

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.*



The Messiah

*While men looked for heralds
And Caravans of flame
Into the world
A Baby came!*



... THE WEEK ...

Christmas, like other annual events, comes but once a year, fortunately. Spending nine months looking forward to it, and three months getting over it, it could hardly come oftener. Many students consider the Christmas holidays the most important part of their college life. Since they have not passed from the take to the give stage, this position is rather natural. Also, since they have not yet passed from the single to the team stage, the position is even more natural.

There has been so much talk about All-American on the campus that it commenced to sound like a klonklave. Fortunately the publication of the SCHOLASTIC'S poll of campus opinion will set at rest all doubts of local and national followers of football. Some of the choices made by critics show all the baffling qualities of a synonym for xylopyrography in three letters. Before another SCHOLASTIC appears, the nearest approach to an All-American team seen in football will have invaded the native lair of bathing beauty and the real estate agent. If these two perils are surmounted, the battle with Stanford is in line. Sounds like the tenth labor of Hercules. At any rate, while most people place Merry Christmas first both in time and spirit, Notre Dame is concentrating in wishing the super-team a Happy New Year.

Senior registration for the second semester is well under way. And some of the seniors are worried about being way under and not so well. Student and office arithmetic present all the harmonious qualities of a Sanscrit cross-word puzzle, whose author has made five mistakes in spelling. Even so, the assurance of a degree after another semester of prescribed work has all the

thrill of holding the lucky number at a Pierce-Arrow raffle.

Work is being tossed to the four winds, who probably aren't looking for it any more than anyone else. Professors are vainly trying to convince classes that what is done before Xmas won't haunt their sleep during the holidays. But so many don't expect to get any sleep during the holidays that the argument is weakening. Every time a duty is assigned the class rises en masse and quotes Harry Leon Wilson's latest book. The Monday Holyday and holiday acted as a serative to the increasing restlessness.

During our absence Father Time will chalk up another advance. To us it means a step nearer to whatever goal we have chosen. The closer we are to the end of our days at Notre Dame, the more impressive this advance from 1924 to 1925 will seem. The more we will realize the value of time and of training. The more we will regret the opportunities lost. The stronger will be the resolutions to lose no more. To many the holidays will seem simply three weeks of pleasure. To others they will mean the realization that another year has passed, and a serious wonder as to what the next Christmas will reveal.

But whether you resolve—as Merton—to do “bigger and better things”, or whether you resolve to perfect a non-detectible system of sleeping in—each has his own individual life to lead, his own plans to make, his own difficulties to conquer, his own hopes to hope. And the best we can do for each other is to commend success, rise above failure, and wish each other a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.



Rt. Rev. Herman Joseph Alerding
Bishop of the Diocese of Fort Wayne, Indiana

Notre Dame was grieved to hear of the death of the Right Reverend Herman Joseph Alerding, fourth bishop of the diocese of Fort Wayne of which Notre Dame is part, who died at two o'clock last Saturday afternoon. He was seventy-nine years of age. The bishop had been seriously ill following injuries received in an auto accident on Thanksgiving day. The end came gently to this servant of God.

The funeral services were held Thursday at the Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception of Fort Wayne. A solemn pontifical high mass was celebrated by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Chartrand, of Indianapolis.

Notre Dame was represented by the very Rev. Charles L. O'Donnell, C. S. C., Provincial of the Holy Cross; Rev. John Scheier, C. S. C.; Rev. George Finnigan, C. S. C.; Rev. John Donahue, C. S. C.; Rev. M. McGarry, C. S. C.; Rev. W. Connor, C. S. C., and the Rev. R. Collentine, C. S. C. A requiem high mass was celebrated on Thursday morning at Notre Dame in honor of the dead Bishop and students attended.

The Rt. Rev. Monsignor Ochtering, vicar general, and the Rt. Rev. A. E. Lafontaine, school superintendent of the diocese were present at the bedside during his last moments, along with Bishop Alerding's sister, Mrs. Peter Fox, of Indianapolis.

Herman J. Alerding was born in Westphalia, Germany, on the thirteenth of April 1845. His family emigrated to America a very short time after this and settled in Newport, Ky. Here he attended the parochial schools. In 1858 he entered the diocesan seminary at Vincennes. The second year of his studies he spent in old St. Thomas Seminary near Bardstown, Kentucky. In the Fall

of 1860 he was sent to St. Meinrad's College in Spencer county, Indiana, where he completed his education. On September 22, 1868, he received the Holy Orders from Bishop de St. Palais.

He was appointed as assistant to the Rev. John B. Chasse at St. Joseph's Church in Terre Haute as his first appointment. While here he also had charge of the missions at Rockville, Montezuma and Rosedale in Parke county and Sullivan and Farmersburg in Sullivan county. He was next moved to Cambridge City, Ind., as pastor of St. Elizabeth's church. He built a new church and rectory and it was paid for before he left. Here he also had missions at Knightstown and Newcastle. In both these places he built churches and formed parishes.

On the eighteenth of August in 1874 he was transferred to Indianapolis where he became procurator of St. Joseph's seminary, built in that year. After one year the seminary was abandoned and the site turned into a hospital. Father Alerding was made pastor of St. Joseph's congregation and a new church was built through his efforts.

The death of Bishop Rodamoc^{de} left the see of Fort Wayne vacant and Father Alerding was appointed to succeed him. The bishop-elect was given the bills of appointment on the twenty-seventh of September and was consecrated in the Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception at Fort Wayne on November 30, 1900. Since that time he has acted as bishop of this diocese with saintly wisdom and prudence.

Notre Dame joins the rest of the country in grieving the death of this illustrious servant of God.

Administration

Packards will be forbidden to students after January 6. Furthermore, no student will be allowed, after that date, to own or to assume ownership of an automobile of *any kind*. The italicized phrase, it is pointed out, includes even the decrepid Fords which have been all too much in evidence this fall.... The only exceptions to this rule will be those students who have a residence in South Bend or Mishawaka. These must make arrangements at the Off-Campus Office. Immediate suspension is the penalty for failure to comply with any part of this rule.

—NDS—

Administrative offices have been flooded with requests for information regarding the duration of Christmas vacation. It is here repeated again that there will be no lengthening of the recess at the last moment.... which means that classes will end at 4:10 Friday, Dec. 19, and resume at 8:10 Tuesday, Jan. 6.

—NDS—

Six-twenty was the time of the Requiem Mass last Thursday for the Rt. Rev. Herman J. Alerding, Bishop of Fort Wayne. Despite the early hour, the President's request for student attendance was well-answered.... By Bishop Alerding's death, Notre Dame loses a true friend.

—NDS—

Flunks are the sequel of a large number of examinations of last quarter. In this connection, attention is called to the rules on Probation, in the Undergraduate Manual, page 20, last two paragraphs.... "A student on probation because of poor scholarship, who in the succeeding quarter of the scholastic year fails to pass the required number of hours (two thirds) is dismissed from the University."

—NDS—

And again: "Students placed on probation for any cause may not, during the period of probation, take part in any public contest or exhibition, or serve on the staff of any student publication, or hold or become candidates for any undergraduate office.".... A student may be placed on probation at the direction of the Faculty of his College, when more than one-third of the work for which he is registered falls below 70 percent.

—NDS—

A present member of the Board of Trustees has been made a Knight of St. Gregory, the highest honor within the gift of the Church for a member of the laity. Henceforth, he may write his name as Francis Joseph Reitz, K. S. G.

S. A. C. Notes

Postponed from Monday night because of the pressure of other affairs, the weekly S. A. C. meeting took place in the Library Tuesday night, December 9 at 7:30. Fourteen of the nineteen members were present. The absentees: John Moran, Don Miller, Mark Mooney, Paul Kohout, Edward Collins.

Discussion of plans for the demonstration held last Saturday night, occupied practically the entire time. Eddie Luther, cheerleader, was present to aid in working out the program. It was generally thought by the members that a more satisfactory cooperation with the Chicago alumni could be obtained by personal contact. Accordingly, on a motion by William Daily, and after a favorable vote by the Council, Chairman Bischoff was instructed to go to Chicago the following day, last Wednesday, December 10.

HOLIDAY DANCE IN DETROIT

Sponsored by Detroit alumni of both eastern and middle western universities, an Intercollegiate Ball will be held in the new Book-Cadillac Hotel, Detroit, on the evening of December 20. Music will be furnished by Paul Wilson's Wolverines, of the Michigan Union, Ann Arbor. Dancing will continue from 9 until 2.

Invitations have been addressed to Detroit students and their friends who may be guests in Detroit during the holidays and who are now enrolled at Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Cornell, Pittsburgh, Ohio State, Pennsylvania, Notre Dame, Chicago, Wisconsin, Michigan, Illinois, Albion, Alma, Ypsilanti and M. A. C.

Officers, and their wives, of the various alumni groups in Detroit are serving as patrons and patronesses of the ball.

CARROLL SMOKER

The smoker staged by Carroll Hall in their "rec" room, last Tuesday night, was the first of Carroll's smokers, and repeating the words of Father O'Donnell, we hope that it is only the beginning of series of such gatherings.

Carroll Hall turned out nearly one hundred percent, and Freshman, Cophomore and Brownson Halls made up the rest of the peppy gatherings. The program opened with selections by the Carroll

orchestra, slightly augmented for the occasion. Paul Saggstetter acted as toastmaster.

Father O' Donnell in a few words told of the Notre Dame spirit and how Carroll and Brownson with their common study hall, dormitory, and wash room do much to promote the spirit of democracy. He told of the difficulty which the university faced in restoring that old spirit after the S. A. T. C. days and he gave Carroll much credit for promoting the work.

Father Devers, popular rector of Carroll, responded and welcomed the visitors to the gathering. He informed them that these gatherings were held three times a day in the "rec" room, but in a more informal manner.

In the musical end of the program the recently organized varsity quartette and a sketch by Berry and Carey filled the bill.

Two boxing bouts, the first between F. X. James O'Brien of East Rochester and Manuel Garcia, Philippine Islands, 135 lbs., proved to be a farce. The second bout, between Richard McClure of Clearfield, Pa., and Pat Campbell of Clarksburg, W. Va., ended rather abruptly in the third round when Campbell rather unexpectedly caught the university welterweight champ on the chin with a stiff uppercut. Pat Canney refereed. Ending as all good smokers should, refreshments consisting of sandwiches, cake and coffee were served.

BALL COMMITTEES ANNOUNCED.

George C. Laughlin, a senior in Mechanical Engineering from Chicago, has been made general chairman of the Senior Ball, according to an announcement of class committees made by Don Miller, class president.

The Ball committees follow:

Reception—Francis W. Howland, Chairman; Robert F. Flynn, Vincent F. Harrington, Edmund J. Luther, Harry A. McGuire, William J. Neville.

Arrangements—Charles C. Collins, Chairman; John P. Dwyer, Edward T. Lyons, William A. Krider, Joseph J. Scalise, Ralph F. Heger.

Favors—Vincent J. Schneider, Chairman; Fabian J. Burke, William J. Cerney, George B. Sheehee, Leo H. Sutcliffe, John Kilkenny.

Tickets—John P. Lynch, Chairman; Paul J. Dooley, Cornelius S. Hagerty, George E. Rohrbach, James W. Wrape, John M. Neitzel.

Decorations—Paul A. Rahe, Chairman; Peter P. Dupay, Paul L. Kohout, Charles M. Mouch, Robert N. Parnell, John P. McKenna.

Music—Everard F. Kohl, Chairman; William H. Benitz, John H. Hamling, Clarence W. Harding, John R. Moran, John L. McNamee.

The senior class committees for the year include:

Concessions—John A. Bartley—Chairman; Robert J. Klug, Ralph G. Gladen, Howard J. Spencer, Frederick E. Forhan.

Flag Day—John W. Scallan, Chairman; James E. Armstrong, William V. Dielmann, James F. McNicholas, John D. Weibel, Cornelius R. Klaver.

Invitations—Leonard J. Dorschel, Chairman; Frank D. Celebrezze, Alfred G. Hockwalt.

Cap and Gowns—Walter J. Haecker, Chairman; John J. Kane, Gerald J. Holland, William J. Seidenstecker, Harold C. Watson, Edward T. Hunsinger.

A financial report has also been made public. Receipts and expenditures follow:

RECEIPTS

Oct. 1	Joe Toolen, Treas	\$10.75
Nov. 29	Walter Haecker, Concession	13.00
Dec. 4	John Bartley, Dance	549.00
Dec. 4	Don Miller, Stray Tickets	3.00

Total Receipts \$575.75

PAYMENTS

Oct. 15	Mass for Joe Weinlich	\$ 5.00
Dec. 4	Expenses of Dance, Nov. 15	
	Orchestra	\$150.00
	McClave	20.15
	Tribune (rent)	37.50

Total Payments \$212.65

Dec. 4	Bal. in Bank	\$363.10
		\$575.75

CHICAGO CLUB FORMAL

Following its traditional custom, the Chicago Club will hold its annual Christmas Formal at the Edgewater Beach Hotel, Saturday, January 3rd. Harry Denny's Collegians have been procured for the occasion. Subscriptions are four dollars a couple. Committees have been working for the past month, earnestly endeavoring to assure the success of the affair. Altogether it promises to rival the very successful dinner and dance, given on the occasion of the Northwestern game. An invitation is extended to all the students of the University and their friends. Tickets may be procured from any of the officers or dance committeemen.

The SCRIBBLER'S Poetry Contest came to a very successful close and the manuscripts are in the hands of the judges: Mrs. Lillian White Spencer, Mrs. Aline Kilmer, Rev. Charles O'Donnell, Professor George N. Shuster and Professor Charles Phillips.

Student-Alumni Ovation

More than a score of bankers, judges, educators, lawyers and business men doffed the garments of their successful lives and returned to Notre Dame last Saturday night—just alumni. For two hours and a half these grey-haired, happy men sat on the crowded stage in the old gymnasium and gave testimony of their love and confidence in their Alma Mater—love and confidence that each additional year since their student days had served only to increase in reverence and intensity. Half a century was represented: from the oldest living alumnus of the class of '73 to the comparatively youthful graduates of '23. And all around these men that Notre Dame had made, two thousand students sat listening, drinking in the words of the inspired past—two thousand men whom Notre Dame is even now making, to be added, class by class, to her proud record.

The Student-Alumni ovation to "Rock and His Men" was more than a burst of oratory, a feast of back-slapping, a vociferous vote of confidence: it was an amazing demonstration of that elusive thing, the spirit of Notre Dame, that is and always will be the inspiring and unchanging link between the past and the present. Beneath the fun and noise ran the deep, warm current of love for all that Notre Dame means to her men.

A program which includes, among other things, sixteen speakers is prone to drag: that this one did not was due in a large measure to clever handling by Chairman Byron Kanaley, '04, who lists among his other accomplishments a membership on the baseball team of 1904 and the past presidency of the Alumni Association. Mr. Kanaley's wit and informality made for smoothness and good feeling throughout. His introduction of Mark M. Foote, oldest living alumnus, was greeted with cheers and applause, followed by more—much more—of the same things when Mr. Foote assured the gathering that "the past is with you: Godspeed to you all." Rev. J. H. O'Donnell, C. S. C., '16, was lavish in praise of the Seven Mules, the sturdy line that has held back opposition while the four Horsemen were seizing the chance to break into a gallop. Angus D. McDonald, '00, according to Mr. Kanaley, is a good one to keep in mind if your bets go the wrong way in Pasadena; being vice president of the Southern Pacific Railroad, he might come in handy if it is necessary to resort to "riding the rods" on the way back. It should be added that Mr. McDonald *did* come in handy Saturday night, for he gave a stirring little talk on what Notre Dame means to her graduated sons. The Rice Hotel, Houston, Texas, is the stopping place of the team on Christmas Day. Mr. McDonald's suggestion that telegrams of confidence and good wishes

be sent there to the boys who are missing most of their holiday was met with enthusiastic approval. Warren W. Brown of the *Chicago Herald-Examiner* spoke wittily and well of matters dear to lovers of sport. He told the famous one of Rockne vs. Zuppke, in which some thirty crosses figure prominently; he sketched Rockne the man, as he is known to sport writers, and he stated that the youngest prospective student of Notre Dame, answering to the name of Brown and the age of a few months, is already an expert in passing a milk bottle. Rev. Matthew J. Walsh, President of the University, came right back and said that Mr. Brown did not know a thing about Notre Dame, that he never would, until his son would come home some twenty years hence and tell him about it. "To be known, Notre Dame must be lived. These boys know Notre Dame because they have lived with her. They will win at Stanford, they know how much depends upon it." As peppy and staccato as his name, K. K. Rockne admitted "we have a pretty fair team this year," and then went on to give the credit for their showing to the tradition and historical background that is the Notre Dame students', the cooperation and unselfishness of the team members, and the efficient work done by the assistant coaches, Lieb, Vergara, Keogan, and Anderson. "I," he said, "am only the stableboy for the Four Horsemen and the Seven Mules." A former coach and player, Frank E. Hering, '98, made an eloquent appeal to the students and the team to "carry on; the victory is within your grasp."

There were others, each adding his bit. There was Hon. Charles Neizer, '99, with emphasis of the opportunity that lies in the Stanford game; there was Thomas T. Cavanaugh, '97, and his characterization of the team as clean sports, win, lose, or draw. Judge John Eggeman and Frank O'Shaughnessy, both of '00, were there to add their words of praise for the season's record and confidence for the games to come. George Bischoff, President of the Students Activities Council, opened with a welcome; Al Ryan, '20, presented the hard-working business manager of the team, Leo Sutliff, and Avery Brundage, Olympic athlete, gave expression of his pleasure at coming to what he called "the athletic center of the world." Music by the Band, clever songs by the Glee Club Quartette, and original programs, designed by Ray Cunningham, furnished added cause for enthusiasm.

The idea of the Ovation came in the first place from the students and appealed so strongly to the alumni that they asked to participate; the cooperation of both made its success assured.

Music

Music on the Notre Dame campus came into its own the past week end with the Band and Glee Club concerts and the concert given in Washington Hall Monday night.

The Notre Dame Band under the direction of Joe Cassasanta gave its first concert of the year in Washington Hall Friday night, December 12, at 8:15. Members of the student body and guests from South Bend were present at the first presentation of a program by the organization.

The program as it was given included the numbers:

- I. a. On the Square.
b. Mothers of Democracy.
c. American Red Cross Nurse.
- II. Overture—American Patrol.
- III. a. Charlie, My Boy.
b. I Love You.
c. June Night.
- IV. Overture—Orpheus in the Underworld.

PART II.

- I. Killarney.
O'Donnel Abou.
Wearing of the Green.
- II. Overture—Superba.
- III. College Medley.
a. Pitt's Panther.
b. On, Wisconsin.
c. Hike, Notre Dame.
- IV. Victory March.

—N D S—

The Glee Club made its first appearance of the year in concert at St. Patrick's Church in South Bend Sunday night, December 14, at 7:30. The concert was in the nature of a sacred concert and was arranged by Father Maloney, the pastor of the church, and Dr. Browne.

Appearing as soloist with the club was Miss Elicia Lower of South Bend. Miss Lower sang two numbers on the program, one of which was "Consolation" written by Dr. Browne.

The numbers given on the program, under the direction of Dr. Browne, were:

- "Laudate Patrem" _____Gounod
"Lo, How a Rose" _____Praetorius
GLEE CLUB
- "Salve Regina" _____Parker
MISS ELICIA LOWER
- "O, Divine Redeemer" _____Gounod
CHARLES BAUMGARTNER
- "O Bone Jesu" _____Palestrina
"Let Every Tongue Adore Thee" _____Bach
GLEE CLUB

"Consolation" _____Browne

MISS LOWER

Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament:

"O Salutaris Hostia" _____Gounod

"Tantum Ergo" _____Browne

"Laudate Dominum" (Chant)

GLEE CLUB

—N D S—

The Harp Ensemble Company, the second attraction of the concert series for this year, appeared in Washington Hall Monday night, December 15, at 8:15. The company, composed of five young ladies, was coached by Clara Louise Thurston of Chicago, who is herself a harpist of repute. Three harps, a cello and a violin were used in presenting the program, which was composed of classic and semi-classic numbers. The musicianship of the members of the Company was undoubted and their program was received with much praise on the campus.

—N D S—

A Glee Club concert in Cleveland is an assured thing as the contracts have been signed calling for the appearance of the Club in that city on Easter Monday. At this time a trip will be made which will include towns of Central and Eastern Ohio and Pennsylvania. Another week's trip will be made immediately following the second term exams, which will carry the Club into Michigan and Wisconsin.

—N D S—

One of the greatest surprises of the year was given to the student body Saturday evening, December 6, in Washington Hall, when Perc Connolly's Big Five Orchestra appeared as an added attraction to the showing of Marion Davies' "Little Old New York." Music at a movie in Washington Hall, and particularly such music, is a novelty which comes rarely, and certainly the Orchestra did not lack the applause which would seem to indicate that the idea of music for the future productions was not without its supporters.

COTILLION FEB. 6.

Announcement has been made by Tommy Green, president of the Sophomore class, that the Cotillion will be held February sixth at the Knights of Columbus Auditorium in South Bend. Following the custom of previous years, the dance will be formal but limited to members of the Sophomore Class.

Clubs

The NORTH SHORE CLUB of the University of Notre Dame announces a Holiday Informal to be given at Waukegan, Illinois on January 2, 1925. Harry Denny will furnish music. The North Shore Club is composed of students from Racine, Kenosha, Waukegan and Libertyville.

—NDS—

The LOUISIANA-MISSISSIPPI CLUB held its first banquet of the year Monday evening, December 8, at the Oliver. The affair was reported to have been well-attended and an enjoyable success. The Club for the past two years has been materially handicapped on account of the smallness of its personnel. This year, however, the membership has greatly increased and there is every possibility for the club to develop into an active campus organization. Plans were discussed at the banquet for the reception of the varsity at New Orleans, on its way to the Pacific Coast.

—NDS—

Matters of money, sport, and learning occupied the last meeting of the CHEMISTS CLUB on Wednesday, December 3. It was decided to insert a full-page picture in the *Dome*, and to enter a basketball team in the Engineer's League.

A Sophomore program of experiments was presented by Brezizinski, Doell, and Mootz. A talk on "Filter Papers and the Theory of Washing Precipitates" was creditably handled by Frank Mootz. Leon Brezizinski and Philip Doell performed a difficult experiment upon the vapor density of steam. The results were practically flawless.

All "old grads" in Chemistry resident in and about South Bend will be the guests of the club at the next meeting to be held on the second Tuesday in January.

—NDS—

The CLEVELAND CLUB gave a dinner in the Mezzanine dining room of the La-Salle Hotel on Thursday evening, Dec. 4.

The dinner successfully fostered a better acquaintance-spirit between the Freshmen and the upper-classmen of the club.

Professor R. R. Macgregor entertained the diners with some interesting experiences of his travels.

Enthusiasm ran high when President Frank Naughton announced that Philip Spitalny's, the Victor recording orchestra, had been secured for the Notre Dame-Cleveland Club dance on Jan. 2.

—NDS—

The ENGINEER'S CLUB held their second regular meeting in Carroll Recreation Hall on Monday night, December 15, at eight o'clock. Father John O'Hara addressed the club at the meeting. Music and smokes were included in the program. Len Dorschel was chairman of the committee in charge of this meeting.

At the last Executive meeting it was voted that the ENGINEER'S CLUB would sponsor the Engineer's Basketball League. This league is to be composed of teams representing each of the five schools of engineering. The committee in charge includes Clarence Kaiser, chairman, Tom Sheridan, Ben Bourse, Bob Purnell, and Jerry Hurlehy.

—NDS—

The VILLAGERS' CLUB gathered in the Rotary room of the Oliver hotel Thursday evening. Coach K. K. Rockne, Notre Dame; Coach W. H. Spaulding, Minnesota; Coach Paul J. Schissler, Oregon Agricultural college; and F. J. Clippinger, of Indianapolis, were the speakers.

Coach K. K. Rockne was elected honorary president of the Villagers' club after the talks. The Druids orchestra entertained with several selections and Peter Lacava sang several numbers.

—NDS—

A formal dance will be given on January 5th by the PACIFIC COAST CLUB at the College Inn. At the last meeting of the club it was decided to hold a Christmas Pow Wow despite the long vacation, and the Notre Dame-Stanford game. John Kil-

kenny is in charge of arrangements for the music, Bernard MacNabb will arrange for the programs and tickets, while LeRoy Hibberd was giving the advertising for the Pow Wow. A Christmas dinner will be arranged for the members remaining at the University during the Christmas vacation. It will take place at Robertson's Tea Rooms on December twentieth at six-thirty.

—NDS—

The PENNSYLVANIA CLUB at a meeting held recently completed its organization by electing Edward G. Byrnes, '25, president; Vincent Soisson, '26; George J. Schill, '27; Jack Sheedy, '28 vice-presidents; A. J. Diebeld Jr. '27, treasurer; Anthnoy Abel, '28, secretary.

Plans were outlined for a smoker to be held after the holidays and to co-operate with the alumni clubs of eastern and western Pennsylvania for their celebration plans of the national football championship New Years day.

The Rocky Mountain Club tendered a dinner to incoming Freshman members at the College Inn Tuesday night. Al Dowds was toastmaster. Larry O'Leary is president for the current year.

—NDS—

Franklin McSorley, president of the PITTSBURGH CLUB, is in receipt of a letter from Jack Barr, '24, president of the alumni of Western Pennsylvania, thanking the members of the club for their splendid co-operation in entertaining the members of the football squad during the Carnegie Tech trip at Thanksgiving and at the supper dance sponsored jointly by the two clubs. On account of conflicting dates, the Christmas dance has been called off. Plans for an Easter formal are rapidly nearing completion.

George Schill has been appointed chairman of the committee to dispose of the *Football Review* in the Smoky City.

Winter

*The sun that bathed last summer's green is caught
By yonder gilded dome—a golden blur
Through interlacing branches; and distant
Windows are like glistening sheets of tin,
Silver flashing. No loitering footsteps;
But the hollow crunch of hurrying feet
On snow-packed walks. Last summer's bashful breeze
Now bullies all about; and gray tree-trunks stand
In sombre sadness—remembering a glory that is gone.*

—ANSELM MILLER.

Notre Dame's Main Building

Arriving at Notre Dame in November of 1842, Father Sorin was determined to found a college. Accordingly he had already had plans drawn for the first college building. But because of the unusual severity of the winter, and the fact that the community had only fifteen hundred dollars in its treasury, construction of the building had to be postponed.

The small, square, brick structure which stands on the edge of St. Mary's lake, and

now known as the Mission House, was built, therefore, by Father Sorin in order that the college could be started at once. The building was also used as a bakery. The first "main building" was used for a year and was then turned over to the lay-brothers.

The original plans for the first college building specified that it should be in the shape of "the letter H, or a 'double hammer', forty by a hundred and sixty feet, and it should be four and a half stories high." But

because of the poverty of the community only the middle part, or handle of the "double hammer" was erected, and when completed was only thirty-six by eighty feet. The building almost a perfect rectangle, was

down in 1865 in order to make way for a greater structure, for the large influx of students after the Civil War made a more spacious building necessary. The third building was a hundred and sixty feet in



SACRED HEART CHURCH AND MAIN BUILDING

surmounted by a tower on top of which was placed an iron cross, eighteen feet high. The refectory at this time had accommodations for only thirty or forty boys; the kitchen was very appropriately in charge of a Mr. Coffee.

The yard in front of the main building was a half acre in extent, and was terminated by a picket fence. Outside the fence the forest began. A quarter of a mile to the east of the college grounds, the present Eddy St., was a stage road; to the West (the present Niles Road) there was another, and more travelled stage road.

The second "main building" was taken

length and eighty feet in width, and was six stories high. The form carried out the original plan by being a double-hammer in form. Like the present building it had a gigantic statue of Our Lady, surmounting a golden dome. The dome differed, however, in that it had a "port" on each of its eight sides.

Fire razed the third "main building" to the ground in April of 1879. The fourth, begun almost before the ashes of the third had cooled, was ready for occupancy by the following September. This, the fourth, is the building which now graces the campus.

—WILLIAM J. MOORE.

EDITORIAL

CHRISTMAS SUGGESTIONS

OUR first thought for a Christmas Editorial is to wish you a Merry Christmas and let it go at that. You will pick up dozens of post-cards between now and Christmas Day that will carry greetings that we haven't the time, the imagination, or the poetic ability to give you in this column.

This we can do, however, we can enlarge a bit upon the old but not time-worn greeting. We can tell you how to make the most of the merriness, and make the most of it for everyone you come in contact with.

First, when you go home, show them you are glad to be home. That will gladden more hearts than one. Don't be afraid to show your father and your mother that you love them. You will find this will warm more hearts than theirs alone. It will kindle new fires in your own breast.

Then, for the rest of our merry-making advice, don't display your worldliness by too much bragging, too much drinking, or too much loafing. Get back on time, and when you do leave your folks for Notre Dame, tell them how happy you were to be with them even for a little while. This will help keep them merry throughout the year.

You Seniors, keep it in your mind that this is the last Christmas for you at Notre Dame. Don't let anything spoil it. The days of this last year will be looked back upon with something more than delight later on—They will be as mellow and as merry and as rich and as glowing, as we hope this Christmas of 1924 will be for each one of you.

J. F. H., '24.

THE LAST RIDE.

THE black-banked bowl leaned forward, there was the sharp call of the signals, four slim bodies moved rhythmically to the right, there was the flash of the ball, the shock and struggle of the linemen coming together. An end goes down like wheat under the scythe. The backs were through. Two more men went down in a tangle. The ball carrier swayed like a dervish through the intending tacklers. There was a flash of cardinal in his rear and the runner dropped, and then came the sharp bark of a gun. It was the last ride of the "Horsemen."

Four young men, lithe, sharp-witted, and quick, but above and beyond all other things willing to subordinate their efforts to that of the team. It is that willingness to co-ordinate which has made that team victorious, and it is the co-ordinator, Knute K. Rockne, who has made that team famous. It is a splendid exhibition of the true Notre Dame Democracy, our greatest boast and that which differentiates us from other American universities. It is a rigorous task to be truly democratic, more rigorous in the face of such a tumult of praise.

Their rhythm, dash, and football wit, combined with the spectacularness of the Notre Dame shift, its criss-crosses, delayed bucks and passes, and lightning-like line plunges, made these four young men excellent sport story material, but despite their pre-eminence as a backfield in American football, none of them failed to subordinate himself to the team. There were no Grange-built plays on

that team, with all due respect to that great ball-carrier, but that stout, terrier-spirited line, and cyclonic backfield played as a unit. The thrill of their splendid execution of their intricate Rockne plays, their destructive interference, that mowed a long, graceful swath on their opponents flanks, or cut a quick gash through their line,—that was the impressive thing about the Notre Dame team. It took eleven men to do it, and these men knew that, and so to-day they are, as "Time" described them, "the rough-shod, omnivincible, indisputable national champions."

—N D S—

ANOTHER SIDE OF CHRISTMAS

National

IT is indeed a far cry from the present day commercialized Christmas to the first Christmas in Bethlehem so many years ago. The world generally has practically forgotten the real significance of the day. It gives little thought of its origin, that it celebrates the birth of the Saviour, and thinks of it as a holiday on which people exchange presents, while it forgets, too, that three wise men called the Magi had much to do with the custom. It knows Christmas time as the best business thing that ever happened. It has capitalized the affair into a purely state occasion.

Nowadays most children know the Santa Claus myth much better than the reality of the Christ Child. This is but a reflection of the irreligious tendency in America.

Christmas should be a glorified Thanksgiving Day to those who possess any faith in the origin of the day. It should mean more than just a legal holiday or time of "peace and good will."

Local

The sons of Notre Dame know well the meaning of Christmas. They know its vacation joys, but most important of all they know its religious significance. Perhaps in this they are not thoroughly "Americanized," perhaps they are just a little closer to Heaven.

—J. F. S.

MERRY CHRISTMAS—MAYBE

THE SCHOLASTIC staff extends a very merry Christmas and a happy New Year to the campus, conditionally. If, in the course of the holidays, the Christmas spirit moves you to contribute to the SCHOLASTIC so much copy that the office will have to be moved from Corby to the Gymnasium or Washington Hall, then we hope you enjoy the vacation. But if the new year is going to bring forth a continued dearth of copy and co-operation, then we'll need all our merriment of Christmas and happiness of the New Year for ourselves. On second thought, if you intend to write next year, don't make it a New Year's resolution. We've made a few of those ourselves. Promise your little girl chums that you'll send them a SCHOLASTIC with your stories in it. The incentive is stronger and surer.

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M'GUIRE WINS BREEN MEDAL

Harry A. McGuire, a senior in Arts and Letters, won the Breen Oratorical Medal last Monday night, December 8, in the finals of the contest held in Washington Hall. The title of his oration was "Peace Through Independence." Ray Cunningham, A. B. '25, spoke on the topic, "The Idea of Ideals." Victor Lemmer, A. B. '26, speaking on "The Silent Army," and Seymour Weisberger, A. B., '26, with "American Cooperation and Peace," completed the list of competition. The judges were Rev. Thomas Irving, Vice-President of the University, Rev. George McNamara, and Hon. Chester R. Montgomery.

The text of the winning oration follows:

Peace Through Independence

HARRY A. M'GUIRE

ABOUT three months ago a certain Rear-Admiral Rodgers of the United States Navy, addressing a group of political students, predicted that when America's population had passed the 200,000,000 mark, America would become a war lord of the world, waging unprovoked and aggressive war upon whatever nations she pleased. The Admiral's opinion was hissed down by the press of the country, and what was termed his "code of frightfulness for future Americans" was derided as the mental aberration of an armchair militarist. Now the Admiral's remarks in themselves were not important; but what was important was the manner in which the American public received them, a manner which proved once and for all that if there is any sentiment common to the people of this nation it is the sentiment for peace.

And there is our problem—(for) how are we to attain this continued peace? Obviously in one of two ways: by a world-combination that will use its force for the preservation of world-wide peace and thereby assure American peace—or by rejecting what is termed this foreign entanglement and finding secure American peace in our national independence. And after contemplating the state of the nations of the earth, and observing their tendencies and characters and ambitions, it is difficult to see any wisdom in discarding the red, white, and blue of nationalism for the multi-colored banner of internationalism.

We must understand, however, that a nation can be independent without being truly isolated—for isolation implies complete severance of the com-

mercial and sentimental ties that bind one nation with its fellow nations, whereas independence means that a nation reserves to itself its fundamental prerogatives, making sure that its sovereign will to choose its own course of action, national and international, shall remain sovereign. The independent nation travels the happy middle path between the suicide of isolation and the fool's paradise of internationalism.

But look you—says your internationalist—the whole world, Europe and Asia and South America, is crying the cry of peace. The whole world would combine to outlaw war and prevent its possibility. You only, America, by your refusal to join our group of peace-lovers, endanger the efficacy of this union. Join us, America, join us in our song of peace!

And what can we reply? We can reply that we have seen you and your whole world when your only cry was, "War!" when in the throes of jealousy and the lust of pride you piled nation upon nation and continent upon continent as a flaming holocaust to Mars. We can reply that we saw you when you reddened the seas with neutral blood, when in the fury of your conflict you ground cities into dust, and fed the furrows of the land with bodies instead of seed. We can reply that ours was the will for peace when yours was the will of war.

We can reply that in the history of two thousand years, Europe and Asia, you have painted your own portrait—and there is nothing of the peaceful in that portrait. We can reply that you have never wanted peace until you've had your fill of war. We can reply that in the light of your record since the dawn of history, and in the light of your record from 1914 to 1918, your plea for peace seems fickle and insincere, springing only from the false contrition that your post-war spiritual and physical exhaustion has induced in you. All of that we can reply.

Yet I would not deny that the old world's intended organ of peace, the League of Nations, is needed. But needed for what? Not to keep peace upon this continent, for neither in North nor South America has internecine war ever found a stronghold. The Monroe doctrine, firmly enforced and universally recognized, together with our youthful tolerance and generosity of viewpoint, have assured peace and good-will to this Western Hemisphere. Then why is the League needed? For the sole purpose of keeping peace amongst those nations that experience tells us are prone to war—and those nations are the nations of Europe and of Asia. Let the people of those continents prove that their aims are finally peaceful. Let them prove that they will stand by the principles of their League of Nations. Let them prove that at last they are willing to make sacrifice to maintain harmony. Until that time it is America's proper part to retain her independence, refusing to be

the League's sole support on the side of disinterested idealism.

At the Peace Conference in Versailles Europe was offered the opportunity of the ages to prove that it places lasting peace above selfish consideration. Yet you know how the nations of Europe used that opportunity to cut one another's throats and to spike the noble idealism of Woodrow Wilson. The results of the Conference only bore out the deeply-rooted American belief that Europe does not possess that open mind so necessary for a successful world-wide union of the nations. Europe is hopelessly steeped in age-old enmities, in international fears and prejudices. There is an old and persistent European tradition in favor of the "survival of the fittest," and every European statesman from the days of imperial Rome has conceived his sole object to be the advancement of the interests of his country at the expense of some rival country.

And the League, remember, is composed of just these statesmen, selfish men who can yet well turn an altruistic phrase. Why this or that government, which acts selfishly through its ambassadors, should at the same time act unselfishly through its League delegate, it is hard to understand. You may tell me that Europe's statesmen are first for peace and then for country. You may tell me that Lloyd George is a disinterested philanthropist, but I will insist that he is first an Englishman. You may tell me that Clemenceau is an advocate of peace, but I will tell you that he is first a Frenchman. You may say that Mussolini is an altruist, but I will say that he is first an Italian. You may tell me that the League is composed of far-sighted philosophers, but I will reply that the League is first composed of politicians tense with ambitions and hates and fears. No! The League may well serve Europe, but to American eyes this union of sudden saints appears to be a philosopher's stone turning European diplomatic steel into the shining gold of altruism.

Now let us for a moment look at the promise of peace that lies within our own nation. We find the promise great, for aside from our inherently peaceful purposes, we are fortified against attack by two inestimable factors: first, the respect and deference in which, since the World War, we are held by every nation on the earth; second, that great bulwark of national defense, our economic power. The first lesson of the war was that economic resources can be easily and quickly translated into military resources. The world knows now that a rich nation is not a defenseless nation. And the world knows further that any country which provokes a war with the United States is but sealing its own doom, because we possess the youthful strength and fearless courage that make us the most formidable foe, as well as the most influential friend, to whom any nation can choose to be friend or enemy.

So from an internal point of view we are secure in peace, with one important provision: namely, that our citizenship become not divided against itself. And therein lies the preatest danger in our participation in world politics—for the racial structure of America is not homogeneous, but heterogeneous. Only a few generations back the groups now united into one American commonwealth were Frenchmen, Germans, Italians, Englishmen, Swedes, Irishmen and what not. The success of our republic has depended upon the harmonious amalgamation of these antithetic foreign groups into one group of Americans. And so far this greatest of political experiments has been blessed with success. All Americans, including those of German extraction, stood behind our government when we took up the German challenge. But if America were to meddle in world politics of her own free will, inevitably showing favoritism to some countries and disapproving of others, could the delicate racial fabric of our republic stand the terrible strain? I fear the Italian blood in America would cry for Italy, the English blood for England, and the French blood for France. We may well shrink from the horror of the chaos and disruption that would follow. I see Americans become again Europeans. I see the complex structure of our nation broken and torn asunder by an inferno of conflicting propaganda, of old-world hates and prejudices, the fairness of our government and the happiness of our people destroyed by internal strife between racial groups. This possibility is too great, and the prospect too horrible, to allow of our sacrificing our independence, though all of Europe implore us on its knees, and all of Asia weep.

And what if we had now been members of the League? You know as well as I—the recent Japanese attempt at Geneva to re-open the question of their immigration into America by making it a non-domestic matter, and therefore subject to the jurisdiction of the League, would have forced America to debate before fifty-four nations a matter that for Americans was already closed and sealed, a matter already made odious to Americans by Japan's unspeakable effrontery, her presumption that America's will upon an American matter could by intimidation be changed to suit the will of Japan. But our independence saved us—it saved us the humiliating necessity of having to rise at Geneva and slap the arrogant Japanese face. Our exclusion act may have been right—it may have been wrong—but it was *our* exclusion act; and when America says "Stay out!" it means that no nation on the face of the earth, be it the War Lord of Europe or the Scourge of all the East, may rise to challenge our decision.

But the Japanese threat can only make us the more firm in our determination to keep out of the cabals of Europe and Asia, even to the extent of withdrawing from the Philippines, where we have already discharged our duty; for surely these

islands, and any other outposts in the Pacific, cannot be as advantageous commercially as they are dangerous to our policy of peace, exposing to the greed of some less peaceful nation, as they do, a tempting weak spot in our armor of peace and good-will.

So rests our case for peace through independence, our plea that our beloved America remain American. Let it continue to be first in plans for true peace, first in the application of the great principle of disarmament, first in all undertakings that conform to its high ideals and noble purposes. Let it be an example to all the nations of the earth—unselfish and true in all its dealings, serene in the consciousness of its great power, an independent moral force that will more readily preserve the peace of the earth than all the unions of nations or all the fears of men.

"O Sole Mio"

EUSTACE CULLINAN, JR., '25

WHAT a tragedy! It was Christmas eve, and Delgato was in again, this time more wan, more violent, more foully profane than ever before. Tugging like a wild animal at the straps which bound him, he directed murderous looks and fierce imprecations at the attendants who stood around his cot.

For years Tony Delgato had been a regularly returning patient at the D. T. ward of Mercy Hospital. His arrival dated from the days when he was but a youth, a handsome young Italian, with flashing dark eyes, and rich red cheeks, and fair olive skin. His face had not known that ghastly pallor then, neither had his eyes the nervous, restless, stare that now was in them. Dissipation, cruel and inexorable, had wrought havoc upon a body that was once sound and strong.

The patient was resting quietly, having wearied of straining at the leather thongs which bound him to the cot. In fancy Delgato must have flown again to his own sunny Naples, for presently he began to hum soft snatches from a quaint Italian folk-song. Softly at first, but gradually growing louder and louder, his voice soon filled the ward with the clear richness of its tones. The attendants held a hurried consultation.

"Think we'd better shut him up?", asked one of the younger attendants, a note of anxiety in his voice.

"No, let him sing, it'll keep him from getting mean again. Lord, what a voice that wop has. Too bad he's such a drunk."

* * *

The late December weather had fallen sharp, and snow was descending in a cloud of driving flakes. Already the streets were carpeted with a whiteness which muffled the footfalls of the occasional passersby, as they hastened home to waiting dinners and cozy firesides. Huddled together close to the heavy protecting wall of the Mercy Hospital, were two thin little newsboys, who had paused on their homeward way for a brief respite against the cold. As the shivering pair waited, sweet strains of music, richly sung, issued from the narrowly opened window directly above them. "O Sole Mio" it was, "Oh My Sunshine," that gentle melody so dear to the hearts of Neapolitan folk. One of the little urchins looked wistfully at his wizen faced comrade. "Gosh, Eddie," he said, "in there it must be like heaven—or something."

A LIBRARY WINDOW

Framed by reposing stacks of forgotten
books

A grey world through a glass square looks
Soft-budded branches reach boney fingers
to the drab curtain of the sky,
And stir the pallor to stagger through
cracks and die

Upon the sageness of the staid old volumes
dust.

An ancient, bloated fly
Waving his blackened wings
Slowly mounts the edging of the sullen
light

To find what exit fortune brings,
Then half way, buzzes into lazy flight.

—JOHN O'NEILL.

A Tip From Father

GEORGE A. KIENER, '28

THE silver moon spread a shimmering, diaphanous veil over the campus. Each little flake of snow glistened with its own diamond as it returned the greeting of Luna. Above, the clear blue of the arch of heaven formed a background for the million tiny points of light, winking coldly yet merrily at old Mother Earth. A more beautiful winter night could hardly be imagined.

To Slim Walters, as he lay disconsolately in his dilapidated Morris-chair the beauty of the evening meant nothing. On his face was an expression of rebellion against fate. On the floor beside him were countless cigaret butts, evidences of his futile attempts to smoke away his disappointment and ill humor.

Slim lay pondering on the inequality of the deals which Fate hands out to her puppets. "It ain't right," he thought, as he listened for a sound of life in the large building. But no sound of life came. It was like being shut up in a tomb. Not even one of the old "gang" had stayed over. "Pinky" Barrett's room next door was as quiet as the vault of a safe. No guffaws of boisterous merriment reached Slim's ears, no shrieking victrolas, informing the world that Hard-Hearted Hannah was the vamp of Savannah wailed their tuneful (?) melodies. No mournful saxophone groaned and squeaked in agony. No dyspeptic ukelele attempted to reproduce the tunes of old Hawaii. In short, everybody had gone home but Slim.

Slim's Dad, Mr. Frederick Walters had, one week ago, sent sufficient financial assistance to enable his son to reach home. However, with his customary improvidence and thoughtfulness, Slim had put the sum on "Busy Bob" who was running at Tijuana. This horse, so the dopesters told Slim, was a long shot, but couldn't fail to win. "Nice goin'," thought Slim as he conjured up visions of merry little dollars shyly entering his gaping pockets.

But, the "long shot" didn't win and Slim was left with exactly two dollars and forty seven cents, which sum was expected to buy his meals for a week and furnish the wherewithal for his transportation home at Christmas time.

After much debating with himself and many false starts Slim wrote a honeyed letter to the shock absorber of his life, Dad. For the next two days he eagerly watched the mail for a reply to his masterpiece of diplomatic literature. No answer came, however, until the day when Christmas recess began. Evidently Dad, with Machiavellian cunning, had delayed the fatal missive until the last minute.

The telegram read:

Son:

You have weaknesses for tips—take this one. I am through paying for your mistakes. Stay at school over Christmas and think it over. Am wiring five dollars to keep you alive.—Dad.

Immediately Slim made frantic efforts to borrow enough money to pay his fare home. But, alas, most of the fellows had already gone and those who were left were keeping an eagle eye on their finances. Christmas means "dates" and dates mean dollars.

That evening Slim received two pale pink letters, one of delicate yellow and another of faint lavender. All of them were acceptances of invitations to something or other during Christmas week. The faint lavender one contained the most important message for Slim. It was from Charlotte, the fair maiden of his choice, and it contained the fond hope that she and Slim would have a perfectly wonderful time at the Doodad's dance, to be held at the Alton Manor.

Slim remembered former Doodad dances and as the memory came, his face brightened. "Buhleeve me, we usta have some times," he murmured to himself. But as the realization of his position struck him with its full force his face fell and he presented a perfect study in lugubriousness.

Small wonder, then, that we find him ignoring the beauty of the winter night and offering sacrifice at the altar of Lady Nicotine. Visions of losing Charlotte forever flitted through his mind and horrible gargoyles in the shape of unending "kidding" and "goofing" on the part of his friends rose up in front of him with terrible grimaces. To put it briefly, Slim was "out of luck."

He reached down disconsolately, and hopelessly took up the evening paper of the local town, scanning the "help wanted" columns with a listless eye. "No use," he thought, "there's not time enough anyway to make enough money to get home on."

Suddenly his eye fell upon a small "ad" at the bottom of the page. It read as follows: "Attractive position at seven dollars per day. Good until Dec. 24. Apply Hobson's Department store between 8 and 10, Dec. 20."

"Holy socks!" exclaimed Slim, aloud. "Seven rocks a day... lessee it takes twenty five bones to get home. Three days of that job would give me twenty one. I could economize on eating and save the other four. I could leave here the night of the twenty-third and get home Christmas eve. Oh Brother! wouldn't that surprise Dad! Me for that job!"

As Slim sat musing over the pleasant prospect of his position he thought little or nothing about the duties the job might entail. Even though the nature of the work was not stated, the seven dollars looked good enough to him.

At six-thirty the next morning Slim was pres-

ent at the outer office of the Hobson store's employment department. The night watchman admitted him and cordially informed him that there were five ahead of him. "Ye gods," thought Slim.

However, for once Fate seemed to give him a square deal. At nine o'clock he was seated before the employment manager, waiting for the stipulation of the duties of this position. Evidently the other five applicants had failed.

"Good morning, young man," said the manager, "Do you think you'd make a good Santa Claus?"

"A wh-wh-what, sir?"

"A good Santa Claus. You see the man we have at present is going to quit tonight and we'll need someone to fill his shoes during the rest of the pre-Christmas season. Every good department store has a Santa Claus for the kiddies. It's a good advertising stunt."

"I-I s-suppose I would, sir," said Slim, still hardly believing what he heard.

"Of course you would," the manager replied, surveying Slim's rotund physique appraisingly, and mentally comparing the figure of the young man before him with that of the ideal Santa Claus.

"You'd need very little padding, Mr. ah. . . ?"

"Walters."

"Very well, Mr. Walters, we'll expect you at this office tomorrow morning at seven o'clock. Miss Conrad will take you to the make-up room and will give you some pointers on the handling of kiddies."

"All right sir I-I'll be here" said Slim as he walked dazedly out of the office and up the street. He was still in a daze when he crossed the street, until the hoarse voice of an unsympathetic traffic cop aroused him from his reverie.

As he took the car back to school he murmured "Santa Claus.... twenty one dollars.... Charlotte. . . . ?" Then, setting his jaw, he shot out through his gritted teeth, "damitall it's worth it."

* * *

"Will oo bing me a little horsie wif black eyes an' a white tail Santy?"

"Say Santy, kin I have one o' them there foot-balls, like whut's in th' window. Huh, kin I?"

"I wanta train an' some cars Santy".... etc.

Imagine the erstwhile collegiate Mr. Slim Walters attired in a large red Santa Claus outfit with white trimmings. His handsome physiognomy was buried in a forest of whiskers, and his knees, his lap, and even his shoulders were covered with the offspring of doting parents, which parents stood close by, listening to Santa Claus tell the little dears what he would bring them for Christmas.

Behind the white whiskers were large beads of

perspiration and much mental agony. Slim was earning his money.

On the evening of the twenty-third, after three days of Santa Claus anguish, Slim approached the manager, and guardedly informed him that he would be unable to finish out his last day. After many heated words, the manager finally gave him his twenty-one dollars and added, philosophically, "Well, you weren't so good anyway. One woman told me that when her little girl wanted to kiss you, you absolutely refused."

Thus it was that at eight-twenty five P. M. Mr. Slim Walters, dressed in extremely collegiate apparel and wearing a new look of determination and manliness rushed into the Dearborn Street station and with almost childish eagerness, demanded a ticket to his home town.

"Twenty five dollars," said the ticket agent.

"Right," replied Slim as he reached into his hip pocket with mannish importance.

"I-i-it's GONE" he managed to stutter, and with a grief-lined face and tearful eyes, he shambled disconsolately over to one of the benches and slunk down with an attitude of complete hopelessness.

An hour passed. Another dragged by.... still another.... and eleven-thirty found Slim gazing at nothing and feeling in his pockets with a listless, nothing-matters-now attitude. Fate indeed was cruel. All that agony, work and torture, and then to have THIS happen! Charlotte lost, his prestige ruined, and two weeks of awful loneliness, Lord! wotta life. As he sat there, motionless, life seemed absolutely worthless and death seemed paradise in comparison.

"Take this message to Mr. Frederick Walters Jr. at the University. Hurry! It says, *important*."

"Hey, I'm Fred Walters, gimme that telegram," shouted Slim as he shot up like a rocket from his seat of sadness and dashed after the messenger boy.

Dear Son:

Imagine tip has been taken. Am wiring \$35.00.

Take limited at 1:00 and arrive here tomorrow

7:00 P. M.

Dad.

As Slim Walters reclined luxuriously in his lower Pullman berth and read the sport page of the local paper, his eye came across the legend "Tijuana entries," in the lower corner of the page. With a low, determined and significant movement he reached for that space, clawed out the corner of the page, crushed the small piece of paper in his hand, gritting his teeth the while, opened the window and threw the tiny ball as far as he could.

The Christmas Star

*Five points there are to the Christmas Star,
Five hopes for you and me;
Joseph, and Mary, Mother of God.
And the Endless Trinity.*

—J. H., '24

The Shepherds

*No fierce crusaders these,
But simple men—
Who whispered litanies
At Bethlehem.*

—J. H., '24

*"Room Within"*

*They tell a legend of the man
Who kept the busy, prosperous khan
Of Bethlehem: For greed he turned
Two Guests away, and coldly spurned
Their poor and simple garb;—the din
Of Commerce cried. "No room within!"*

*Unseeing, he denied his God!—
And ever since hath sadly trod
The highways of the world, his sin
Crying for aye, "No room within!"*

*Oh, let our hearts the lesson learn
Never the poor, the weak, to spurn,
But for the sweet and loving sake
Of Mary's Babe divine to take
Pity on all earth's grief and sin,
And let our hearts make "room within."*

—CHARLES PHILLIPS

*Christmas Song*

*Come to Me on Christmas Morn,
Come with banners high,
Ye who watch for Christ's Star
In a starlit sky.*

*This is Spring! This is life,
For a world in pain.*

*Come to Me on Christmas Morn
Christ has come again!*

—J. H., '24

Christ's Morn

*So white a stillness only angels dare
To break into prismatic lights:
The steadfast green of hope undimmed by care,
And purple, bright and bitter nights
Of sacrifice recalling;
While ceaseless warmth is falling
From flame of scarlet love, that fights
To tempt all men to breathe its perfume rare.*

*By angels' song, what rainbow lights are torn,
From out the silent whiteness of Christ's morn!*

—JAMES WITHEY, '26.

"Christmas Carols"

PAUL N. ROWE, '27

AN air of silence, rather sacred silence pervaded the room as Daniel Hartnett and Edward Newman rose from their supper. It was plain that something was weighing upon the minds of both men. For a full fifteen minutes after they had seated themselves in the parlor the silence was unbroken by either man. Then, as was always the case on such occasions, Edward was the first to speak his mind:

"Dan, tell me, what is wrong? for the past month my mind has been in a state of unrest. I'm not satisfied or contented with anything. My life seems wasted, it's going to naught, for it gives me no lasting happiness. On my way home this evening I could not help noticing the Christmas decorations in the homes and on the streets, and I realized that tomorrow was Christmas. Not that it means anything to us, but—O, the memories it brought up! Remember the Christmases during our school days at home. How our family always spent Christmas together, and we all went to midnight Mass together. Those happy days! If we could but have a little of the joy we had then. Everyone seemed contented; there was no such thing as sorrow or sadness. And then we ended it all. The minute the folks realized that we had disappointed them, that contented cheerful atmosphere was gone, and I doubt that it has ever returned."

"Yes Ed, the same thing has been on my mind, though we have not spoken of it for nearly a year. It seems as if it must come up every so often to haunt us like the ghost of a man we had murdered. But let's not think about it; it nearly upset me completely last week when I could not get it out of my thoughts, and tonight I feel as though it will drive me crazy if it takes possession of me again. There is some sort of entertainment at the club tonight, let's go down and see if we can't be cheered up a little."

"All right. Anything! We cannot be any worse off there than we are here."

So calling their car they were driven to the club.

Such was the beginning of Christmas Eve of nineteen hundred and twenty-two for Daniel Hartnett and Edward Newman.

These two men were the foremost attorneys in their city. Success had been theirs since they had set themselves up as lawyers eleven years before. And now they had wealth, popularity, admiration, everything which men consider a part of success. Their ambitions had been achieved, still they were not contented. Something seemed to have been left out of their lives, but they knew not what. Neither had married, but they were sure that that was not the cause of their dejection. Married life

had never tempted either, and now they did not feel that the deprivation of its joys was the source of their unhappiness. During the past five years, the pinnacle of their success, at regular intervals, they were both bothered with thoughts of the fact that this success which they had so highly prized and sought after and which was now theirs, did not give them the joy and satisfaction which they had expected of it. Often times the events of their past lives had been considered as a solution to the problem. But no; they could find no flaw there.

Daniel Hartnett and Edward Newman had been born in a small Ohio town. They came from model Catholic homes where they were brought up in the religion which their parents so loved. Their mothers and fathers had been close friends since before they were married, and this friendship was continuing throughout their lives. The two boys, Dan and Ed, were approximately the same age and had gone through the Catholic grade and high schools together. From high school they went off to college together, both with high ambitions to become successful lawyers. But unfortunately it was not a Catholic college to which they went. At the end of four years they were graduated—yes, as lawyers, but not as Catholics. The materialistic philosophy which they imbibed had destroyed all the faith which had once been their precious gift of God. Thus they came home to their parents.

They were home but a short time when the change which college had wrought in them was discovered. One evening their fathers could have been seen in the Hartnett parlor, pouring into each others' hearts their grief and disappointment in their sons. Together they talked it over with Ed and Dan, but to no avail. The sons had inherited the strength of character of their fathers, so that when they told them that they would be true to their convictions, that since they no longer believed in the Catholic Faith and would no longer practice it, they were not to be moved.

The parents agreed upon united action, and a week later the two families met at the Hartnett house. There amid the tears of their mothers and suppressed grief of their fathers, the two sons were given their ultimatum: Since they had given up the Faith and God of their parents, they would have to give up all connections with their parents. But, if they ever returned to the true fold, on that day, the doors of their homes would be opened wide to them and the welcome they would receive would be second to the welcome they would be receiving in heaven.

However, they were not won back by these uncompromising terms of their parents. They believed they were in the right and would not alter their course. On the next day the boys left home to take lodging in a local hotel until they moved a month later to a large city in a neighboring

state, and set themselves up as lawyers. They worked hard to realize their ambitions, and their efforts were well rewarded. So now we find them eleven years after they had left their parents' homes, living a life of luxury and apparent ease in their handsomely furnished bachelor's apartment, yet wondering why they were not completely happy.

Many times during the last five years the same subject came up in their minds over which we found them so much disturbed this Christmas Eve. Once or twice on such occasions they admitted that they would like to go home to the happiness which was once theirs. But no; they knew the futility of going home without going home as Catholics too. Yet they could not compromise on this difference of religious views; it was a matter of principle and conviction, and they could not go against the dictates of their reason. If on these occasions there had been someone to talk to them in a kind way, to show them wherein they were wrong, wherein the cause of their unhappiness lay, no doubt they could have been brought back to the true faith and to the double homecoming which was awaiting them.

They were in just such a mood this Christmas Eve as they arose from the supper table.

Arriving at the club they found a vaudeville company to be the entertainment of the evening. It not only failed to raise their spirits, but it disgusted them. So after an hour in the lounging room after the performance, they decided that they had had enough for one evening. It was about eleven-thirty as they stepped out into the cool, fresh air of the still winter night. An invigorating pulsation ran through their bodies, and Dan exclaimed:

"What an ideal night for a walk."

"Yes, and it will probably do more toward easing our minds than anything else. It's just a comfortable walk home anyhow," answered Ed.

Dismissing their car they set out. At the first corner they came to, a Salvation Army Band was playing and young girls were going among the crowd of listeners asking alms. Seldom before had they given the slightest notice to such an occurrence, but tonight instead of the music grating on their ears as it usually did, it sounded rather sweet. At least the two men were affected by it, for the girl who approached them went away with two ten-dollar bills on her tambourine.

"They deserve it," said Ed.

"Well, I hope it provides someone with a good dinner tomorrow," answered Dan.

In the middle of the next block a group of Christmas carolers had stopped. As the two men drew near they saw that it was made up of young girls and boys whose innocent throats rang out

with a song which they had sung years ago as carolers themselves:

"O Christmas, merry Christmas!
Is it really come again,
With its memories and greetings,
With its joy and with its pain
There's a minor in the carol,
And a shadow in the light,
And a spray of cypress twining
With the holy wreath tonight.
And the hush is never broken
By the laughter light and low,
As we listen in the starlight
To the 'bells across the snow.'"

They fell to humming the tune with the singers, and when the carolers stopped and moved on, the two men remained where they were. Their thoughts and emotions were mutual. Ed spoke:

"Remember, Dan, those Christmas Eves when we used to go out caroling ourselves. Remember the last time, when you had us stop in front of your house and sing that very song. Mother and dad were there, all getting ready to go to midnight Mass. They all came out to listen, and dad even cried when——"

"O, come on, Ed! Let's get away from here; I'll go crazy in a minute."

Ed understood, and off they went more hurriedly than before. If passers-by had looked closely, they would have seen tears on the cheeks of the two men.

In the next block they would pass the great Cathedral of Saint Paul, but neither was thinking of what was coming. As they drew near, sounds of an organ reached their ears. Step by step the music grew plainer, and soon they realized that it came from the Cathedral and that midnight Mass was now going on. Suddenly the organ was drowned out by what sounded like a thousand voices singing in perfect accord:

"Adeste fidelis,
Laeti Triumphantes,
Venite, venite in Bethlehem.
Natum videte, Regem angelorum.
Venite adoremus,
Venite adoremus,
Venite adoremus Dominum!

Deum de Deo,
Lumen de luminis,
Gestant puellae viscera.
Deum, verum Genitum, non factum.
Venite adoremus,
Venite adoremus,
Venite adoremus Dominum!"

Their walking ceased together and they stood like two men struck dumb, like criminals caught in the act of wrong-doing. It was some seconds before they realized that the singing had stopped and that only the organ was playing. This time it was Dan who spoke, and determination was in his voice and on his countenance.

"Ed we're going in there. It's been eleven years since either of us has been inside a church, and, well—maybe it will—. O, I don't know what it will do, but let's go in!"

With that he took Ed by the arm, and the two entered the big church. They felt ill at ease as they were ushered far up into a front pew, the people noticing them as though they perceived that these two men were strangers to a Catholic church. However, they remembered enough of their early training in church conduct to attract no further notice.

Although Mass had just started, the men were so engrossed in thought of their present state and reminiscences of midnight Masses of days long past, that it seemed but a few minutes from the time they came in until the priest and servers took their places at the side of the sanctuary, and another priest ascended the pulpit.

The gospel narrating the birth of Christ affected them deeply; it seemed so full of simplicity and innocence. Then came the sermon.

Father McNamara was a man of kind and gentle countenance and the spirit of his text was in keeping with his appearance. It was a sermon

enumerating all the joys and blessings possessed by those holding the true faith, and all the unhappiness and disappointment of those who having once had the faith had lost it. Happiness was the keynote, happy that Christ has been so kind as to give us happiness, happy as every Christian should be on Christmas day.

Down deep into the very souls of the two men the words of Christ's disciple pierced. It seemed that he was speaking directly to them, to no one else in the church.

The end of the sermon found the two men with the same resolution in their hearts. They saw it in each other's faces and it was not necessary that they communicate their feelings.

After Mass, as they proceeded with the crowd to the rear of the church, Dan whispered into Ed's ear—

"Ed, they're still waiting for us at home, and if we hurry we can get there yet to-day. What a Christmas it will be!"

A 4:00 A. M. train, Ohio bound, carried two men whose meditative faces glowed with the light of a new found happiness which they were presently to possess. One of them was humming to himself the strains of a song which though almost inaudible, ran:

"O Christmas, merry Christmas!
Is it really come again,
With its memories and greetings,
With its joys and with its pain."



Christmas Thoughts

*Wrap Him close,
For the wind is bold
And Christ is chilled,
His voice is stilled,
His manger cold.*

*Ah, pray you well
To Lord of All,
Kings with crowns,
Failures and clowns,
Great and small.*

*Cuddle Him warm:
He speaks tonight,
The candle flame
Recrests His name
In divine light.*

*Bow low the head,
Does he bless the deep,
He lies so still
'Neath cave and hill,
Wrapped in sleep.*

*You who are wise
Let wisdom flee,
Let Christ come in
In place of sin
And go with thee!*

—FRANCIS MILLER.

Christmas Day, 1918—A Retrospect

ALFRED CONNOLLY

THE German army had been sent reeling back in confusion, American troops were safely esconced in Sedan—Sedan, where Bismarck dictated his terms to the French in 1870. Marechal Foch was present at that humiliating hour of the French nation. Foch, just out of St. Cyr, a lieutenant of artillery, destined to lead the allied hosts to victory from that crushing indictment of Twentieth-Century civilization, the wanton lust of the then dominant military power of the world.

In response to a radio message sent out from the Eiffel Tower, French official wireless station, the German plenipotentiaries crossed the French outpost line at LaCapelle and were conducted to Marechal Foch's railroad car, where they read the terms of the allies, led by that same eye witness of France's humiliation, full half a century back. It must have been sweet revenge for France's deliverer.

Hostilities ceased, the weary troops marched back into rest areas while fresh divisions hiked into the Rhine country in accordance with the terms of the Armistice.

The doughboys were given long looked for "permissions" to visit Monte Carlo, Aix-les-Bains, Nice, The Riviera, St. Malo, Vichy and other old and famous watering places of the south of France. All returned freshened and brightened—after scores of the quaintest adventures.

Christmas was approaching, and with it orders to prepare for an inspection by President Wilson. A notice to the effect that the President would eat Christmas dinner with the division stirred the men on to "spruce up" in their drill, and clean up billets in honor of the chief executive of the United States, then looked upon by a war ridden Europe as the savior of civilization.

On the morning of December 25, 1918, on a

snow swept plain, at Humes, north of the walled city of Langres, the division drew up in order, and as the massed band of 1000 pieces struck up a lively marching air, the division passed in front of the reviewing stand, loaded down with celebrities, including Presidents Wilson, and Poincare, General Pershing, Marechals Foch and Joffre and a host of other international luminaries of military and civic prominence.

Followed a mass attendance at Christmas services in the little church of the Curé at Montigny-le-Roi, a hearty dinner of stuffed goose and roast pig, and last but not least; the mail carrier brought us news from home, to top off the day.

The war was over—as far as we were concerned; things began to take on a brighter hue, thoughts of home were uppermost in our minds, and we were restless. Such a sudden change from war to civilization was responsible for this very natural reaction.

Peace,—with Wilson, Clemenceau and Lloyd George, the big three, at the helm,—and homeward bound. Everything appeared, on the surface, to have been satisfactorily settled. The "Big Three" have since passed into utter oblivion, and have we real peace yet?

The military camarilla of Europe is over these six years, but the metropolitan dailies, through their foreign correspondents, tell us that there never has been such unrest and intrigue prevalent in the world as that which exists today. One thing we prided ourselves on was that we learned a real lesson from the war, it brought us closer together, tended to break down caste and religious barriers, and taught the utter futility of mankind resorting to poison gas and shrapnel to settle international disputes. Have we been deceiving ourselves, in believing this truth?

It appears that the "Prince of Peace" must have been barred from this conference—the hand-writing is on the wall—European nations are still at each others throats on the dawn of another Christmas.

*The Wise Men**Following afar,**A Bright Star,**Humble disciples of Great Faith they were.**Frankincence they brought, White Pearl and**Myrrh,**To Worship and whisper praise of Her.*



Scholastic All-American

First Team

L. E.—Wakefield.....Van.
 L. T.—WierNeb.
 L. G.—Pondelik.....Chic.
 C.—WalshN. D.
 R. G.—GarbischArmy
 R. T.—McGinley.....Penn.
 R. E.—Luman,Yale
 Q.—StuhldreherN. D.
 L. H.—CrowleyN. D.
 R. H.—GrangeIll
 F. B.—LaydenN. D.

Second Team

Bullman, W. Va.,...Wes.
 BachN. D.
 FarwickArmy
 Horrell,Cal
 DeihlDartmouth
 AndersonU. S. C.
 LawsonStanford
 PeaseColumbia
 Baker,Northwestern
 Koppisch,Col
 HazelRutgers

Third Team

CollinsN. D.
 GowdyChicago
 AbrahamsonMinn
 LovejoyYale
 EcksteinBrowns
 BeattyPrinceton
 BjorkmanDartmouth
 DooleyDartmouth
 PondYale
 MillerN. D.
 BenkertRutgers

Honorable Mention.

Ends—Hunsinger, N. D.; Stout, Princeton; Otte, Minn; Kreig, Penn.; Bingham, Yale;
 Baxter, Army; Dilweg, Marquette.

Tackles—Cox, Minnesota; Miller, N. D.; Prevost, Penn. State; Hancock, Iowa; Joss
 Yale; Starobin, Syracuse.

Guards—Slaughter, Mich.; Ellinger, Army; Wiebel, N. D.; Carey California.

Centers—Johnson, Pittsburgh; Claypool, Purdue.

Half Backs—Harmon, Wis.; Shapely, Navy; Imlay, California; Levi, Haskel; McGraw,
 Penn. State; Tryon, Colgate; Wilson, Army; Steger, Mich.; Cuddeback, Stan.;
 Bahr, Purdue; Stockton, Gonzaga; Beede, Carnegie Tech.

Full Backs—Wycoff, Georgia Tech.; McCarthy, Chicago; Britton, Illinois; Strader, St.
 Mary's; Gehrke, Harvard.

Quarters—Parkins, Iowa; Bloodgood, Neb.; Lamb, Lombard; Bench, Yale; Slagle, Prin.

Five hundred students selected the above teams. The honorable mentions were taken from the ballots of prominent athletes about the campus who have shown that they possess a comprehensive acquaintance with the respective abilities of the selections.

In picking the preceding All-American, the students of Notre Dame were asked to waive all personal feelings and select those players whom they thought were worthy of All-American mention. The ballots as a rule were much alike in their consistency. The backfield for the first team was almost unanimous. Stuhldreher of Notre Dame received the greatest number of individual votes.

Many of the students suggested that the Notre Dame team as a whole should be selected as the first team. Others stated that the teams they selected, under the personal supervision of Knute K. Rockne would be a more powerful machine than the present Notre Dame eleven. The SCHOLASTIC believes the following selections are worthy of consideration. The men selected are from different parts of the country. The ballots were evenly distributed over the entire United States with the result that the SCHOLASTIC presents to its readers a "true All-American." Walter Camp would do well to glance at these selections!

The strength of the first team is evident. Wakefield of Vanderbilt is the outstanding end of the year. Luman of Yale also distinguished himself by his brilliant defense work. The tacklers are Wier of Nebraska and McGinley of Pennsylvania. McGinley because of his tremendous speed and powerful drive literally tore the opposing forward walls to shreds. Wier demonstrated to Notre Dame that he is worthy of the choice of first string All-American tackle. On a few occasions Wier was sucked in by the Notre Dame attack but on the whole he made sure where the play was going and then charged in and literally smothered the play. At guards, the students picked Pondelik of Chicago and placed Garbisch of the Army at Guard. Garbisch has played eight years of college football and due to his deep knowledge of the game and his speed would make a valuable guard for Notre Dame. The backfield needs no introduction. "Red" Grange, of Illinois, is recognized as the outstanding broken field runner of the year while the superb generalship of Stuhldreher, Layden's beautiful drives through the lines and Crowley's deceptive running and char-

acteristic interfering have won him the choice for left half-back.

Koppisch, of Columbia, who captained the team for three years, is a star of the first order. Baker played the best offensive game we have seen this year in the Notre Dame-Northwestern game. Hazel of Rutgers, while not the star he was last year, has played beautiful ball; his defensive work being especially convincing.

Horrell, of California, is the star of the coast team. His ability for leadership, coupled with his fierce offensive play has made him one of the most talked-of players in the game.

—BERT V. DUNNE.

—N D S—

GREAT BACKFIELDS

Quite a flow of impassioned debate is still moving back and forth in regard to the greatest backfield of all time upon any single team.

The Notre Dame combination has started most of the chatter.

Here are just a few to consider:

1. Notre Dame, 1924—Stuhldreher, Miller, Crowley and Layden.
2. Harvard, 1912—Logan, Mahan, Brickley and Bradlee.
3. Michigan, 1902—Weekes, Heston, Herrnstein and Sweeley.
4. Yale, 1923—Richeson, Stevens, Neidlinger and Mallory.

This doesn't come close to completing the list. It merely includes four of the greatest.

Possibly there has been a greater all-around backfield than the Four Horsemen of South Bend. We have never seen a backfield which carried the same speed, ability, mental and physical alertness, rhythm and variety.

Certainly for beauty of action they have never been approached.—*Grantland Rice.*

—N D S—

THE FOUR HORSEMEN OF THE FOOTBALL ECLIPSE

(*Indianapolis News*)

From coast to coast they're chanting a toast to the horsemen of Notre Dame;
From coast to coast there's none who may boast of a tougher crew to tame;
They galloped all over the Army plains, running like Twentieth Century trains,
As Stuhlie or Layden or Crowley or Miller, partook of a plunge or a pass for a thriller—
Out of that healthy reliable stock, made by the man who is known as Rock.

—W. F. Fox, Jr.

NOTRE DAME 34—ARMOUR 13

Coach George Keogan's basketball team without the services of Capt. Kizer and Crowe, opened the Notre Dame cage season with a victory over Armour Institute of Chicago, 34 to 13 on the "Y" floor, Monday night, December 8.

Although the visitors did not offer opposition of the first magnitude, they plied fighting spirit hard and rentlessly against the fast quintet which the Notre Dame coach assembled within two weeks. Notre Dame used the short pass attack to good advantage with Johnny Nyikos at center leading the victors with 18 points. Phil Mahoney and Joe Dienhardt, forwards, contributed 16 points by their combined endeavors.

Armour displayed a weakness at shooting baskets and took haphazard chances to score against the invincible Irish defense. Notre Dame took a large lead in the first, piling up 20 points to Armour's 4. The visitors points in the first half were scored on free throws from the foul line. In the second half Danziger, McLaren and Brockman registered a basket each.

The shooting of Nyikos was the equal of any ever seen on the local court. Mahoney and Dienhardt played a large part in the running attack and Dahman and Conroy at the guards broke up the visitors many attempts to carry their attack past the center of the floor. Conroy at back guard showed up exceptionally well and the work of the squad in the first game indicates that Notre Dame should have another record season when Kizer and Crowe and several other cagers still with the football squad, return to the team in January.

BOX SCORE

NOTRE DAME 34						ARMOUR 13					
	G	Ft	Fg	Pf	Tp		G	Ft	Fg	Pf	Tp
Mahoney, RF...	3	5	3	1	9	Danziger, RF...	1	3	3	1	5
Dienhardt, IF	3	3	1	2	7	McLaren, LF...	1	0	0	3	2
Nyikos, C.....	8	3	2	2	18	Gaylord, C....	0	4	1	2	1
Dahman, RG.....	0	0	0	2	0	Morgan, GG....	0	1	1	2	0
Conroy, LG.....	0	1	0	2	0	Wurwarren, LG	0	0	0	0	0
Nolan, RF.....	0	0	0	1	0	Peterson, FF..	0	0	0	0	0
Ley, LF.....	0	0	0	0	0	Brockman, C...1	3	1	0	3	
Scheer, RG.....	0	0	0	2	0	Augustine, RG..	0	1	1	0	1
McNally, C.....	0	0	0	0	0	Kuffel, LC....	0	0	0	0	0
Crowe, LG.....	0	0	0	0	0						
Totals	14	12	6	12	34	Totals	3	13	7	8	13

Officials: Kearns, DePaul; Burnham, "Y".

SWIMMING SCHEDULE

With most of last year's varsity back in training, the preliminary practice for the season underway, and the schedule tentatively arranged, the Notre Dame swimming team is preparing for a successful year. At the present time there seems to be no outstanding faults that will hinder the Gossmen from reaching a position of considerable importance among the Conference and non-Conference schools of the middle West.

The tentative schedule for 1925, as announced this week by Coach Tom Goss, includes five meets of high calibre, to which will be added several interteam and exhibition contests. The Flying Squadron, of the South Bend natatorium, will open the season of the Irish navigators, at the municipal pool on West Washington street on January 24. The Gossmen then meet the Ft. Wayne Y. M. C. A. in South Bend on February 7. On February 21 the noted Hoosier Athletic Club of Indianapolis will be met at the state capital in what should be one of the hardest contests of the year. Before returning from the Indianapolis trip the team will return the visit made by Indiana last year. This game will be played in Bloomington on February 23. The Michigan Aggies will close the season at the South Bend pool the following week end on February 28.

Two other meets may be added to the regular schedule, pending the outcome of negotiations with Loyola and Michigan State Normal. Either one of these two aggregations will be met on February 14 or March 7.

The qualifications for the earning of freshman numerals have been announced. The following are the requirements: 40 yard free style, time 20 3-5; 100 yard free style, time 1:03; 220 yard free style, time 2:55; 150 yard back stroke, time 2:00; 200 yard breast stroke, time 3:00, and plunge for distance, 60 feet in 60 seconds.

Fancy divers will be awarded numerals by successfully qualifying in four required dives and in at least seven other optional dives. These numerals can be earned at any time that these requirements are fulfilled before the proper officials. Special dates will be set, probably in February and March, for those desiring to compete. Numerals can also be earned in any meets in which freshmen are allowed to enter.

All necessary apparatus has been erected both in the Notre Dame and in the South Bend natatoriums for the approach of the water basketball season. Practice will begin immediately.

A freshman team will be organized in the near future. All candidates for the yearlings team are asked to see Coach Goss as soon as possible. Water basketball will be added to the regular course for advanced swimmers. Plans are being considered for an interhall swimming meet, with probably several water basketball games. Details of this proposed contest will be announced later.

Following is the schedule of practice for the freshmen: Monday, 4 to 5:45 p. m.; Tuesday, 5 to 6 p. m.; Wednesday, at the South Bend pool from 3 to 5:45 p. m.; Thursday, 3 to 5:45 p. m. at Notre Dame; and Friday, 5 to 5:45 at Notre Dame. The varsity will practice on the following days: Monday, 4 to 6 p. m. at the Notre Dame tank, and Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday from 3 to 5:30 at the South Bend natatorium.

"SPEAKING OF COACHES—"

From selling papers to signing amendments is exceptional progress; from playing with a mediocre football team to coaching is "yardage" of a sort, but from performing with the famed IRISH Notre Dame grid machine to coaching a prominent team, is only ordinary. In fact it is expected of the Irish hero who takes up the duties of a grid coach. Thus in looking back to the football warriors of 1923, we see the names of five Irish players in the list of those who coached this season.

Harvey Brown, last year's captain is now coaching at St. Louis University; "Red" Maher, is illustrating the art of "snaky hips" to the gridmen of a Montana institution; Bob Reagan, noted center, is now guiding? the grid destinies of Utah University; and "Kentuck" Cberst, the high point winner for the United States in the Javelin event at the Olympics, is with a Southern college.

But to the coaching ranks made up of of Irish heroes of yester-year, and particularly to the group just mentioned, another name must be added. In short, he may be said to be "going" the others one better for though but a senior, he has already coached a team through a most successful season. At the University he is almost unknown, but to the people of that miniature metropolis, Elkhart, he and Coach Boone, mentor of the high school grid champions of Indiana, are no less than personages. The unknown is John Noppenberger, former Irish tackle with the 1923 grid machine, but just now resting from the labors of coaching the Elkhart Athletic Club, near-champions of their class.

"It was "Noppie's" enthusiasm for the pigskin game that caused him to take up the duties of a football coach, when he found that he was ineligible to compete with the varsity this year because of athletic activities with St. Xavier's College, Cincinnati, before coming here.

—M. E. N.

I'M WORRYIN'

About how business is going to be during the coming three weeks, but don't you worry about a good place to eat, read and keep warm, if you're not going home.



A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to you all.—Ben.



The Varsity Supply Store

THE STUDENTS STORE

*The best wishes for a
very merry Christmas
and a happy and
prosperous New Year
to all*



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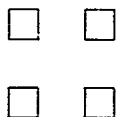
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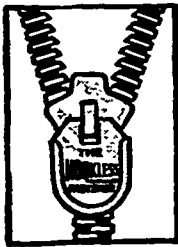
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