin Subway has been the result of the opening of the new rooms in Sorin's underground. Seventeen rooms have been added, and filled with approximately twenty seniors, who have been busy lately arranging and rearranging beds and wardrobes. No effect has been noticed as yet on campus politics.

CONGRATULATIONS!

Word has been received that Richard Nash, '23, of Chicago, was married to Miss Elizabeth Ryan on October 8. John Montague '23, acted as best man. Tom Walsh, '24, Pat. O'Connell, '23, and Ed. Gould, '23, were the ushers.

The 'newly-weds' went East on their honeymoon and it has been reported that they saw the Army vanquished on Saturday. Good Luck!

If there were a law against it, football couldn't be more popular.

Gate crashers depicted as assailing entrances to the big sport events in the East, better not attempt rushes at some of the stadiums out this way. Momentum would carry them out on the other side:

THERE WILL BE AMPLE SEATING ACCOMMODATIONS IN THE GYMNASIUM FOR THE GRIDGRAPH SATURDAY. THE GRIDGRAPH GAME BEGINS AT ONE-THIRTY.

IMPORTANT DATES

The Prefect of Discipline's Office announces the following tentative calendar of events. This schedule is subject to revision.

- Oct. 26—Inter-hall Football: Sorin vs. Walsh, Badin vs. Corby,
 Oct. 25—Princeton Football at Princeton.
 Oct. 25—Princeton Football Dance at Tribune Building.
 Oct. 25—Cross Country. Northwestern at Notre Dame.
 Oct. 26—Inter-hall Football: Sorin vs. Walsh, Badin vs. Corby,
 Day Open.
 Oct. 31—Homecoming Dance.
 Nov. 1—All Saints' Day. (Homecoming). Ga. Tech. at Notre Dame.
 Nov. 2—Inter-hall Football: Badin vs. Sorin, Corby vs. Day.
 Nov. 3—Lecture by Doctor Walsh in Washington Hall.
 Nov. 8—Wisconsin at Madison (Student trip).
 Nov. 12-15—Mid-term Examinations.
 Nov. 14—St. Joseph Alumni Association Dance.
 Nov. 15—Nebraska at Notre Dame.
 Nov. 15—Cross Country. M. A. C. at Notre Dame.
 Nov. 15—Nebraska Football Dance at Tribune Building.
 Nov. 15—Chicago Ensemble Company at Washington Hall.
 Nov. 22—Northwestern at Evanston.
 Nov. 22—Northwestern Football Dance at Tribune Building.
 Nov. 22—Conference Cross Country Meet at Urbana.
 Nov. 26—Thanksgiving Dance (Off-Campus Students).
 Nov. 27—Thanksgiving Day. No Classes.
 Nov. 29—Carnegie Tech. at Pittsburgh.
 Dec. 6—The William P. Breen Medal Orations.
 Dec. 8—Feast of the Immaculate Conception. (No Classes)
 Dec. 19—Christmas Vacation begins at 4:30 p. m.

CIRCULATION

The circulation staff of THE SCHOLASTIC is attempting a system of distribution which will place a magazine in the hands of each subscriber not later than Saturday noon. Off-Campus readers will receive their copies by mail; campus subscribers will be handed a magazine each Friday night as they study in their respective "sequestered rooms." Changes of address, complaints of failure to receive a copy, requests for additional copies, or two dollar checks will be peacefully received at THE SCHOLASTIC office, Corby subway.

And a hint to those who have taken advantage of former loose distribution methods: Only those who subscribe will receive a SCHOLASTIC.

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-:- EDITORIAL -:-

“IT IS OUR PAINFUL DUTY. . . .”

THIS is an editorial criticising the freshmen at Notre Dame. It is not, however, in the nature of an annual howl that must be because it is customary. Rather it is offered in the hope that the unusual and deplorable situation now existing may be corrected by the efforts of those vitally concerned.

Because freshmen are freshmen it is usual to make allowances for any extraordinary conduct on their part. The traditions and customs of Notre Dame cannot be absorbed in a day—nor does Notre Dame expect it. But now, with nearly two months of school past, the first year men seem to have still the wrong idea of life at college.

A senior of the most conservative thinking type has characterized the present freshman class as being slow to learn, apparently uneducated, uncouth, ill-mannered, and dumb! Certainly not a flattering appraisal. Yet the conduct of some of the frosh seems to justify this opinion. Instances are so common that they cannot be avoided.

Custom and courtesy have it that there is to be no smoking on the Hill St. car when women are present. Evidently this rule has been carefully hidden from certain of the younger students. In the University refectory the conduct of the youngsters is hardly what one would expect of high school seniors. They are loud voiced, they chatter like minims at meals, they crowd to be the first inside the doors, they wear no ties and dress generally in a careless manner. In the classroom they display an over-enthusiasm, raising their hands, and waving them in an “I-know-it. Ask-me!” manner. Of course, it is fun, but in matters like these liberty is not to be construed to mean license.

Then there is the matter of a certain

amount of respect due to upper-classmen. This hailing a senior with “Hey, Bud, gimme a match” is certainly straining the democracy of Notre Dame to the breaking point. Again, the true Notre Dame man prides himself on his respect for women. Freshmen who stare at women on the campus and make wise-cracks in their direction in heavy voices, have not in any way absorbed this ideal. At the gridgraph last Saturday the entrance of any of the Fair from South Bend brought forth loud sighs and exclamations that must have been discomforting to our guests.

Consider the cheering. Most of the new men have neglected to learn the yells or the words of the school songs. And yet these yells and songs are the alphabet of the Notre Dame spirit.

It would be foolish to condemn a group because of a few, but when the situation becomes so apparent it cannot be overlooked. The solution lies now in the hands of the freshmen. If the trouble is due to a few youths whose ideas of college were gleaned from cheap novels, then it is up to the right-thinking element in the class of '28 to curb them.

—J. F. S.

—NDS—

RAH-RAH BOYS

COLLEGE men used to be called “Rah-rah boys.” Minute research reveals the probability that they earned this encomium through the violent use of their lungs. But we cannot be certain; for these men were queer. They wore villainous moustaches; they let their hair grow long, and parted their flowing tresses in the middle; they were big and fat, and it was almost a universal rule that you couldn't be more than

a mascot on the eleven till you had passed the age of twenty-five.

But times have changed. All the traditions about moustaches, and long locks, and a minimum of two hundred on the scales before you could get a football suit, have disappeared. Only one football tradition has remained—that about the supporters of a college eleven being strong on the rah-rah stuff.

Now even that sacred tradition lies in jeopardy at Notre Dame. Two hundred pious infants could have raised more racket than our one thousand five hundred raised at the Wabash game. Forty odd loyal Wabash rooters spread more infectious lustiness than the whole East stand. It was very sad-denning.

The upperclassmen believe that the freshmen are to be held accountable. And while it is true that some upperclassmen evince considerably more dignity than spirit at times when spirit is called for, yet this contention is mainly true. The freshmen need to catch the spirit of the place. They need to learn, and that quickly, that when Notre Dame players are fighting for the old school, Notre Dame men show that they are behind them. They do not prove this by rowdyism; they do not prove this by sarcasm; they prove it by cheering.

At the Wabash game we sat beside three or four freshmen. They were as austere and clammy as Supreme Court judges. Imagine our great joy at hearing one of them break down and confess, as though he begrudged the admission, "Well, now, that wasn't so badly played." You wouldn't have suspected them of mouths, except that their vise-like jaws were at all times clamped upon cigarettes. If one of them had drawn a breath for a real cheer, the inhaled smoke would probably have burst his lungs. After the game we wanted to prove their spirit by asking them the final score. But we didn't have the heart—they would doubtless have replied, "Lordy, I smoked almost a pack."

If certain freshmen don't catch this essential part of the Notre Dame spirit before the Homecoming game, we suggest that they be put in the stands with the Minims. There they'll cheer—or wish they had. —H. A. M.

THE CLIQUE FALLACY

PERHAPS the greatest detriment to individual progress is the theory that small groups control practically everything. The child of the poor is taught that the comparatively few rich control capital. One man claims that Wall Street controls politics. Another alleges that the government is run by the Catholics. Radicals declare that the entire newspaper world is controlled by the moneyed interests. Coming down the scale we find the claim that fraternities rule the state universities. Everywhere is the theory of the favored few.

Many efforts are checked, many successes are turned into failures, many talents remain unused because too many of us accept the theory without investigating. Genius that should be constructive becomes destructive. In nine cases out of ten the belief that a clique controls any form of activity is fallacious. What causes the widespread prevalence of the idea? Most forms of human activities can be traced back to the leadership of a few. But these few as a rule have led the enterprise not because they were somebody but because they did something. It is a rare instance in which real ability is smothered.

Critics are to be found in large numbers for everything. If the person is modest he will usually have a friend whose budding genius has been nipped by the frost of privilege. If he is more aggressive he will have his personal tale of oppression. But the active workers refute these arguments with the simplicity used in refuting the false philosophy of Zeno. All that is necessary is to take the critic or his friend by the arm, lead them to a typewriter, a desk, a public office, or whatever the object of their assault may be, and offer them the opportunity of losing their pent-up ability. This simple remedy, applied whenever opportunity arises, is a sure cure for the man who covers a defect of personality, ability, or initiative with the cry of "Cliques." —J. E. A.

WHAT IF THE ELECTION WERE A "DUD"?

CHARLES PHILLIPS, M. A.

THE SCHOLASTIC has asked me to write something about the Presidential election which takes place a week from next Tuesday; in particular as to the possibilities of no majority being voted.

POLITICS as such interest comparatively few; but elections are always dramatic. Perhaps that is why we Americans, neglecting our duties as citizens four years at a stretch, for four months or so, quadrennially go wild over campaigns, balloting, and election night returns. Occasionally these election orgies or ours take on a special intensity, become more dramatic than usual, and stir up extraordinary excitement. Just at present this is what is happening. Election is less than a fortnight away and the situation, on account of very special conditions, is charged with something like gunpowder—if not TNT. Three parties are in the ring; old parties are split; there is even talk of the possibility of a "dud" election, that is, of the election of November fourth failing to elect, failing to give any candidate a majority.

Should this happen, it will not be for the first time in our history. It has happened twice already. Exactly one hundred years ago, in the Presidential election of 1824, the country was in a hubub over the failure of the voters to give any one of the candidates a majority. The candidates were Jackson, Adams, Clay and Crawford (of Georgia). Jackson received 99 electoral votes, Adams 84, Crawford 41, Clay 37. Thus no man had a majority. According to the Constitution the election was thrown into the House. Adams was chosen.

The law which provided for the election of the President in this manner, following the failure of the general election, is to be found in the Twelfth Amendment of the Constitution, which had come into force twenty years before, in 1804. The passing of that Amendment grew out of one of the most dangerous faults of the original Constitution, a fault not discovered until it had come into action and had almost precipitated civil war. According to the third clause of Article II of the original Constitution, President and

Vice-President were voted for on one ballot; that is, the President was merely the first choice by majority, the Vice-President second. The man having the second largest number of votes automatically became Vice-President. If there was no majority secured in the general election, the vote went to the House—that is, to the old, or retiring House; and if the House failed to elect, the presiding officer of the Senate, (of the old, or retiring Senate), became President. This of course made it possible for the party in power, even though it had been completely repudiated in the current election, to remain in office.

In the election of 1800 just such a situation arose. The Federalists were voted out, but no Presidential majority was secured. The two highest candidates were Jefferson and Burr. They had exactly equal votes. The Federalists of the outgoing Congress were determined to keep Jefferson out, or at any rate to sidetrack him into the Vice-Presidency. They would elect Burr in the House or else deadlock the House and throw the election to the Senate, where their own man, the incumbent Vice-President, would become President.

So inflamed was popular feeling over this situation, especially in the Middle States, that civil war was openly threatened; there was danger of an uprising, of a taking to arms and a calling of a convention to revise the Constitution. In the end, after five weeks' balloting, during which the whole country was in uproar, the House elected Jefferson. This was brought about largely by the patriotic action of Hamilton, the leader of the Federalists. Although bitterly opposed to his old political enemy, Jefferson, Hamilton recognized in Burr so dangerous a figure that he sacrificed his personal and his party feelings and swung the election to Jefferson.

It was immediately after this episode that the Twelfth Amendment, providing for separate ballots for President and Vice-President, was passed, the nation having become genuinely alarmed at the potentialities of the old clause, which might have let a man of Burr's type into the highest office in the land; which at best would have made the

thwarting of the popular will an easy matter and a precedent. But even so, with this Amendment, the problem was far from solved; for still, as our Constitution stands, it would be possible for an election to be so blocked at every point that the government would be left without an executive. It is not difficult to see how, thoeretically at least, this might come about.

Suppose the election of 1924 proved to be a "dud," neither Coolidge nor Davis nor La Follette securing a majority in the Electoral College; that is, no one man getting more than 266 votes. The election of the President would then go to the House, the election of the Vice-President to the Senate. But in the House the vote, according to law, must go by States, each State, regardless of its representation, having just one vote. New York with 10,000,000 inhabitants and 43 Representatives, would have no more voice in the election than Nevada, with 75,000 population and one Representative. Now the House is so evenly divided at present that it would be impossible to elect. Those States, five of them, having an equal number of Republicans and Democrats would automatically cancel each others' votes. The remaining forty-three states, unequally divided, but not so divided as to give any candidate a majority, would come to a deadlock. They could elect neither Coolidge nor Davis; and they would not elect La Follette, since his following in the House is negligible.

If the deadlock lasted until after March fourth next, the Presidential election would go to the Senate. In the Senate, in the meantime, the voting for the Vice-President would be going on. If a Vice-President were chosen, he would by law become President. Thus the Senate would elect our next President.

But in the Senate, again according to the law, only the two men having the highest votes in the general election would be eligible. Presumably the contest would be between Dawes and Charles W. Bryan. Which would be chosen?

It would depend on the minority, that is, on the third party vote. For in the Senate the division of votes is likewise, as in the House, so balanced that a majority could not be secured without the help of the minority.

(There are 51 Republican, 43 Democratic votes, and four "radical" votes—La Follette, Brookhart, Ladd and Frazier—in the Senate.)

Thus the election of the President would be not only in the hands of the Senate, but in the hands of the LaFollette group. They might either vote (presumably for Bryan), or they might absent themselves, leaving the Senate, like the House, deadlocked.

In that event the country would have no President. The incumbent presiding officers of the Senate could not succeed to the office. The Secretary of State could not, because, being a cabinet officer, he would have been retired with the outgoing administration March fourth. Who then would be President?

The ablest political experts have so far been unable to answer that question. The decision would be up to Congress; but what would happen in Congress in the interim would be hard to foresee. Political chaos would certainly reign in America for a while. Finally, the only possible outcome would be legislation by Congress providing against any such contingency in the future. There is a measure now pending, already passed in the House and pending in the Senate, giving Congress authority to say who shall act as President in case both House and Senate fail to elect. It is not improbable that, as an expedient, it would be decided to call upon the pro tem presiding officer of the Senate to act during the "interregnum," while the question was being settled.

All this is, of course, only problematical. But such a situation is not impossible. The only thing we can do now to forestall it—for it would be a situation fraught with danger and disturbance—is to get out and vote, every man-jack of us. That is our cardinal political sin, not voting; and from this sin, this negligence of our duty as citizens, perhaps more surely than from any other cause, can confusion and trouble arise. Then, if after all, there is a deadlock, we can only hope that our country will still take inspiration from the memory of Alexander Hamilton, the great leader of a hundred years ago, who sacrificed personal and party feelings to save our country from disturbance and even worse.

THEATRE NEWS

EUSTACE CULLINAN '25

Like the proverbial good deed in the naughty world, Paul Whiteman's concert at the Blackstone Monday night shone out among the theatrical offerings of the past week. His orchestral program was practically a compendious history of jazz, starting with the noisy, rapid, one-steps of the past, and gradually tracing the stages in the evolution of our present dance music. In the course of the performance, the twenty-five members of the orchestra, played over seventy different instruments, Ross Gorman alone, demonstrating his proficiency on fifteen of them. The concert was excellent, and, in the words of Edward Moore, we give Mr. Whiteman credit for having "taken the muse of jazz by the scruff of her unkempt neck, washed her face, scrubbed her hands, and taught her table manners."

—NDS—

Several noteworthy productions are scheduled to appear at the Oliver in the near future. "Captain Blood," with Warren Kerrigan as the dashing hero of Sabatini's novel, will arrive on Sunday, to be shortly followed by a film dramatization of Drinkwater's "Abraham Lincoln." Both pictures have been highly applauded wherever they have been shown.

—NDS—

In the Palace show which started Sunday, Elizabeth Brice was undoubtedly what the French would call "pièce de résistance." Miss Brice and her nine-piece orchestra introduced many novelties that drew forth repeated applause from the appreciative audience. Surprises, in fact, were plentiful throughout the entire bill. Bert Davis, who sang, the Golden Gate Artists, who danced, and Bronson and Evans, who did everything all added to their acts a few heaping table-

spoonfuls of welcome originality. In the current show at the Palace, Roscoe Ails and his company of twenty-five are receiving the lion's share of the applause, with Charles Calvert's University Orchestra running strongly in second place. These two acts, alone, would make the admission fee a good investment.

—NDS—

At the Blackstone, too, we report a decidedly better-than-the-average bill. An act called "Bandomania" was to the rest of the show what Red Grange is to Illinois. Good music and clever dancing were distinctive of this performance. Other noteworthy acts were those of the Three Whirlwinds, and Kinzo, a Japanese juggler who performed feats that were really astounding. The picture was "The Female," a rather interesting screen version of Cynthia Stockley's novel, "Dalla, the Lion Cub." Betty Compson held forth as the untamed beauty of the African jungle.

—NDS—

At the Oliver, Ramon Navarro and Alice Terry, in "The Arab," provided some very fine amusement. They were succeeded by Viola Dana and Monte Blue in "Revelation," another rather good picture.

—NDS—

An adaptation of Mary Roberts Rhinehart's story, "The Altar on the Hill," is now being shown on the Orpheum screen under the title of "The Silent Watcher," with Glenn Hunter and Bessie Love as stars. Frank Lloyd, who directed "The Sea Hawk," also directed this picture.

—NDS—

"Tiger Love," with Antonio Moreno, is now showing at the Blackstone. Beginning Sunday, Jack Holt and winsome Norma Shearer appear in "Empty Hands."

THE WILL TO WITTICISM

ANSELM D. MILLER.

I HAVE observed, in my periodical wanderings among my fellow men, that there is nothing at which they rebel so obstinately and so consistently as the effort to make them laugh. The answer is easy enough: All men are at heart would-be humorists. A man will leave a good meal, a pretty woman, or even a rendition of the "Meistersinger" overture, if he be convinced that there is an immediate opportunity for him successfully to deliver himself of a strikingly original *bon mot*, an epigram, or even, if he be sufficiently depraved, a pun. And he will keenly resent any manifestation of witticism on the part of his equals, and in many cases even of his superiors. There is no jealousy like that born of the envy of a sense of humor. Real and lasting hatreds emerge from the fatal clash of minds on this point.

Thus, when one is expected to laugh at another's cleverness, there is rebellion, provided any personal element at all is present. A man may crack a joke and get many a laugh, but let the presumption be that he wrote the joke, and his auditors will display no more capacity for risibility than so many hyenas with the mumps. Let a man read you his story, his play, or his letter to the editor, and, provided there is no attempt at levity, all will be well. But let him essay to be merry: let him flaunt the cap in your face and jingle the bells in your ears, and you automatically, inherently, irresistibly erect a barrier of impregnable steel, eighteen feet thick, before his fire—a barrier which nothing less than the most deadly, thundering broadside can ever hope to batter down.

Of course, if the element of personality is removed, our hostility to a large extent, and often entirely, is removed also. Thus, in the presence of a celebrated humorist, of whose ability there can be no question and of whose "edge" on us in the matter of wit there is no room for discussion, we are apt to discard our armor and our system of fortifications entirely and receive his shots, big and little, swift and slow, straight into

our hearts for what they are worth. Where is the mulberry bush that can withstand a glacier? Where is the sane man who can withstand Al Jolson? But let our friend Tom, or George, or Agernon, mount the platform and unburden himself of jibes ten times as pointed, ten times as potentially side-shaking as those of the professional and acknowledged humorist, and back go the breastplates, back go the shields, back goes the whole intricate system of defence against attacks on the most vulnerable point in the human ego—the sense of humor.

Tell a man a joke, ostensibly at second hand. Then, while he is, let us say, engulfed in uncontrollable mirth; suddenly inform him that you yourself invented the pleasantry. Watch his face: first there is an instinctive, inadvertent, momentary flicker of admiration, then blank incredulity, and finally utter rebellion. He requests that you should not "kid" him. But you insist: you can show him the very paper on which you wrote the joke—but all to no avail: he remains resolutely unconvinced. You could not have written the joke: the joke was good, he laughed at it—it must have been good. It was perfectly absurd for you to keep repeating such nonsense. . . .

The passion for being funny dominates all male humanity, not in like degree, to be sure, nor in like quality, but certainly in like essence. Some men want to be funny about the length of whiskers worn by a large number of Bolsheviki; others, a little higher up, want to be funny about the fact that the words gate and gait are pronounced identically; others, as high as we shall go, want to be funny about those not so high—but all men want to be funny.

It is one of the strongest passions the Creator has given us. Sometimes I wonder if it is not the strongest of all. Think of Plato and his famous reply to Diogenes the tyrant. . . . Think of Napoleon's reference to the Scotch Highlanders, in the heat of one of the most decisive battles in the world's history. . . . Think of Abraham Lincoln, interrupting important affairs of State with characteristic, pithy jabs. . . . Think of the good Lord Himself, creating Love, and then mother-in-laws. . . .

OLD TOM

J. F. D.

WE WERE accustomed to stroll into the Tavern around five every evening just when the boys were collecting and the talk was beginning to ferment. It took but a few clinks of some Peter Dawson for the glib members to start the ball a-rolling and in a little while a rare tale was born—something that was never thought of probably until the Scotch had taken its due course. I was always amused with the offerings of my friends, but there was something about this place that was far more interesting than all the stories that germinated in the pop of a gin fizz. It seemed that the first thing that always struck my eye on entering the Tavern was the haggled form of Old Tom, the porter. There was an air of mystery about Tom that was characteristic of something that lived ages before, something that was exceedingly fine under this ruffled skin and bent form. Tom was no ordinary porter; anyone could see that. His fine sharp nose, those thoughtful gray eyes, and that straight mouth belied the appearances of a porter. He was something that was misplaced. People had always said that—he was too nice a fellow for this job. No person seemed to know why he was here; and yet every one had his own reasons for Tom's situation. There was the story of gambling and a craving for drink; a few had said that the death of his young wife had driven him to poverty; and many recited the old story that he had been robbed by a couple of crafty brokers.

Now Jack Kelly had been on Park Row for forty years and he knew anything that had happened on the famous street within that time. He was the encyclopedia of the newspapers. I was sure that Jack would know the truth, so I set out find him. The Tavern—that's where I would get him. I turned down Clark and made for the low, gray, gabled building.

I found Jack, with Jim Heffley of the *Post*, in one of those quaint little booths that are to be found only in the Tavern. It was a strange coincidence that they were talking

of the thing that had been troubling my mind for so long. Jack knew the whole story, but had never told anyone. I suppose Heffley was like me and had inquired about the old fellow. Anyhow I managed to break in and ask Jack what the truth was. Jack did not want to disclose the facts—said he almost believed it would be like breaking the seal of the confessional, although he had never promised anyone that he would remain silent. I imagine we annoyed him so much that he was glad to tell us the truth to get rid of us. He lowered his glass, and in a weary tone began.

"Some twenty years ago New York was aware that the greatest newspaper reporter was within her domain. Everyone was reading the stories of Tom Kingdon, and the tales of Tom Kingdon's escapades were on everyone's lips. His life was just like the sort in story books—there was always some piece of romance and adventure drifting into his experience. The editor of *The Globe* realized Tom's worth and he was assigned to every murder, every big event, everything that required the utmost in reportorial skill. Tom never failed in his duty. Didn't *The Globe* get a scoop on the steel strike? Didn't *The Globe* have the news of the Spanish American war on the streets six hours before any other newspaper? And hadn't the editor of a contemporary paper said that Kingdon had doubled the circulation of *The Globe*? Yes, it was a common fact, that Tom Kingdon was the best scribe on the street. He was Grub Street's idol. But suddenly, as though something had swept him from this earth, Tom Kingdon disappeared, no one knew where. Today most folks think that Tom is dead, that he wandered into some river and never came up."

"But why did he leave Grub Street" asked Heffley impatiently.

"Now be quiet and wait a minute," said Kelly, "we're coming to that. It's a mixed tale and you probably wouldn't get the significance of it if I told you right away. Well, anyway I got to thinking about Tom's disappearance and I knew that he must be somewhere around the town. He wouldn't leave New York, for he loved it dearly.

About a year ago in this very place I was telling some of the boys my thoughts on the subject. I noticed that the porter, a young fellow with a crusty beard which he had let grow to an undue length, was paying the greatest attention to my words. I forgot about him as I continued, but at twelve o'clock when I was about to leave he raised his hand in mute objection to my departure. I went over to him and he asked me to come with him to the rear of the place as he had something to say. It caused me no little wonder to have the fellow signal me and then pull me away from the rest. What was the meaning of this? I doubted a minute and then I followed him.

In a moment this person was changed. The deep lines of his face were transformed into clean, straight cuts that stood out prominently as he looked at me for a hearing. His eyes begged a forgiveness, or something of that sort. I hardly knew what was going to happen. With a break in his voice he started:

'You remember that Tom Kingdon you were talking about earlier in the evening'?

I nodded assent.

'Well, I'm Tom. Yes, this is Tom Kingdon,' he said, as I drew back, overcome with a sense of awe. 'The same fellow who rushed Grub Street into a swift order. The same fellow who stood at that bar with you but a short time ago. I know I look dusty and twenty years older. I guess it's like seeing a dead one to gaze at me.'

I was amazed, and yet wasn't I right when I said that Tom wouldn't leave the old town? But what brought him here this way? What made him leave New York, if he ever did leave the place? These thoughts ran quickly through my mind and I resolved to ask him. But it wasn't necessary, for he began hurriedly.

'I suppose you are wondering what drove me from the newspaper game and where I went for a year. I wouldn't tell anyone but you, Kelly, and the reason for this disclosure is to clarify any doubt that my brother reporters have of my honesty and courage, for I hear it said that I lacked both.'

Kelly leaned back and blew numerous rings from his cigarette and then with an

easiness, that comes from practised conversation, he went on.

"He was watching me like a greyhound who has the scent, and I was forced to fasten a steady eye on him as he settled into his story."

'You undoubtedly remember the Braddock murder,' he said, 'that has remained unsolved until this very day? Well, *The Globe* gave me orders to cover the thing and to assist the police in clearing matters. I knew the murdered man quite well, since he lived just two blocks from my house and was a member of the University Club. I went about the work with a feeling of vengeance. Day after day I devoted my time to this enigma and every night brought no reward for the hard labors of the day. There was no clue to the method of entry to the house, and all that was ascertained was that the man had been shot from the rear. No one could give a reason for the crime. Braddock had no enemies and there was no justification for a belief of suicide. Every member of the detective squad had been placed on the trail of any possible clue. But there was one man who might clear the situation, and that was the Jap butler. Nowhere was he to be found and a nation-wide search had only helped to make matters seem all the more intricate and futile. I was despairing of success until one night when, upon returning to my home, I noticed that my brother, who was a chum of Braddock's and who had been deeply affected by the sad event, was fidgeting with the cellar door. I thought that he was attempting to force the lock. After a while I was aggravated by his actions and I told him to get away from the place. He refused and mumbled something about killing me before he would get away. I couldn't imagine what was the trouble with him, but I dismissed the matter as a peculiar affectation. In a short time he opened the door and flung himself down the stairs with such speed that I felt compelled to follow him. I couldn't see all the way down, but I was aroused to a sense of danger by a terrifying shriek from my brother. He was upon me in a minute crying something about not meaning to do it. I took him by the arms to shake him

into a sensible attitude, but the only response was, 'Go down into the cellar. Go down into the cellar.' You can imagine my surprise when on turning the first white post at the entrance I saw the body of a little man. I didn't know whether he was dead or alive, but I was unmistakably scared. I soon found out that this person was Braddock's Jap servant, and without much encouragement, my brother told me his story as I am telling mine to you.

He had an argument with Braddock over a girl, a woman who was greatly loved by both of them, and he was angered by some remark that Braddock uttered. — They quarrelled. Braddock pulled a gun from his drawer but my brother kicked it from his hand and pounced on it. In a rage he shot the friend who had attempted to kill him. The only one in the house, the Jap butler, was on the scene quickly. My brother realized that this man had seen him with the gun in his hand and that he probably would be electrocuted for the murder on account of this man's testimony. In this frame of mind, and with an eye for the preservation of his own life, he shot the Jap. He placed the dead body in an auto and carried it to our house, where he deposited it in the cellar. I realized that I had the murderer in my hands and that the solution of this mystery would be the greatest feather in my cap. But a sense of brotherly love withheld me.' "

There was a distinct silence in the histori-

cal barroom as Kelly spoke on in the words of the famous reporter.

"*The Globe* wanted this story as it had never wanted a story before. Somehow the editor suspected me of knowing more than I had revealed. My silence on the matter worried him and one evening he accused me of holding back some evidence. Even though I had the knowledge that would clear this mystery, I was enraged that I should be accused by the man whom I had given riches. With a loss of temper, I told him that I knew a hell of a lot that his paper would never find out. The next morning I had arrangements made for my brother's departure for France. I took my way to Frisco and lived with the refuse of the Coast for six months. My career, I knew, was smashed by *The Globe* editor, but my love for New York drew me back to the old town and I found work in the midst of my beloved Grub Street. I know I don't look like the Old Tom, but who would expect a man to be young after a year of mental torment and physical abuse.' "

"With these words he stopped abruptly and then said as though he was giving me a sacred charge: 'Remember, Jack, don't let anyone say that Tom Kingdon lacked courage. . . . If they only knew what courage meant.' "

And now when I pass the Tavern, I always look in and give a hearty hello to a man who gave his heart and soul that his kin might go unpunished.

VERSE

By F. C. Miller

THE STREET SINGER

Far from melodious,
Voice far from good,
Yet people listen
(He knew they would!)

FULL VALUE

He placed a penny in my hand
And bade me buy some bread,
But I was not hungry then and so
I bought this rose instead.

NOTES

But God, he mutes the discord,
Soothes the tongue,
And takes the tired soul
When Life is done.

OTHER PRESSES

F. C. MILLER, '27

The Daily "*Princetonian*" has a feature which no other college publication can claim. It imitates some of the large metropolitan dailies by introducing a picture section composed exclusively of college news and activities, for the most part affecting Princeton. This picture section appears weekly with the regular issue and is called, "*The Photographic Weekly*."

—NDS—

Evidences that the Chicago "*Tribune*," and the Denver "*Post*" have influenced the style of "*The Pacific Star*," are many. The "*Star*" is a bi-weekly published by the Mt. Angel College and Seminary at St. Benedict, Oregon. Francis C. Meyers is the editor of the paper which is in regular newspaper style, showing excellent journalistic talent.

As in the Chicago "*Tribune*" they outline an editorial policy for their school, to wit: Higher Education, A Greater Mt. Angel College, and A Greater Number of Educated Catholic Lay-Men.

—NDS—

MUSHROOMS

Always present is our sophisticated student. Life has been gulped with one quick swallow—leaving him knowing, worldly-wise and disillusioned. He thinks himself the experiencer of all emotions; he is fed up on all the world can offer. He is bored. Ennui possesses him.

If only he could know that he is a trifter who, very likely, has known nothing very deep, or very significant. That he is a child as to real experience. That he is a flaneur, a loafer.

He will know some time that the real good "liver" takes life slowly from youth to age, tasting it deliberately, lingering long over every bit. And that he, hurrying through

it, missing the fine emotions, the nuances, is merely a splendor, a pathological result of an extraordinary age.—*Purdue Exponent*.

—NDS—

If one may judge the Minnesota "*Daily*" on the very face of things it would seem that they have a staff worth coddling and being extremely proud of. A column called "The Higher Lunacy" is one of the liveliest features of this excellent paper. The motto of the "Lunacy" department is a quotation from Pascal, which goes: "All men are necessarily mad; not to be mad would amount to another form of insanity."

To judge from the following "pome" which was included in the column recently they have succeeded in living up to their motto:

SAYING IT WITH FLOWERS

Pluck me a golden flower
 O Gardner in the West,
 And like a winged hour
 Blend it
 Send it
 From your Islands of the Blest.
 In Helen's hair entwine it,
 O Gardener in the West,
 In raven hair enshrine it,
 Wind it
 Bind it
 For so I like it best.

—NDS—

From Northwestern comes the statistics that more women are taking up commerce work. There is an increase of 25 per cent in the number of women enrolled in the Commerce school.

—NDS—

"*Shadows*" is the literary publication of Creighton University, Omaha, Nebraska. The first copies will be out sometime this month, according to the editor.

-:- SPORTS -:-

Third Down, The "Tiger" Next



HARRY STUHLDTREHER

Those "Fighting Irish" again swooped down on the East and rode rough-shod over the Army battlers in the most thrilling and hardfought struggle yet recorded between the two great rivals. When the whistle had shrieked the end of another glorious combat, and the dust, hurled violently by anxious feet, had settled, Rock's "Wonder Team" had extracted the "kick" from the Black and Gold clad Army mule to the extent of 13-7.

In a whirlwind of speed the youthful back-field swept passed the perplexed array of Army stars, who, try as they might, were powerless in the light of the bewildering attack meted out to them by the Irish grid-sters. With Stuhldreher directing their efforts, Crowley, Miller and Layden, with

one of the greatest exhibitions of football seen in many a day, alternately rushed the ball through the Army defense, and time and again brought the sixty thousand spectators to their feet in a wild frenzy of cheering.

Not until the second period did Notre Dame open up with its crushing attack, but then it burst forth with all the fury of a cyclone, and the desperate Pointers were gradually pounded back to the shadows of their own goal. Play after play saw Miller and Crowley reel off yardage around the Army ends at a dizzy pace, always with the threat of the effective forward pass present; then finally to have Layden smash across the goal line for the first score of the game.

Early in the third period Notre Dame was again imbued with the scoring spirit. Layden intercepted a forward pass in mid-field, and immediately another successful march began down the historic grounds ending in



ELMER LAYDEN

a score when Crowley circled the Cadet wing for a touchdown. The only Army score came in the last period on a trick play, when Harding slipped over the line after a twelve yard dash.

The "inexperienced" line of the Gold and Blue showed to good advantage against the heavy and tried forward wall of the Easterners. Even the flashy Wilson was held to one exceptional dash, causing the Army coaches, who had placed much hope in him, great disappointment. Captains Walsh and Garbisch, the opposing centers, met in a spectacular duel, in which Walsh showed himself an All-American possibility. He played one of the greatest games of his career, tearing holes in the line for the mighty Layden, making sensational tackles, and even intercepting an Army pass.

It was a fighting Army team that was beaten, but the thorough Rockne presented

a smother-actioned team and a vastly faster one, which the West Point men could not match.



DON MILLER

And now the great Irish make ready for their jaunt into the jungle where they will match wits with the ever-alert Tiger. Rockne will again present his mighty team for the edification of Eastern football followers. With the "kick" taken from the Army mule, let's bag the Tiger!

PRINCETON PROGRAM

The tentative program for the Second Eastern Invasion to Princeton follows:

Leave South Bend on the Pennsylvania at 9:55 A. M. Thursday.

Arrive Philadelphia 6:40 A. M. Friday.

Mass at St. John's Church.

Arrive Deal Country Club, Asbury Park, at noon Friday.

Practice at Deal Country Club Friday afternoon.

Arrive Princeton Saturday noon.

Reception in New York City given by Notre Dame Club of New York, Saturday night.

Attend Cardinal's Mass in Cathedral, New York, 8 A. M. Sunday.

Leave New York City 8:55.*

* The scheduled departure from New York City at 8:55 may be changed to 12:20 noon.

THE SPORTFEST

LES HEGELE '26

Grantland Rice was much impressed by "one of the greatest backfields that ever churned up the turf of any gridiron in any football age." He writes "Outlined against a blue, gray October sky the four horsemen rode again. In dramatic lore they are known as famine, pestilence, destruction and death. These are only aliases. Their real names are: Stuhldreher, Miller, Crowley and Layden."

—NDS—

It seems many were also impressed by the fleet "Red" Grange, when that Illini half-back flashed down through the Michigan team for five touchdowns. Incidentally, he broke the standing deadlock between the Wolverines and Illini, besides causing Capt. Herb Steger to taste defeat for the first time in his football career.

—NDS—

Watching the Cardinal.

A Big Ten game that might bear watching next Saturday, so far as Notre Dame is concerned, is the Michigan-Wisconsin game. It will be one of the feature games of Conference play for the day, and may give us some idea of the strength of our foe of Nov. 8th.

—NDS—

Saving the Tiger!

It took the toe of a substitute quarterback, Ewing, to dropkick the Tigers to victory over the fighting Navy. And luck played a part in Old Nassau's win, for the ball hit a Navy back before it went over the crossbars. Anyway it broke the 14-14 tie.

—NDS—

Notre Dame will have an alert team to battle for the entertainment of the Homecoming crowd here, when the "Fighting Irish" line up against the "Golden Tornado" of the South. It was their alertness which enabled Georgia Tech to snatch a 15-13 victory from Penn State, as the Southerners did not gain a first down until the last

play of the game, as compared with eleven made by Penn.

—N D S—

Nebraska defeated Colgate rather badly in one of the Intersectional games of the day, and registered her first win of the 1924 season. Choppy Rhodes, the Cornhusker's sensational halfback, was very much in evidence, dashing for two touchdowns.

—N D S—

Scaring the Bull Dog.

The enthusiasm at Old Eli experienced an unpleasant thrill when Dartmouth carried the ball to within six inches of the Yale goal, only to fail there. Those were breathless moments for the Bull Dog, who had to content themselves with a 14-14 tie.

—N D S—

Next Saturday will see the Big Three facing some real opposition. Princeton will have more than its share in Notre Dame, Harvard will struggle against Dartmouth, which scored a decisive triumph over the Crimson last season, while Yale goes to battle with Brown.

—N D S—

For the second time in two weeks Wisconsin was held to a 7 to 7 tie. This time it was Minnesota that battled with the Badgers. The Wisconsin team fought on the offense during the first half of the game but in the last half, especially in the final period, the Badgers were kept with their backs to the wall, battling grimly to hold off the Northerners.

—N D S—

Northwestern bowed in defeat to Purdue, Saturday, when the Indiana team scored a touchdown in the last period. Baker, for the Purple, dropped the pig-skin over the Boiler-makers' goal in the fourth period. Shortly after the Purdue team scored its touchdown. It was a desperately fought battle.

—N D S—

Carnegie Tech met defeat, Saturday, when Washington and Jefferson triumphed in the score of 10 to 0. The two Pennsylvania team battled hard but W. and J. held the edge.

"AS YOU LIKE IT"

BILL REID, '26.

As the sun and the "blue comet" left Coogan's bluff Saturday evening, there was doubt in the minds of thousands as to which shone the brighter that afternoon. Rock's firmament possessed such brilliance that in its wake there remained a rainbow. The East had waited another year to see the satellites of Notre Dame in action, and it was amply rewarded for its patience. For nowhere in these United States can the public witness a more colorful team than the "fightin' Irish" coupled with the inspiring sight of the cadets in grey. It was easily the football treat of the day.

Rockne and his club went East with an outside chance of returning the victor. Evidently they utilized that opportunity, for when the news of the game was flashed Westward, the halls of Notre Dame echoed a 13 to 7 triumph.

N. D.'s strength, like last year, lay in her coordinated team play and variety of attack. The perfect backfield worked in unison and with telling effect. Time after time Layden would hit the Army line like the hammer of Thor; Miller spirted the end with the speed of a deer while Jimmie Crowley was on ahead clearing the way with the effectiveness of a scythe; directing the attack was cool, aggressive little Stuhldreher.

—N D S—

Ask Wilson, Garbisch, Hewitt or Wood if the Irish line was weak. To the cadets from "Storm King" the blue line seemed like the Wall of China, for it was every bit as impregnable.

—N D S—

Sixty-five thousand saw the gruelling battle but only a few knew of the fight "Lion-hearted" Walsh was making to lead his team to victory. Only his team mates knew of the agony he endured every time his broken hand was hit.

—N D S—

In passing, let us not forget to give credit to Harding for being the only West Point man to cross Notre Dame's goal in four years. Wilson, although not as effective as Harding

in the pinches, was always a threat, and proved himself deserving of his reputation.

—N D S—

Tomorrow, the boys go East again to meet Princeton, always a dangerous foe to any football club. They are capable of rising at the psychological moment which was conclusively demonstrated two years ago at Chicago. Then again, they have a twenty five to two score which they would like to revenge.

—N D S—

Standing Man to Man, leader against leader, Walsh and Garbisch fought supreme, the battle of their lives, calling occasional "time out," that they might cool the heated blood and relax the tightened muscles. With two almost useless hands, the Irish captain went down, under and up, time and again 'smearing' plays,—in defence, a polished center of a granite wall. To Captain Garbisch, a true Cadet, a leader of high caliber, a fighter from the sound of the whistle to the report of the gun due respect is given. Only an Adam Walsh could hinder his all around play.

HEYWOOD BROUN

Written for "The New York World."

The Army thought the attack would come from the sky, but Notre Dame switched tactics and defeated the West Pointers with the sweeping cavalry charges around the ends. The score was 13 to 7. Sixty thousand watched the game at the Polo Grounds yesterday afternoon.

They were light horsemen, these running backs of Notre Dame, but they swung against the Army ends with speed and numbers. The plays were run wide and again and again some unfortunate soldier sentinel would race all the way across the gridiron and over the sidelines without ever getting contact with any one but one of the interfering outposts.

Don Miller and Layden and Crowley were the three men who did most of the execution for Notre Dame. Layden, the heftiest of the three, is only 161 pounds. Crowley, the light-

weight, is 158. But there is no need for any one to grow wistful over these striplings who dashed into the arms of husky West Pointers.

In the first place, they didn't dash into those arms much, but rather past and around them. And in the second, Knute Rockne's backfield combination is playing together for its second season, and the superb co-ordination of these carriers makes up for anything they may lack in weight.

It is said that Rockne trains his team as if they were so many piano pupils, and that every play is carried out according to a pre-arranged beat. Thus, though a Notre Dame player may have size and strength and speed, he can not fit into the Rockne system unless he also brings a sense of rhythm.

One, two, three, four. This is andante as the backs shift slowly and evenly. Now the ball is snapped and the movement becomes allegro, as the young men dart off together at sprinting speed. Yes, Miller and Layden and Crowley are apt pupils for the musical method of Rockne, and the Army will testify at any time that they are certainly good at runs.

And when a pass comes the ball is not thrown to a man, but directly at some appointed rendezvous. It is up to the receiver to arrive on time. Once he gets to the spot where the cross is made he has only to throw in his hands and the ball will snuggle into his chest.

A pass was a useful factor in Notre Dame's first touchdown, but it was the only play of the sort in a long advance. After that Notre Dame passed just three times. One was incomplete, one was intercepted and one made good for a gain which played no part in the scoring.

The game was not really as close as the final accounting would suggest. The first quarter was indecisive, partly because Rockne began with many second string men in his line-up. Once he began substitutions, his reserves galloped in four and five at a time. In the second and third periods there was no comparison between the teams. During these stages of the game Notre Dame simply ran the soldiers ragged.

In addition to the touchdowns scored, Rockne's men were twice in easy position for drop-kick attempts, but on neither occasion was a try made. Once, with the ball on the Army's 10-yard line, fourth down and four to go, Notre Dame elected to try a delayed thrust through the centre of the line and was held for downs. Rockne, apparently, has no great faith in the kicking game and drills his men to keep rushing.

When the third period ended with Notre Dame leading at 13 to 0, there seemed no possible doubt about the outcome. Army never developed a consistent attack and there was no threat except to itself in forward passing, for the soldier forward was nothing more than a long wild heave which almost invariably went to some defending Notre Dame player.

To the surprise of every one Army scored in the middle of the last quarter. A poor kick by Layden and a fifteen-yard penalty for interfering with a fair catch set Army on Notre Dame's 22-yard line for its first and only scoring chance of the game. Three tries at the line yielded about six yards. With the last down and four to go the situation seemed to indicate a forward pass, but this time Army used strategy on its own account. A phantom thrust was made at the line and then Harding, substitute halfback, darted out toward his left end and swung entirely clear. He ran sixteen yards and over the line for a touchdown without a hand being laid upon him.

And that was surprising, for nothing had been said of Harding in the preliminary speculations before the game. Wilson, the former Penn State star, was the man Notre Dame feared and again and again the voice of Captain Walsh, of the Hoosiers, could be heard booming out to his eleven. "Watch Wilson." They watched him well and only once did he get clear of the secondaries.

During the first period the ball see-sawed without vital consequences. Notre Dame's attack seemed feeble enough in this quarter and did not yield a single first down.

With the beginning of the second period Rockne's men began to put on pressure. The

advance began on their own fifteen-yard line and never halted till the touchdown. Crowley started it by circling the Army left end for fifteen yards.

The Notre Dame players were up and in position a second or so after the ball was down. Little Stuhldreher, the bowlegged quarterback of Notre Dame, was whipping his traveling musicians up to a crescendo. Don Miller took the other flank of the Army and turned it for another fifteen yards. A line plunge gained little, but Stuhldreher tossed a forward pass to Crowley for twelve yards. It was a beautiful play with the pass being taken on the dead run. Don Miller broke around right end and was not downed until he reached Army's ten-yard line. Three plunges took it over with Layden carrying the ball for the touchdown. Stuhldreher missed goal.

The same sort of attack was responsible for Notre Dame's touchdown in the third quarter. Around and around the ends swept Crowley and Miller. Crowley at last came clear and ran twenty yards for a touchdown. He followed it up by kicking the goal. After this came another long advance which took the ball to Army's 10-yard line. It was at this point Notre Dame passed up its drop kick chance.

With the beginning of the fourth period the West Pointers began to recognize the tune played by Notre Dame and now the end runs began to pile up. Army's defense was staunch in this last quarter. But the touchdown scored on Harding's run was the last gasp of the soldiers. Another touchdown would tie the score and with the accompanying goal it would win.

There were elements of excitement in the situation, but Army's attack was completely bogged in the closing minutes. Notre Dame played with hard caution and the ball lingered around midfield until the whistle blew.

Between the halves the officers of the ZR-3 marched around the field to a side line box. It was a pretty compliment to Notre Dame from another group of men who also have done well with the air game.

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NORTHWESTERN HERE FOR MEET SATURDAY

The Notre Dame Cross Country team will open its season Saturday, when Northwestern University will journey here to participate in a 3½ mile race. The starting and finishing point will be at Cartier field. The course is laid over the country roads surrounding the University. The starting hour will be posted on the boards about the campus the latter part of the week.

Ray Hoyer, director of the Boy Guidance Department, is coaching the Notre Dame team. Hoyer was coach of Freshmen track last Spring.

The members of the Varsity team are: Captain Wendland, Cox, Keatts, Judge, Nulty, Dalmadge, Masterton, E. Griffin, J. Griffin, Young, Wagner and Bidwell. There are 15 men on the Freshmen team. Fisher and Phalen, freshmen, are showing up especially well.

In the trials for the Varsity team held last week Captain Wendland came in first. Two sophomores, members of last year's Freshmen team, were tied for second. This year's Varsity team has benefited by the addition of last year's freshmen.

Ed Griffin of the Varsity team suffered an injury to his knee, recently, but he is getting along favorably. It is expected that he will be out for practice by the end of this week.

For the first time a Notre Dame team will participate in the Western Conference Cross-Country meet this Fall. The meet will be held at Ann Arbor, November 22, over a five-mile course. An indication of what the Blue and Gold team will do at the Conference meet may be gleaned from Saturday's showing.

The Fall schedule as announced, follows:

- Oct. 25—Northwestern at Notre Dame
—3½ miles.
- Nov. 1—(Homecoming) Indiana at
Notre Dame—3½ miles.
- Nov. 15—Michigan Aggies at Notre Dame
—3½ miles.
- Nov. 22—Conference Meet at Ann Arbor
—5 miles.

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SWIMMING

Coach Tom Goss and his mermen will soon start thrashing the water in earnest. With this intention in mind Goss asked all Freshmen candidates and all of last year's men to report Friday for a general meeting. He outlined to the men his plans for the coming season. Coach Goss will select his team only after a number of the time trials and competitive races have been run off.

The swimming schedule has not been completed but the coach has definitely arranged contests with Indiana University at Bloomington; Hoosier A. C., at Indianapolis; Fort Wayne "Y" at South Bend; Michigan Aggies, at Notre Dame; South Bend "Y" at South Bend; and an inter-team meet at Notre Dame.

Contests with numerous other teams of this part of the country are still pending. Although Notre Dame will be up against one of the hardest schedules in recent years, nevertheless the outlook for a highly successful season is promising.

FINALS STILL UNPLAYED

The final play-offs for the championship in the B class tennis tournament were postponed from last week. It was announced early this week that the finals would be played sometime before Saturday. Donaldson, Andrews, Stadel and Dorgan are in the semi-finals and one of that quartet will be adjudged champion following the completion of the tournament.

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—NDS—

GOLF

The Notre Dame golf team had a workout on the Chain o' Lakes Country Club links last Saturday for the purpose of discovering new material for the varsity next spring. They were opposed by ten of the Country Club's best players. Those who competed for Notre Dame were: J. Shouse, V. Schneider, F. Breslin, W. McCarron, H. McGuire, R. Stone, J. DeLeo, T. Bulger, G. Ward, F. Link and J. Adams.

Sunday the players journeyed to Elkhart, and met that city's best representatives on the links of the Christiana Country Club. The results of the two workouts were highly satisfactory, and everything points to a successful season next Spring.

Any golfer in the school who wishes to challenge any player on the team in an attempt to displace that player, may see G. Ward or J. Shouse and make the necessary arrangements for the match.

INTER-HALL LEAGUE SPLIT

This year the Inter-Hall league has been split up into two sections: the East Campus and the West Campus sections. The East Campus teams are: Freshman, Sophomore, Carroll, and Brownson halls. In the West Campus section are: Badin, Corby, Walsh and Sorin halls and the Day Dogs.

During the past week the West Campus teams have enjoyed a lay-off. Each team has four games on its schedule. The Day Dogs have played two of their scheduled

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four games both of which they lost. The other four teams have each played one game. The standing of these teams up to the first part of this week follows:

TEAM	WON	LOST	PCT.
Badin	1	0	1.000
Sorin	2	0	1.000
Walsh	1	0	1.000
Corby	0	1	.000
Day Dogs	0	2	.000

In the East section each team has three games on its schedule. Carroll hall has played three games, two of which the team lost and the other ended in a tie. Freshman Hall has played two games; won one and tied one. This last game will be played with Sophomore Hall.

The standing of the East section follows:

TEAM	WON	LOST	PCT.
Freshman	1	0	1.000
Sophomore	1	0	1.000
Brownson	1	1	.500
Carroll	0	2	.000

The heads of the various halls comprise the board in charge of the Inter-Hall activities. On November 16, the winners of both sections will meet to decide the Campus championship.

BROWNSON DEFEATS CARROLL

Brownson Hall scored a win over Carroll Sunday morning, defeating the latter team by a 13 to 0 score. The game was played on Brownson field and was the only game of the day. Kohl of the Brownson team starred, scoring both touchdowns. DeLeo kicked goal for the extra point after the second touchdown had been made. The Brownson team as a whole outplayed the Carrollites.

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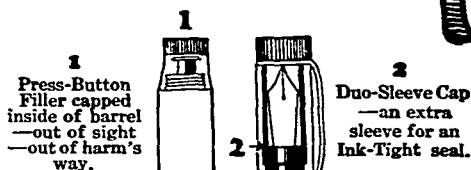
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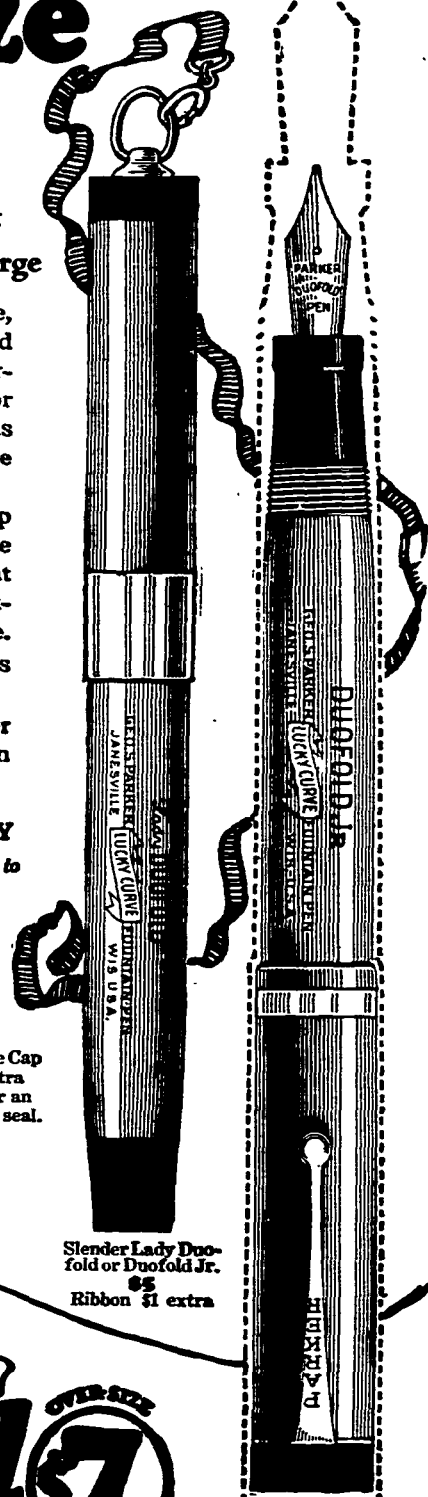
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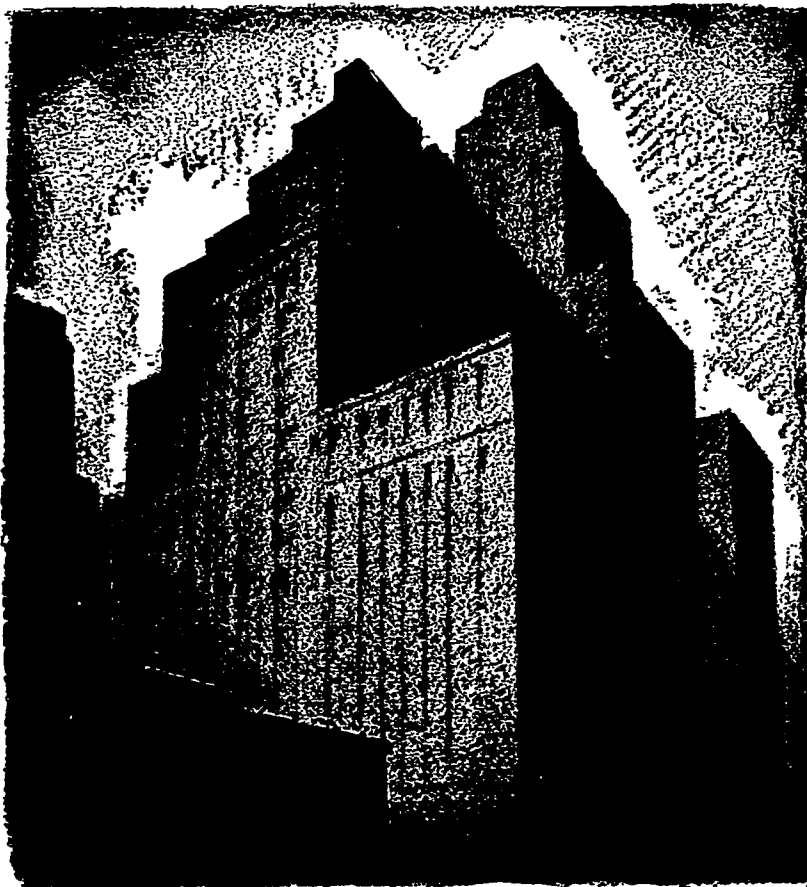
FEG MURRAY

(The Cleveland Times.)

The Notre Dame cathedral and the Notre Dame football team are both noted for their rugged strength and delicate finish. The cathedral has wonderful lines—the football team a wonderful line and a wonderful back-field—and a tough schedule. Beginning this Saturday with the Army game, the football team of the little college of Notre Dame faces one of the toughest schedules that any gridiron aggregation ever met. As last year, she meets the Army in New York, Princeton at Princeton and Georgia Tech at home on successive Saturdays.

Then, instead of taking a week-end off, or engaging some "easy pickings" to rest up, Notre Dame goes to Madison to play Wisconsin, which is going to be some battle! Immediately following the Badger game, the Irish entertain the Nebraska Cornhuskers on the Notre Dame lot. Tea will not be served. This is the game of all games that Notre Dame wants to win. Those Nebraskans spotted the South Benders' clean slate last year with a surprising defeat, and Notre Dame is out for revenge.

After that little party comes Northwestern and Carnegie Tech, with perhaps a post-season game with Southern California in Los Angeles. How is that for a tough schedule?



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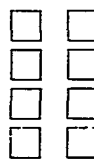


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