

The Notre Dame Scholastic

A LITERARY—NEWS WEEKLY
PUBLISHED AT THE UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME

—ILLUSTRATED—

Disce Quasi Semper Victurus : Vibe Quasi Cras Moriturus

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*The advertiser in Notre Dame publications
deserves the patronage of Notre Dame men.*



CALVARY



... THE WEEK ...

"Nona! Nona!" Page Percy Marmont! Winter has come. The campus is what we may humorously call 'the great white way.' (The snow will probably melt before this comes out in print.) But that's treating things too coldly, for there were many hotter things preceding the snow—

Outstanding among these was the Nebraska game. All doubt, all fear, all speculation, and many bets, are settled. Unless the enthusiasm of the student body dies down prematurely and hibernates with this first snowfall, there is little reason to miss the national championship. Most critics are satisfied already, but many would welcome an upset.

The first quarterly examinations refused to take a back seat (but those who took the examinations fought for them.) Incoming returns show the conservatives leading by a wide margin.

The fights Friday night were all and more than their preliminary showing promised. Several excellent bouts, including a knockout and two or three extra-round fights, provided a real treat for a large part of the early arrivals of the crowd that 'out-Homecominged Homecoming.' The stable of fighters turned out by Coaches Springer and Miller ought to leave a trail of sleeping opponents in their wake through collegiate arenas this winter.

And the dances—the St. Joseph Valley Alumni dance on Friday night and the Senior's Husker-Canter Saturday night caused many a weary sole to come back to earth very slowly and painfully. But it was that inexplicably pleasant weariness, wholly unlike the unbearable torture of third floor classes.

Many attractions of Saturday suffered by comparison and not by any miscarriage of plans or justice. The splendid music of the Notre Dame band and the Nebraska and Studebaker bands was drowned beneath the deluge of noise from the stands. The icemen's chorus was very fine as Notre Dame knows by experience, but was minimized by the reports of the Minnesota-Illinois upset. The burlesque game between halves was also deserving of much praise. But it was like an orchestra continuing its music during a fire in the theatre—it may be good, but it isn't what the people are thinking about.

Macbeth never had a college education—or he'd never have said that "tomorrow... creeps in this petty pace." Nine-tenths of the students wonder where the first quarter went. Reformers are stalking about virtuously proclaiming a regularization of industry, and all those pre New Year's resolutions that suffer the same fate as the post-N. Y. Rs. But that's nothing against them—someone may get careless some day and keep one.

Now that the last home game of the season has been played, the lure of the outdoors has been tempered by the temperature, and the marks from the first quarterly exams have brought a few of our air castles tumbling, a more serious program is in line for the rest of the semester. Individuals, classes, and clubs, can feel the need of doing rather than planning and postponing. Any class, or club, or student, however, who can find it in his or its power to accomplish its purposes early in the year will contribute a real page to local history. And don't forget—

Do your Christmas shopping early.

S. A. C. Notes

The presidents of all student organizations on the Campus will meet Tuesday evening, November 25, at 7 o'clock in the Law Building. Each president will present a written report of his clubs activities, past, present and future, to the S. A. C. representatives, who will preside. In addition, every man will be invited to cooperate in the solution of problems which are of immediate concern to the S. A. C. and to discuss freely whatever matter he may think of interest to the student body or to his own club.

—NDS—

Students from Tennessee were granted permission to organize a state club at the regular S. A. C. meeting Monday night. "Red" Magevney of Memphis, first string varsity pitcher last spring, is one of those actively interested in the formation of the new club.

—NDS—

Permission was also granted to the Notre Dame Council Knights of Columbus to conduct a drive among the students for the benefit of the Gibault Home for delinquent Catholic boys which is located near Terre Haute, Indiana.

This Gibault Home was founded by the Indiana state council K. of C. and during the several years of its existence it has aided the Catholic Church immeasurably in rearing Catholic boys, found in unfortunate circumstances, to be useful citizens. Thus the drive for \$250,000, now going on throughout Indiana, is well deserving of all possible assistance.

NEXT PHILOSOPHY SEMINAR NOVEMBER 28.

At the next seminar in Philosophy, November 28, Professor Macgregor will read a paper on "Some Current Evidence of Lawlessness, its Cause and Remedies."

REVEREND CHARLES L. O'DONNELL TALKS TO SCRIBBLERS

THE SCRIBBLERS on Monday evening had the pleasure of listening to a talk by their honorary president, Rev. Charles O'Donnell. As usual Father O'Donnell's talk was of a vital subject presented in a most skillful and interesting manner. He stressed the need of a writer for "back-ground," the allusions that give the writings of the great authors and poets substance as well as charm.

Father O'Donnell gave several illustrations of his theory, reading poems from modern authors. He contrasted Amy Lowell's "Patterns" with a song from Christine Rossetti's "Prince's Progress." In Father O'Donnell's estimation, the latter poem has much more substance and "back-ground" than the charming but lighter "Patterns" and hence has more value to the reader as a "generative influence." Reading of the older works from which the poets have drawn their allusions was strongly recommended. Among these was Mallory's "Morte d'Arthur," from which were derived Tennyson's "Idyls of the King." The influence of reading upon other poets and the charm and value of allusions was illustrated by poems from Hilaire Belloc and an interesting, rather eccentric poem which appeared in the American Magazine some years ago. Father O'Donnell believes that the conscious of today becomes the subconscious of tomorrow and that by consciously reading the really fine and great things today, they will become a subconscious part of our own thoughts of tomorrow.

Following this very valuable talk by Father O'Donnell, papers were read by James Withey, Denis O'Neil, and John Gallagher. The reading of papers with a general discussion and criticism following is one of the regular and most valuable features of The Scribblers' meetings.

—NDS—

The next meeting of The Scribblers will be held in the K. C. Chambers on Monday night, November 24.

The University Art Gallery

When visitors come to Notre Dame and have been shown the natural beauties of the campus, its walks and lakes, its residence halls and class-room buildings, the

states and fifteen foreign countries. Perhaps a great surprise will be found in the fact that nearly fifty per-cent of the week-day visitors are students.

The football games this year have drawn unusually large crowds. About seven hun-



DEATH OF A POLISH EXILE

—Malczewski

wise guide suggests that they explore the Art Gallery in the Library that they may have impressive proof of the art traditions of Our Lady. It is certain that a visit to the dignified Library corridors will contribute greatly to their favorable impressions and memories of Notre Dame.

Anyone, "Following the arrows" to the third floor of the Library between the hours of two and five, finds a pleasant chap who accosts visitors with the query, "Would you like to see the galleries today?" The visitors are many and the speaker, Mr. Kernan Wingerter, Ph. B. in For. Comm., '26, is always busy. Both students and visitors to the University are constantly demanding his services. In the register, lately instituted by Rev. Lawrence V. Broughall, Librarian, one finds some three thousand, five hundred names of visitors from forty

dred of the thousands who attended the Homecoming festivities took advantage of the opportunity to see the art collection, while the crowd that attended the Nebraska game last Saturday included thirteen hundred visitors to the galleries.

Which works of art are the most popular for visitors?

The far-famed Van Dykes attract the art lover as well as the merely curious; the large painting of the "Nativity" seems to be of special interest for those who have been advised by former visitors. The "Death of a Polish Exile," by Malczewski, possibly impresses more people than any of the other works of art. This picture is reproduced in the illustration above.

A booklet of information on the Art Galleries is published by the University Press, and distributed from the Library.—C. D. L.

Music

The University Band will make the trip to Chicago Saturday, November 22, and will play at the Northwestern-Notre Dame game. Under the direction of Joe Casasanta, the organization will leave Saturday morning and will return Saturday night.

It is understood that this trip will not establish a precedent for two trips during the football season for the Band; but it is granted by the authorities as an appreciation of the fine work done by the Band during the season.

—NDS—

A feature of the Wisconsin-Notre Dame game at Madison, November 8, was the playing of the "On Wisconsin" by the combined Wisconsin and Notre Dame bands, directed by Joe Casasanta. The two organizations—Notre Dame's sixty piece band, and Wisconsin's one hundred and forty-five piece band—formed one large unit of two hundred and five pieces in the center of the field during the half and played the selection.

This was a very thoughtful favor granted by Wisconsin to the visiting organization, and was greatly appreciated by our own band and their director.

—NDS—

The announcement is made that the Band will give a concert in Washington Hall before the Christmas holidays. The exact date has not as yet been definitely set, but mention will be made of the affair as soon as the date is made known.

THANKSGIVING EVE DANCE

Preparations are being completed by the Day-Students for their annual Thanksgiving Eve Dance, which will be held in the Rotary Room of the Oliver Hotel Wednesday evening, November 26. Harry Denny's Collegians, a nine piece orchestra, will furnish the music for the dancing.

Arrangements for the dance are being made by a committee composed of Paul Kohout, chairman; Jack Melley, Vincent

Schneider, Richard Lightfoot, Mansiel Hagerty, Thomas Dempsey, Milton Leach, Joe Foglia and Paul Butler.

The Thanksgiving Eve dance, given annually by the off-campus men, will be the only University affair during the Thanksgiving season or thereabouts. A part of the proceeds will be donated by the Day-Student organization to the Scholarship Club.

Tickets are on sale and can be secured from the hall rectors or the Off-Campus Office.

BROWNSON LEADS SMOKERS

Monday evening marked the opening of the smoker season with the annual Brownson Hall smoker in the historic, old Brownson "rec."

The festivities were piloted by Wm. Coyne, '27 and Brownsonites, old and new were treated to an elaborate and colorful program arranged by their Rector, Brother Alphonsus, C. S. C., who gave an address during the program which was greeted with real enthusiasm by those present.

Raymond Sheriff and Gilbert Uhl sang some highly appreciated songs and Jay Masenich and Victor Lemmer rendered violin selections. George Chao made a distinct hit with his quaint stories of China, told as only George can tell them. William Morrissey was called back to sing so many times that he finally ran out of material and gave place to Jack Doyle, whose clever dancing brought down the house.

Charlie Springer was on hand with his stable of willing mixers and several fast bouts were put on in various weights. A very clever display of the "fancy" was shown by Pat Caneon.

The refreshments were excellent and everybody was well fed and happy. Plenty of smokes were available and the "rec" was given a smoke screen worthy of a manouevring destroyer.

The affair which was well attended by the Brownsonites and their friends, was also attended by a number of priests and brothers.

Clubs

You may get a cigar, a big black cigar with a gold band, or perhaps a Dromedary, at the METROPOLITAN CLUB smoker Tuesday evening, November 25, in the Badin Hall Rec room at 7:30 p. m. Perc Connelly's Big Five orchestra will furnish music for the occasion. The Glee Club Quartette will be a feature of the entertainment program which will include boxing bouts. A lavish supply of eats and smokes is promised.

Tickets may be secured from any of the following members: Paul Broderick, Walsh; Jack Lavelle, Carroll; Jack Adams, Badin; Dan Cunningham, Sophomore; Ed Cunningham, Freshman, and Jim Dwyer, Corby. Jack Adams is in charge of the affair.

—NDS—

The CLEVELAND CLUB, the activities of which in the past three years have been a big factor in the matriculation of fifty five Cleveland men now at Notre Dame, has begun negotiations for the second annual Christmas dance. Last year's dance, although of an informal character, proved both successful and popular. The dance this year in Cleveland promises to be even better and extensive preparations are being made to make it the best collegiate dance held during the holidays.

—NDS—

The CALUMET DISTRICT CLUB of Notre Dame, composed of students from Gary, Hammond, Valparaiso, East Chicago and Indiana Harbor, Indiana, and from Calumet City and Pullman, Illinois, was organized Thursday evening, November 6.

The purpose of the Club is to foster the Notre Dame spirit among the present students and the alumni of the district. At present the Club numbers 24 members.

Activities for the present year were discussed at the meeting of November 6, and the following officers elected; Julius Danch, President; John Wallace, Vice-President; Laurence Bieker, Secretary; and Fred Solman, Treasurer.

The next regular meeting of THE VILLAGERS will be held the first week in December. *The Dome* picture of the club will be taken at this meeting and a lively speakers program and feature entertainment will be presented. William Braunsdorf, chairman of the membership committee, requests that members of the club submit all the names of their friends who are eligible to membership. Special plans are under way to secure every student whose permanent home is in South Bend as a member of the Villagers. Of the names submitted at the November meeting of the Club, the following men were elected to membership:

Jerome De Clercq, Meyer Marks, Thomas Murphy, Bernard E. Loshbough, John P. Rigley, Joseph Braunsdorf, Floyd Seoner, B. W. Stuart, Burton Toepp, Maxwell Nyikart, H. D. Creviston, Arnold Strickler, Warren Elliott, Leo E. Andrews, Phil. C. Landsman, Irving A. Hurwich, S. T. Berner, Howard W. Kuehl, W. G. McCarthy, Peter M. La Cava, William K. Konop, Victor H. Fall, S. H. Garrity, John R. Hoover, Charles E. Hoover, Carson E. Dalton, John L. Worden, Aurila Maulion.

—NDS—

The KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS held its regular meeting Tuesday night in the Council chambers in Walsh Hall. Father Hugh O'Donnell spoke on Notre Dame's part in the Indiana drive for the Gibault Home for Boys. Regular council business and the distribution of cigars occupied the remainder of the meeting.

—NDS—

Organization of the EVANSVILLE CLUB OF NOTRE DAME has been completed by Evansville students. The club intends to cooperate with the Catholic Boys' High School of Evansville, to establish a true Notre Dame spirit in the southern part of Indiana. On the campus its services will be at the disposal of any worthy Notre Dame enterprise.

The following is the executive personnel: Edmund Polhaus, President; Ralph Heger, Vice-President; Robert Moynihan, Secretary-Treasurer.

Plans are well under way for a Christmas dance to be held at the Knights of Columbus home in Evansville.

The Theater

It has been such a while since a legitimate play has come to South Bend that the advent of another one assumes the importance of an event. Next Saturday, "Plain Jane," a musical comedy with a fair reputation for success, will tarry at the Oliver for an afternoon and an evening performance. In the cast we find more or less familiar names of Joe Lourie Jr., the diminutive comedian in "The Gingham Girl," Jay Gould, and Lorraine Manville, a dainty dancer who is said to be quite good.

In Herry Yerkes' Flotilla Orchestra, which arrived at the Palace last night, we saw one of the most highly developed of the species. This act is undoubtedly the most important on the bill. Also note-

worthy on the program are Brant and Walton, a pair of very capable dispensers of comedy. Fred Thompson, who never seems happy unless he is riding the range, is the star of the moving picture, "North of Nevada."

"Lover's Lane" a picturization of Clyde Fitch's dramatic success, is now being shown at the Blackstone. Bee Nee One, a Chinese performer, is the principal vaudeville attraction during the latter half of this week.

Douglas Fairbanks, in his already famous production, "The Thief of Bagdad," will hold forth at the Oliver for a week, beginning Sunday. Artistic settings and very capable acting preserve in this picture the fantastic spirit of the *Arabian Nights*, from which this story is taken.



The Scholastic staff-photographer "shoots" the first snowfall of the year on Monday, the seventeenth of November.

SPIRITUALITIES

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

Spiritual Reading.

Since the first Religious Survey, held four years ago, there has been a concerted effort made to develop a taste for Catholic reading in order to correct the lamentable ignorance of Catholic literature made evident by the questionnaires. The fourth Survey, conducted last spring, brought answers from 712 students; their answers to the queries on the number of books and pamphlets read were classified as follows:

	Secular novels	Catholic novels	Spiritual books	Pamphlets
5 or less	186	241	251	304
6 to 20	178	74	29	119
More than 20	67	7	1	18
A few	53	31	23	46
Many	34	1	—	17
None	115	280	288	118
Several	13	6	6	43

—NDS—

The Non-Readers.

Although freshmen constituted less than fifty per cent of those answering the questionnaires, they constituted eighty per cent of those who had read no pamphlets, seventy per cent of those who had read no Catholic novels, and 67 per cent of those who had neglected spiritual books. They also accounted for sixty-seven per cent of the apathy to secular fiction.

—NDS—

Favorite Catholic Books.

Only 299 students essayed an answer to the question, "What Catholic book do you like best?" and of this number only 133 mentioned the first ten books on the list which follows:

The Bible	23
Maria Chapdelaine	17
Fabiola	17
Quo Vadis	16
The Imitation of Christ	15
Papini's Life of Christ	15
Lives of the Saints	14
Faith of Our Fathers	8
Come Rack, Come Rope	7
Spalding's Essays	7

Newman's *Idea of a University* is relegated to eleventh place, with a total of six votes.

—NDS—

ALIBIS

In answer to the question, "Why don't you read more Catholic books?" the following characteristic answers were received:

"I have a taste for cheap magazines."

"I am too lazy to get down and read a book. I have read three or four short stories by Catholic authors."

"I'm taking engineering."

"I was no lover of books before coming here."

"I do not know a good book when I see one."

"My extra time is devoted to the classics."

"I have always heard that they are dry."

"I read for pleasure, not for spiritual benefit."

"I have too much accounting to prepare."

"Perhaps I am too practical in a material sense."

"I did not like the few I have read."

"They are neither interesting nor plentiful."

The general summary of answers to this question is as follows:

Lack of time	219
"I don't read much"	63
"They are uninteresting"	48
Lack of interest	40
Unfamiliarity with authors	35
Miscellaneous	33

—NDS—

The Pamphlet Rack.

The introduction of the pamphlet rack gave a new impetus to Catholic reading. It is supported by voluntary contributions, and its cost has mounted at a prodigious rate. Its maintenance cost thirty dollars a month the first year, one hundred dollars a month the second year, three hundred a month the third year, and seven hundred a month this, the fourth year.

HENRY W. EICHER BAPTIZED

Mr. Henry Watts Eicher, for the past two years connected with The Greater Notre Dame Movement and at present Secretary to the Rev. James A. Burns, C. S. C., President Emeritus, was baptized in the College Chapel Saturday morning, November 15, by the Rev. J. C. McGinn, C.S.C. Mr. George Ryan, Secretary to the President, Rev. M. J. Walsh, C.S.C., and Mrs. Mary V. Rogerson were the sponsors. Immediately after the baptismal ceremony Mr. Eicher received his first Holy Communion at a mass celebrated in the Log Chapel by the Rev. John Cavanaugh, C.S.C., former President of Notre Dame. The Rev. James A. Burns, C.S.C., assisted at the ceremonies.

THE CHICAGO RENDEZVOUS

Students who are in Chicago over the week-end for the Northwestern game are invited to attend the Victory Dance to be given at the Edgewater Beach Hotel, from 9 until 1, by the Notre Dame Club of Chicago and the Chicago Club of Notre Dame. Subscriptions for the affair are three dollars and fifty cents the couple and may be paid at the door.

Prior to the dance there will be a dinner given at the same hotel, at which Coach Knute Rockne and his players, and Coach Thistlewaite and his Northwestern squad will be guests of honor. At the dinner, Mayor Dever of Chicago will be the host and Mrs. Dever, the hostess. The charge to attend the dinner will be three dollars and fifty cents the plate. This also includes admission to the Victory Dance. The dinner is scheduled to start at 6:30.

Both the Chicago Club of Notre Dame and the Notre Dame Club of Chicago are working hard to insure a successful evening. Edward Gould, LL. B., '23, is general chairman of the affair.

The dinner and dance are not limited to students, but are open to their friends.

PERTINENT FACTS

THE SCHOLASTIC is endeavoring to give a comprehensive news review of Notre Dame. It cannot fully succeed in this without a certain amount of coöperation. Because it is a weekly magazine and not a newspaper it must know of most things in advance. If you want the affair that you are interested in given adequate publicity tell the News Editor about it in time, so that he may assign the story to one of the staff. Remember that the editor is not a detective. Many things occur that will be missed on the reporter's beats; coöperate with us by telling us about it.

You have read pleas in the past for writers for THE SCHOLASTIC. What we need and want on the News Staff are fellows who wish to learn to write facts in a clear, interesting manner—news. Such practical experience will be invaluable in the future, whether the student goes into journalism or business. Past experience is not necessary but energy is. There is still room on the staff for a number of Freshmen. Details regarding credit in English for this work are included elsewhere in this issue. Break into activities and print with THE SCHOLASTIC. Communicate with the News Editor, 4 Sorin Sub, or during the afternoon in the Publication Office, Corby Sub.

THE SCHOLASTIC OFFERS ENGLISH CREDIT

Is your mark low in your English class? Would you like to have an additional mark to put away in the little blue book against the time when you are hard-pressed or the fount of inspiration is dry? If so, write something in your best vein for the SCHOLASTIC—story, essay, or verse. Your English professor will accept anything that you get published in place of any theme he has assigned you. He may even give you an extra mark for it because of the credit you reflect upon the class of which you are a member. The English professors have been interviewed on this subject and promise generous coöperation with this plan.

THE DEBATERS GATHER

Father Bolger addressed approximately 50 aspirants for the debating team Tuesday evening. The question that will be debated this year was announced to be "Resolved, that Indiana should adopt in principle the Wisconsin plan of Unemployment Insurance."

Father Bolger reviewed the position of Notre Dame in debating, and expressed the hope that this year's record would be more decisive than last—two debates won and two lost. The debating coach remarked that Notre Dame had won 83 per cent of its debates in the last 20 years.

Tryouts will begin December 14, at which time ten-minute speeches, either affirmative or negative, will be delivered by those attempting to make the team.

NORTHWESTERN EXCURSION

Five hundred railroad and game tickets have been sold by Bill Sheehan for the South Shore Excursion to the Northwestern game in Chicago Saturday. Special cars for South Benders will leave at 8:25 and 10:30 Saturday morning. A Student Special will leave at 10:30. This Special will leave Chicago for the return trip at 11:15 Saturday night, although return tickets may be used on any car leaving before then.

The Interurban trains will come into Chicago on the I. C., going direct to the 12th St. station, near the Grant Park Stadium.

**ST. MARY'S HOLDS SISTER—
BROTHER AFFAIR**

The much abused James Crusinberry, who is pressing Wingfoot in the Journalist Popularity contest, would have had nervous prostration Wednesday night if he could have seen the large delegation of bashful he-men cautiously approaching St. Mary's. By some occult power, the St. Mary's Seniors lured their boy firends over for a dance in the Club House, and the less fortunate girls had to be content with inviting their brothers. The Big Five orchestra and a buffet lunch added to the misery of the unfortunate fellows who had to go.

THE FORUM MEETS

On Wednesday evening, November 19, the Forum met in the Law Building for its usual meeting. Welsh and Hintz, the masters, set forth their respective views on the question of the justice in the execution of Major Andre. The meeting was then thrown open to general discussion. The affirmative was generally conceded the argument.

The Forum delights in its fortunate acquisition of the services of Mr. Mark Nolan, winner of the state oratorical contest last year, as its critic. The Program Committee has arranged very interesting programs for the rest of the year. Among the celebrities to appear is Mr. Manion who will address the Forum at its first meeting in December.

ENGINEERING LECTURE

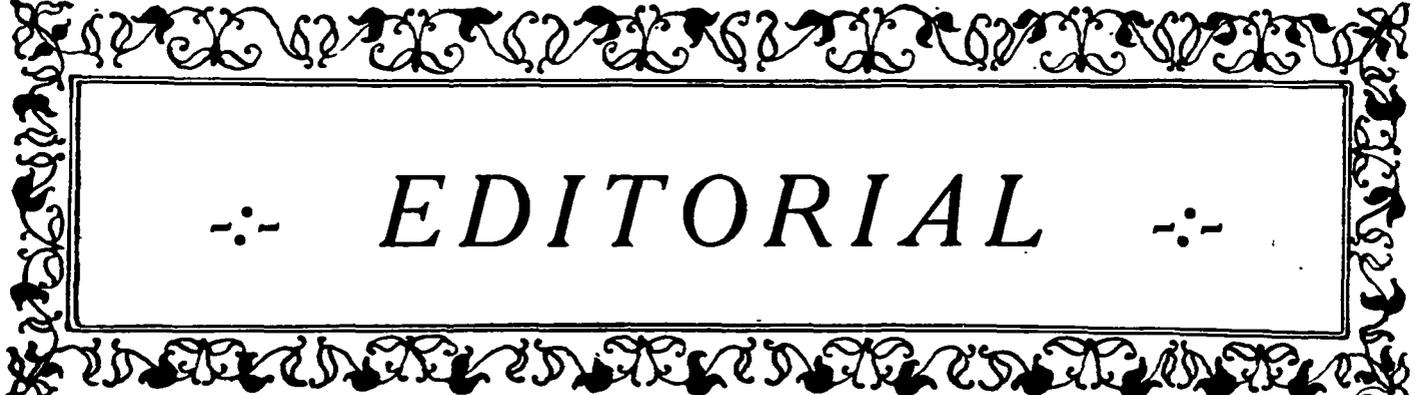
The Engineers were addressed Thursday afternoon in Washington Hall by Mr. Fr. R. Fishback of the Electrical Controller and Manufacturing Company, on the subject "Motor Control and Control Apparatus."

ENGINEERS MEET: RECEIVE CUP

The Engineers Club had its first regular meeting of the year Wednesday night. One hundred and thirty men were present at the meeting, held in Carroll recreation room. Reports were read on the successful smoker, the decoration, and the financial status. Committees were appointed for the year. Membership cards for the year were put on sale. George Bischoff, S. A. C. chairman, presented the club with the cup which was awarded to the engineering building as the best decorated hall on the campus during Homecoming.

Professor Smith, dean of the Mining Engineers, gave an instructive talk on iron. Father George Finnegan was the last speaker of the evening. Father Finnegan spoke of his experiences as chaplain during the war, and described many of the feats of engineering he saw in Europe.

Doughnuts and cider were served after the meeting. Bill Jasper also gave a number of interesting piano selections.



-:- EDITORIAL -:-

THANKSGIVING

WE who dwell under the shadow of the Golden Dome have much to be thankful for on this Thanksgiving Day. Since the days of the hardy founders of Notre Dame who knelt in the snow to thank their Master down until the present, the men of Notre Dame have been ever the recipients of God's special favors.

Let us then, in union with the legion of Notre Dame men who have gone before, raise our eyes on Thanksgiving Day to the Golden Dome, and through the sweet agency of the Lady of the Twin Lakes, thank God from Whom all our mercies and benefits flow.

—J. W. S.

MR. JOHN JAY CHAPMAN

IF there be such a thing as an aristocracy, one would expect to find it at Harvard, yet the expressions of it emanating from that institution within the past twelve months have been of the common variety. The *Lampoon* sinned twice last year, and its blasphemies were explained away as the work of irresponsible students; but this time it is a distinguished graduate of Harvard, an overseer no less, who is the offender. In a letter made public during the past week, John Jay Chapman enters a rather tardy protest against the election of four years ago of a Catholic as one of the seven fellows of Harvard. He states as his reason: "The outspoken purpose of the Roman Church is to contral American education. . . Liberalism presupposes free discussion, and under present conditions of Protestant speechlessness the presence of a Roman Catholic on the governing board of a non-Catholic college or school makes it impos-

sible for the board to discuss this great issue frankly."

The thorn in the side of Mr. Chapman is a recent address of Cardinal O'Connell at the dedication of a church in the vicinity of Harvard. With amazing puerility he twists the text of the Cardinal's address to make him appear guilty of the grave historical error of declaring that Harvard was once a Catholic college, and then he chides His Eminence for historical inaccuracy. No better rebuke to the spirit that dictated this churlish letter can be found than the words of wisdom which provoked it, and we can be grateful to Mr. Chapman for calling wide attention to the address. We quote the paragraphs in which His Eminence paid his respects to Harvard and stated once more the Church's unswerving fidelity to truth:

"There is a special significance, and a striking one, too, in the juxtaposition of the Catholic Church, the daughter of a great old mother of the ages, standing, as it were, vis-a-vis with a great temple of learning. That it is a great school no one needs to deny; and no one can deny, in honesty, in truth and in justice that it is a great school. It is a school where millions have been poured out generously, and let us give full credit for that generosity.

"It is a wonderful tribute to the fine spirit of the American people. And, of course, it means more than that. It means devotion of teachers and professors who, day by day and year by year, give the best that is in them for the pursuit of truth. And the boys and the young men who come from the ends of the world gather here with the one desire—to get what they can of the truth.

"Now, we have no desire (it would be very petty and small on our part) to try to minimize the tremendous influence of this great university. It is a tremendous influence. It cannot help it. And in very many things it deserves it. Of that there can be no question.

"In a certain sense we are proud that there is such a tremendously large, influential institution

here in this state. Why should we not be? But, (there is always a 'but'), when some centuries ago some of the great schools of Europe, like Oxford and Cambridge, forgot their duty to their mother they carried on a campaign for truth, and in many cases carried it on nobly. In scientific work and in some cases historic work, and in letters, in literature and in the arts, they have done noble work.

"Of course, they have just missed the real thing. They have some truth. They have not all the truth, unfortunately. They have missed the way because they have cut off the light. Now, we are not saying that in any spirit of enmity. We are only saying it in a deep spirit of regret. And, therefore, the presence in this locality of this edifice, this temple of God, which represents the whole truth, and which gives the lesson every day that life can really dispense with every other sort of half truth, that wealth is not all, that not even learning is all; that is the whole story, and without, the rest is a mere shadow.

"It (Harvard) looks fine, it has a certain usefulness, it does without doubt a very large amount of good in a civic way. Not always, because, of course without first principles, one has to be very careful even in civic pride. But, nevertheless, let us be true and say that if, with all that she is in possession of, this school had the old faith of Christ, for which she was supposed to have been erected, her influence would be supreme, tremendous and we would be the first to gather round her.

"But, of course, that probably never will be. When an institution, like men, departs from fundamental principles, the fundamental principle upon which the basis of truth must be created, it is very apt to go its way for centuries. It may hold some truth, but unfortunately and fatally, not all truth.

"So it is well that right here—face to face with this justly famous school, with its gathering of noble, learned men, with its buildings and its collection of treasures, intellectual and artistic—it cannot be denied that face to face with all this, which, after all, is of this world, here should stand the living proof that this is not all of life, that without wealth or learning or position or influence, these people and these priests stand the daily test.

"They can look poverty in the face and smile. They can look at all the collection of wealth the world can gather, and still smile. It is not the whole thing, and they can very well do without it all if they have this (meaning faith and the church). That, in a few words, is what this church stands for. Not an enemy, not in protest even, but as a constant reminder that, after all, the foundation stone is Christ and without that, although the building may look beautiful, it is bound to totter."

AS WINTER COMES

OLD MAN WINTER, unheralded and unannounced, "blew in" on us this week, bag, baggage and all. And judging from the furious way he swept down on the campus and across the two lakes, sending a poignant chill through everyone with his freezing cold breath of salutation, he is prepared to make his visit a rather lengthy one.

Long and early winters, such as this one promises to be, are conducive to study. This is so not only for the scholars but also for the students who ordinarily are not so studious. It seems that the howling winds, the blinding blizzards, and the eddying snow flakes as they drift up against the window pane, when contrasted with the warmth and solitude of a student's room, have a certain fascination that creates an atmosphere for study and reflection. Students confining themselves on the campus will prove this amply enough. —R. C. C.

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A Commander-in-Chief

ARTHUR BARRY O'NEILL, C.S.C., LL. D.

A RELIGIOUS ORDER or Congregation is organized on the military plan. Just as an army consists of a number of divisions, each commanded by an independent general, so does the Congregation of Holy Cross comprise a number of



Very Rev. Gilbert Français, C. S. C.

religious "provinces,"—the United States, Canada, France, and Eastern Bengal, each of them ruled by an independent Provincial Superior. As the army division is made up of a number of separate regiments, each under the immediate command of a colonel, so the religious province consists of a number of houses or establishments, each ruled by a local superior. Finally, as all the colonels and all the generals of the army are subject to the commander-in-chief, so, in the Congregation, all superiors, local and provincial, owe allegiance and obedience to the Superior General. Subject, indeed, to his religious sway are not only ordinary local and provincial superiors, but even those members of the Congregation whose purely

ecclesiastical rank is higher than his own. Such members are the Rt. Rev. Bishop Legrand, of Dacca, Eastern Bengal; and the Rt. Rev. Bishop Hurth, of Nueva Segovia, in the Phillipine Islands.

As Notre Dame is the Mother House, the military headquarters, of the Congregation of Holy Cross, and the University is its principal establishment in the United States province, it is eminently appropriate that the students should possess some definite information concerning, not only the rank and file of the Holy Cross army—their professors, rectors, prefects, Fathers and Brothers,—but also that army's commander-in-chief, the Very Rev. Gilbert Français. The editor of the SCHOLASTIC was, accordingly, well inspired when he requested the present writer to give his readers a brief sketch of so important a personage in the life of the Congregation on which they rely for their education and culture. That the editor's request is very willingly granted may be judged from this dedication of my latest volume:—"To the Very Rev. Gilbert Français, C. S. C., whose cordial encouragement as congenial friend, even more than his high approval as religious superior, has sweetened and lightened the labor of its writing, this book is affectionately dedicated."

Father Français is a religious veteran who is now in his seventy-sixth year. His sacerdotal Golden Jubilee was celebrated here two years ago, May 25th, 1922. Born in Brittany, the most robustly Catholic of all the provinces of France, his youth and early manhood were spent in his native land, the greater portion of both periods being passed at Holy Cross College, Paris, of which flourishing institution he served for many years as an exceptionally capable and energetic president. At the general chapter of his Congregation, held at Notre Dame in 1892, he was chosen as co-adjutor to the Superior General of that time, the Very Rev. Edward Sorin; and in the following year, on the death of the venerable founder of Notre Dame, he succeeded to his present exalted office, his incumbency being for life.

Early in the present century, anti-clericalism practically disrupted the French province of the Congregation; and, as a consequence, Father Français took up his permanent residence in this country. A religious of profound spirituality, he is deeply imbued with the apostolic sense, and is an ardent advocate of the foreign mission entrusted by the Holy See to the spiritual charge of his community. A typical French Catholic gentleman, of simple tastes, and a somewhat retiring disposition, especially of

late years when numerous physical infirmities have combined to oppress him, he remains withal an effective religious commander, a charming conversationalist, and a litterateur of distinction. Known in his prime as the best preacher to boys in the length and breadth of France, he has rendered, through his intimate knowledge of the psychology of youth, many a service to the students of Notre Dame, and during the past two decades has notably contributed to the progress of the University.

THANKSGIVING

As one turns back to count anew
 The retrospect of other years
 He sees his thanks were frail and few,
 And fewer his vagrant tears.

Not half sufficient is one day
 To offer incense of gratefulness,
 For every hour must we lay
 Down our hearts in happiness.

But now in jovial joy and feast,
 Bowed heads halt the delinquent tongue
 And those among the least
 Are reverent; their songs are sung.

Tomorrow is the golden dawn,
 Therein are men of clean success;
 Thanks for the courage to go on,
 Thanks for their usefulness.

Some gallant god has given much,
 Has strewed the way with gold and gem,
 They only wait for a gentle touch,
 A courageous word to awake them!

—FRANCIS C. MILLER.

Papini as a Biographer of Christ

J. B. P.

The enemies of dogma, the "casters-off," could not have boasted a more typical adherent to individualism than Giovanni Papini. He was the quintessence of their cult, for he mocked at authority, evil, mental or moral. From a mouth frothing with unrepressed pride in self, and indignation at the stupidity of others, he cast invective and vituperation. And lo! the lion has become a lamb.

The author of the "Life of Christ," which has been the sensation of two continents, is too great a man to make a life-work of casting stones at mountains. From his own words it appears that he stood at the base of the mountain (which he hated for being dogmatic) and threw rocks at it. But finally he threw so many stones from the ground around him that he uncovered the free, flower-swept fields. And he marveled at the beauty he had found, and bent his knees, tears of joy flowing from his opened eyes.

Papini says of himself, "...there is a significance not perhaps wholly personal and private in the example of a man who always from his childhood felt a repulsion for all forms of spiritual vassalage and who passed, with disappointments as deep as the enthusiasms had been vivid, through many experiences, the most varied and the most unhackneyed which he could find, who had consumed in himself the ambitions of an epoch unstable and restless as few have been, and who after so many wanderings, ravings and dreamings, drew near to Christ."

These are the words of a man who has tasted what unfettered freedom has to offer, a man who drained the cup of immoderate liberty.

Emerson's individualism was not rabid, but it contained seeds that brought forth rabid fruit. Speaking of the ill-proportioned sacredness which we are prone to attach to the works of a master in a past age, he says, "books are written on it. . . . by men of talent, that is, who start wrong, who set

out from accepted dogmas, not from their own sight of principles."

The cry of Free-Thinkers and Non-Thinkers, is there forcefully expressed. It is the battle call of a tipsy world, shouting to all to leap from the fetters of tradition, to renounce the simple truths learned in the cradle, to mock at law and restraint. "Be individualistic! Be free and unrepressed!" And if trees had ears they would be counselled to tear their roots from the earth, and grow in the air, or on the sea—or anywhere but on the land, where their supreme "ego" is subservient to the absurd laws of nature.

All about us is dogma despised, to such a degree that the very despisers themselves have erected a dogma. Self-expression is the "sine qua non" of life. Now self-expression is a very fine thing, so long as it does express itself. And it is not expressing self when it ignores the fundamental ties of our nature, and rushes pell-mell about expressing such unfettered opinions as the lunatic does when he cries, "Behold, I am another Napoleon!"

The aeronaut is an example of a man who is gloriously free at all times bound in his freedom by laws which are beyond his power either to alter or ignore. His self-expression is limited by the earth. If he would heed the individualistic modernists he would convince himself that since we should follow the unrestrained longings of the "ego," there is no sense in remembering that he is bound to the dogmatic earth. But if he does forget it he is apt to be reminded of it precipitously and rather calamitously. And deep in the wreckage will be a bit of clay, which had but a moment before been a gigantic, defiant "ego."

Chesterton has said, "A nation is not mad because it does extravagant things, if it does them in an extravagant spirit." And that is the point with these super-individualistics. If they want to get down on all fours and grunt like pigs, that is all right, for it is very funny. But if they censure you for laughing at them, and assure you in all seriousness that they are engaged in the very important occupation of being self-

expressive, then you would have every right to slip away and telephone for a padded ambulance.

There are two chief reasons for the sensational reception given to Papini's "Life of Christ." First, it is something new to the jaded reading public, which has been so engrossed with material things that it finds novelty in a work so intensely given to spiritual devotion. High praise to modernism, when such a book should sell because it strikes people as different, not commonplace! The second reason for its vogue is that it is written by one of the greatest of modern Italian writers; it is without exaggeration the product of an artist.

Papini is a realist and a striking one. He compares Christ to a wandering Jew, a thief in the night, a bridegroom; his language paints one vivid picture after another, making frequent use of the simile and metaphor. The author is not in the clouds; but he is a man firmly established on the earth, who turns his eyes only towards the clouds.

In reading the "Life of Christ" one must remember that it was written for the modern thinker who has refused to accept

Christ as a divinity. It strikes the happy medium between pious reflection and historical narration. It moves quickly for a devotional book and its language is vigorous and imaginative.

The keynotes to the book are Love and Hope. The Love is not of our neighbor, of our parents, or of God alone—it is of everything that exists except ourselves and sin. "Hatred toward oneself and love for enemies is the beginning and end of Christianity." Humility and non-resistance are steps toward the almost impossible goal for which Papini hopes—perfection.

"There are but two possibilities: either happiness will never be given to men, or, and this Jesus firmly believed, if happiness could be our ordinary and eternal possession there is no other price for attaining it but to change our course, transform our souls, create new values, deny the old, answer the 'No' of holiness to the false 'Yes' of the world."

The "Life of Christ" is a great book, a great Catholic book, and its influence is being widely felt. To the un-Christian it may mean the hope of salvation—to the Christian it may mean salvation.

THANKSGIVING

Lord, I go singing in my pain,
 For what was loss is now my gain;
 For when Thou gavest too much to me,
 Lord I had forgotten Thee.

—WILLIAM FOLEY.

The Season of Cynics

JAMES E. ARMSTRONG, '25.

THANKSGIVING, the season of cynics, has again drawn our attention to the peculiarities of our ancestors. Statistics will again be brought forth by the sophisticated to show that the multitude is milling around the little end of the horn of plenty. The toll of accidents, of war, of disease, will again be exhumed to dampen the ardor of the few remaining idiosyncrats who believe in the providence of God. Can't you imagine your neighbor's sarcastic query, "My Gawd, Henry thankful with them taxes?"

Youth, interpreted as the population of educational institutions, is behind the movement to observe Thanksgiving as long as it remains a local holiday and the occasion for dinners and dances. Employees also form a solid support for the day, as an opportunity to regain in some measure their underpaid services, and to spend two weeks wages on turkey and entertainment. The grocery store proprietors will never oppose Thanksgiving because the psychology of the occasion demands that each individual eat more food than he would ordinarily consume in a week. For this reason, too, the institution has the backing of the Medical Associations. The President welcomes the opportunity to issue an ex cathedra statement which will furnish no incriminating material to his gentlemen opponents. So it would seem that Thanksgiving as a national affair is permanently fixed.

But as Easter has become the recognized occasion for the display of styles, and Christmas has assumed the role of Gorgon for the unfortunate individual with a large circle of relatives or friends, so Thanksgiving has become simply the nemesis of the turkey and the sole justification of the cranberry. Church services, which tended to maintain some of the original reason for Thanksgiving, have been gradually discontinued. Pa had to kill the turkey: Ma had to make the pies, sauce, salads, set the table and be at home when the folks from out

of town arrived cheerfully, despite a week's fast. The younger members of the family don't get up till noon because of excess fatigue, caused by supplementing the day behind a counter with a night at the special ball, given in observance of Thanksgiving.

And after all why should we be thankful? Despite popular opinion, education involves the expenditure of real labor. And for what? That we may be better prepared to expend more labor when we are battered from post to post in the present industrial order. We should be thankful for our intelligence! This mooted question resolves largely upon the individual's own estimate. But even educators teach us that what we learn only serves to emphasize for us how much more there is to be learned. Education is the principal agent in modern unrest. Whoever said, "Ignorance is bliss" rang the bell for a good cigar. Why should we rejoice over worldly possessions? If we haven't any, naturally there is no reason. If we have, there is the haunting fear that it is only a short time till our nephews and nieces will be listening eagerly to our will. Wedding announcements, birthdays, Christmas, loans,—let us praise the noble institution of friendship. Thank God for our government! For Senator Fall, for Governor McCrae, for Ed Jackson, for Hell 'n Maria, for the virtuous sobriety of society under the 18th Amendment, let us cheer heartily, and close the meeting with a big hurrah for our taxes.

These are the grounds upon which the gentle cynic bases his contempt for Thanksgiving. He does not let it prevent him from taking the holiday, but as for assembling to adore God—illogical, unreasonable, hypocritical, to put it mildly. From this we would judge that the originators of the day must have enjoyed all the comforts of life with none of its discomforts, to so thoughtfully set aside a time for recognition of blessings. One would never think, to hear the modern objections, that the first Thanksgiving dinner was served in a style utterly abhorrent to Emily Post; that no one who parted his hair so carefully in the morning was sure that some delight-

ed guest wouldn't insert between the part and the substrata a layer of New England tomahawk; that the tails of many of the Prince Alberts bore the untailed rents of rather pointed hints from the Indians; that those present needed no Joseph to interpret for them the dream of the seven lean kine; that the colonial janitors were even more heartless about heat than the modern edition of the species; that the Douglas was the favorite means of transportation; that turkeys were hard to get, not so much on account of price, as on account of the red-skin taste for white meat; that the dances were not exactly a social affair from the colonists' viewpoint; that most of the

guests were not there because they preferred the American plan to the European.

One wonders if a person who compares the hardships of our present restaurants, high prices, poor street car service, overheated and overcrowded theatres and churches (the churches are overheated, the theatres overcrowded) with the days of colonial life when Thanksgiving came into being, can still wonder at the appearance here and there of an individual who finds something in his life which he feels comes as a gift from God. If he can still grumble with a clear conscience, and derive pleasure from it, he at least has that to be thankful for.



*His Hour
His Day*



"Out There Somewhere."*

Henry Herbert Knibbs in "American Magazine."

*As I was hiking past the woods, the cool and sleepy summer woods,
I saw a guy a-talking to the sunshine in the air,
Thinks I, he's going to have a fit, I'll stick around and watch a bit;
But he paid no attention, hardly knowing I was there.*

*He must have been a college guy, for he was talking big and high,—
The trees were standing all around as silent as a church—
A little closer I could see, he was manufacturing poetry
Just like a mocker sitting on a pussy-willow perch.*

*I squatted down and rolled a smoke, and listened to each word he spoke;
He never stumbled, reared or broke; he never missed a word,
And though he was a Bo like me, he'd been a gent once, I could see;
I ain't much strong on poetry, but this is what I heard:*

*"We'll dance a merry saraband from here to drowsy Samarcand.
Along the sea, across the land, the birds are flying south,
And you, my sweet Penelope, out there somewhere you wait for me
With buds or roses in your hair and kisses on your mouth.*

*"The mountains are all hid in mist, the valley is like amethyst,
The poplar leaves they turn and twist; oh silver, silver green!
Out there somewhere along the sea a ship is waiting patiently,
While up the beach the bubbles slip with white afloat between.*

*"The tide-hounds race far up the shore—the hunt is on! The breakers roar,
(Her spars are tipped with gold and o'er her deck the spray is flung;)
The buoys that rollic in the bay; they nod the way, they nod the way!
The hunt is up! I am the prey! The hunter's bow is strung!*

*"Out there somewhere," says I to me. "By gosh! I guess that's poetry!
"Out there somewhere—Penelope—with kisses on her mouth!"
And then thinks I. "Oh college guy, your talk it gets me in the eye,
The North is creeping in the air, the birds are flying South."*

*Yet then the sun was shining down, a-blazing on the little town,
A mile or so 'way down the track, a-dancing in the sun.
But somehow as I waited there, there came a shiver in the air;
"The birds are flying South" he says, "the winter has begun."*

*Says I, "Then let's be on the float. You certainly have got my goat;
You make me hungry in my throat for seeing things that's new.
Out there somewhere we'll ride the range, a-looking for the new and strange,
My feet are tired and need a change. Come on! It's up to you!*

*"There ain't no sweet Penelope somewhere that's longing much for me,
But I can smell the blundering sea and hear the rigging hum;
And I can hear the whispering lips that fly before the out bound ships,
And I can hear the breakers on the sand a calling 'Come!'"*

*And then that slim poetic guy he turned and looked me in the eye;
".....It's overland and overland and overseas to—where?"
"Most anywhere that isn't here," I says. His face went kind of queer;
"The place we're in is HERE. The other place is THERE."*

*He smiled, though, as my eye caught his, "Then what a lot of THERE there is
To go and see, and go and see and go and see some more."
He did a fancy step or two. Says he "I think I'll go with you—"
.....Two moons, and we were basking in the straits at Singapore.*

*Around the world and back again; we saw it all. The mist and rain
In England and the hot old plain from Needles to Berdoo.
We kept a-rambling all the time. I rustled grub, he rustled rhyme—
Blind-baggage, hoof it, ride or climb—we always put it through.*

*Just for a con I'd like to know (yes, he crossed over long ago;
And he was RIGHT, believe me, Bo! if somewhere in the South,
Down where the clouds lie on the sea, he found his sweet Penelope
With buds of roses in her hair and kisses on her mouth.*

* Reprinted by request.

BOOK LEAVES

JOSEPH P. BURKE, '25

No Catholic layman ever held a more distinguished place in public life than the late Maurice Francis Egan. His connection with and interest in Notre Dame have always made his books popular at the University. "The Recollections of a Happy Life" has just been published by Doran and we are sure it is everything the publishers say of it. "It is a delightful scroll of memories filled with interesting names, amusing anecdotes and a sturdy Americanism that knows no compromise, either as a loyal citizen or good Catholic."

—NDS—

Students of Spanish will be interested in the November number of "Inter-America," on file at the Library. This magazine, published in New York on behalf of closer relations between the English-speaking and Spanish-speaking Americas, uses the Spanish text throughout. The current issue, besides presenting articles by Hillaire Belloc, Agnes Repplier, Christopher Morley and W. J. Henderson, contains a sketch of Lincoln ("Si Lincoln Regresera") by Professor Charles Phillips of the College of Arts and Letters. A short biographical sketch of Professor Phillips, from "Who's Who in America" also appears in the magazine.

—NDS—

"The Nation" announces its fifth annual poetry prize of \$100 for the best poem by an American poet submitted between Thanksgiving and New Year's Day. The judges of this year's contest are the editors of *The Nation*.

—NDS—

Joseph Conrad's letters are now being collected by G. Jean-Aubry and will be published by the celebrated romancer's American publishers, *Doubleday, Page & Co.* The editor is desirous of securing letters from whoever possesses them.

—NDS—

P. J. Kennedy & Sons announce the forthcoming publication of a new book by E. Boyd Barrett, S. J. "The New Psychology" is the title of this work by the eminent Irish Jesuit.

—NDS—

A volume of stories, each of which was chosen for its capture of a wood of terror, has been brought out by Appleton's under the title "23 Stories." Among the authors included are Edith Wharton, Thomas Burke, Robert Hichens, William

Butler Yeats, John Masefield, Walter de la Mare, Conan Doyle, and Somerset Maugham.

—NDS—

"Curious Chapters in American History" by Humphry J. Desmond discusses some of the more interesting moot questions in our American history. His topics range from the question of naming America to the relation of events of "Our Livelier Presidential Campaigns."

—NDS—

The first number of "*The Commonweal*," the latest Catholic weekly review of literature, The Arts and Public Affairs, contains articles by G. K. Chesterton, Theodore Maynard, Bertram C. A. Windle, Hoffman Nickerson and Henry Longan Stuart.

—NDS—

The interest aroused by **THE SCRIBBLERS** in the one-act play as a field for literary endeavor makes the publication of twenty-five contributions of this type in a volume entitled "One-Act Plays for Stage and Study" interesting. This collection includes American, English and Irish authors with nine plays never before published. Among the famous playwrights who are represented are: Arthur Hopkins, Zoe Akins, Sir Arthur Pinero, Augustus Thomas, Henry Arthur Jones, A. A. Milne, Hartley Manners, Rachel Crothers and George Ade. The preface is by Augustus Thomas, and Samuel French is the publisher.

—NDS—

"Every Husband Should Read This Book," is the motto the publishers have adopted for Harry Leon Wilson's new novel, "Professor How Could You!"

—NDS—

Anyone who has heard Will Rogers lecturing under the auspices of Flo Ziegfeld on things contemporary will rejoice over the publication of his refreshing, pungent humor in a volume called "Illiterate Digest." This is not the first appearance of Mr. Rogers meditations on our social, moral and economic life for he has been contributing weekly articles to the *New York Times* for the past few years. With his shrewd wit and the caustic tongue which has won him stardom in the theatre, he steps in where editors fear to tread. His subjects range from President Coolidge, Al Smith, Sande, and Dempsey, to chewing gum, soup and the three mile limit.

-:- SPORTS -:-

"Rockmen" Crush Nebraska



HARRY STUHLDTREHER

Rockne's great fighting team continued its irresistible drive and crushed their old Cornhusker jinx in one of the greatest games ever played on Cartier Field. The Western nemesis went down before one of the most brilliant attacks ever unfolded on any gridiron. The determined Irish literally sailed all over the red-jerseyed Hoodoo of the West to have them bring back to their hopeful rooters a 34-6 defeat. It was an imposing victory for the Fighting Irish and dispelled any doubt as to the greatness of the "Wonder Team."

It was the final home appearance of the most famous backfield quartet in the game and the husky Nebraskans were powerless to stop those revenging Irish streaks. Not only was their



ELMER LAYDEN

running attack at its best, but they also released one of the best aerial charges of the season. The ball was tossed in every conceivable fashion and completely immersed the Husker defense. It demonstrated to the full the great power of the Notre Dame overhead play and the reason it is so dreaded.

It was a hard fought struggle throughout with both teams giving their all. The great battle which this wonder team gave to dispel the jinx of the past two seasons was a fitting climax to their many performances on the local

STATISTICS

First downs: Nebraska 3, Notre Dame, 24. Yards from scrimmage: Nebraska, 56; Notre Dame, 465. Kick offs: Nebraska, 3 for 138 yards; Notre Dame, 5 for 250. Kick offs returned: By Nebraska, 4 for 26 yards; Notre Dame, 3 for 44 yards. Punts: Nebraska, 11 for 410 yards; Notre Dame, 5 for 184 yards. Punts returned: Nebraska, 1 for 2 yards; Notre Dame, 3 for 17 yards. Passes completed: Nebraska, 1 for 20 yards; Notre Dame, 8 for 101 yards. Incomplete passes: Nebraska, 6; Notre Dame, 3. Penalties: Nebraska, 4 for 20 yards; Notre Dame, 3 for 20 yards. Losses: Neb., 18 yards; Notre Dame, 6 yards. Fumbles: Neb. 1; Notre Dame, 1.

gridiron. Every man entered into the spirit of the day—the defeat of Nebraska and the annexing of the national championship.

The jinx loomed up formidably when in the first period a sudden "break" gave Nebraska the first score of the game. But those fighting demons came back in the second quarter to score two touchdowns and lead 14 to 6 at the half. Stuhldreher slid over for the first while Don Miller ambled through for the second counter.

Not content with this the resolute battlers crash-

ed through the line, pranced around the ends and just about passed the Nebraskans crazy to cross the goal three times in the final half. Don Miller, who played one of



"JIMMIE" CROWLEY

his best games, aided his fighting mates to continue to their decisive victory by rushing to the Cornhusker goal for the third marker. Soon after the brilliant Jimmy Crowley grabbed a pass and dodged sixty yards for another score. Then the driving Elmer Layden swung into intense action and pounded down through the weary line for the final score of the game.

Every man on Notre Dame's greatest team played his best game. It was their final charge on the old field and they redeemed themselves with glory over their great foe. These Huskers fought a losing battle against the greatest team of the year. Fight they did, but their's was a hopeless task once the striving Irish team swung into action. Those "jinxmen" found Rockne's lads at the peak of their efforts and they could be denied by no grid team in the country. "Wonder Team" they are, and proudly may they wear their crown.



DON MILLER



THE SPORTFEST

LES HEGELE, '26

The great Illini grid machine has skidded somewhat into the discard, and the colorful record of the dashing Mr. Grange has also been somewhat marred. Now we wonder if that outfit was really as great as it was thought to be. Maybe so, but things point differently!

The Bull Dog bit and the Princeton Tiger was the victim of that bite by a score something like 10-0. The Tiger didn't have the now famous "34-0" drive to smother the Blue team and as a result has lost its bid for the Big Three championship.

Chicago was unaccustomed to the fighting actions of the Purple warriors and but for the handy toe of young Mr. Curley the Northwestern men might have seen a happier ending to their great struggle. This Mr. Baker of the Evanston school seems to be quite a demon on the gridiron, but it remains to be seen how far he can go against our own Ntaional Championship this Saturday.

Due to the Illini's great flop and the close victory of the Maroons, Coach Stagg's team seems well on its way to a Big Ten championship. This is something unusual at the Chicago school, and a somewhat different result than predicted.

POST-GAME STATEMENTS

Notre Dame Gym, South Bend, Ind.—

Fred Dawson: "I expected a hard battle. We had it. We fought and we were beaten by the greatest football team I have ever seen."

Henry F. Schulte: "I never saw such a team. They played wonderfully. It was some consolation to a Nebraskan who is a real lover of football to see such playing for the sake of the game itself. Nebraska had not been able to work for two weeks and that of course handicapped them but this is not offered as an alibi. We were beaten and probably would have been with more scrimmage. It is not Nebraska's year. It certainly is Notre Dame's. I know our boys did not play with the high spirit

and fight that marked the contest with Illinois."

Lee Scherer, end coach: "Our worst licking. But it was administered by the greatest team ever."

Knute Rockne smiled. He had said before the game what victory would mean. He has victory.—*Omaha World Herald.*

NEBRASKA'S TRIBUTE

Tonight Notre Dame stands where Notre Dame deserves to stand, where it had stood all this season, as the greatest football team in the Republic, possibly the greatest football eleven of all times.

Rockne hasn't only a marvelous backfield, the smoothest, most beautifully functioning quartet ever assembled, but he has just such an entire first eleven. He has a second eleven that against Nebraska seemed able to accomplish every thing of which his first eleven was capable, and that is saying all the cunning movements, all the tremendous driving attacks, all the crafty navigation of the air that is known to football. He has too, Don Miller, as mighty as Grange and cleverer. He has too, Layden, who late in the game beat Nebraska at its own traditional style of play—plunging. In a series of consecutive charges at the right of center, he advanced the ball more than thirty yards for a touchdown.

Before Layden's feat, the Notre Dame scoring had been either directly on a passing play or on short end-runs, or plunges immediately following a breath-taking pass to the great Miller, or his almost equally talented mate, Crowley, a pass which the quarterback genius Stuhldreher always hurled with expert rifleman accuracy. There had been intermittent attacks at the line, which had brought more than usual success; then Layden essayed the consistent smashing game, and found little to smash—*Frederick Ware in Omaha World-Herald.*

Not which man, but how many, is the query of campus All-American fans.

NORTHWESTERN GAME WILL BE PLAYED ON GRANT PARK FIELD

Northwestern University last night announced that the Northwestern-Notre Dame game to be played Saturday afternoon, November 22, will be staged at the Grant Park stadium instead of Northwestern Field in Evanston. Prof. O. F. Long, chairman of Northwestern University Athletic Committee, in making the announcement said that the demand by both Northwestern and Notre Dame Alumni for seats has been so heavy, the seating capacity at the Evanston field will be wholly inadequate.

"Inasmuch as the Big Ten Conference has already given permission both to Northwestern University and to the University of Chicago to hold occasional games in the Grant Park Stadium in the City of Chicago, our committee at Northwestern thought it wise to meet the demand of both the Notre Dame and Northwestern alumni for seats at this contest by transferring the game to the larger arena. Our seating capacity at Northwestern Field is actually only 12,000 and hence to keep both 'families'—the Notre Dame and the Purple—in good humor and to meet a certain public appeal for seats which we cannot hope to meet otherwise, the athletic committee in conference this evening decided to transfer the contest from Evanston to Grant Park."

THE LAST TRIP ON THE FOOTBALL SCHEDULE

Next Wednesday amid the general student departure for Thanksgiving our National Champions leave on their last scheduled football trip to play Carnegie Tech, Saturday, in Pittsburg. As a Thanksgiving treat the squad will see on Thursday its first football game of the season, the Pitt-Penn game in Pittsburg.

Following the game with Carnegie Tech the football squad will be entertained at a banquet to be given by the Notre Dame alumni of Pittsburgh. This affair will officially close the football season for Notre Dame.

THE ARMY POINTER LOOKS BACK ON THAT NOTRE DAME AFFAIR

Regardless of what the newspapers had to say about our game against Notre Dame—the one big thing they all overlooked was—"the team didn't know when to quit." Army teams may come and go but this year's bunch will live in the memory of all who sat and watched them against Notre Dame as—A TEAM—eleven men with one idea—play the game as a team. Nobody stood out as a star but everybody stood out as a member of the "1200 Mule Team."

Wonders are not worked in a day, a week, a month, or a year; but wait until the end of the season and then you will have something to "crow over." Our "1200 Mule Team" is going to make good for you—"Corps of Cadets."

We have no alibis for the defeat at Notre Dame's hands—all we are sorry for is, that we don't occupy a position on their schedule a few weeks further on so that the few minor kinks in our team could be taken out and we would show them.

Will any of you ever forget the work done by each and every man who played in that game? Who was it crawled on their hands and knees back into position after a play? It wasn't your team, Mr. Cadet. Who was it that was on his feet, fighting, tearing, and battering his way along at the end of the game? That was your team, Mr. Cadet....

There is no doubt, however, that every lecturer for the next generation on "coöperation and team work as a means to obtain results and attain a common end," will cite the case Stuhldreher, Crowley, Layden, and Miller as the greatest example of this art.

THE CLEVELAND NEWS

"Go West, young man!" said Horace Greeley years ago. Now in the autumn of 1924, Walter Camp—no longer so young—finds he must come West to find the real stars for his annual All-American football team. For many seasons the Eastern universities have supplied the major portion of the stars selected by Camp. But it is different this season.

The East has no great outstanding stars. But they are numerous in the middle West. Notre

Dame offers for public inspection such players as: Crowley, Stuhldreher, Miller, Layden and Walsh, all worthy of All-American honors. Illinois has Red Grange and Frank Rokusek. Chicago points with pride to "Five Yards" McCarthy and Harry Thomas. Michigan has Benny Friedman and Minnesota has Lidberg. At Iowa are Parkin and Hancock.

Match them in the East if you can, Mr. Camp.

FROSH TRIM TWIN CITY A. C.

The Freshman team last Sunday defeated the Twin City Athletic Club team in a hard fought game played on the Indiana Harbor High school field in East Chicago, by a 12 to 0 score. A crowd of 2,000 fans was at hand to watch the battle. "Chile" Walsh proved that this hero stuff runs in the family for it was he who scored the first touchdown. In the last quarter after a few minutes of play the Frosh carried the ball down towards the enemy goal playing straight football and on a third down "Chile" plunged over the line for the first score of the game. Morrissey tried to add the extra point but his kick was blocked.

The Frosh kicked off and on the second play after the kickoff the East Chicago back fumbled the ball after being thrown hard by Heffernon. Pulaski recovered for the Frosh and went over for a second touchdown. A second attempt for the point after touchdown failed. During the first three quarters both sides fought hard.

The Frosh lost a number of good chances by fumbles. Captain Boeringer had charge of the team.

The Line up of the Frosh:

LE, Krembs; LT, Norman; LG, Leppig; C, Boeringer; RG, Pulaski; RT, McAdams; RE, Byrne; QB, Parisiene; LH, Morrissey; RH, Walsh; FB, Collins.

Substitutions: Chevney for Krembs; Haffernon for Chevney; O'Toole for Polisky; Hanley for Parisiene; Wagner for Collins.

The Freshman team will journey to LaFontaine, Indiana, Thanksgiving Day to meet a formidable opponent.

SOPHOMORE-WALSH GAME ENDS IN TIE

The game between Walsh and Sophomore Halls, Sunday afternoon, to decide the Interhall football championship ended in a 0-0 tie.

The weather was intensely cold hindering both teams from putting forth their best football.

The tie probably will be played off at a later date, though Walsh Hall claims the S. A. C. cup by virtue of its better record. Walsh has won four games and tied one. Sophomore has won two games and tied two.

BOXING RESULTS

The championships in the various classes were decided last Friday evening at the boxing tournament held in the Gym. About 600 students and visitors were at the ringside.

The boxers showed the results of two months of training. There was a decided improvement over the bouts held during the week of Homecoming. Last week's bouts were of high calibre and much credit is due to Charlie Springer who has charge of boxing instruction.

There was some excellent boxing material uncovered for the Notre Dame boxing team and one would find it hard to judge which was the best bout. The boxing team will probably be organized after the Christmas holidays.

The first bout of the evening was between Lorange and Travis, bantam weights. The former won the judges' decision. It was a fast bout of three two-minute rounds.

In the second bout H. Jeffries had the best of D. Harvey for the first two rounds. Jeffries floored Harvey in the second round for the count of eight but the latter came back in the third round and worked hard. It was a good exhibition, the decision going to Jeffries.

Coughlin and Gaughan, heavy weights, created plenty of excitement when they battled to a draw. An extra round gave the decision to Coughlin. The boys traded rights and lefts throughout, but the endurance of the winner gave him the decision in the fourth round. The two look like good bets for the boxing team.

R. Welsh and Schlanskey put on a lightning exhibition with the former taking the judges' decision. It was speed and clever foot work that saved the winner from many blows which would have counted much towards a judge's point.

A fast and furious three round battle was that between McClure and P. Lim. The former won. Lim, a native of China, was expected to grab the title after the exhibition he gave at Homecoming and the judges' decision was in disfavor with many. The bout was called a draw but after an extra round of continued fast work the decision was given to McClure.

Pat Campbell brought his bout with Hinchcliff to a sudden finish when he delivered a right hook to the jaw which floored the latter when but half a dozen blows had been struck.

The lightweight title of the University went to Benny Dipasquali when he defeated Manuel Garcia of the Philippines in the slugfest of the evening. An extra round was needed before a decision could be reached. Both men handled themselves could be reached.

Eddie Anderson, captain of the Notre Dame eleven in 1921, and John McMullen, varsity tackle, served as judges. Pat Canny refereed.

CROSS-COUNTRY NEWS

Notre Dame will be represented for the first time in its history in the Big Ten cross country race to be held Saturday morning at Ann Arbor, Michigan. The race will be over a five mile stretch and six Conference teams are entered in the event. The Notre Dame team is expected to make a creditable showing.

Captain John Wentland, Cox, Nulty and Young with two others, Dolmadge, Master-son or Keats, will represent Notre Dame in the event. Coach Ray Hoyer will accompany the team.

Notre Dame has participated in three events this season. Northwestern barely nosed out the Blue and Gold team while the latter came through and decisively defeated Indiana and the Michigan Aggies by 20 to 35 and 16 to 39 scores, low score winner. Last Saturday morning the team raced the Michigan Aggies over the five mile Notre Dame course. Capt. Wentland established a new record at Notre Dame when he did the five miles in 25 minutes, 35 and 9-10 seconds.

Saturday at Purdue the Indiana cross-country team won the state championship. This may give an idea of the rating of the Notre Dame team when the Irish beat Indiana by such a decisive score.

The cross country team is primarily useful for developing men for track. This year a large number of Freshmen have tried cross-country running. Wednesday afternoon a competitive race was held for these men. The first five to finish were given numerals. The meet had been originally scheduled for Monday afternoon but due to the inclement weather it was necessary to postpone it.

The Frosh have aided in getting the Varsity team into shape, acting as pacers. Some fine material has been uncovered, and among the likely looking prospects are Phelan, Ryan and Fisher.

CAMPUS FULL OF HE-MEN BACK ROCKNE'S 4 HORSEMEN

JAMES CRUSINBERRY

Many followers of football, from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast, are somewhat puzzled to understand the success of Knute Rockne's gridiron machine of Notre Dame, which for the last few years has bumped off some of the big fellows in the east and the middle west. One needs to spend a day at the South Bend institution before he can get a solution to the puzzle.

There is a football atmosphere on the Notre Dame campus that probably doesn't exist anywhere else. One can take a few deep breaths and immediately is infected with it. It's a disease. No hardy young man can attend school there without contracting it. If he can't make the varsity eleven, he may make the second team or the third or the fourth, or clear up to the seventh, for there are seven full sized teams practicing the game every afternoon in the grid season. Then there is a big squad of freshmen and besides that there is a football team for every boarding hall. Seems as if almost all the boys down there are playing the game.

Regular He Men.

But even with a spirit like that, it seems quite extraordinary that a team could be constructed that could go east and beat the Army and Princeton and then come back west and beat Georgia Tech, Wisconsin, and Nebraska. In every one of those major games, the superiority of the Notre Dame team was most pronounced. Experts have declared it the best in the whole country and seem to have good reason.

Probably the real thing behind the wonderful coaching of Mr. Knute Rockne is a pair of khaki pants or a flannel shirt. Seems as if every student down there wears 'em. They are symbols of rugged character. The bell bottom trousers and the tuxedo appear to have no place in the institution. A Notre Dame student might fail completely at an afternoon tea dance, but just turn him loose on a gridiron and he'll raise Ned.

Cake Eaters Not Wanted.

"You see, there is no fussing for the boys down here," was the way Mr. Rockne put it. "No girls here to interest the students so instead of thinking about tea and cakes and dancing, the boys get to playing football as a means of having some fun. Or they may take up boxing. You ought to see them sock each other in the nose in the ring over at the gym. If a fellow doesn't play football or box or do some other line of athletic work here, he's going to have a dull time. And when there're no girls to 'fuss' over in the evenings, there isn't anything for the boys to do but go to their rooms and study. That's the reason,

I think, why most of them are able to keep up in their school work."

Probably that also was the main reason for the khaki pants and the flannel shirts. A student on the Notre Dame campus might be mistaken for a lumber jack in his rough outfit if he didn't have a bundle of books under his arm. But if there were co-eds to "fuss" over the chances are the Notre Dame boys would soon be wearing bell bottom pants and donning tuxedos in the evening. As it is, their minds center on football as soon as they are out of the classroom and football is a rugged game that appeals to young men in khaki pants and flannel shirts.

Knute the King.

Because of their interest and enthusiasm for football, they have made Knute Rockne king of the campus. His influence over the young men of the school is most remarkable, as a recent incident will show. It seems that on a Saturday night, a host of the students attended a theatre in South Bend and as students often do, got into a jam with the actors when the latter resented the disturbance of the play.

When the show was over this host of students assembled in the hotel lobby with intentions of having it out with the actors. Possibly they might have been a bit rough with them in their rugged style. The proprietor of the hotel saw the danger of a riot. He didn't notify the high officials of the university. He picked Knute Rockne. The coach jumped into his car and came down, walked into the midst of the rioting students, and said:

"Hey, you fellows. Go on home."

That was all that was necessary. They went home.

No Extensive Coaching System.

Rockne runs football down there. He does it practically alone. Before a big game he has his pockets full of tickets. Doesn't do any good to see any one else for a ticket or a favor. He runs the business end and he coaches the team. He's the busiest man in the place. He carries as many details in his head as the average business firm has in its books.

There is no extensive coaching system, such as one finds at Harvard or Yale, with its squad of assistant coaches and business representatives. Rockne does it all. He steps out into the midst of eighty or ninety players on the field and personally directs the drill. He can hop into a line position and show a fellow what to do or take the place of any back.

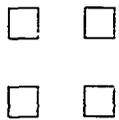
Hours and hours of drill, strategy, the absence of fussing, and the khaki pants and flannel shirts are the things that have made Notre Dame supreme on the gridiron.

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HARRY LEWIS, Mgr.

ROCKNE'S WONDER-TEAMS BUILT ON NOTRE DAME MEN'S VIRILITY

(From the Cass County Courier.)

So many of our readers have asked us the secret of the success in the football world of our Catholic neighbors, that the editor became eager to solve the puzzle and seized upon the heralded Notre Dame-Nebraska game as the golden opportunity. A day at the thriving university at our gates explained the myterious power that has ridden rough-shod over the Army, Princeton, Georgia Tech, Wisconsin, and Nebraska, the sporting elite of the nation.

The key to the puzzle is in the value of virility at Notre Dame. Every man at the school breathes an atmosphere tinged with the pungency of pig-skin. Students going from class to class must constantly be on the lookout for charging teams which represent each of the dormitories on the campus. There are eighty or ninety men out each day in the uniform of the varsity, beside the ubiquitous green jerseys of countless hordes of Freshmen. From this multitude of talent, constantly scanned by the omnipresent and eagle eye of the great Rockne is selected the comparatively small group that each year startles the nation.

There is more than this unanimous application to the game to account for the success of Notre Dame. There is a manliness and ruggedness off the football field that inculcates in the minds of the entire student body the non-stop aggression that tramples heralded bulwarks of defense. Campus externals indicate this spirit. The uniform student dress consists of corduroy breaches and flannel shirt, open at the throat in the Lord Byron manner. Heavy shoes, similar to those worn by laborers finish off the costume. Hats and neckties are almost wholly unknown except upon the occasions when the student body visits the neighboring city of South Bend. Speaking of the heavy shoes brings to mind a humorous anecdote they tell on the campus. A group of men opened the dancing hall known as the Palais Royale. Reverend Walsh, president of Notre Dame, agreed to permit the students to attend occasionally if the manager would agree to certain rules. The conference was over and the president was leaving when the manager suddenly called him back. "We forgot to put in the contract," he said, "provision for payment for damage done to the floor by the students' hobnail shoes."

Many people attribute the rugged masculinity of Notre Dame to the absence of the so-called co-ed. The boys are not distracted from their work and their spare time is not occupied with the frivolous influence felt at co-educational institutions. While this isolation contributes to the strong, manly, sport-loving nature of the students, it does

(Continued on Page 224)

SAYING IT WITH ADJECTIVES

Saturday evening, when the blue-black blanket of night had fallen, and from its eastern entrance the huge, henna, harvest moon began its exodus across the feather-harrowed heavens by a triumphal turn through the airy, arched, billows of rolling clouds, it seemed to linger over Cartier Field. Drifts of seeming, celestial, consort-ing gauziness cut off part of the disk in such a manner that it betook the form of a golden oval balanced in the sky, and it was then that I realized that here was an omen! Hanging over the scene of a late, laborious battle; casting its shimmering silver rays on a cross-barred, battle-scarred arena; pointing to the high golden dome; in the form of a golden football, a symbol of supremacy; banked by the silver of popularity, and thrown into relief by a clear azure sky,—the true blue of true Notre Dame men; it

was in reality a typification of a great victory.

Nebraska 6, Notre Dame 34,—it tells its own story. But by way of explanation, we add that if the great dipper of the heavens high, had overturned and allowed a drought of nomadic mercury to splash from the Milky Way into the white-sliced field Saturday afternoon, if such had happened, their quivering, quaking incessant motion would have been shaded by the sure-fire shift, the smashes, runs and all around football presented by the wonder squad. It was the last game on Cartier Field for twenty-two men, and every ounce of their energy was in it. It was a test to determine whether the spirit of Gipp, who never bowed to Nebraska; of McInerney who fell in France in '17, was still alive. Was Notre Dame to crack, to suffer the gall of defeat, to endure the upset that all other great teams had suffered? And the answer came: Notre Dame 34, Nebraska 6.

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not detract from their gentlemanly training. It is a commonly known fact that the students fight to get into the street cars ahead of women and old people so that they may have the pleasure of giving up their seats to them.

Knute Rockne, teacher of football at Notre Dame, is the hero of the campus. His word is law to the students. A current story at South Bend has it that a group of the boys were whooping it up in the West end. The proprietor asked fifty cents a bottle, the students refused to pay more than forty-five in dozen lots. The proprietor did not resort to the rough tactics usual in that part of town. He called Rockne. Rockne jumped into his new Studebaker, presented to him by the admiring alumni, and was soon at the scene of the argument. "Boys," he said, "give him the fifty." Half dollars clinked and the trouble was averted.

In their rough way, these boys live the rugged lives and think the red-blooded thoughts that create the brawn and the brain of the foot-ball man. The flannel shirts and the corduroys conceal hearts of gold and minds bent on personal development.

While the author was in "Rock's" office, Jimmie Crowley, mentioned for All-American honors, interrupted us to tell "Rock" in all the fervor of boyish enthusiasm that he had passed the first quarter public speaking examination, at which news the great coach smiled.

Virility, and the red-blooded vitality of lives that shun the luxury of the ordinary college, provide material and atmosphere from which Rockne is able to draw the apparently infinite number of wonder-men that make up his wonder-teams..

The complete file of THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC will form a valuable record of the year 1924-25 at Notre Dame. Save your copy each week.

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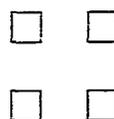
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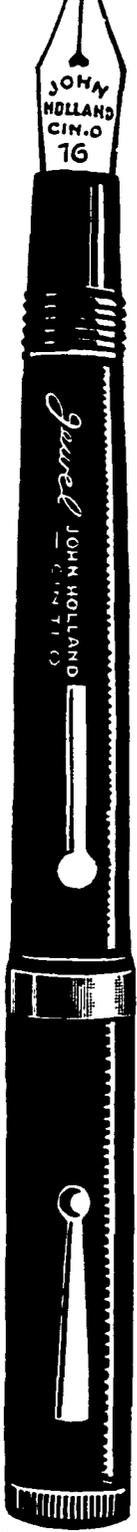
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