

The Notre Dame Scholastic

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

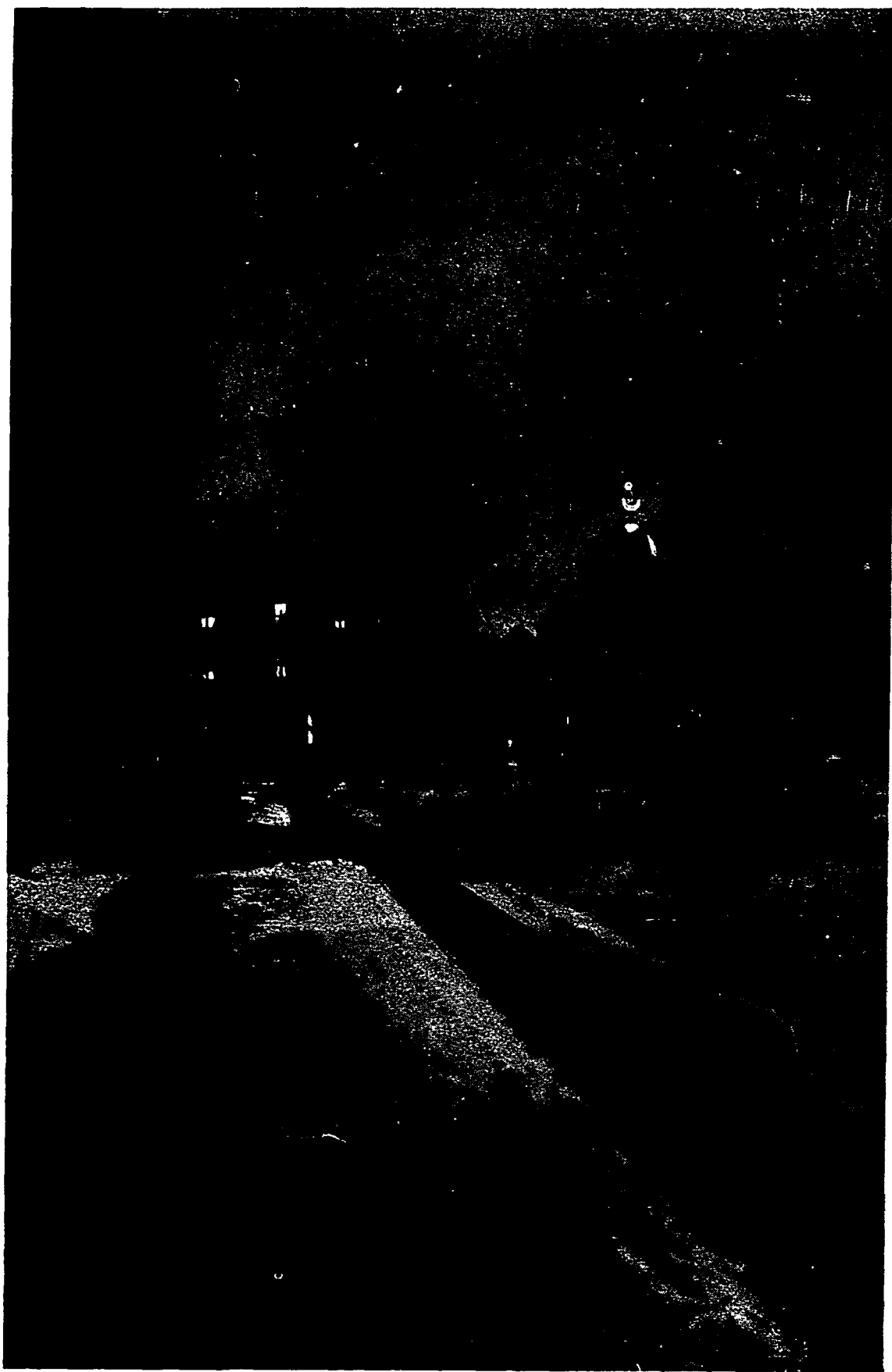
—ILLUSTRATED—

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.*



*Dim shadows of the trees, and dimmer laughter,
Lights, where friends are, to be remembered after.*

... THE WEEK ...

Oh, for the confidence of Deor, he of the famous lament, who consoled himself with the optimistic refrain, "That was o'erpassed, this will pass also."

Another week has rolled by, bringing with it the confirmation of our belief that professors reckon not of time or space. Ignoring the quarterly struggles of the previous week, ignoring the aftermath of the Nebraska delirium, refusing to recognize the proximity of the Northwestern game, and allotting no consideration to the approach of Thanksgiving, assignments have commenced pouring in with renewed vigor and intensity. All of us who are coming back after Christmas should let our professors know. The current opinion seems to be that we want to take our A. Bs. and ETCs. home with us for the Holidays.

The Purple grasped a mean grip on the tail of the Blue Comet, but only succeeded in securing a good ride and failed to pull the star to earth. Now Mr. Eckersall grants that if Notre Dame succeeds in winning the Carnegie Tech game and any post-season battle, that there will be no dispute about the national championship. As they say in some instances, "Magister dixit!"

Chicago must look upon her stock-yards with increased respect after the great influx of pigskin enthusiasts from Wisconsin and Notre Dame for the two games last Saturday. And in the games, the scripturally minded saw the humble Northwestern comparatively exalted, and the exalted Chicago comparatively humbled. You'd think the Conference was twisted enough as it is without instituting "moral victories." Notre Dame's "he-man" contingent apparently invaded the habitat of the wily haberdasher

and returned without exciting the comment that advance publicity would have indicated. Alas, poor James! The reporter steers a precarious path between the Scylla of misinformation and the Charybdis of misinterpretation, and many are destroyed.

Campus organizations are warming up. The Scribblers having finished the one-act play contest are expecting gratifying results from the poetry Contest which closes December first. Brownson opened the smoker season, and the Metropolitan Club has fallen into line behind them. City and state clubs are working feverishly on plans for Christmas Dances that will put out the native eyes. No matter what part of the country a Notre Dame man finds himself in during the give-season, if he keeps his freedom he'll have an opportunity to attend a real Notre Dame dance. The Engineers are dividing their very little spare time between admiring the cup the S. A. C. gave them and writing letters to Father O'Hara. The S. A. C. is kept busy awarding cups and trophies and arranging rather relievedly for the last Gridgraph exhibition Saturday. Honors for carrying the ball this season seem to be split between the quartet of equestrians and Bill Daily.

Rumors of a Thursday only holiday were satisfactorily stilled by the posting of notices that the usual Wednesday afternoon for fasting and Friday morning for recovering would surround Thanksgiving.

Only three more weeks until Christmas. Good news for both of us. In the meantime, you'd better start buying up the pillow-tops, pins, rings candy, etc., because there's a scarcity the last few days, and an alibi doesn't make a good Christmas present.

Administration

The annual meeting of the Board of Lay Trustees was held on Tuesday, November 18. The officers of the Lay Board are:

Mr. A. R. Erskine, President of the Studebaker Corp., President.

Mr. Edward N. Hurley, Chicago, Vice-President.

Mr. Miles W. O'Brien, South Bend Lathe Works, Treasurer.

Mr. William A. McNerny, Assistant Treasurer.

The Finance Committee is made up of Mr. A. R. Erskine, Mr. Miles W. O'Brien and Mr. Edward N. Hurley.

The meeting concerned itself largely with the investment of the Endowment Funds collected by the University during the past two years.

—N D S—

A report was read to the Board of Trustees by the President of the University dealing with the Academic changes and improvements during the past year.

—N D S—

The financial report was presented by Brother Florence, C. S. C., Treasurer of the University.

—N D S—

Resolutions: Condolence sent by Board of Lay Trustees to the Widow of Mr. Joseph M. Byrne.

WHEREAS, the members of the Board of Lay Trustees have learned with deep regret of the death of their Colleague Joseph M. Byrne and

WHEREAS, the deceased through his membership on the Board and his life long interest in everything that pertained to the welfare of the University and its Alumni, an interest unabated through nearly half a century of years, had won the affection of all friends of Notre Dame; therefore be it

RESOLVED, that we deeply deplore the loss which the Board of Lay Trustees has sustained in the death of our esteemed Colleague, and we offer to his wife and children our heartfelt sympathy.

RESOLVED, further, that these resolutions be inscribed in the permanent records of the Board of Lay Trustees and that the Secretary of the Board be instructed to send a copy of the same to the bereaved family of our departed friend.

A. R. ERSKINE,
Pres. of Board of Lay Trustees
BROTHER FLORENCE, *Secretary*

—N D S—

Plans are afoot for the enlargement of the gymnasium. Before the close of the year it is hoped that the work will be completed, and the gym enlarged to about twice its present proportion. The plan includes a basketball court with a seating capacity of about five thousand.

—N D S—

Word has been received from the Office of the Director of Studies that Notre Dame has been admitted to the Association of American Universities.

K. OF C. DRIVE FOR THE GIBAUT HOME

The Notre Dame Council of the Knights of Columbus completed the campaign for the Gibault Home for Boys Thursday evening, November 20, and, according to the local authorities, it was a complete success.

The campaign was started here on the evening of Tuesday, November 18, at the Knights of Columbus meeting. Father Hugh O'Donnell, Mark Nolan, and Grand Knight Harry McGuire talked to the meeting, their purpose being to instruct the members of the Council as to the nature and plans of the Home. The following day at a mass-meeting in the Gymnasium, the same speakers told the students of their plans. The active campaign began on Wednesday with the soliciting of funds. Members of the committee canvassed the halls

on Wednesday and Thursday evenings, and the Blue Circle worked Thursday.

Comprising the Knights of Columbus Committee are: Mark Nolan, chairman, Al Hockwalt, Al Foos, John Hurley, Art Bidwell, Gus Scolaro, Paul Rahe, Bob Hurley, Vincent Schneider, Willard Jones, John Elliott, John O'Donnell, Dan Culhane, Bill Daily, Jim Sheerin, Jake Purcell, and McLane. Les Brady had charge of the Gibault Home Drive publicity. Art Bidwell has been appointed director of K. of C. membership for the local council. This is a local office, newly created by the Notre Dame Council.

The Blue Circle Committee was composed of, George Schill, John Kilkenny, Firmin Fusz, Henry Hudson, Dan O'Neill, Walter Cyr, Dutton Griffin, John Dugan, John Butler, Harold Watson, Frank Murray, John Stockley and Ed Crowe.

DEATH OF JOSEPH M. BYRNE, SR.

Mr. Joseph M. Byrne, Sr., a Trustee of the University of Notre Dame for the past four years, died suddenly at his home in Newark, N. J., Sunday evening, November 23.

Mr. Byrne had not been in the best of health for some time but no one looked for a fatal culmination of his illness at this time. Funeral services were held at St. Colombia's Church, Newark, Wednesday morning, November 26. Mr. Byrne is survived by his widow, his son, Joseph M. Byrne, Jr., of the Class of '12, and three daughters, Mrs. Frank J. Radel, Mrs. John E. Denner and Miss Constance Byrne.

Mr. Byrne will long be remembered as one of the most enthusiastic Notre Dame men in the United States. Although a man of large business interests, he found time always to attend to matters pertaining to his Alma Mater. He left Notre Dame in 1879 and hardly a year has passed since that time without his doing something in one way or another for Notre Dame. He was permanently identified with the Expansion work of the University in the Eastern part of the country. In 1921 he was

unanimously elected President of the National Association, and for the past four years he has been an Alumni representative on the University Board of Lay Trustees.

Until a short time before his death, Mr.



JOSEPH M. BYRNE, SR.

Byrne was President of the firm J. M. Byrne Co., Brokers and Insurance, of New York City and Newark. He was a trustee in the Fidelity Union Trust and Savings Co., of Newark, and Vice President of the United States Savings Bank of the same city. He was a director in the New Jersey Fire Alarm Company and President of the New Jersey Fire & Casualty Insurance Company. He was also President of the Newark Athletic Club.

For many years Mr. Byrne has been a Knight of Columbus and has held various offices in that organization. It was his honor to be the first Grand Knight of the Knights of Columbus in the City of Newark.

Mr. Byrne was deeply interested in the young graduates of the University. His office was a rendezvous for serious-minded Notre Dame men who found in his jovial disposition and eagerness to help a great inspiration. They will miss this old friend who had shown them such a beautiful example of loyalty and devotion to his country and especially to his Church.

Music

Dr. J. Lewis Browne of Chicago, who is well-known at Notre Dame as a benefactor and instructor of the Department of Music, assisted in a musical recital held at St. Patrick's hall in South Bend last Sunday. Miss Sara McCabe, who visited the University several times last year with Dr. Browne and the St. Patrick's choir of Chicago, was also on the program. The recital was given by the Children of Mary Sodality, and was in charge of Miss Clara Bogнар.

—NDS—

The Glee Club will give its first concert of the year in Saint Patrick's Church in South Bend on December 7. The program given then will be somewhat different from the one used for the various concerts throughout the year, as a large number of sacred songs have been learned by the Club especially for this concert. Father Moloney, the pastor of St. Patrick's Church, has made the arrangements with the officers of the Club for the concert.

—NDS—

A joint concert by the Glee Club and the Orchestra, will be given in Washington Hall before the Christmas vacation. This concert will mark the first appearance of both of the organizations upon the campus this year. The date will be announced at a later time.

—NDS—

"Rob" Rink, a former student at the University, and a member of the Glee Club for two years, was on the campus last week-end to arrange for the appearance of the Glee Club in concert at Indianapolis. One of the most successful concerts of last year was given at Indianapolis, followed by a dance at which Harry Denny's Collegians appeared as the orchestra traveling with the Club. Music critics of Indianapolis were enthusiastic in their praise of the Glee Club following its appearance there last year.

THE BREEN MEDAL FOR ORATORY

The first preliminary in the competition for the Breen Oratorical medal will be held next Monday. The second will be held the following day, the third on Wednesday and the semi-finals will be held Friday of the same week. The finals will be held December 10 in Washington hall and will be open to all who wish to hear the contestants for the honor of representing the University in the State oratorical contest.

The Breen medal is the gift of the Honorable William Patrick Breen, prominent Fort Wayne lawyer, an alumnus of the class of '77. It is a solid gold medal awarded annually to the student who excels in oratory. The award is made after competition in delivered orations, decided by three judges selected by the faculty. The winner represents the University in the Indiana State Oratorical Contest, held on the third Friday in February. All undergraduates are eligible. Contestants must deliver an original oration of not more than 1,500 words and will be judged both on the subject and the oratorical delivery.

Mark Nolan, last year's medal winner, is coaching the contestants under the direction of Prof. William E. Farrell. Professor Farrell has coached the last five medalists. Nolan represented the University in the state contest winning the coveted honor of representing the state of Indiana in the Inter-State Oratorical contest. His subject was "The Guardian of the Constitution." Nolan was one of the preliminary winners and was third in the finals of the Inter-State contest.

For the past two years Notre Dame has won the State contest. It is the task of the Notre Dame man who wins the coveted medal this year to again bring fame to the University by giving Notre Dame the honor of winning the State contest for the third consecutive year.

There are fourteen states represented in the Inter-State contest. There are two sections of the states, East and West. In the East section are the states of Pennsylvania,

Ohio, Kentucky, Michigan, Wisconsin Illinois and Indiana. In the West state section are Minnesota, North Dakota South Dakota, Missouri, Nebraska, Iowa and Kansas.

The winners of the State contests in the East section meet at a different University each year for the semi-finals. Last year the semi-finals were held at Notre Dame. Then three are picked of the seven contestants to take part in the finals held in April of each year at Northwestern University. The same course is pursued in the West section.

The Breen medalists have made a fine showing in the past. In 1907 Joseph Flynn of Butte, Montana, won the state contest and then was declared winner of the Inter-State meet. In 1923 Raymond Gallagher, after taking the State championship, went to Northwestern and was declared best orator of the six best of the fourteen represented states. Then Mark Nolan in winning the State contest and making a third in the Inter-State finals again showed the quality of Notre Dame orators.

Seventeen men have signed up with Nolan to take part in the preliminary contests next week.

THE EDUCATIONAL SEMINAR

Tuesday, November 25, the Educational Seminar brought to a close its study of the lower levels of the Educational Ladder by an observation trip to the Linden Public School in South Bend. Mr. Byron Kirby, a member of the Seminar, is principal of this school and at the last two meetings presented the theory and practice of the platoon school as conducted in South Bend. Misses O'Neill and Lushbaugh, also of the Public Schools, discussed respectively the modern kindergarten and the primary school. These three units of the modern elementary school were all observed in operation through the kindness and under the supervision of Mr. Kirby. The discussion in the Seminar from now on will be concerned primarily with the psychology of the first cycle of Secondary Education, the Junior High School.

SCRIBBLERS HEAR FATHER MILTNER

"Philosophy and Success in a Literary Career," was the subject of an address made by the Rev. Charles Miltner, C. S. C., Ph. D., of the Philosophy department of the University, at a meeting of THE SCRIBBLERS, Monday night in the K. of C. chambers of Walsh hall.

"Literature is not all of life," said Father Miltner. "Neither is it the most important thing in life," he continued. "For truth is always more important than its artistic expression; goodness is nobler than knowledge; and beauty is broader than any or all of the human forms in which it is portrayed."

"Still it is true," he said, "that literature touches upon all matters of human interest. It is written discourse cast in beautiful form. If beauty were merely subjective, literature would be a mere matter of taste, and there would be no criterion by which it could be distinguished from mere writing."

Literature loosed from the solid ground of the real world and transferred into the purely subjective regions of taste, the speaker described as lasting but for the moment, and destined never to be remembered as representative of real literary merit. On the other hand, he showed the relationship of a sound philosophy to the success of literary efforts by pointing out that both philosophy and literature must be solidly anchored to objective reality. For only with such a mooring is it possible for them to escape the fickleness of fashion and to maintain their optimism or insure their progress.

"So many of our books," Father Miltner said, "are not only shallow and ephemeral, vapid and insipid, but also destructive and pessimistic, because they are little more than the expression of momentary imaginings, transient impressions, or ever shifting opinions of men who, in the name of liberty, of independent thought, of progress, have undertaken, each in his own way, and each by his own method, to reconstruct a better basis for truth, a more attractive sun of

goodness, a more fertile soil for beauty than the world which both common sense and sane science and sound philosophy tell us exists."

Following the discourse given by Father Miltner, papers were read by Lawrence O'Leary and Gerald Holland on "The Visions of a Writer Thoroughly Scribbler in His Imaginings," written in prose, and "A Comparison of Machinery to Man," in verse, respectively.

Election of a new member to THE SCRIBBLERS was postponed, and will probably be held at the next meeting of the group.

POETRY CONTEST CLOSES

The Second Annual Poetry Contest of The Scribblers comes to a close December 1st. The rules of the contest have been posted on all the bulletin boards. Chief among them are: the contest is open to everyone; three poems of any length or form may be submitted; five typed copies of each poem must be handed in, no name appearing on the copies.

Last year's contest resulted in a very gratifying stimulation of campus interest in Poetry. The word from many outside magazines is that they would welcome fresh, wholesome, college verse. Notre Dame has shown marked poetic ability in the past, and it is the aim of The Scribblers, in inaugurating these annual contests, to keep alive the poetic fires, and to offer a concrete stimulus.

A prize of \$10 will be awarded to the author of the single poem winning the highest number of points, and another prize of \$10 will go to the author of the group of poems winning the highest total number of points.

Clubs

It was decided at a meeting of the officers of the VILLAGERS to hold the next club-dinner on Thursday evening, December 11, 1924. This meeting will be held in the Rotary Room of the Oliver.

Henry McNabb, chairman of the publicity committee has appointed Bernard Loshbough, Thomas Murphy and Irving Hurwich to serve on this committee.

—NDS—

The FORUM met last Tuesday evening for its usual weekly meeting in the Law Building. After the business was completed the question for discussion was made known to the members for the first time; "Resolved: That the honor system should be adopted at Notre Dame." All speeches were extemporaneous and limited to five minutes.

At next Wednesday's meeting Mr. Manion, professor in the Law School, will address the club and its friends on the subject, "The Constitution and Its Relation to Our Government." Everyone is invited to attend.

The Theater

The historic scenes of West Point are used as the background for "Classmates," which is being shown this week at the Orpheum. This very interesting picture is generally acclaimed as the finest in which Richard Barthelmess has appeared since his epoch-making "Tol'able David."

At the Palace we have the somewhat delinquent arrival of Harry Yerkes' Flotilla Orchestra, which is the headliner of the vaudeville program during the latter half of this week. All who would derive keen enjoyment from hearing the best in jazz orchestras should not fail to be present at the performance of Yerkes and his merry men. Franklyn Ardell and Co. in a comedy playlet, "The Wife Saver," Flo and Ollie Walters in "Telling Tales," and two other acts, are also on the bill. The current screen attraction at the Palace is called "Fools in the Dark," with Matt Moore and Patsy Ruth Miller as the leading characters. This picture is a rather happy combination of mystery and comedy, interspersed with great, broad, patches of good old-fashioned hokum.

SPIRITUALITIES

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

FRIENDS AND ENEMIES OF YOUR MIND

The University library furnishes the following report of its departments for October:

	Oct. 1924	Oct. 1923	Sept. 1924	Sept. 1923
Circulation -----	2190	1287	1062	516
Reference				
Books from desk----	2361	811	448	95
Attendance, (without taking books)-----	3797	No Records.		
Art galleries -----	973	N.R.	810	N.R.

From which it follows that the use of the various departments has increased at a rate varying from 70 to 200 per cent. This is precisely what the University wants; and if the increase reaches 1000 per cent, no one will have his feelings hurt.

* * * * *

Books are the playmates of your mind. Did you ever thank God that you know how to read, when so many of your ancestors were illiterate? Perhaps your own grandparents, through no fault of their own, were denied this privilege. Reading brings us as playmates the minds of all the world. They come and go at our command. They laugh and weep with us by turns, they poke fun at our foibles, they cheer and command, they upbraid and condemn; but they act only at our bidding

* * * * *

Unfortunately, while our homes front on parks and boulevards, the back doors give onto alleyways, and where there are alleyways there are alley rats. Sometimes the alley rats steal a clean shirt and come around to the front yard to play. But an alley rat is an alley rat, and we cannot play with him without descending to his level. He would not understand.

* * * * *

Sometimes the alley rats wear a cap and bells, and tickle their way into our favor. If they are coarse and obscene we drive them away, but if they jest with tiny sacrileges only at first, we bless ourselves and laugh with them, not at their blasphemy,

but at their cleverness. The big blasphemies come later; and when they put on a green garb and charge fifty cents a performance for their gross blasphemies, we gladly pay the four bits because we are wedded to their cleverness.

* * * * *

A colony of Russian has lately planted itself in our back-alley, a strange, crummy swarm. They are mysterious people, and mystery is always fascinating. Musk does not kill, rather it intensifies their strong odor of rotting flesh, and we hold our noses while we listen to their tales of blood and lechery, of lechery and blood. Bootleggers are interesting people, and they are bootleggers—of half-truths sired in hell. Once we start dealing with them we should go and come by the alley gate, and keep away from the park.

* * * * *

One meets wonderfully decent people in the park: that is, they can be met, if one knows how to look for them. There is a hierarchy among decent people, just as there is among devils; and if one has good sense and good guidance in meeting the right people in his own set, he can be handed on from one set to another until he is socially equipped to be presented in any company. But if one plays with Harold Mencken on week-days, how on earth is he to play with Newman on Sunday? He would not be able to talk his language. He would find Newman an insufferable bore, and leaving Newman with Aquinas, he would seek out some Russian tanner, lately Ph. Deed by Columbia, and roll dice with him for the drinks in a cheesy wine room.

* * * * *

It is the duty of your mother to watch over your companionship. She introduces you to good companions, she forbids you to associate with those who would seduce and corrupt you. And if she found you in the company of anyone whose sole purpose in life was to poison your mind against your father, she would do everything in her power to keep you away from such companionship. God is your Father; Holy Church is your Mother: and herein lies the philosophy of the Index of Forbidden Books.

S. A. C. Notes

In previous years the names of S. A. C. members appeared on S. A. C. letter-heads, and in that manner students were occasionally reminded of their representatives. In the absence of such letter-heads this year, the following personnel is given as a matter of information:

Class Presidents: Don Miller, Senior; Dan Brady, Junior; Tom Green, Sophomore; Edward Collins, Freshman.

Class Presidents of last year: John Moran, '25; Mark Mooney, '26; John Reidy, '27.

Representatives of various Colleges (all Seniors): Jack Scallan, Arts and Letters; Joe Bach, Science; Paul Rahe, Law; Ben Kesting, Engineering; Ralph Heger, Commerce.

Representative of Off-Campus Students: Paul Kohout.

Representatives at large: Seniors: Elmer Layden and George Bischoff; Juniors: Edward O'Neill, John Tuohy and John Purcell; Sophomores: William Daily.

George Bischoff is President of the S. A. C., John Tuohy, Secretary and Ralph Heger, Treasurer.

—N D S—

Reverting to a custom of previous years, the S. A. C. will meet hereafter in a room on the third floor of the Library. This accommodation is made possible by the courtesy of Mr. Paul Byrne, acting Librarian.

—N D S—

Plans for advertising the gridgraph production of Saturday's game with Carnegie Tech were discussed at considerable length. Chairman George Bischoff suggested that handbills be distributed through the business district of South Bend Friday as a means of publicity. This idea met opposition by those who advocated advertising space in the South Bend papers as a more desirable medium. On vote the matter was left to the dictatorship of the Gridgraph Committee of the S. A. C.

In the name of the student-body, letters of condolence are to be sent in the future to those families of students in which occur death or other serious misfortune. A long felt need of officially expressing sympathy will be thus filled.

—N D S—

Mail and especially telegrams, will receive more careful handling in the future if the contemplated action of the S. A. C. is productive of results. The complaint was made that, due to various causes, some telegrams have not reached the addresses until several hours, or even days, after they were sent. Several pieces of mail have been lost on account of distribution methods in the halls. Means of remedying these complaints were discussed.

—N D S—

Permission, subject to the approval of the Faculty Dance Committee was granted the Engineers Club to hold a dance on the night of January 10.

—N D S—

As in previous years, a band of comely young ladies will sell Red Cross Seals on the Campus this year. The sale will very probably begin within a short time and continue for a day or two.

—N D S—

The Metropolitan Club was granted the use of the electric "N. D." sign, owned by the S. A. C., after a contest with the Evansville Club. The priority of the Metropolitan Club's petition was the deciding factor in this contest.

—N D S—

The Faculty Advisory Committee, consisting of Fathers Irving, Lahey, O'Donnell, and Coach Rockne, will be present at the S. A. C. meeting next Monday night to discuss matters of common concern.

JUNIOR CLASS TO MEET

A meeting of the Junior Class will take place in the South Room of the Library next Tuesday, December 2, at 12:30. A class secretary, to succeed Eddie Barry who has left school, will be elected, and plans for the Junior Prom discussed.

FRENCH CIRCLE

With a substantial increase in the number of students who speak French attending the University, the French circle is displaying renewed activity this year. It meets every Wednesday evening from 6:30 to 7:30 in Room 51, Community House, and all interested in improving themselves in "la belle langue" are invited to join.

The meetings are most informal and partake of the genial nature of Professor Provost who is actively interested in promoting the study of French at the University. Wednesday, November 26, Dr. Charles Mercier, recently returned from France, addressed the Club.

THE CATALYZER APPEARS

The initial issue of "*The Catalyzer*," of this year, made its appearance upon the campus recently. The magazine a ten page mimeographed sheet, is published monthly by the *Catalyzer* Press and each issue contains a paper prepared by an alumnus or by a professor in the Department of Chemistry.

As its most important feature, the first edition sets forth a well prepared discussion on "The Halogenation of the Acetals," written by Professor Joseph Reichert of the Chemistry Department. This paper treats very thoroughly of a process for the preparation of Chloral from Acetylene.

The rest of the paper is made up of records of past meetings of the club, and of other chemical societies, and personal items concerning the members of the club.

In the second year of its existence "*The Catalyzer*" has Clarence Kaiser as its editor and William Foohey is occupying the associate editor's desk. Contributions are received from all the members of the organization for which the sheet is published.

Last year's staff was composed of Paul DePaolis, editor, and Paul Harrington, William Bailey, and Eugene Willihnganz, associate editors. Mr. DePaolis is now a graduate student at Massachusetts Tech; Mr. Harrington, a track star, is Vice-President of the Chemist's club; Mr. Bailey is at

home at Pomeroy, O.; and Mr. Willihnganz is an instructor in the Chemistry Department of the University.

The next issue will be out in a few weeks.

THE CHICAGO TRIP

A great part of Notre Dame attended two important events in Chicago over the last week-end—the Northwestern game and the affair at the Edgewater Beach Hotel. Hundreds of students came to the great city on the lake by special and regular trains and by cars over the Dunes highway. They pushed through the crowded boulevard to the great, cold, concrete structure in Grant Park, the stadium. Chill winds from the lake, black clouds of smoke from the neighboring railroads, and the general altitude of the seats detracted somewhat from the pleasure of Saturday afternoon.

Saturday evening four hundred couples attended "the dinner and dance in honor of Knute K. Rockne and the Notre Dame Football squad" given by the Notre Dame Club of Chicago and the Chicago Club of Notre Dame in the New Ballroom of the Edgewater Beach Hotel. The program of the dinner:

Invocation	Rev. Matthew Walsh, C. S. C.
Ballads	Vernon Rickard, '24
Selections	Harry Denny's Collegians
A Welcome to Notre Dame,	Hon. Wm. E. Dever
Reply	Captain Adam Walsh
A Toast to Notre Dame,	Dan'l J. O'Connor, '05
"Northwestern Fights!"	Glen Thistlewaite
Retrospects and Prospects	Knute K. Rockne

Francis O'Shaughnessy, '00, presided as toastmaster.

Dancing began at nine o'clock, the program being played by Harry Denny's Collegians. The crowd was an enthusiastic one, allowing the orchestra few intermissions.

Credit for the success of the affair goes to Edward W. Gould, '23, secretary of the Notre Dame Club of Chicago, and general chairman of the occasion.

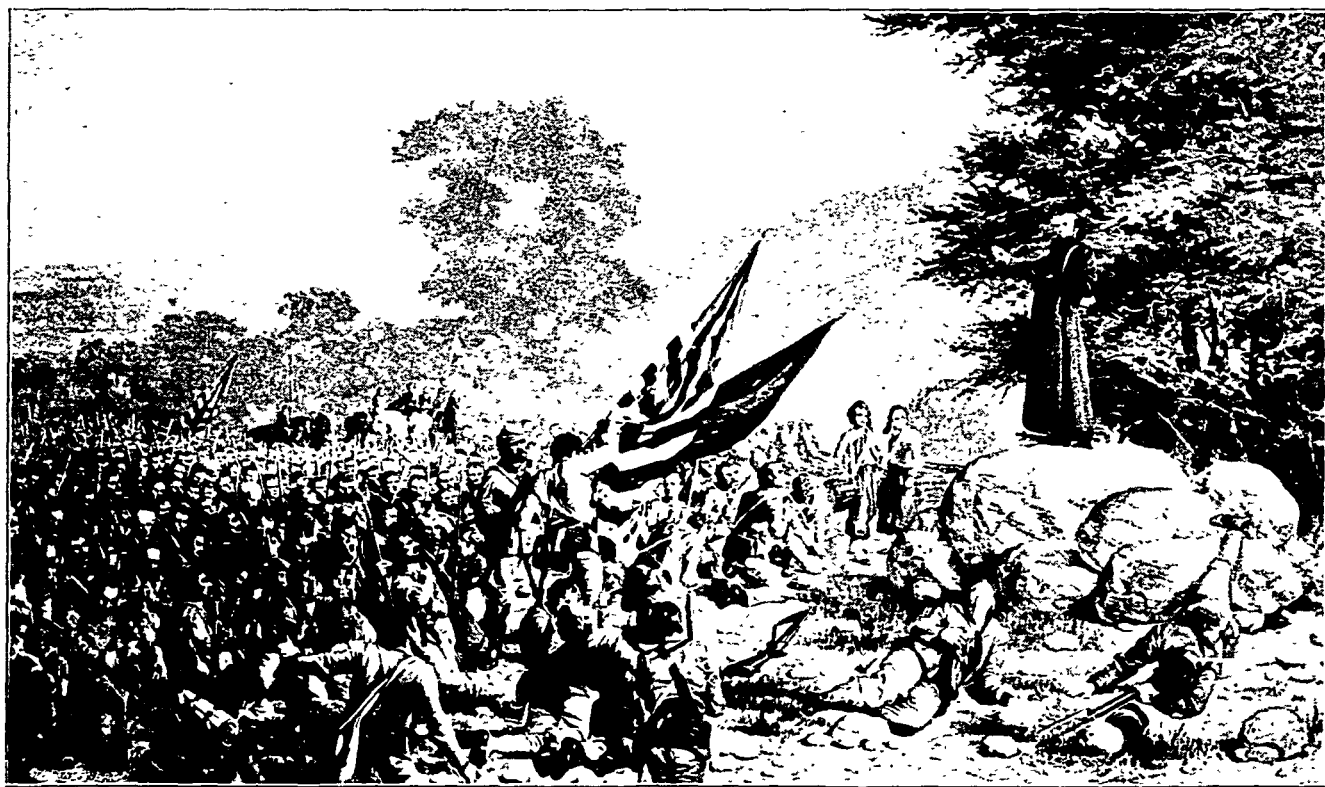
Father Corby, C. S. C.

This is the first of a series of articles to be published with the idea of acquainting the new men, and some older ones, with the lives of those pioneers who have helped in the building of Notre Dame.

In the great National Cemetery at Gettysburg there stands a statue of Father Corby. An exact replica of this may be

book, *The Army Chaplain*, written in plain, clear style.

After the war Father Corby was made Vice-President of the University, from which position he became in 1866 the third President of Notre Dame. He served two terms in this capacity and his success is mirrored in an old book which refers to him as "the popular President."



FATHER CORBY AT GETTYSBURG.

—Paul Wood

seen in front of Corby hall by the passerby. It depicts that noble pioneer of Notre Dame, Father Corby, giving a general absolution to the Union forces before the battle of Gettysburg. Union generals present on this occasion were struck with reverence for this fearless man of God. A painting of this stirring scene is to be found in the University Art Galleries. It was painted by Paul Wood in 1891, at the age of seventeen while he was a student at Notre Dame.

Father Corby was born in 1833 and ordained a Holy Cross priest in 1859. In 1861 he was commissioned by the governor of New York and served throughout the war as a chaplain. His thoughts during those four years were summarized in his

On the first of April, 1879, the college was destroyed by fire. This occurred during Father Corby's presidency so that he acted an important part in the building of Notre Dame as it is today.

Later Father Corby was elected Provincial of the order and was completing his second term in this office when he died on December 27, 1897.

Father Spillard, C. S. C., A. B., A. M., the oldest living graduate of Notre Dame and a very close friend of Father Corby, tells us that he was of a cheerful disposition, kind and pious. He had an iron will, the heritage of his military discipline. Father Corby's life epitomizes the things a true Notre Dame man holds dear: God, Country, and Notre Dame.—J. P. McN.

EDITORIAL

THE HALL SMOKER

IT has often been said that Notre Dame has in the past few years been undergoing a metamorphosis. She has been advancing and because of this advance certain of her institutions have changed or been supplanted. The hall "rec" room with its fostering of hall spirit has lost ground most noticeably in this broadening process.

When an evening in town was a rare event for a student, whether Senior or Freshman, the "rec" rooms flourished. Visiting in rooms those days was a most precarious undertaking, and the halls gathered in their recreation rooms. Pool, billiards, cards, and checkers attracted many. Today Brownson and Carroll are the only halls which seem to need such a room. The others are all deserted. Corbys' and Sorin's have ceased to exist.

With this passing of a former part of Notre Dame life, has lapsed to an extent an old custom—that of Hall Smokers. These intimate gatherings served to unite each hall into one large family. They were decidedly useful as well as entertaining. Today, with only a vestige of the old hall spirit apparent, there appears to be a need for Hall Smokers. A short time ago Brownson Hall undertook a very successful smoker.

Will there be any more hall Smokers this year—or have they passed with the "rec" rooms?

—J. F. S.

THE INSPECTOR

THE publicity given to income taxes paid by American citizens, which is authorized by the revenue act of 1924, is the latest expression of the bureaucracy craze. Intrinsically publicity is not harmful, but circumstances often make it so. Publicity with no purpose, publicity for the mere sake of making public what is by nature private, is nauseating to people of ordinary good taste. This latest eaves-dropping of bureaucracy about the "castle" of the American family makes the proverbial goldfish as secluded as a hermit by comparison with the average American.

Is it no longer possible for an American citizen to have affairs which are personal and private? It is but a little way from Prohibition to the pantry, from a cigarette-ban to the cellar. We may soon expect a Government ruling to the effect that every family, except the families of Congressmen and Senators, shall provide board, room, and entertainment for a Government Inspector, whose sole duty shall be to scrutinize and regulate that family's doings. You may not go to a dinner party but the Inspector goes. You may not put coal in your furnace but the Inspector looks on. You may not kiss your wife without the eyes of the Inspector peeping at you. You may not write a letter without the Inspector's reading it and stamping it with the seal of Washington's approval. Your one consolation may be that you might decoy the Inspector and shoot yourself in private.

Hail to the Goddess of Liberty—become an Inspector!

—H. A. M.

"NO TIME!"*

"I have no time!
He has no time!
We have no time!

It is the cry of our great cities. They are forever conjugating the verb: *To have no time!*

These four little words are very short, very quickly uttered. Yet how many things they imply! How many things they put a stop to altogether!

When I was a young man, literary discussion, intellectual discussion, roused and elevated the mind. We were full of eager thoughts, and our words were warm and enthusiastic.

What has become of enthusiasm? Today men are too busy; they are for the most part almost exclusively occupied with their business.

Now, what is a man of business?

The busy man, the modern man of business *par excellence*, is the man who has no time.

He is up to his neck in engagements; hopelessly entangled with innumerable acquaintances; harassed by a multitude of details, contradictions, unexpected misfortunes, difficulties; harassed also by the need of caution. On all sides are conflicting claims, complications. At every instant the crowd around him varies in costume and in appearance, but there is always a crowd—always a crowd followed by a crowd.

You accost a man, a friend, a brother. You are full of ideas and feelings which it is imperative that you should communicate to him in the interests of your common destiny. He needs your ideas, you need his, and the interchange of thought is really a necessity.

But all sorts of business matters are there clamoring for his attention. They watch for him, they throw themselves upon him, they load him with chains, they drag him away, bound hand and foot, to the cell where they stifle their victims.

And the words you were about to utter

die away within you; they die away, not only on your lips, but also in your soul. They die away because the busy man who needs to hear your words, and whose words you need to hear, has no time to listen to you.

He has no time! What a terrible expression! We should do well to try and fathom the depths of its cruelty.

He has no time to work. He has no time to love. Should some important stranger cross his path—someone whom in his own highest interests it is most urgent he should know—he has not even time to perceive his presence. He has no time to act. For to *act* and to *bustle* are not two synonymous verbs. He bustles, he bustles, he bustles! He distributes to left and to right of him, here a word or two, there a shake of the hand, and his absent glance—absent because he is always in a hurry—never really rests upon anybody."

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* "Life, Science and Art"—Ernest Hello.

A Pinch of Dust

FRANCIS COLLINS MILLER, '27.

THE CITY EDITOR glared through the blue tobacco vapor at the head copy-reader; the copy-reader blinked back vacantly, fearfully, and inquiringly.

"Madison," the City Editor roared, thrusting a freshly printed newspaper towards him, "this is unpardonable. Look at that 'streamer' on page one! D——n it, there it is. . . . there it is. . . . a blind error, a slip. You let that get by!"

Without waiting for the astonished Madison, the copy-reader, to make a quivering reply, the City Editor growled into the speaking tube connected with the press room:

"Stop the mill, Angel. Have to make over the head on page one. . . . You say 5,000 have been run off for the street. . . . Well, stop selling now and get in the circulation as much as you can!"

The great presses of the *Altona Republican* droned to a whisper, then to a silent standstill. There was a quick recast, and ten minutes later the rolls began to hum again as if nothing unusual had occurred. Yet the public, the inanimate presses, the world, did not know that during those ten minutes, Madison, "Old Madison," once editor of the *Republican* had been fired.

While the re-make was going on and Madison's faulty "head" revised, the City Editor raved furiously. The City Editor was young, success had filled his eyes with the lustre of madness. He had a snappy style, an aptitude for leadership, and good judgment. In four years he had successively become city reporter, star reporter, special correspondent, then City Editor.

He fired Madison. Told him to get out, stay out, and not to come back. It was late Saturday afternoon, the final edition for the week.

Madison looked so old, so gray, so woe-begone, as he trundled his spindly legs out of the *Republican* editorial office. He wore that old black, battered hat pulled down over his head, and a burned out stogey

gripped between his lips. In his eyes was a dull appeal, excited by fear, probably. He had lost his nerve. He realized that it was the end. His first error had caused him to slip back, this second had pushed him into the gutter.

When Madison had gone the young City Editor sat silent at his desk, the big city room deserted except for Tim Neal, the star reporter and feature man. Tim's typewriter had the monotonous click of a stenographer's so fast was his ability to compose.

Perhaps the City Editor had a notion that he had done the wrong thing by old Madison. At any rate he sat there, meditatively pulling on his pipe, dreaming out of the window into the gathering evening gloom.

At last Neal finished his copy, glanced over it, made a few pencil corrections, shuffled the sheets, and advanced to the City Editor's desk.

"That Friday feature on Vera la Versus, Al," he called out tossing the copy on the City Editor's desk.

"Thanks, Tim," said the City Editor. "Ought to make illustrating material for the 'bulldog edition' next Friday."

The star reporter stood there a minute, started toward the door, then hesitated.

"Old Madison made a 'bull' today on the last edition, didn't he?" said Neal, glancing meaningfully at the door where Old Madison had gone out some minutes before. "Let him go, eh?"

"Yes," said the C. E., "I had to. I can't tolerate errors like that. They reflect on me. Ruin my chances."

Neal bit his lip slightly, fished in his pocket, found a cigarette, lit it, and puffed a moment.

"He's been here twenty years, Al."

"I know, Tim," said the City Editor. "But I'm up against it. I can't help it. The newspaper grind is hard, and old men are out of it, they can't stand the gaff. You know that."

"Ever heard old Madison's story?" asked the star reporter.

"No I never have. Always been a copy-reader I guess."

"Nope," commented the star reporter, "he was once the editor of the *Republican*."

"Editor?"

"Ya, Editor."

"He came here when Stricler was editor of the sheet, when the circulation was about a fifth of what it is now, when they printed hand set type from a flat job press. Came here green from the country. He was a cub, then worked into police reporter."

"While on the police run he became sort of famous for his writing. It was the most brilliant in the East and he got to be quite a criminal writer."

"Stricler made him city reporter, and then star like myself. He was *too* good! He never made a mistake. He wrote bright copy, live copy, copy that made you feel the incidents in his stories just like you were right on the ground. He went to Europe and China as correspondent on wars, etc."

"Then they made him city editor. He was just about thirty-eight then. You're thirty-eight, aren't you, Al?"

"Yes, thirty-eight last May."

"Well, anyway, Madison became editor when he was thirty-eight. During the first two years he got along fine, made the *Republican* the best paper within 200 miles, made it solid politically and editorially. We always got news first, and always got it right! I was a cub then."

"Then we saw he couldn't hold out. He got paler under the strain. I tell you the city editor's grind will get any man! They ground the life out of him. It seems to take the finer qualities of a man and pour them out of him, grind them up to fine powder, like dust. We knew the crash had come, Madison was failing."

"It happened. He got scooped on one of the most sensational shooting affrays ever known in the newspaper game up to that

time. He got smothered. It was terrible By the way, it was just fourteen years ago today."

"Of course they fired him. He went on a vacation for about two months and then came back begging for a job. They put him on the copy desk. It seemed to me it pleased him to just be back in the city room. He had what I called 'newspaper fever.' We all get it. We couldn't leave the game if we wanted to. So they put him on the copy desk."

"And he's been fourteen years on the copy desk?"

"Ya, that's it," affirmed the star reporter, creasing the dent in his brown, soft hat. "He married, wife died, but he's got a boy at Yale, a sophomore now, he is sending through by the sweat of his brow. No wonder Madison's clothes are so frayed. You know, when you fired him tonight he looked so worn out, so haggard, so afraid, he reminded me of some sort of a ghost, a pinch of dust being cast on the four winds. Maybe he was thinking of the boy at Yale and what'd become of him."

"Do you think he'll come back and ask for a job," said the young City Editor after a pause, leaning toward the star reporter.

"Well," grinned Tim Neal, "I guess he might if I'd urge him a little—kinda tip him off that his job might be waiting Monday if he cared to come and see about it."

"Will you do it? I'm going to take him back."

"Ya," said the star reporter, pausing at the door. "I'll tell him."

Again there was silence. The C. E. sat in the darkness for what must have been hours—thinking. He saw such a resemblance between his life and Madison's. Would it end the same way? Madison had a boy at Yale! Probably a nice sort of a chap.

THE SEERS

The cynic sat in a cynic's chair
And gave the world his cynic's stare;
The world stared back in a laughing way
And thus they sat staring, day on day.

F. C. MILLER.

Our Fathers Have Told Us.

By The Rev. John Cavanaugh, C.S.C.

Traditions are the real tapestries of all noble halls. Traditions claim and receive the plenary loyalty of all high and fine spirits. "Our Fathers Have Told Us" is a slogan of all reverential—that is to say, the best—minds. It is almost a touchstone of refinement in a man to be mindful of the cave from which he was dug and the rock from which he was hewn. In theology tradition is a fount of revelation; in education tradition is a fount of culture.

You hear much of the Notre Dame spirit; do you know what it means except in athletics? Raucous screaming about it in print, frantic appeals to create it (as though it had not existed these eighty years), puerile zeal to "start" traditions, lowbred hanging out of the family lingerie in public—these things are the properties of the vulgar, The Great Unwashed. Once while visiting a new university I was importuned by students (as an Ancient, who should know) to "suggest some traditions to start." These innocents will by divine arrangement go to their graves without ever understanding what a tradition is.

Traditions are never started. They exist and grow strong long before anyone discovers them. They exhale from any distinctive group life as naturally and inevitably as perfume exhales from a violet. They are the fragrance of life and can no more be created than a new star. The old songs sung by generations of happy students without any thought of "starting a tradition"; the old jokes (the marble champion, the fake athletic captain, pew-rent and water-rent and the "holy hour" at the Grotto), the old stories about Brother "Bony" and Brother Hugh's "hawses" and Rockefeller Hall and the dead Caesar in Washington Hall who had to sneeze while Mark Antony was delivering his funeral oration in the play, the old atmosphere, the old dreams and enthusiasms, the old "razzes" and "rough houses" (in due place and season), the old thrilling stunts handed down by word of mouth, the old unaffected pieties and reverences when there were no statis-

tics, the sturdy old contempt for "snitching" or for smelling at another man's heel's, the old scorn of unclean speech or cheating or stealing or unfair self-seeking. These things are such stuff as dreams and traditions are made of. Like epic poems these things are never "started" or "made"; they



THE REV. JOHN CAVANAUGH, C. S. C.

grow. They are the cream skimmed off the rich milk of the college mind.

Hence the crudities among us who "import" traditions (God help us!) from without, who lug in manners and customs and symbols and badges and nomenclature and clothing and programs and sundry other oddities from alien schools, are not normal, nor civilized. They are not creative but merely mimetic, and they are fully entitled to all the respect due to industrious monkeys. Only I submit they ought not to monkey with an historic and picturesque school, that has gone on these four-score years facing sometimes hostility—often coldness and occasionally (as in midwest athletics) low theological prejudices—doing its own work in its own way, fighting its own battles, meeting its misfortunes and calamities with a level eye and a stout heart, and with never a thought of borrowing old clothes from the neighbors.

Perhaps we elders are to blame for not indoctrinating freshmen more zealously in

Notre Dame traditions—for not telling them that the pioneers on winter mornings often had for coverlets the snow that had sifted in through the chinks of the log hut during the night; that Sorin and Granger at one time possessed only one hat between them (poverty!) so that when one was seen abroad on the campus the other was known to be for most excellent reasons at home; that once the students must have gone supperless to bed had not the arrival of an unexpected gift from a friend relieved their distress; that while the foundations of our resplendent art traditions were being laid by the purchase of pictures many years ago the horses were once actually unyoked from the plow to be sold for debt. (Saints and fools do such beautiful things and the saints “get away” with it.) Perhaps we ought more often to recall the old missionary days when after long journeys in sub zero weather the priest had to be lifted out of the sled and his feet thawed back to life; when teaching Brothers returning from a hard year’s work in the mission schools walked forthwith into the harvest field to garner wheat against the next year’s bread; when in the old Argonaut days of the “foolish forties” three grave and reverend Brothers set out pathetically for the gold fields in California in the desperate hope of gathering enough bullion to lift the college debt. They got no gold, the splendid old heroes, but they were willing to do that terrible thing—to leave the peace and safety and refinement of their monastic shades—to endure not only the privations and perils of the Argonauts but (worse still, sometimes!) to endure the Argonauts themselves—in order to save our Alma Mater from the auctioneer. No, they found no nuggets of gold, but they left behind them golden memories. Their superb failure is one of the most thrilling traditions of Notre Dame, and the sheen beneath thy feet, sweet Lady of the Dome, is all the brighter for their adventure.

And the heroic memories are not the distinctive glory of priests and Brothers alone. There was Prof. “Joe” Lyons—Lyons of the sunny smile, the shy manner, the heart of gold, who took no vows but practiced them

all, and whose days were one unending procession of kindnesses to the ungodly and the affectionately reverential, whose Library, and Museum, and Bishops’ Hall and Archives are merely his monument and not the whole story. And, thanks be! there is still “the Colonel”—one William Hoynes, of jovial and beneficent repute, favorably known in Rome and Chicago (among other places) Doctor of Laws as well as expounder of them. Knight of St. Gregory, these recent years, but a true Knight always, who is a very lively tradition indeed but who would have to admit, if indiscreetly questioned, that he is not of today or yesterday! And the Colonel, who went into the Civil War as “a mere stripling” (ouch! these historical dates!) who was sent home to La Crosse when a southern bullet ploughed across the top of his skull, leaving the trough of the wound to this day, as the most honorable of decorations; the Colonel who most wickedly and disobediently intruded himself by stealth once more into the army before he was half recovered—well the Colonel may perhaps stand as a symbol not only of the professors’ devotedness but also of the patriotic devotion that sent out priests to the front as chaplains, our nuns as nurses, our battalion of students under Col. Lynch to the ranks, and that later gave Notre Dame the singular distinction of the only G. A. R. Post made up exclusively of priests and Brothers.

But must heroism be ancient before it may be canonized as tradition? Happily no! Consider Dave Hayes. He came to us penniless and ambitious, washed dishes for his meals in a South Bend restaurant for a year, became a famous athlete as well as a brilliant student, coached backward fellows in their classes for spending money during odd hours, and on his graduation day turned over the savings of these years and labors—one hundred fifty sparkling, consecrated dollars—to the Notre Dame Drive and left the school with the same old grin on his face as penniless as he came.

Perhaps, after all, a student of today *can* start a tradition, but to do so he must be such a one as David.

College Education Pays

BY JOSEPH D. BECKER

THROUGHOUT the centuries the sages have declared most emphatically for education. Their arguments were of various kinds, some pointing out the cultural value of the fuller life open to the educated, others emphasizing the utilitarian side. In spite of the teaching of the sages, however, millions have failed to receive even an elementary education, while very few have sought collegiate training. There has even been a practice of recent years for humorists to belittle the value of college education and to exalt the skilled trades. The cartoonists have given us innumerable caricatures of the college professor in rags envying the opulence of the plumber in his magnificent motor car. The humorist has told us of the man whose son had completed college and who remarked: "Well, I sometimes feel like saying, as did Aaron in the wilderness, 'Behold I poured in the gold, and there came out this calf.'" Another example is a conversation in which a friend said to the father of a college man: "I understand that your son got his B. A. and his M. A." To which the father responded: "Yes, but it is still his P. A. that supports him." From innumerable stories like these backed by the prejudices of the ignorant, invincible and otherwise, many still believe a college education stupid. This is often so of the young who are easily deceived by such fallacies, because they tend to justify their quitting school and getting to work as soon as possible, when they will earn money and be independent. Sad to say many shortsighted parents permit or even urge their children along such a course.

In order to "wake up" as well as to encourage our youth who are so anxious to quit school and go to work, and who at the same time have the opportunity to acquire a complete education, we shall here present in terms of cash, which is least important, the latest proof that education pays. Our facts show the average college education is worth the very comfortable fortune of

\$72,000. Our authority for this evaluation is Dean Everett W. Lord of the College of Business Administration, Boston University, who has made a long and careful study of the earning capacity of three types of men, college and high school graduates and those who quit school at the age of fourteen.

The figures show that the average untrained man reaches his maximum income, less than \$1,200 a year, at the age of thirty. His total earning capacity up to the age of sixty is \$45,000.

The high school graduate reaches his maximum earning capacity, \$2,200, at the age of forty, and continues at that level for the remainder of his life. He averages a total earning capacity of \$78,000 from the ages eighteen to sixty.

The college or technical school graduate increases his earning capacity with his years because it is dependent on his mental ability and training which constantly increases with practice. Thus at sixty his average annual income is \$6,000. His total earnings from twenty-two to sixty are \$150,000. By subtracting the average total earnings of the high school graduate from that of the college graduate we thus have a difference of \$72,000. This difference we accept as the cash worth of the college education.

Dean Lord also shows that during the first four years of work the untrained persons usually earn not more than \$2,000. These four years might have been better spent in high school had the parents and children been willing to make a little temporary sacrifice. As a result \$33,000 is lost on the average because of this too early entrance into work. Further, since the income of the untrained man is usually earned through labor dependent on physical strength it begins to fall off at the age of fifty or earlier and at the age of sixty so many are unable to secure employment that over sixty per cent of such workers are dependent on others for their support. Such early entrance into industry often overtakes the strength of the boy or stunts

his growth so that he suffers poor health, deformed body and perhaps a very sour view of life throughout his days. Indeed he is often lead to curse the fate that allowed his parents to permit him to throw away his early opportunities for an education. The loss of these four years of schooling often means a life of drudgery instead of one of wholesome work balanced by invigorating leisure.

This sad state of affairs does not exist in the case of the high school and college graduate. Although the high school graduate has lost the opportunity to earn the \$2,000 his untrained brother has received from the age of fourteen to eighteen, in seven years he passes the maximum income of the latter, \$1200, rises to his own maximum, \$2,200, at forty and maintains that level during the remainder of his life. Further he has probably taken better care of his health and development during these four years so that when he does begin work he is physically and mentally better prepared than his untrained brother. He, at least, has learned the art of play and has received a fair cultural background which will enable him to enjoy many of the amenities of life which his less fortunate brother will never enjoy no matter how much opportunity he may have in his old age. "You cannot teach an old dog new tricks."

As would be predicted, the old age of the college man holds forth still more pleasant prospects. His permanent earnings begin at twenty-two and in six years his income equals the maximum of the high school

graduate, \$2,200. His income increases then practically without a break. Furthermore the health of the college man due to his engaging in athletics and other forms of physical training will probably be much better at this time than that of the untrained man at the same age. He will have a brighter and broader outlook on life. He will have made many friends who may become influential and help him throughout life. He has much easier entrée into polite society than his less privileged brother. In short he should enjoy life more because he has learned to play, something which will keep him eternally young and adaptable. Contrast with him the prematurely old, untrained man. No matter how much he earns, and he usually does not earn much, he seldom is able to enjoy completely the better things of life which mean so much to the culture, and help them to pass successfully through sickness, misfortune and old age. The better things of life are good music, literature, drama and art, and these tastes may best be acquired by the young and plastic.

Therefore, high school graduate and college student as well as your younger brethren, let no jobs lure you from your resolution to secure a first class college education with the fallacy that it does not pay. All the experience of the world will prompt you to continue steadfast to the end, the goal which opens the gates to material success and the spiritual wealth of all ages. Your decision may make or ruin your entire career.

LINES ON LIFE

Life is the shadow of a smile,
So short a while.

Life is the echo of a song,
Drifting along.

Life is the ever-changing sea
Waving at me.

Life is a beggar's prayer, then
Death is Amen.

—ANSELM D. MILLER

BOOK LEAVES

JOSEPH P. BURKE, '25

The Public Service Bureau of The *Chicago Tribune* has published a book of excerpts from its department, "A Line O' Type Or Two." This small pamphlet, paper bound, is called "The Line Book" and covers the years 1922, 1923 and 1924. The history of this well known column is interesting. Bert Leston Taylor (B. L. T.) founded the column on the editorial page of The *Chicago Tribune* in 1901. Since his death it has been conducted by Richard Henry Little (R. H. L.)

—NDS—

Cross word puzzle books have not only stimulated an interest in words for their own rather than their literary sake, but they have unexpectedly resulted in stimulating the sale of dictionaries. Book stores throughout the country report that many of their customers for crossword puzzle books also buy an unabridged dictionary at about fifteen times the price of the ordinary one and the publishers of dictionaries are accordingly not taking active steps to discourage the crossword puzzle craze.

—NDS—

Speaking of crossword puzzles reminds us that Hodder & Stoughton in London have brought an English edition of the first "Crossword Puzzle Book," published here by Simon & Schuster. The latter firm has already sold 250,000 copies of the word-puzzle books which they have already published in this country. They promise another one in January.

—NDS—

The political boss is not an exclusive American institution. The medieval cities and England have had their bosses by the score. These are but a few of the many interesting subjects discussed by Professor William Bennett Munro of Harvard University in his new work, "Personality in Politics."

—NDS—

"The Pipe Book" by Alfred Dunhill is suggested by the publishers as a substitute for the inevitable Christmas cigars. The book is a history of pipe smoking, illustrated with some 300 drawings.

A new Atlantic publication is "The Actor's Heritage" by Walter Prichard Eaton, the well known dramatic critic. It comprises "scenes from the Theatre of yesterday and the day before."

—NDS—

Another new book of interest to lovers of the drama is "Footlights: Recollections of My Life on the Stage," by Otis Skinner. The veteran thespian reviews his years on the stage and has succeeded, it is said, in having produced a delightful autobiography.

—NDS—

Small, Maynard Co. have brought out another collection of one-act plays, including selections from Milne, Bennett, Galsworthy, Bell, Conway, Hausman and others. "One Act Plays of Today" is edited by J. W. Marriott.

—NDS—

"Communion Devotions for Religious" by the Sisters of Notre Dame (Cleveland, Ohio), is a new Benziger publication. It contains preparations and thanksgiving for the daily use of the members of all religious communities. Rev. Francis P. Le Buffe, S. J., of Fordham University, has contributed a preface to the volume. Publishers: Benziger Brothers. Price \$2.75.

—NDS—

"Professor How Could You!" is the genial Harry Leon Wilson at his best. The book is written in the first person and relates the adventures which befell Coppie, an absent-minded pedagogue, who after "tugging at his string like a toy balloon" finally breaks away from his moorings and floats away. Mr. Wilson, as usual, displays a keen knowledge of human nature. His characters are well drawn and never during the whole story does the action drag. (D. C. C.)

—NDS—

Mary Johnston's new novel, "The Slave Ship," is a story of life in Colonial Virginia and of the eighteenth century slave trade.

—NDS—

"The Mirrors of New York," by Benjamin De Casseres is a book of twenty-five short, humorous essays in which New York is glorified, psychoanalyzed and satirized.

SPORTS

Notre Dame, 13--Northwestern, 6

A determined Notre Dame team continued on its way to greater heights when it suppressed a stubborn Purple effort last Saturday by a 13 to 6 score. The battle took place before the largest crowd ever to witness a contest in Chicago. It was the second encounter of the season with a Big Ten foe and it was indeed a struggle for the 35,000 zealots present. The Evans-ton men fought as no Northwestern team has done in years and their efforts could have been thwarted only by the great Notre Dame warriors.

Fresh from their exceptional showing against the Maroons the eager Purple set out to halt the inspiring rush of Rockne's Juggernaut. They presented to Notre Dame the strongest opposition they have met this year and showed to the Middle West the fighting abilities of both elevens. Though Baker and mates presented the greatest barrier of the season it was not big enough to stop

the charge of the "Wonder Team," and they had to content themselves with a good performance rather than victory.

We may have our hard-fought struggles but for sheer effort this game might be placed near the top of the list. It was a game of grit and pluck all the way through and

both teams were fighting to the end. Starting with the Purple bid in the first quarter until the end of the combat the play was at top speed.

The opening scene saw the starring Baker in the leading role. He produced two drop-kicks to give the Purple a 6 to 0 advantage over Notre Dame. This was all the scoring they did for the afternoon but it proved enough to make a very interesting afternoon for the horsemen. Baker's kicks were creditable scores with one especially noteworthy. Notre Dame ran, battered and forward passed the way to a score in



Capt. Adam Wolski

THE PASSING SHOW

There will be stars who are still paradin'
Out in front with the flare of fame,
But Stuhldreher, Miller, Crowley and Layden
Are playing their final game.

Soon they rise and as soon are fadin',
Others will come from the laureled glen;
But I want to see Miller and Crowley and
Layden
Taking that ball again.

—Grantland Rice.

the second period when Stuhldreher finally eased over for a touchdown. This was the only score of the period and allowed Notre Dame to lead 7-6 at the half.

The third period saw both teams bitterly struggling along with Notre Dame carrying the ball to the Purple goal only to lose it and Northwestern coming close enough to allow Baker to miss an attempt at a field goal. The duel was interrupted abruptly in the final quarter when the alert Layden snatched a roving pass thrown by Baker and scurried to the enemy goal for a touchdown. This ended the scoring for the remainder of the afternoon, although another Notre Dame march was not repulsed until five yards from the goal. The crowning effort of the Northwestern men, as well as that of the Irish, was spent in this drive which showed the fighting qualities of both elevens even to the end.

The Purple battlers were keyed for this struggle as for no other game of the year. They hoped to do what no other eleven could accomplish but they too were unequal to the task of defeating Rockne's prodigies, who continue to ride on the crest of football leadership.

SPORTFEST

LES HEGELE, '26

What a Clebeland paper has to say about it:

"Which is the greatest football team in the country? We have been asked that question not once but a dozen times recently. Our answer may arouse the ire of some followers of the game but we don't question for a single minute the superiority of the Notre Dame eleven. Coach Knute Rockne's great outfit stands out of the procession which includes Yale, Dartmouth (or should we say Dartmouth first), Rutgers, Pennsylvania and Chicago.

"It's our humble opinion Notre Dame could beat any of the other great grid outfits. They have proved their worth against every foe and that to such an extent one might be tempted to say "Why pick an All-American team when we have Notre Dame? It is a team made up of an outstanding star at each and every position, a team that has speed, brain, knows football from "a" to "z", has co-ordination and a coach among coaches."

Two championships were settled when Yale trounced Harvard for the Big Three title and Chicago tied Wisconsin to capture the Big Ten crown. It was the first time in many years that a Crimson team was beaten by both Yale and Princeton in the same season. Chicago's record is not so commanding yet they have not been defeated and their claim is better than any other Conference team. It is the first time since 1913 that a Midway team has ended at the top of the list.

Upsets continued to assert themselves. Iowa, contrary to expectations, trounced Michigan while Minnesota was taking a drubbing at the hands of Vanderbilt. A fighting Badger team came down to scare the Maroons and battle to a draw with them, and at the same time Stanford was holding California to a tie before one of the largest crowds ever to witness a football game in the country. It would be a difficult task indeed for anyone to attempt to dwell on possibilities of the present season by comparative scores.

An All-American Team Selected by the Notre Dame Student Body

For the purpose of selecting the SCHOLASTIC All-American team for 1924, a blank is printed below. This blank filled in and signed is to be deposited in ballot boxes in the various residence halls and at the Off-campus office before December 8. In order that the team, finally selected, may be representative of Notre Dame opinion, at least fifteen hundred selections are necessary. Signed Blanks similar to that given in the SCHOLASTIC will be accepted but each person is permitted but one selection. Members of the Community and the Faculty, as well as others who desire, may mail the blank to the SPORT EDITOR, SCHOLASTIC.

Reasons for the choice of a certain man for any position, if necessary, may be briefly given.

That this ALL-American team, as selected by the Notre Dame student body, might command the proper publicity and respect among the other mythical teams picked this season, full and intelligent cooperation is looked for. Discussion and a broad survey of 1924 footballdom will be necessary before making any selection.

So get busy, you prospective "Walter Camps" and let us have this blank before Dec 8!

First Team	Second Team	Third Team
L. E. _____	L. E. _____	L. E. _____
L. T. _____	L. T. _____	L. T. _____
L. G. _____	L. G. _____	L. G. _____
C. _____	C. _____	C. _____
R. G. _____	R. G. _____	R. G. _____
R. T. _____	R. T. _____	R. T. _____
R. E. _____	R. E. _____	R. E. _____
Q. B. _____	Q. B. _____	Q. B. _____
L. H. _____	L. H. _____	L. H. _____
R. H. _____	R. H. _____	R. H. _____
F. B. _____	F. B. _____	F. B. _____
Signed _____		
School Address _____		

ALL NOTRE DAME REGULARS TO BE GRADUATED IN JUNE

NOTRE DAME, Ind., Nov. 20.—Graduation will deal the Notre Dame football squad a staggering blow, when twenty-three of the men, who have played the leading roles in the most colorful episode of Irish grid history, are granted degrees in June.

Eleven of these men now compose the varsity team, while the others played prominent parts in the campaigns of the last three years. Twenty of the men are letter men and not a few are varsity representatives in other branches of sport.

The loss of these men, two full teams, files the edge off of 1925 prospects and leaves the Irish with apparently nothing around which Rockne can build another team of national championship caliber. On paper the outlook is as black as the proverbial ace of spades.

WILL HAVE GOOD TEAM

Considering the fact that Notre Dame's national prominence has been sustained over such a long period of time that its stability is hardly questionable, it is unfair to Rockne to say that he will not have a good team next Fall. But it cannot be expected that he will have another eleven like the one cavorting for him this year.

Teams like the present organization take time to build. The men Rockne will lose this year were all members of the varsity squad last year.

Thirteen of the senior players are linemen. Four are tackles, while each of the other line positions will lose three men. Capt. Adam Walsh, Joe Harmon and Russell Arndt are the pivots who end their careers at Pittsburgh next week.

The varsity guards, Noble Kizer and John Weibel, and two second string performers, Charles Glueckert and Vincent Harrington, will be graduated, while the ends will be greatly weakened by the loss of Hunsinger and Charles Collins of the varsity and Eaton on the second team. Bach and Rip Miller, tackles, are through this year, as is Jules Roux, a substitute.

"FOUR HORSEMEN" TO GO

In the backfield graduation will cause the passing of Notre Dame's nationally famous quartet—Harry Stuhldreher, Elmer Layden, James Crowley and Don Miller. The four men have had more sensational and colorful careers than any set of backs in the country.

Doc Connell, Max Houser and Gerry Miller, brother of Don, will be the other halfbacks to quit in June, while the fullback position will be weakened by the passing of Bernie Livengood and William Cerney.

Frank Reese, a quarterback of three years' experience, also will be lost.

—*Herald and Examiner.*

The horsemen made one mistake. They forgot to bring their boots from South Bend. In the heavy going which was not suited to the Irish style of game, the riders were lost. There were stretches of their noted dashing drives, but the finishing touch was usually missing. Rockne, who is a sportsman as well as a great coach, refused to attribute the sluggishness of Notre Dame to weather conditions.

"Northwestern was great," King Knute said after the scuffle. "No alibis. And the game exhibited by Northwestern surely doesn't deserve the aftermath of 'reason why.'—*Chicago Herald and Examiner.*

"CHUCK" M'GUIRE COMMENTS.

"There is a snap, a precision to the play of the Notre Dame team which few teams attain.

Especially is this true of the work of the Irish backfield, consisting of Layden, Crowley, Stuhldreher and Miller. Never have four backs worked smoother together. They are four evenly matched stars in size and speed, each a wizard in a broken field, but also each a willing interferer, and probably therein lies one of the most important reasons for the wonderful success of the 1924 South Bend eleven.

Notre Dame is generously conceded the greatest passing team in the country year in and year out. Much of its success in the aerial game must be attributed to the ease and grace with which all Notre Dame backfield members handle the ball and the accuracy of their throwing. Also the type of pass plays used by Rockne is one of the chief reasons for the fame of the Irish aerial game. Rockne has developed the forward pass play to the reliability of the buck or end run.

Many, probably most, teams will stick to one type of attack as long as it works, only reverting to the other two when the first one is checked. This is not the case with Notre Dame, and the uncertainty as to what to expect next usually has a disconcerting effect on the foes of the Irish."

—*"Chuck" M'Guire in Chicago Evening American.*

THERE, THAT'S SETTLED!

Wrath and indignation to the guy that hollers about Notre Dame "the Irish." He says Germans and Poles and others play there. They call Nebraska the "Cornhuskers," and everybody knows pumpkins grow between the rows of corn, but nobody suggested naming Nebraska "the Pumpkin Kickers." You can't satisfy everybody. You almost can't satisfy anybody in football.

—*One Dozen Shorts in American.*

DAY-DODGERS END SEASON

A trip to Portland, Indiana, and a 7-0 defeat at the hands of "Our Boys," pride of Portland, ended a rather ragged season for the Day Dodgers this year. The Day Dodgers left Saturday afternoon, encamped at Fort Wayne over night, and played Sunday afternoon. Twenty members of the team made the trip.

The first half ended 0-0, but a third quarter rally made by "Our Boys" was not to be denied when Machlin, former Purdue star and all-Conference man, plunged over for the winning score.

Milton Leach, coach, manager, and trainer of the Day Dogs, who was in charge of the trip, said after the game: "We have no alibis. We will not say that penalties amounting to one hundred and ten yards against our team took the victory from us."

THOMAS AND MEHRE INTRODUCE ROCKNE SYSTEM TO THE SOUTH

Athens, Ga., November 20, 1924.

Editor, THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC,
Notre Dame, Ind.,

Dear Sir:

I am enclosing you herewith of my own accord a story of Frank Thomas and Harry Mehre, former Notre Dame football players who have been coaching here this year and who have been more than instrumental in giving the University of Georgia her best team in years.

I am reporter on The Atlanta, Georgia *Journal* and am over here handling the Georgia news and I thought it would be a good idea to send you a story of the two boys for publication in your paper so that their old comrades who are still in school could learn just what a hit they have made down here.

Yours Truly,
W. C. MUNDAY, JR.,

—N D S—

Athens, Ga., November 28—Two former Notre Dame football players, Harry J. Mehre, who finished in 1921 and Frank W. Thomas who drew his degree in 1922, have been more than instrumental in giving the University of Georgia her best football team in years—a team which, on Thanksgiving Day will meet Alabama in Birmingham for the Southern Conference championship and on the Saturday following will take on Centre

College at Danville, Kentucky, for the Dixie title at large.

To date the eleven is undefeated in the southland having been victorious in all of its seven engagements with foes below the Mason-Dixon line. And in addition to this brilliant record the Bulldogs, as the gridgers here are nicknamed, won enviable prestige when they held Yale University to a 7 to 6 victory early in the season. Only the failure to kick goal after touchdown spelled their defeat. They outgained in rushing the ball, made more first downs and were named by eastern sport critics as the best team which ever invaded the north from the south.

Georgia is a member of the southern conference and of course the conference title is her most coveted goal. And in driving to the championship clash with Alabama the locals have beaten the following conference members, Vanderbilt, Auburn, Tennessee, South Carolina and Virginia. And more the Athenians have dusted off two members of the Southern Intercollegiate Association—Mercer and Furman.

Mehre and Thomas have been the kingpins in the developing of the team here since it was through their efforts that the Notre Dame system was instituted this year, the instituting of which has revolutionized football here.

George C. Woodruff, old Georgia star quarterback, is head coach, Mehre being his assistant in charge of the line and Thomas filling the position as assistant in charge of the backfield.

To say that Mehre has developed the greatest line Georgia has had in years would be expressing it mildly. He has taken the husky material on hand and moulded it into the finished product and Georgia's line play all season has been spectacular in every sense.

Thomas has literally made Georgia's backfield which includes around twelve men. And Coach Woodruff shoots them in at various stages of the game just as his assistants' former tutor—Knute Rockne—does with his four horsemen and their cohorts. The second string backs are started, and as soon as a scoring opportunity presents itself the first stringers are immediately shot into the fray.

In addition to winning the love and admiration of Georgia men everywhere by turning out the great team which they have this year Thomas and Mehre have made a big hit everywhere they have been in the south and especially in Athens where they are known and loved by everyone. They are blessed with rare personalities and bubbling over with wit and their beings are inculcated with all those elements of personal magnetism which distinguish the outstanding from the mediocre.

With Coach Woodruff they make up probably the youngest coaching staff in these parts. Woodruff is thirty-two, Thomas twenty-five and Mehre twenty-three.

WALSH TO PLAY TANKS

The annual Fort Wayne football dish for Thanksgiving will be served by the Fort Wayne Tanks with Walsh Hall as guests. The Tanks, a powerful semi-pro team representing the Fort Wayne Tank Company, is captained by Les Logan, former varsity quarterback for Notre Dame.

The strong Badin Hall team of last year, which won a 12-0 victory over Portland, was beaten by the Tanks by a drop kick in the last few minutes of play. Captain Stanhope is taking a championship team to Fort Wayne and expects to make the Tanks fight hard for a victory this year.

THE SWIMMING SEASON

Preparations are being completed for the opening of Notre Dame's second swimming season. Coach Tom Goss began practice several weeks ago with his veteran squad from last year practically intact. The schedule for the season is not as yet completed, but will be published as soon as negotiations can be settled.

Goss possesses some unusual ability in the men on the present varsity, and should perfect a tank team that will rank among the best aggregations in the middle west. John Weibel, varsity football guard, will serve his second year as a pilot of the Irish navigators and will constitute the center about which Goss expects to build his dashmen. Weibel, owing to the extending of the football season, will not be able to join the team at present.

In Jerry Rhodes, breast-stroke, Monte Tennes, free-style dashman, Dick Fuite, back-stroke artist and Ralph Alvarez, running mate of Weibel in the dashes, Coach Goss has a clever quartet of seasoned swimmers. Mike Anderburg will again represent Notre Dame in the fancy diving competition, and in the 220 yard free-style sprint. Anderburg has few equals in the state, and will prove an important cog in the scoring machine this winter. The trio of plungers, Seivers, Diebold and Cunningham are all veterans from last year. It is expected that at least one of these three will be able to capture the state record. Rodgers, McLaughlin, Stephen and Gish are a few of the lesser lights that are expected to fill regular berths on the team.

With the recent announcement from the Indiana Conference that water basket ball will be considered as a regular part of every swimming meet in the future, preparations will soon be made for the reorganization of last year's team, as most of

the squad returned. Applications and try-outs of the new candidates will be held in the near future. Water basket ball will be counted as any regular swimming entry, and will receive equal recognition in the awarding of minor monograms.

Freshmen will be barred from varsity competition starting this season, in conformance to the recent revision of the eligibility rules. While the loss of many promising yearlings will be noticed, it is not expected to make any serious difference in the strength of the tankmen.

The awarding of numerals to freshmen who display marked ability will be introduced this year. This will prove a big incentive to attract many first year men to compete for berths on the frosh squad. Plans are being considered for a series of interteam meets, that will give the freshmen an opportunity to display their ability in opposition to the varsity. Coach Goss announced that an informal meet may be held with the South Bend Y. M. C. A. at either the tank at the "Y" or the municipal natatorium on West Washington street, sometime before the Christmas holidays.

The history of swimming as a sport at Notre Dame began in 1921, when the first attempts were made to lift it from a mere pastime to a place of considerable importance on the minor sport card of the University. Most of these early efforts were of little importance, but they caused the student body to take an interest in the new sport. Gradually swimming became recognized as a necessary part of the sport life on the campus. This increasing interest culminated last year in the organization of the first team that was officially representing Notre Dame in the tank circles of the middle west.

Considering the handicaps that were encountered in entering an untried field, the first season was a decided success. Several organizations were met in South Bend and nearby cities. The University of Indiana, one of the best water aggregations in the West, was met in Notre Dames' initial intercollegiate appearance. Although the tanksters from Bloomington were the most successful from the standpoint of the final score, the contest was just as much a victory for the Gossmen. An inexperienced team was able to give their veteran opponents much unlooked-for opposition, and the meet served as a fitting entry for Notre Dame into intercollegiate competition.

The showing of last year's team fulfilled the expectations of the Athletic Board and of the general student body. It was then decided that swimming was permissible as a minor sport at Notre Dame. Beginning this year swimming is placed on an equal footing with cross-country, boxing, hockey, and other minor sports.

With the increase of interest in swimming as a minor sport, it was also recognized as an essential

part of the course in Physical Training. This caused the requirement that every freshman must swim 100 yards, to be added to the requisites for a credit in the Department of Physical Training. Freshmen are now given the opportunity to enroll in either of the two regular classes held in swimming, and are given the benefit of the best facilities and instruction that present conditions will permit.

The class system used at Notre Dame is unique. It is a novel method in the swimming world. The old idea of teaching a pupil to swim consisted of a few strokes executed by the instructor, who then told the bewildered candidate to practice at these until he had acquired sufficient skill to continue his aquatic education. By the new method of class instruction the pupil is not only carefully trained in the technicalities of the sport, but is given the added benefit of watching his colleagues practice at the same time. The classmates can thereby profit by their own mistakes.

Students who have acquired a preparatory knowledge of swimming are placed in the advanced class. These men are given the opportunity to develop speed, endurance and skill while at the same time overcoming any defects in their ability. It is from this latter class that candidates are chosen for positions on the varsity squad. After acquiring a certain perfection of skill, the advanced swimmers are drilled in the principles of Red Cross life saving. This is highly profitable experience to the men who care to spend their spare time as instructors and as life guards.

"THE FOUR HORSEMEN"

*From Mr. Batchelor's Article in the
"Detroit Saturday Night."*

No printed word can begin to convey an idea of the speed, the precision and the power of this (Notre Dame's) basketball. Imagine two Granges, a Friedman and a Lidberg placed on the same team. Imagine them trained together for three years so that they could go through their plays in the dark, standing on their heads, or left-handed. Imagine them drilled daily by a football genius whose plays would make crossword puzzles seem childishly simple. Then imagine them geared up to the speed shown by the participants in a slapstick movie comedy, and you will have some idea of "The Four Horsemen." It is not only the greatest backfield of today, but probably the greatest that the modern game of football has produced.

It is a question whether four other men could be picked from the entire country and drilled to such efficiency in a single season. Certainly if the All-American team ever existed for playing purposes instead of for argument among the fans it would get much better results from this perfect-fitting, smooth-working combination of Rockne's than from any quartet that Walter Camp will pick. These may not be the four best backs in the country individually, but collectively the yare in a class by themselves. Notre Dame is doubly proud of them, too, because they are "home grown." The South Bend institution does not seem to be able to offer the inducements to great stars of the preparatory school ranks that some of the other colleges do and she doesn't get many of them. So Rockne has to "raise them from pups."

AS YOU LIKE IT

BILL REID, '26

Last Saturday, the "Blue Comet" became enveloped in a purple mist. After floundering around awhile, it finally found a way out and continued its journey along the paths of victory. Those who had depended upon the ability of the Comet to guide them through an undefeated season, felt their confidence shaken just a little, when they could not pierce the purple haze.

—N D S—

Some of our world's greatest newspapers seemed to take extreme pleasure in announcing to fandom that the "Fighting Irish" were held to a thirteen to six score. Have they failed to take into consideration the calibre of opposition, Captain Walsh and his men have been fighting throughout the season? Not one game on the 1924 schedule could have been considered a set up. Every opponent required special attention and the pointing of the team for the weekly encounter. The strong opponents, which constituted the Notre Dame schedule, exacted that Rockne keep his men in the right mental attitude, on edge and in physical shape for every game.

CROSS COUNTRY SEASON ENDS

With Notre Dame's entrance into the Conference Cross Country meet at Ann Arbor last Saturday morning the Blue and Gold cross country season was brought to a close. Notre Dame did not win the meet but the team's showing was creditable. Notre Dame finished eight in a field of 16 contesting teams.—Capt. Wentland of the Irish finished third and was awarded a Conference medal. Phelps of Iowa won the event for the second time in the same number of years; Wisconsin won the meet having the lowest score. The Notre Dame team finished in the following order: Wentland, Nulty, Young, Dolmadge, Master-son and Cox. Following the finish of the race, which was over a five-mile course, the Blue Key Club of the University of Michigan entertained the contestants at a banquet at the Michigan Union building.

Notre Dame has enjoyed a good season in Cross Country activities. Four of the Varsity team are Sophomores and will be great aids to the team for the next few years. The team's success has been due to Coach Ray Hoyer who has given much of his time to developing the men. It was Hoyer's first season at Notre Dame and he has shown great ability.

Notre Dame scored two victories this year defeating Indiana and the Michigan Aggies. Indiana won the state championship. The Blue and Gold team was defeated by Northwestern but in the meet last Saturday the Irish led in the Purple.

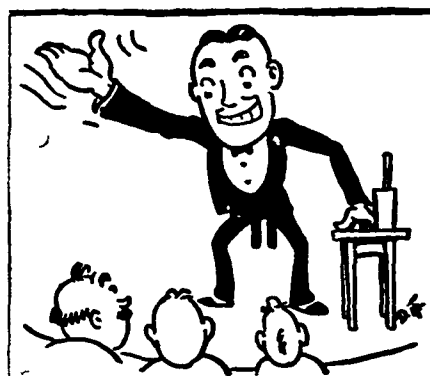
Joe Nulty of Newark, N. J., a sophomore, was elected to captain the Varsity cross country team next year. The cross country men will furnish the long distance runners for the track team.

In the three and a half mile cross country race held last week for freshmen candidates,

Phelan came in first, followed by Ryan. Fisher and Lahey finished fourth and fifth. The first five to place were awarded numerals. The time made by the first two men was promising.

FRESHMAN HALL DEFEATED

Freshmen hall team was defeated by the strong Jonesboro Triangles' team, Sunday, by one touchdown. The boys from Frosh hall journeyed down state in charge of Butch DeVault, student prefect. The Triangles, a professional team, secured the score after a fast forward pass attack in the first quarter. They failed to add the point after touchdown. For the rest of the game the Frosh outplayed the down-state team but were unable to score. The backfield men played good football for Freshman hall. Blume and Schuh featured in the running and passing attacks. They made considerable gains. Capt. Purcell ran the team in fine shape and played a good game.



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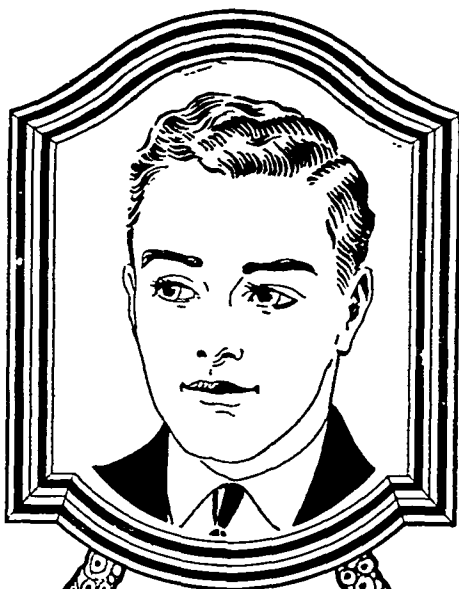
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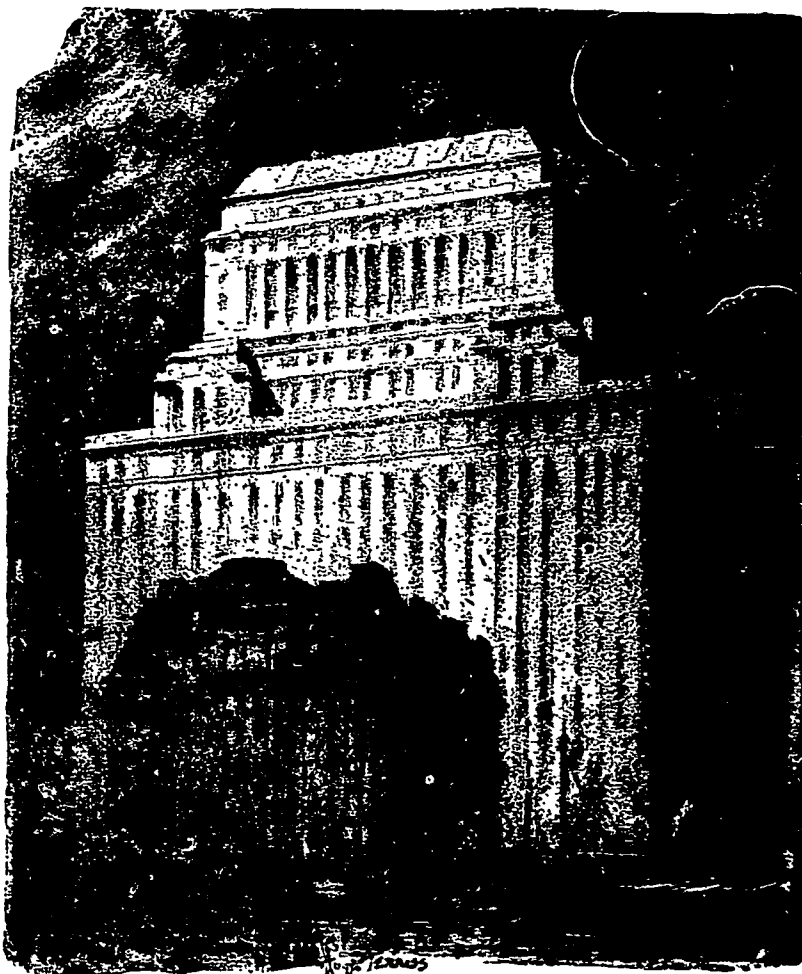
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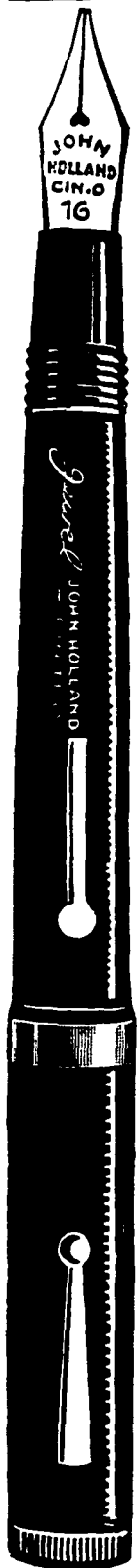
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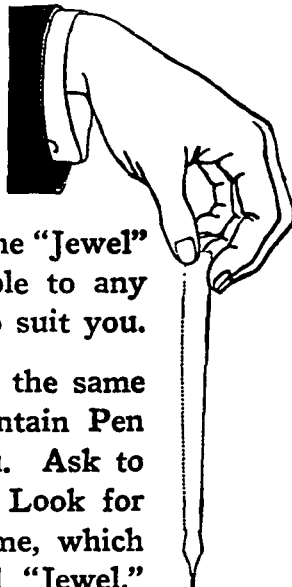
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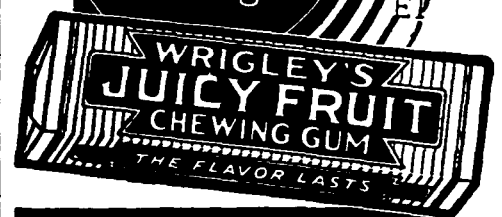
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