

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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*Advertisers in Notre Dame publications
deserve the patronage of Notre Dame men.*



*Here have I trod, with soft and cautious feet;
You'd think it reverence, but it was the sleet.*

... THE WEEK ...

The worthy Latin who issued the dictum "Tempus fugit" must have become acquainted with Tempus while it was resting. The rapidity with which these seven day periods are succeeding each other fosters the belief that the only kind of a position offering breathing spells is that of tabulating the blooming periods of a century plant.

And it is odd how seven full days can pass so smoothly and quickly that looking back upon them we can see only one or two little ripples to denote their passage. For instance the past week offers, when set completely apart, the Scholarship Dance and the M. A. C. basketball game.

These were both very prominent affairs and are certainly chalked up as such in the annual catalog, but they came on the same night and left the rest of the week even blanker by contrast. With the examinations pending, this blankness is probably a blessing to the ordinary student, but not to one whose unfortunate duty is to record the outstanding features of the week.

But at least by the time this rolls over the inked type, Anna Pavlowa will have completed her first farewell tour, as far as South Bend is concerned. And plans will have been completed or executed for the big student ovation to the Team. Those are splashes that will leave the surface ruffled for a few days, but our job is to violate the wise old poet's advice, "Let the dead past bury its dead." Ours is the delicate task of transplanting the buds of fresh vitality into the paling news. And while many of our operations are successful, the patients seem to die.

Now, before the tears of sympathy have dried, here's the Week:

What we know about the Scholarship Dance is hearsay. Our mind said attend, but our material resources implied the sudden revival of interest in the basketball game. And the theory of mind over matter in a case like that is at least null and void. But it seems that this unfortunate decision didn't make a vital difference in the success of the dance. Trustworthy sources, as well as friends, report a large and happy crowd at this doubly worthwhile and outstanding dance of the Winter. The Scholarship Club is to be congratulated upon their efforts, which were actuated by the usual laudable motives and rewarded by the usual deserved success.

What we could tell you about the basketball game has already been told. Coach Keogan's "courtiers" stepped away from the agile Aggies like Nurmi from the lesser lights. Notre Dame speed also showed itself in the victory of the two-mile relay team at the I. A. C. games. With the return of Bud Barr, prospects in track have taken on a much brighter aspect.

So goes the Week. Its collective sterility denotes individual productivity. But what's that to this page?

The Basketball team has left for two hard games with the Creighton five. The form displayed in the M. A. C. game looks like crepe for Creighton this year.

The Villagers have announced a dance for January 31, the close of the examinations. If the examinations are as hard as the advance advertising claims, this post-exam dance ought to be one of the happiest celebrations of the year. It is an ideal time—too late to worry about studying, and too early to hear the returns.

S. A. C. Notes

The S. A. C. is engaged in revising the rules which at present govern the election of class officers and S. A. C. members. In that work it wishes to have suggestions and advice from students who may be conversant with similar rules in other schools, and asks that such students confer at once with some member of the S. A. C.

One of the rules which will be changed is that regarding proxy votes. In the past this manner of voting has caused much argument and confusion; it is the aim of the S. A. C. to devise a substitute which will prove effective and satisfactory.

—NDS—

Practically all of the many replies received in reference to the proposed memorial to the national football champions, have been favorable to the plan. The S. A. C. is therefore proceeding with the work, and will announce definite progress very soon.

—NDS—

Because of the absence from the University of a number of varsity players and of Coach Rockne, the student ovation to the team scheduled for Friday night has been definitely cancelled.

PROFESSOR PHILLIPS SPEAKS AT K. OF C. MEETING

Professor Charles Phillips and his talk on "The Comet's Tail" featured the Knights of Columbus meeting held Tuesday night, January 13. Confessing an ignorance of his subject because he had never seen a comet and therefore was unaware of the habits of its tail, Professor Phillips diverged into a discussion of literature and its meaning to the ordinary student. He interspersed his remarks with a variety of entertaining and interesting stories.

The K. of C. Knightingales, a Notre Dame Council orchestra under the direction of Anton Feldpausch, played several numbers and the "eats" committee functioned with its usual skill.

KNIGHTS — — —

Because of examinations, which begin Wednesday, the regular bi-weekly meeting of the Knights of Columbus will be held in the Council Chambers next Monday night, instead of next Tuesday night.

STUDENT VARIETY SHOW TO BE PRODUCED IN FEBRUARY

Something new in the way of student entertainment will be presented in Washington Hall on Thursday and Friday evenings, February 26 and 27, when the first annual "Student Variety Show," produced under the auspices of the off-campus organization, will be offered to the student body.

The production, the first of its kind to be attempted on the campus, will take the place of the Day-Student Vaudeville, which made its first appearance on the Washington Hall books last year. Several members of the alumni will be joined with campus and off-campus men in an effort to make the production one of the most successful and entertaining of local talent offerings.

Prominent among the former students who will lend their assistance to the show are Harry Denny, who will present his nine-piece collegiate orchestra in an elaborately staged musical act; Clarence "Pat" Manion, a member of the faculty of the college of law, and William Furey, all of whom are former members of the University Glee Club.

Heading the list of campus celebrities will be Jimmy "Sleepy" Crowley, the "jocose jester" and brilliant football manipulator, whose capers were greatly instrumental in Notre Dame's great 27-10 victory over Leland Stanford on New Year's day. Jimmy has been confined to a San Francisco hospital since closing his football career, but it is thought that he will be back on the campus and ready to broadcast a few of his own jokes and witticisms in the student production.

THE SCHOLARSHIP CLUB DANCE

Success favored the Football reception and ball given by the Scholarship Club last Friday evening in the K. of C. ballroom. Fully five hundred couples crowded the building, and hundreds danced to the music of the Indianans. The affair appeared to be more in the nature of an ovation to the team than a Notre Dame dance, for an overwhelming number of townspeople were present.

The feature of the evening was the presentation of monogrammed pen-knives and watch-chains to the members of the team and Manager Sutcliffe, and a loving cup to Coach Rockne, given by the business men of South Bend. The presentation was made by Mayor Seebirt. Ovations were accorded each recipient.

The affair gave evidence of the complete support of South Bend for Notre Dame and marked another step forward in the worthy work of the Scholarship Club.

KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS INITIATION THIS WEEK-END

A class of eighty-seven candidates, one of the largest ever to be initiated into the Notre Dame Council of the Knights of Columbus, received the first degree of the Order, Thursday night in the Walsh Hall council chambers.

The second and third degrees will be exemplified for the same men, Sunday afternoon in the new home of the South Bend K. of C.

A banquet, honoring the newly initiated knights will take place in the La Salle Hotel Sunday night. Mayor Dever of Chicago and Tim Galvin, a prominent Notre Dame alumnus of Hammond, Indiana, will be the principal speakers. Music will be supplied by the K. of C. Knightingales. Tickets for the banquet may be obtained from Lecturer Mark Nolan or from any one of various men in the different halls.

Copies of the first issue this year of the *Santa Maria*, Notre Dame Council quarterly publication, will be distributed at the banquet. Most prominent among the contribu-

tors to the present issue are Dr. James J. Walsh, Grantland Rice and Knute K. Rockne. Personal notes are featured. Ray Cunningham, editor, Lester Grady, assistant editor, Al Hockwalt, business manager and Harold Watson, advertising manager are the men executively responsible for the *Santa Maria* this year.

Al. Hockwalt, chairman of the House Committee and Art Bidwell, director of membership, deserve much credit for the extensive activities of the Knights of Columbus this week-end. Both have worked earnestly and capably. Bidwell's position is one created this year to centralize the direction of membership work.

VILLAGERS ANNOUNCE POST-EXAM. DANCE.

To drive away examination worries from those who fail them, and to provide a means of celebration for those who pass, President Hagerty of the Villagers Club of Notre Dame, has announced that his organization will hold a Post-Exam. Dance at the K. of C. Ball Room, Saturday, January 31.

An unusually attractive program of entertainment has been secured to add to the pleasure of the affair. Hogan Morrissey, Charles Springer, Dick Lightfoot, and others will feature this entertainment.

The "Druids" orchestra, under the leadership of Sidney Eder, will play. Edmund De Clercq has charge of the affair for the Villagers. The cost is One Dollar and Fifty cents.

The patrons and patronesses will be announced later.

George J. Hauenstein, Jr., a member of the class of '28, underwent a major operation at the Augustine hospital in Chicago, Wednesday morning. Mr. Hauenstein was obliged to leave Notre Dame, Sunday, because of the ailment which necessitated an operation. On his discharge from the hospital he will go to his home in Hattiesburg, Miss., to recuperate, but he hopes to return to Notre Dame within a month.

The Boy Guidance Department

The three act comedy, "That's One On Bill," which scored such a hit recently, at St. Joseph's Parish Hall, will be shown at Walkerton, Indiana, Tuesday evening. Father McCauley, C. S. C., of that town, is sponsoring the affair. Hogan Morrissey reports that there has been a demand for the play ever since its appearance here.

—NDS—

The St. Joseph's Parish basketball team, coached by Tommy Murphy, journeyed to Plymouth last Saturday and defeated the St. Martin's team, in an exciting game, by a score of 24 to 23.

—NDS—

The Hockey players are practising as often as the ice permits. McNeil is assisting Tom Leib in whipping the varsity squad into shape.

—NDS—

The "Boyologists" are gradually enlarging their sphere of activities. The latest men to break out into a new field are Walsh, Lacey and Becker. These men have been appointed assistant probation officers in St. Joseph's County, working under the supervision of Judge Miller, the chief Probation Officer of the county. We look for an astounding decrease in delinquency in the near future.

—NDS—

Members of the Boy Guidance Course have been selected to officiate at the interhall basketball games. Mr. DuBois has been teaching the men the art of refereeing and it is expected that the games will be handled in a most creditable manner.

—NDS—

Graduate Hall has placed a basketball team in the field and with a little more practice they will be able to do battle with the best on the campus. Captain Murphy, Doyle, Cook, Walsh, Connolly, Lacey, McVeigh, O'Donnell and Culhane constitute the squad.

—NDS—

Al Kirk has been appointed athletic manager of the teams from Graduate Hall.

—NDS—

An interesting talk is expected when Mr. C. J. Atkinson of the Boy's Club Federation of New York City visits Notre Dame in the near future.

—NDS—

Mr. Freeman of the Boy Scout organization recently addressed the "Boyologists." He spoke on the "Gang Spirit" which is so strong in young boys, and emphasized the fact that the gang should

be controlled or supervised rather than an attempt made to break it up.

—NDS—

Romeo Leclerc is whipping his scout troop into shape for Chief Barnes' "Court of Honor."

Mr. Leclerc has just completed a review of the book, "The Boy and His Gang." Mr. Puffer is the author of the book.

—NDS—

A weekly seminar has been instituted in the course for the purpose of bringing the faculty and students together to discuss any or all matters pertaining to the course. If the first meeting can be taken as a criterion this seminar will be productive of much good.

—NDS—

An indoor baseball league has been formed among the parochial school boys of South Bend. Men from Graduate Hall will coach the various teams as well as officiate at the games. The K. of C. gym has been secured for the use of the teams and it is expected that the league will get under way within the coming week.

—J. D. Culhane.

SCRIBBLERS MEETING OF INTEREST

At the meeting of The Scribblers on Monday, January 12, at which the announcement of the award in the Second Annual Poetry Contest was made, the speakers were Rev. Charles O'Donnell, honorary president, and Prof. Charles Phillips. Both Fr. O'Donnell and Prof. Phillips acted as judges in the contest and gave excellent criticisms of the poetry submitted.

Prof. Phillips also gave a very interesting talk on the famous recent and contemporary writers with whom his own literary work has brought him in contact. Among those mentioned were Charles Warren Stoddard, formerly a professor at Notre Dame, Joaquin Miller, and Miss Ina Coolbrith. Prof. Phillips also exhibited many interesting letters and manuscripts he has received through friendships or literary criticisms.

PRESIDENT OF ALUMNI ASSOCIATION VISITS CAMPUS

Mr. Hugh A. O'Donnell, President of the Notre Dame Alumni Association and Assistant Business Manager of the *New York Times*, spent last Friday and Saturday visiting friends at the University.

Mr. O'Donnell, through his interest in Notre Dame graduates, has become a source of encouragement and help, especially to those men seeking an opportunity in the fields of Journalism and Advertising.

COMING TO WASHINGTON HALL

January 24—"THE HOTTENTOT"

January 31—"THE SEA HAWK"

Milton Sills.

February 7—"SO BIG"

Colleen Moore.

February 13—"THE GREAT NORTH-
WEST"

TRAVELOGUE

Frank Branch Riley.

Clubs

The men from St. Louis plan to gather around the festive banquet board, according to the report of a recent meeting of the ST. LOUIS CLUB held on January 19. The first banquet will be given February 8. This will be the first of a series of such affairs at which prominent speakers will address the club.

The *Dome* picture of the St. Louis Club was taken Wednesday, January 21. James Wrape, President of the club requests that all members absent from the last meeting communicate with the secretary in regard to reservations for the banquet of February 8.

Preliminary plans for an Easter ball were discussed at the last meeting.

—NDS—

A precedent was established at the January meeting of the CHEMISTS CLUB held Wednesday Evening, January 14. All the graduate chemists of the University residing in and around South Bend were the guests of the club for the evening.

An interesting program was provided by Freshmen recently initiated into the organization in which the prime movers were Messrs. Bannon, Siminine, Rich, O'Brien and Parsons.

Mr. Leutz, Superintendent of Engineering of the Singer Sewing Machine Company, delivered an address, as did the dean of Chemistry, Mr. H. B. Froning.

At the next meeting, the semi-annual elections will be held and all members of the club are urged to be present.

Music

The Glee Club will appear in concert in Hammond, Indiana on Monday, January 26. The entire Club will make the trip, leaving South Bend by special car at 3 p. m. Monday. A dinner will be given upon their arrival in Hammond. The Club will return to Notre Dame following the concert and dance, for which arrangements are being made.

—NDS—

The personnel of the Glee Club has been announced for the winter trip through Michigan and Wisconsin. The following men will make the trip: First Tenors: J. Butler, Frantz, Hermann, Lenihan, McDermott, G. O'Brien, Ochoa, Reidy and Summers.

The Second tenors are: Banks, Bower, D. Butler, Culhane, Griffin, Haley, Lopresti, Lemmer, Ryan and Stoeckley.

The First Basses making the trip will be: Baumgartner, Foos, Hart, Howland, Koch, Masenich, Ducey, Rothballer, Schlegel, and Ward.

The Second Basses are: Langton, Lauder, Mulreany, Pitsenberger, E. V. O'Brien, Regan and Meyers.

The Club will leave South Bend Saturday, January 31 immediately following the examinations and will be away the next week, returning to school February 7.

—NDS—

Following the success of the Big Five Orchestra when it played for the Washington Hall Saturday night movie, another orchestra made its appearance at the presentation of "The Eternal Struggle" Saturday night, January 17.

The orchestra was composed of: Hubert Struthers, piano; Sidney Eder, violin; Fritz Ferguson, saxophone; Francis Miller, cornet, and Joe Hemphling, drums.

A JOURNALISTIC SIDELIGHT ON NOTRE DAME FOOTBALL

It is most satisfactory to see the sudden and entire attention Rockne and his pupils have received within the last year or so. Ignored by writers for many seasons, only to be suddenly "discovered" and pushed into the spotlight of fame, such was the lot of Notre Dame. Since that time, however, the sport column conductors on our diligent dailies have delighted in discussing the metamorphosis through which football has passed in order to compete with Rockne's intricate and futuristic formations. Patiently they have observed and cleverly interpreted each change to the reading and respectful public. Today no sport writer's daily stunt is complete without a discussion of some novel aspect of the changing game.

That anything more may be said on the subject without repeating Camp, Eckersall, or Rice, seems improbable, and yet we believe these gentlemen have left undiscussed a most interesting transformation that has accompanied modern football. We say transformation rather than change, for the thing has happened in so short a time and been patent to so many people that it is a wonder it has not received the attention that it deserves.

In the old dear days convention of style and phraseology was sought and demanded in all stories of the gridiron. The Ralph Henry Barbour style was the only one that could satisfy the reader (said all editors). Woe and mutilation to the copy defying these conventions and then attempting to run the gauntlet of copy reader and editor.

All football games were to be dryly cut affairs. Backfield men "plowed through for substantial gains" and the line was kept occupied "holding like a stone wall" or "opening great holes for the man with the ball." After a team had arrived in the charmed area they might elect to "crash over for a touchdown" or "send the ball soaring between the uprights." If it did neither the ball went to the opponents on downs and it "punted out of danger."

The reporters gathered facts, wrote them

up in approved style and were content.

Then a Pullman load of striplings with transportation reading from South Bend to certain points eastward began hurried trips that culminated in what were supposedly *bona fide* games of football. The Hoosier men undoubtedly knew and observed the rules of the game and yet held their own opinion on how to advance the ball. That their methods proved entirely successful failed to elicit high enthusiasm among the puzzled scribes. It takes imaginative men to describe a work of art; the stilted style of the press box could hardly deal with the poem of motion that had come out of the West. So all that season puzzled players and scribes alike spent unpleasant afternoons with the Rockne men.

But the men who write of the day are a plastic lot. The next year the Irish rode again to new glories in the East and South. They met and deceived, adding many more touchdowns to the asset column of their grid-ledger, but they found one group ready to receive them in fitting manner. Some few in the press boxes had caught their cue. Metaphors, similes, and allegories are now necessary to tell of the wins of Notre Dame. Hard-boiled scribemen of the old school have made the astonishing discovery that description can be used effectively as an aid to narration. Thus such phrases as "The Four Horsemen" and "The Hunchbacks of Notre Dame." There is no better example to illustrate the point of this article than the following excerpt from Heywood Broun's story of the Notre Dame-Army game.

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

A wonderful man that Rockne, one that accomplishes wonders—and greatest of those wonders are those of which least is known.—F. L. C.

EDITORIAL

THE COTILLION IS COMING

IN a few weeks, the Sophomores, those gentlemen whom not so long ago were tolerably referred to as the "freshies," will provide the first of the three big events which are to fashion the red-letter days on the social calendar at Notre Dame this year. The Cotillion, so successfully accomplished last year in its second formal debut, will be, we are certain, flawless.

Time and energy without stint have been expended in an endeavor to make the Cotillion an evening that will long be a pleasant memory. On that evening, if other similar occasions are a standard, the magnificent ball-room of the Knight of Columbus home will be the scene of an extravaganza of shimmering silk and gorgeous beauty. It will be decorated with a splendor equalling the "irridscent glamour" which marked the Prom and Ball of last year. Graced by the radiant forms of a hundred charming companions, the Cotillion promises to be a dazzling spectacle of pomp and pulchritude, a festive event in the life of the Sophomore, an anticipatory thrill for the Junior and Senior whose class dances are the bigger and more sedate brothers of the Cotillion.

Gala occasions of this kind at Notre Dame have always been successful because of the high standard of entertainment set and attained by each class. The Cotillion will be of this high standard.

THE CROSS-WORD

HOMES are broken up, fathers won't speak to their sons or mothers to their daughters, professors are resigning, four million hours have been wasted in a small town in Indiana,

eye specialists are getting rich, industries have closed down, Soule's synonyms has gone to its fifty-ninth edition, libraries are becoming popular, asylums are building new additions, Amalgamated Pencil has declared new dividends, bridge has become unpopular in the social set—all because of IT, the cross-word puzzle.

Never has a fad so taken the country by storm since shooting Indians was all the rage. Preachers are laying down their Bibles to take up the checkered blocks, Congress has ordered the Constitution to be recast into a cross-word puzzle, and professors are giving essay assignments to be done *a la* cross-word.

It is a plague which has descended over the country affecting young and old, male and female. None can escape it. It is more deadly than influenza and for casualties, the Black Plague was a piker alongside it.

The sages scratch their heads in wonder. She isn't what she used to be!

"AS THE EDITOR THINKS."

THIS is a bad time of year for everyone, including the editorial writers. Everyone's attention is centered on examinations, next semester classes, the weather, and bad colds. Obviously, none of these offers very interesting editorial matter. All the campus problems are temporarily solved or shelved. But the editorials must be written.

We could turn to the files of any of the campus publications and rewrite any one of the pre-examination editorials. We could tell you, perhaps in new words, that this is the time for house-cleaning in your studies, that it is too late now to "bone" for the examinations, and that new resolutions of

study should be adopted for the next semester, and—but we feel that you know the story only too well by this time.

We could tell you, looking back from our lofty Senior standing, that the years at college are too brief to allow any waste of time, that you will regret the loafing when you reach the end of the road. We could—but it would not change anything—you must find that out for yourself.

Then there is the ever-discussed question as to whether the present minds on the campus are as brilliant as those that were here in the past. Just now, however, you are not interested.

This is a bad time of year for editorial writers, as we remarked before. We, too, have examinations; and, frankly, they are worrying us.

—F. S.

THE LIBRARY LECTURE COURSE

WITH a hopeful sigh we learn that a lecture course in the use of the Library is again being given to Freshmen; we feel that many upper classmen would do well to include it as an elective. For it is regrettable but true that many Juniors and Seniors, in their three or four years here, have never learned to use the Library effectively. As a matter of fact, several of them have recently confessed to not having taken out their first book.

Others come over often; too often, a desk attendant will tell you. A duty is assigned and, either because they are asleep or because they are working crossword puzzles, they do not listen when they are given the references and told where to find them. They come up to the desk and ask for "the material on that duty assigned by Prof. So and Such." Then they are offended if the attendant does not magically produce said material from beneath the blotter pad or from within the paste jar.

And (again) the requests they make! Shades of Dewey's Decimal System! One evening before the holidays a big fellow went over to the Library and asked for a book containing pictures of animals. The

desk attendant found a book containing illustrations and brought it out. But, unlike Chesterfields, they failed to satisfy.

"Blankety! blank! blank! I don't want any of these blank! blankety! blank! little ones. I want big ones."

And so the attendant went back into the stacks and brought out a book containing pictures of tigers, lions, and elephants. But was the big boy satisfied? Not on your life. It was then that he imparted the information that it was dogs he wanted. The attendant felt like telling him to whistle for them. But he didn't. A library lecture course would not help such a person.

That's just one example! Perhaps you think it has been exaggerated. I'm telling you that it hasn't. And I ought to know; I was that desk attendant.—A. D. M.

This is the season when some learn that a list of campus activities, written at the end of a poor examination, does not soften the professorial heart.

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Some Factors of Success in Examinations.

PAUL HARRINGTON, '26.

MEN who have studied the physiological conditions attendant on thought tell us that the quantity and speed of our blood-flow determines our state of mind. If, upon examining, of the effect of the blood flowing through the brain, we determine its causes, we may control the effect by regulating the cause, just as the engineer controls the speed and course of a hundred tons of steel by opening and closing the throttle of the engine.

If there be too much blood in the head, the blood congests in the brain until we have a headache, while at the same time the body becomes chilled and we may even suffer the ailment called "leg asleep." These discomforts distract our attention and, at such a time, all hope of passing the examination is lost. Such a condition may result from a bad cold, from too great an amount of concentrated thought just previous to the examination, or from anger, worry, and even hunger. The prevention and cure of these ailments is a matter of the individual's use of common sense. A hot-to-cold shower just before class helps greatly in taking the surplus blood from the brain.

The other extreme condition is a lack of sufficient blood in the brain. A man in this condition can not think; he can neither reason nor recall what he has learned; and he can not compel his blood-filled, active body to lie at his mind's feet any more than the average man can force a tiger to crouch, silent, in a corner. A big meal within the hour previous to class; a tired body requiring the upbuilding action of blood during the class; a strained posture at one's desk; these factors determine whether or not your head shall be as dry and as useless as an oil well that never "came in." Even fear, ensconced in your heart like a warrior in a castle, will attract the fickle corpuscles to

his stronghold. If you suffer from insufficient blood in the brain, do not forget that a hot-cold shower distributes blood evenly over the whole body.

When the blood rushes through one's head at the excessive rate of five miles an hour, nature puts on the speed-cop hat and gets out the old motorcycle. One can examine the cellular structure of leaves on roadside trees as seen when passing in an auto at sixty "per" far better than one can really think and investigate under stress of a blood race. Some students try to "flunk" by avoiding study. For such a purpose it is a safer process to take a long run or do some friendly wrestling just before the "exam." Anger may be substituted without danger of failure in the plan. Unfortunately for some of the weaker brethren with the best of intentions, nervousness has an identical result. To them I would gently repeat that a hot-cold shower,—with the emphasis on cold—slows down our thinking liquid to a normal rate.

Sluggards are best fitted to think. How few of them, how few people in the world, would suspect that. The sluggish blood, flowing into the brain slowly and not too copiously, tends to produce great scientists, deep-thinking philosophers, and splendid logicians. Unfortunately, the world loses much because such men may live only a short hundred years. A first-rate brain thru which the blood oozes like molten rock, can solve any examination question. The only condition is that one must allow it a week or two. Speed, the roaring demand of our factories; speed, the echoing cry of our people; speed, the reply of the school to the world—this is what our sluggish man has not; but put him under a hot-cold shower and he can wait at every corner until the world catches up.

And yet the same hot-cold shower slows down the machine if it would overspeed; it supplies more blood when needed but closes the entrance and opens the exit when much fuel clogs the mechanism. Try this cheap governor before your next examination.

The New-Old League of Nations

JOHN M. RYAN, C. S. C.

REGARDLESS of the fact that on two occasions the American electorate most decisively repudiated European entanglements, the trend of events is leading us thither. Even Mr. Colidge, has been slipping of late, and now comes boldly forth in favor of ending our traditional national heritage of aloofness.

Not so many years ago, few, indeed, were they who upheld the medieval idea of a world court. Almost all historians and histories took a fling at the "Haughty Hildebrand" and his "imperial policy." Yet what is our present League of Nations but the old wine in a new bottle? The question that troubled the early Christian Popes was how to find a means of ending war and its terrible evils. Then, as now, the law of might was the law of right. It was the Christian Church and she alone, who could hope to solve the problem.

Hildebrand did not create anything new, he did not enunciate any new doctrine. Even in the days of pagan Rome the Church held the same imperial policy that he held, the same she holds today. Her's is the teaching of Christ, and it is from Him and the famous scene of the tribute on the shores of Galilee that she draws the reason for her policy. Hildebrand merely succeeded in emphasizing the Christian features in the system and in making them dominant, not in an arbitrary way, as so often charged, not by material force, but by the universal consent of the medieval world.

All medieval Christians did accept, and all Christians of the present day should accept, the principles of the ancient "League of Nations and Hague Tribunal." These, simply stated, are: "God is the creator and Lord of all. Man's chief duty is obedience to God in all things. Religion is man's chief concern. The universal rule of religious principles is God's right and man's obligation. Religion is not merely a matter of private, individual life. Society as such belongs to God and owes Him service; hence all Civil Government, all

social organizations, all corporations, and the like, have religious duties and are bound to obey and worship God." Civil government is one, as the Christian faith should be one. This does not mean that there can be only one absolute State. Regardless of how many particular governments there may be, they are all one in a transcendent way. They are all made up of Christian people; one great family in the Church, and, therefore, also in the civil order; one great Christian commonwealth; a society of nations; a Christian republic, all with a common aim and with a common obedience to God. At the head of this republic of humanity was the Emperor, as the Pope was the head of the Church. The Emperor was not a universal sovereign but rather a king and direct ruler only in his own dominions. As Emperor and president of all kings, his authority rested upon the willingness of the kings to recognize a common leader; and this willingness in turn rested upon the general respect of medieval society for Christian unity and its general recognition of Christian principles in obedience to God.

The Pope and the Emperor were, therefore, two counterparts in the mediaeval system: one the head of the spiritual concerns, and the other of the temporal. In this arrangement is set forth the idea of the separation of Church and State, an idea that now-a-days is often loosely understood. The medieval idea of the relations of the spiritual and the temporal, of Church and State, was free from each of two extremes—from the identification and from their utter divorce; what it did propose was rather the distinct separateness of the two and yet their mutual respect and helpfulness. The two were understood to be distinct, each independent in its own sphere and each founded upon Divine authority; and yet the two were intended to work in harmony. It was recognized, at the same time, that, in the final analysis, the spiritual was higher than the temporal because the soul is superior to the body, and that the spiritual interests of life, whether in the individual or in society, are the most important of all.

It will be seen at once that this medieval

conception of government differed greatly from that of antiquity, when all rule was tyrannical, capricious, and absolute. The bonds of union were, on the one hand military force and the Roman law; on the other, Christian faith. While the medieval system strove to keep the spiritual and temporal separated, it took its chief guidance from the sphere of the spiritual and moral. Its general direction was determined, not by the will of an absolute ruler nor by political or economic expediency serving the material interests of the empire, but by Christian justice—the duties of man toward God and his fellowman.

Under the medieval joint rule of Church and State both rulers and people looked to the Pope, the head of the spiritual empire, as the chief guardian of justice and morality in public life as well as in private. He and his court formed the supreme court of appeal, the league of nations court of that time. Often he was the arbiter between princes and nations in time of war, either because principles of Christian justice were involved or because he was universally recognized as an impartial father who had equal affection for all his spiritual children, and was therefore bound to a just decision as God's representative. This same court also warned princes against abuse of authority or unjust aggression, and admonished the people to render proper obedience to their rulers.

The ancient idea of the Papacy and the Empire, of cooperation between the two supreme authorities, religious and civil—a civil commonwealth of all western peoples, guided by the principles of the Christian faith—was the foundation of that unity of medieval society which brought about the achievements of those times. The system was not entirely free from imperfections; there were political and social forces which tended to counteract the unifying forces. Nevertheless, while it held, great things were accomplished; and it approached very close to the realization of a "society of nations" which the modern world so sorely needs and longs for.

The discordant elements which prevented

the Christian league of nations from attaining perfection, the forces that made for division and disunion, succeeded at the end of the Middle Ages in destroying the ideal union of Church and State, the coordinate rule of the spiritual and the civil powers, by forming the distinct and rival states of modern Europe and, later, the Protestant churches.

It was not long before the need of some international understanding between these rival states manifested itself in the political sphere and led to a poor substitute for the medieval system. This took the form of the so-called system of "European equilibrium," of the "balance of power," a system which recognized the demands of political or economical expedience and ignored the claims of religion and justice. The religious wars of Europe which followed upon the sixteenth century revolution against the Church of Rome, culminated, at the treaty of Westphalia, in 1648, in the recognition of the "equilibrium." The tenure of this system was guaranteed by the addition of a new feature that of large armaments as a guarantee of peace, which gave to the years since 1870 the name of "period of armed peace." In 1914 the inevitable crash came. The world had already suspected that the armed peace was really no peace at all. Long before the break came students were expecting a war and speculating when and how it would start. The Hague Tribunal idea was nothing more than an attempt, a poor attempt, if you will, to avert the storm and devise a new international system.

Once again the nations have concluded a temporary peace built upon the ruins of the non-Christian systems. Once again they have built up a league ignoring religion and religious justice. How long will it last? Today America faces possible war because the league is dominated by Japan and her hostile views on our immigration laws. Yesterday England scrapped the league in asserting she would have no outsider hampering her or telling her how she should treat the assassins of her soldier sons. It needs no scholarship to see that the new-old league lacks the essential principle, a power that

would give it authority—religion! When will the nations learn that such leagues are insufficient? When will they learn that a peace system of balance of power based only on political, economic and international expediency is no sound and permanent peace? Will it require more wars and millions of lives before they learn to try once more the medieval idea of peace based upon Christian justice?

It is difficult to see how this can come to pass without the universal recognition of a central authority in religion and morality—and there can be no such authority except

the one founded by Christ Himself and placed in the hands of His Vicar. Some will resent this suggestion if they do not grasp in its entirety the medieval system, which has been distorted and falsified. Some writers have constantly made it appear that the Popes after Gregory VII were bent on establishing a universal papal monarchy, a kind of theocratic absolutism. Their prejudice prevents their looking facts in the face and giving medieval society credit for common sense and for an earnest desire to solve a difficult problem.

The Triumvirate

The first kiss—never-to-be-forgotten—
Was not in Spring
When brooks babbled
And all nature smiled,
But in the depth of Winter.
It was in her parlor—
She was leaning against the door
Bidding me good night;
She slipped deftly away
And my lips just grazed hers.
I walked home on a cloud.

The second one I remember
Was a short while after we were married.
We had quarrelled and she had cried.
A warm tear fell on my face
As I pressed her lips to mine.
I saw in her eyes
Dancing little children—
A wonderful smile
Beneath her laughing tears.

Last night I kissed her
Last night. . . and for the last time.
There was no response—
Only Winter in my heart.
Her lips were like ice.
I sat down and cried.
I shall never kiss her again—
She is dead.

—J. F. D.

"The Drawing Card."

LESTER C. GRADY, '26.

UNFORTUNATELY the vaudeville act of "Bouquet and Aroma," which offers "The Muscical Classics Triumphant" is playing at the Globe Theatre, situated in a university town. It is the worst act on the deficient bill which is struggling through its third performance. Bouquet and Aroma had fared miserably on the opening day. They did not go at all in the matinee and they stood still in the evening show, except when not dodging the occasional shower of pennies that poured forth from the audience. Their act is about to go for the third time. As the uneasy Peter Bouquet looks at his wife, who is billed as Aroma, he wonders if they will return to the wings uninjured, for it has been rumored that practically every student attending the university is present to see the act.

"You know, my dear, I am a trifle worried. I would rather be facing a tribe of beastly savages. I think it would be safer."

"Hush, hush, Peter. Bury your worries. We must make the best of it."

Peter clasps his hands and looks heavenward.

"Yes. In as quick a time as possible."

There is a sudden outburst of booing, cat-calls, and bellowing from the audience.

"My dear, do you hear that? I fear we are in for it this afternoon. Never in the thirty years I have been playing this act with you, my-dear, have I felt so nervous."

"Hush, Peter, hush. Soon you shall have me unnerved. And then—oh, dear, dear,—I shall falter in my singing of "Hark! Hark! The Lark!" That would be terrible."

"Heavens, my dear, you must refrain from singing that number this afternoon. It means ruination. It was not appreciated yesterday. No, no, my dear, forget about it. That song would prompt those hostile creatures out there to the most unheard of things."

"Then, Peter, I must sing something in its place. What shall it be?"

"My dear, at present, I am in no condition whatever to decide. My mind is tossing to and fro. It is like an angry ocean. Oh, why did we ever have such a blow dealt to us?"

Again the audience roars its disapproval of the act which is on the stage.

"We are next, Peter. I hope you are ready."

"I am not, my dear. I am far, far from being ready. I am trying to make my unruly mind devise some method whereby we may escape being embarrassed again."

"Worry not, Peter, I shall sing this afternoon as I never sang before. I shall thrill them. Even the dispassionate ones. They will all love my voice. They will cry for more!"

"My dear, you are courageous, you are brave, you are fearless and noble; but you say silly things. Quick now, let us think of a way to save our act from punishment. First that "Hark! Hark! The Lark!" cannot be sung. I will not sing that favorite of mine from *Orfeo*, "I Have Lost My Eurydice." We shall leave out the balcony scene from "Romeo and Juliet." You understand, my dear, that it will be for the best. I think it fitting, too, that we omit our opening number."

"Why Peter, that leaves us with only our finale to sing. No, no, no! We must sing more than that."

"My dear, if we sing that much this afternoon we shall be fortunate. I repeat, my dear, we shall be fortunate."

"It grieves me, Peter. I shall do as you say, though, trust me."

Louder than before the audience is in another uproar. The two Dutch comedians who have failed to please run into the wings as if fleeing from wild beasts. Their clothes are stained by some of the softer missiles that were thrown at them.

The stage manager rushes over to them.

"Get out and take a bow!"

"Never! We'll take the air instead."

The audience sounds as if it was a sizzling pot of boiling oil waiting for some one to be thrown into it.

"Are you ready, Peter?"

"I am afraid I am."

"We will do our best even though you slash the songs I cherish most of all."

The orchestra is playing their introduction. It resembles some sort of a funeral march to the trembling Peter Bouquet; but to his wife, who is either thoughtless or fearless, it is the sounding of the call to arms.

They prepare to go on. As they are about to leave the wings the stage manager steps in front of them.

"Say, get back, get back. You two ain't goin' on today. You're through. If you

two went on with your wabbling act today we'd got enough stuff to open a fruit stand Drop over to the office and you'll get your full salary. We ain't takin' any chances lettin' yer get the stage all mussed up."

The stage manager has gone away. Bouquet stands looking into the eyes of his wife. He embraces her.

"My dear" he says opening his tightly pressed lips, "my feelings have been hurt."

"Ah Peter, and so have mine."

"Still, my dear, we should be thankful to that stage manager."

Hope

I saw the raindrops lightly fall
Upon the flowers, pale and small,
And bend them, row on row.
Then all the world was bleak and dark
Until I heard a meadow lark
Call sweet and low.

But in the sky a rainbow fair
Gleaned through the glistening evening air—
God's promise bright.
I lifted up my tear-stained eyes
And in the blueness of the skies
Saw newer light.

—EDWARD A. WALSH.



Sing My Poet

HARRY A. MCGUIRE, '25.

And she said, "My poet, sing to me—
Sing of the dimmed heights that only your
 eyes see,
And of the rains of Hindustan
That never wept till your departure.
Sing of the Chinese musk, and incensed
 streets,
The cries of beggars on the wharves;
Sing high, and low, around, and over too,
Sing of the world outside of worlds
And of the world where that world grew."

The muse lay in my chamber with me then,
So came a song,
Long, long, and low...
I spun the web of fantasy from glow-worm
 eyes,

And pierced the clotting blood in which the
 sunset dies.

I drew the clouds into a long, thin line,
And therewith bound the recrudescient heav-
 ens in a ball

For my love's fingers
In their play.

I snatched the sunlight from the sun
And spread it on the sea,
That my divine love's beauty,
Mirrored there,

Might witness all the puissance
That dwells in me.
The flagellating cat-tails of a marsh
Were plucked by song,
And woven into melodies as soft and still
As the melancholy song of thrushes
Murmuring from the hill,
Then from the crash of thunder and the
 flash of light
I forged an azure crown
Set with the jewels of heaven, for my love's
 dear head,

And, lest her velvet brow should chafe
With all its weight,
I lined its starry splendor
With a queen bee's down.

But with perturbed eyes she said again,
"My poet, sing to me."

Then I knew well that though in poesy
I bind eternity,
A bauble at her wrist,
Her woman's vanity would be unmatched,
And all the lustre of her eyes would fret.
For woman would not have the poet tell
Of all the splendor of the skies,
Unless he find that splendor
In the dusk-light of her eyes.

(This poem was awarded first place in the Scribblers' Poetry Contest.)

The Idea of Ideals

RAYMOND C. CUNNINGHAM, '25 *

PHILIPPIDES, fleet of foot and strong of limb, ran all the way from Athens to Sparta in forty-eight hours—a distance which usually required many hours of travel. This he did voluntarily and courageously because his Athens was in danger of a Persian attack, and because his countrymen needed Sparta's assistance. Then back again to Athens he sped to take his place in the fighting ranks. The battle won, the Persians subdued, once more like a flashing streak of lightning he retraced his steps to the Spartan camp to herald the Athenian victory. Weakened and hopelessly fatigued as he was from the long, exhaustive journey he managed to shout breathlessly the glad tidings. And a moment later, "with joy in his blood bursting his heart—he died."

Philippides realized that his courage was greater than his strength. He knew that his endurance was not equal to his fortitude. Yes, better than anyone else he was aware of the fatalness of that long, swift run. Yet braving the muscular fatigue and bodily strain, and defying even death itself, he willingly sacrificed all for Athens. Such love for country is pure gold; such valor is unselfish; such courage is dauntless.

Philippides, however, was only one of a vast army of gallant and heroic men who gave "their last full measure of devotion" for their country,—only one of many whose last ounce of rich, crimson blood was shed that a nation might live,—only one of the many who shall be revered even into eternity. Our own America, a little more than an infant among nations, can whisper in homage and love, names which challenge the fondest admiration of all her citizens.

Who does not remember how valiantly our revolutionary forefathers fought against the tyranny of their mother-country, so that their flag and the government which it represented would endure forever? Who does not recall the numerous occasions on which George Washington, while commanding the untrained and inexperienced troops, risked his life so that the banner of stars and stripes under which he fought would never be trampled to the ground? Who has forgotten how Paul Revere rode fearlessly through the night, "through every Middlesex village, and farm, warning the farmers to be up and to arm?" Who has forgotten how Abraham Lincoln answered that charge on Fort Sumter? And who among us does not remember some one of the two million doughboys, gobs, and Marines who crossed the Atlantic to fight a mighty foe? Certainly everyone is familiar with these men and their heroic deeds. None of us could say that the spirit of Philippides did not live in them.

To these patriots of our country the flag meant something more than a strip of bunting to flutter in the breezes. It meant an emblem of the country's glory, a factor in international diplomacy, and a symbol of national supremacy. Every sacred ideal for which it stood, and which insured for them life and happiness, they cherished. To act cowardly, to fear to defend that flag into which their ideals were woven, was, for them, to deprive themselves of the things they loved. And with something of the reverence men feel for the sacraments of religion, these men looked to their flag. Such love for country is the foundation of our American ideals.

To-day, however, other patriots and citizens are springing up,—not the patriots and citizens we have known in the past—but a class of dissenters who feel that they are expressing their patriotism and professing their allegiance to their flag by disregarding the sacred ideals upon which our government is founded. They are trying to modernize the old ideals of liberty, freedom, and righteousness which have been the safeguards of our nation. They are attempting to interpret what our progenitors wrote between the lines of the Declaration of Independence, and giving us new theories about the land of the free and the home of the brave. Liberty for them does not mean a restraint of freedom. And all of their actions, motivated for purely selfish reasons and disloyal in their very essence, are clothed in a deceptive gown of patriotism. The Constitutionalist, the Internationalist, and the Klansman, stand out to-day most conspicuously in opposition to these ideals and fundamental principles of American government.

The Constitutionalist represents that group of radicals who believe that the machinery of government is not functioning properly—is not meeting the changing conditions of a modern day; and so therefore, they propose to incorporate the necessary changes in the constitution regardless of policy, principle, or precedent. They would strip the Supreme Court of its power to pass on the constitutionality of acts of state legislatures, and they would invest that power in Congress instead. Such a step would be nothing short of invading private liberty and imperiling the fundamental rights of each state and each individual. I say this is so, because to deny it, is to admit that the state legislatures could err in making and declaring laws null and void, but to say that Congress, which is composed of the same sort of flesh and blood, is infallible. Our forefathers knew that Congress was not infallible, not anymore than were the state legislatures, and for that reason they created the Supreme Court. It is intended to be a body-guard of the Constitution, and not an instrument to be tampered with at will by these so-called Constitutionalist. For these men the Supreme Court is on trial. Ill-advised, ill-informed, and ill-

* Winner of second place in Breen Oratorical Contest.

guided, these men out-Herod Herod in raising up their cry: "Away with it!"

The internationalists are equally as dangerous and as radical. What they are concerned with primarily is tearing down the barriers of nationalism that separate one nation from another, and adopting a policy of brotherly internationalism. They would lead us to believe that without a unification of national interests the peace of the world is insecure. They would eliminate the danger connected with America's joining the League of Nations by having America join the League. America's presence in the League, they hold, would abolish antagonism and prevent the unanimous consent required in the council to pass a measure in conflict with our interests. But do they pretend to have forgotten how America was tricked and befuddled by the scheming European diplomats in the treaty of Versailles? Do they feign ignorance of the trades and barter into which President Wilson nearly was bamboozled by these Leaguers? And even now with Japan dominating the League on the immigration issue and England dictating to the League on the present Egyptian affair, these Internationalists would jump headlong into it. They would cast to the winds our national politics, Monroe Doctrine and all, that have been revered for generations, and look at everything from the international point-of-view so that foreigners would be permitted to decide our domestic questions, whether they be on immigration, citizenship, or whatnot, Washington's admonition about avoiding foreign entanglements means nothing to them. They would disregard our past experiences with the clever and tricky diplomats, premiers, and prime-ministers of Europe, and give these European statesmen a new vote of confidence believing that the Europeans had discarded their theory of "might makes right" or that they cared no longer to maintain the the Balance of Power. In a word, these Internationalists would betray America with an international kiss.

And lastly we have the Klansmen. In some states they have been growing rather rapidly in numbers.

These Klansmen pretend to be motivated and actuated by their patriotism and their one hundred percent Americanism; yet by their very disregard for the religious and racial liberties of others, they violate the same Constitution which they profess to uphold. Their inconsistency in this is easily accounted for beneath the robes they wear and within their secret maneuverings. It is racial hatred and religious prejudice, not patriot principles that give momentum to their unconstitutional activity. Here in this land of sanctuary—the home of the oppressed of all nations and every creed, where wise and conscientious men laid deep the foundations of religious freedom and racial liberty,—these *little* men are being deceived by their bigotry and their ignorance. They are attempting to tear into shreds the white seamless garment of our national unity, while over it the Imperial Wizards and Cyclops are casting lots for the pecuniary spoils of the conquest.

If, then, these various classes of dissenters are at work in America endeavoring to tear down the sacred ideals of liberty, freedom, and righteousness, what may we hope for America? It is not for me to predict, because of the future, only God knows. But we may be certain that unless American principles and ideals are restated and more rigidly enforced, America soon will undergo a decided change for the worse. America's power, her supremacy, and her prestige depend entirely upon her citizens living up to those ideals which the flag represents. If Americans show that they love and respect that flag and the principles for which it flies, they will inspire confidence in themselves and command the respect of all the nations of the world. America then will no longer have to fear disruption from within nor attack from without. Her position will be as safe and secure as the mighty Gibraltar. And then, in the future, should her citizens be called upon to sacrifice their lives for their flag, their generous hearts's blood, instead of hardening in their arteries shall continue to flow, in the flag's crimson stripes that America may live forever.

Song

What care I what song I sing,
Be it sad or merry,
For April comes and autumn goes—
Sweet as laughter is the rose—
What care I what song I sing,
Be it sad or merry.

—W. S.

BOOK LEAVES

JOSEPH P. BURKE, '25

Sir Philip Gibbs' divorce novel, "Beauty and Nick," has recently been brought out in its third printing by the Devin-Adair Co., New York. In this striking story, Gibbs, one of the foremost Catholic writers of the time, has treated the question of divorce and its effect on the child in a masterly manner.

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Notre Dame students, interested in the study of the drama, will enjoy an article in the January issue of *The Ecclesiastical Review* entitled, "Christ on the Stage," by Professor Charles Phillips. The article traces the story of the Christ-figure in drama from the days of the medieval mystery plays down to the present time.

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The Century Company has published a book of outdoor verse by Grantland Rice, who coined the phrase, "The Four Horsemen of Notre Dame." Most of the poems that appear in "Songs of the Open" were originally published in Rice's syndicated column, "The Sportlight."

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The Nobel Prize for literature has been awarded to Ladislav Reymont for his famous Polish novel, "The Peasants." The story is divided into four parts, named after the seasons of the year, two volumes, "Autumn" and "Winter," having just been published in English by Alfred A. Knopf, New York. Professor Charles Phillips of the English Department, who spent some years in Poland, and who is acquainted with the literature of that country, has contributed an interesting criticism of the Reymont work to *The Commonweal* of Jan. 14.

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Boni & Liveright have published the collected works of Eugene O'Neill, America's foremost dramatist. The plays have been in large part revised and rewritten. O'Neill's newest play, "Desire Under the Elms," now playing at the Greenwich Village Theatre, New York, and never before published, is included in this new edition.

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Frank H. Callan, A. B., a Cornell man and one of the latest recruits to the ranks of American

Catholic writers, is making a great success with his recently published volume, "Excellence in English," published by the Devin-Adair Co., New York. Henry Garrity, president of this publishing company, and a Catholic who hails from the Hoosier State, declares that Callan devoted twenty-five years to the writing of this work. The work is an able analysis of English classic writing, and devotes many of its pages to a highly interesting discussion of the literary craftsmanship of Cardinal Newman.

* * * * *

A new book has appeared, "Lincoln," by Nathaniel Wright Stephenson, author of "Abraham Lincoln and the Union." The new work is a distinct departure from the ordinary Lincoln biography, in that it devotes itself especially to an account of the evolution of the personal character of the great Emancipator. The publishers are Bobbs Merrill, Indianapolis, Indiana.

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Clayton Hamilton, the drama critic, who recently contributed an unusually interesting article to *The Commonweal* on his friend, the famous Catholic actor, Walter Hampden, (Dougherty), has just issued a unique book from the Macmillan press. It is called "Conversations on Contemporary Drama," and is exactly what its title indicates—a record of informal conversations. The book literally was never written, but was transcribed by a stenographer from recent drama talks given at Columbia University by Mr. Hamilton.

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The Yale "Record" is bringing out a humorous story concerned with things as they are at Old Eli. Winifred McGargle, educator, described "Bulldog Dwight at Yale!" as "a good straightforward book." It faces the issues squarely without flinching. The first edition of the book is said to be strictly limited.

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Franklin P. Adams ("F. P. A."), the brilliant conductor of "The Conning Tower" in *The New York World* has also taken his place with the other columnists in having books published. "So Much Velvet" is a collection of his running comments on life, letters, and the mad pursuit of happiness.

SPORTS

Notre Dame, 37; Michigan Aggies, 14

Coach Keogan's Notre Dame basketball team won a furiously contested game from the Michigan Aggies, 37 to 14, on the "Y" court, Friday night, January 16.

The sweeping triumph over the Aggies marked one of the best basketball exhibitions registered by the Keoganites since the opening of the season. Playing against a team that displayed a plausible defensive game, The Irish unleashed a whirlwind attack that uprooted the best defensive efforts of the visitors.

During the opening minutes of play, both teams were deadlocked, neither being able to advance the ball. The Aggies played Notre Dame man for man, but Ray Dahman reached the net for the first score from the middle of the floor. Both quintets alternated in the lead for a few minutes until Mahoney of Notre Dame looped a long shot and in the following skirmishes, the Keoganites called out their best team work and riddled the Aggies hopes, amassing a comfortable lead at the half, 21 to 8.

The second period was much the same as the first, with the exception that a little more roughhouse made the going spicy, and the charity line was being overworked for

points. Notre Dame as a team stood out brilliantly. The strength of unity had no better proof. Capt. Kizer and Clem Crowe,

making their first home appearance flashed their old form, both men playing a fine defensive and offensive game. Johnny Nyikos, tread the hardwood with a lightning stride and abetted his teams advance to victory with some of the neatest passing and dribbling ever seen on the local court. Joe Dienhardt in like manner played a whirlwind floor game, although he did not register in the scoring column. Conroy turned in a fine exhibition at forward, to which place he was transferred in favor of Mahoney who was sent to back guard. Both men played their new positions to perfection. Vinc McNally

who worked at both forward and center kept pace with his teammates, tearing up the Aggie attack and looping the ball for six points.

The Aggies were no match for the local five and displayed a special weakness in shooting baskets, making numerous hap-hazard tries for the net. The visitors frequently tried the long pass from basket to basket, but it was of no avail due to the vigilance of Mahoney.



CAPTAIN NOBLE KIZER

The line-up and summaries of the game are as follows:

Notre Dame (37)	G	FT	FG	PF	TP
Conroy, LF	3	0	0	0	6
Dienhardt, RF	0	0	0	0	0
Nyikos, C	3	1	1	0	7
Dahman, LG	1	2	1	1	3
Mahoney, RG	2	0	0	2	4
McNally, LF	3	2	1	3	7
Crowe, RF	3	5	2	1	8
Kizer (C) LF	1	2	0	1	2
Totals.....	16	12	5	8	37
Michigan Aggies (14)	G	FT	FG	PF	TP
Mason (C) LF	2	0	0	2	4
Hackett, RF	1	4	2	0	4
Bilkey, C	0	2	1	0	1
Richards, LG	1	1	1	0	3
Fredricks, RG	0	0	0	0	0
Nuttila, LF	0	0	0	0	0
McMillan, RF	0	0	0	2	0
Robinson, C	0	0	0	0	0
Hultman, RG	0	2	0	2	0
Marks, RF	1	0	0	1	2
Totals.....	5	9	4	7	14

Officials—Young, Ohio Wesleyan, referee; Maloney, umpire.

LIMITATION OF STUDENT ADMISSION TO BASKETBALL GAMES

Because of the extremely limited seating capacity of the South Bend Y. M. C. A. basketball court, and due to the popularity of the remaining games at home each student will be limited to only two of the four games to be played with Illinois, Butler, Franklin, and Wabash.

Admission to the game with the University of Illinois on February 7, and to the game with Wabash (date to be announced later) will be allowed only to those students holding athletic books No. 1 to 1,000; while student books No. 1,000 to 2,000 will admit holders to the game with Franklin College on February 28, and to the game with Butler University on February 10.

Frank Van Syckle of Freshman Hall is recovering from the effects of a sprained ankle, which injury he received while aiding Freshman Hall defeat the Day Dogs in a basketball game last week.

HOCKEY PROSPECTS GOOD.

Hockey, the popular outdoor winter sport at Notre Dame, was opened for the season of 1925, during the past week with the first practice drills on the home rink.

Prospects for a representative season appear very inviting, if the squad of capable stickmen and an array of prominent coaches can be accepted as a criterion. Tom Lieb will act as head coach, with Paul Castner, former Notre Dame football, baseball and hockey star, Rev. William Cunningham, C. S. C., and McNeil, former hockey star at St. Xavier's college, Nova Scotia, Canada, assisting.

Two rinks have been constructed, one on St. Mary's lake in front of the old college building, and another on the Brownson campus to the rear of the Law building.

No schedule has been drawn as yet, but arrangements are being made to schedule games with Michigan and M. A. C. Minnesota and St. Thomas in the copper country may also be included on the list.

The following are trying for berths on the team:

Forwards: F. McSorley, J. McSorley, C. Martin, J. Hicock, Steddel, Holland, Lawler, Irmiger, Dooley; *Defense:* Mouch, Timmins, Herndon, Boeringer; *Goal:* Murphy, Smith.

TWO-MILE RELAY TEAM WINS IN I.A.C. MEET.

Notre Dame got away to a good start for the track season of 1925, when a 2-mile relay team composed of Cox, Masterson, Nulty and Young, defeated Wisconsin at the I.A.C. handicap games at Chicago, Friday night, January 16.

Notre Dame won the special college 2-mile relay race in 8:28, defeating the Badger quartet composed of Schilke, Petja, Bergstresser and Vallely. The Badger anchorman, Vallely, is regarded as one of the best college half milers in the middle west. Notre Dame meets Wisconsin in a dual meet at Madison this winter.

FLOWERS FOR THE LIVING

Knute Rockne

BY WILLIAM AEBOTT

Coach Knute Rockne of Notre Dame is the Henry Ford of football. He specializes in organization and big-scale production. The average college foot-



"ROCK," SHOWING THEM HOW

ball squad numbers about 35. The past season Notre Dame had 450 young huskies on the gridiron with Rockne coaching, training, schedule making—just about everything, even to packing trunks when the Hoosiers journeyed to distant battlefields.

If it is true that imitation is indirect flattery, then all over the country many coaches, big and little, flatter Rockne by trying to teach his brand of football. Just when these rivals believe they have the Rockne secret under a magnifying glass the astute head coach at South Bend suddenly springs something new. He is one of the most progressive and original mentors that ever taught the strenuous game.

First of all Rockne demands three requisites from his players—brains, speed and big hands. Bulk is not wanted unless it runs with the speed of a deer, thinks even faster and possesses big hands to manipulate forward passes that figure so prominently in the Rockne system of gridiron tactics. The head coach actually prefers "green" ma-

terial. Many of Notre Dame's greatest stars never even booted a pigskin before coming under Rockne's direction.

The big Hoosier squad starts practice early in the spring when the tall sycamores at South Bend begin to bloom. The hardest work is done in the spring. In the regular autumn season only what the head coach calls "skull" practice is attempted—constant rehearsing of formations.

It was the almost faultless execution of these formations that enabled Notre Dame to win the highest national ranking in 1924 and with the loss of only two games in the last three years.

How does Rockne do it? Mostly by natural leadership and a magnetic personality. He has only to toss a football into a group of players, bark a few instructions and the Notre Dame squad quickly resembles a bee-hive for business-like action. No driving or pleading; just sincere desire on the part of the youths to satisfy their coach.

The life story of Knute Rockne could easily serve as a success model for boys. He was born in Norway and came to this country at the age of five. The Rockne family settled in the great Northwest. The anticipated rainbow in the new land did not quickly materialize. As a young man Rockne toiled hard and unceasingly. He wanted a college education. He finally worked his way through Notre Dame by stoking boats in the Great Lakes in the summer. He played in the college band—\$200 off the charge each season—and performed various duties around the campus. Sandwiched in between studies and duties Rockne found time for football. He was a star end and played against West Point in 1913, the start of the Notre Dame Cadet series.

Rockne was a very smart chemistry student. Graduating in 1914 he debated whether to coach football or take up chemistry, but intense love of the game held him to the gridiron. Rockne returned to Notre Dame in 1916 as coach. He's been there ever since although numerous colleges have tempted him with offers that would have even interested bank presidents.

Loyalty and modesty also is second nature to Rockne and he's remained at South Bend when he could have gone elsewhere for double the money. For a time he served as professor of chemistry while doubling as football and track coach.

Now he's director of athletics.

Knute Rockne is 36 and appears considerably older because of a rather portly figure, overlapping chin and shining bald head. He is married, the proud father of three children and lives all year at South Bend.

In football Rockne is high strung and direct in actions and speech. During a game he'll squirm around on the bench and nibble down a long cigar without once lighting it. With the strain of competition over, an idealist, who quotes from many

authors, suddenly takes the place of the terse coach.

"After all, football is only a game," mused Rockne to the writer recently. "We probably take it *too* seriously. The main thing to keep in mind is the character and future development of the players. Emerson said:

"Yellow leaves turn pale
Green leaves turn gold."

"We expect to lose, but will be satisfied if our losing players turn gold by showing the right stuff. Losing a few games will not hurt anyone. We expect to lose several next season. It will be good for the players, students and college. It will be good for everyone but the coach—if he loses too many games, he will lose his job."

—*The Boston Herald.*

The Riders

The turf is made for galloping
As you go charging by,
While cheering thousands greet you
With thunder from the sky
And banners flung on high.

You rode the fields and conquered,
You won a deathless fame,
While football has its history
It can not lose your name,
Linked fast with Notre Dame.

Now you shall join the heroes
Of other days—like you
They "did their stuff" and proudly
Held up the Gold and Blue
Hard hitters, tried and true.

Lew Sammon and MacDonald,
The Miller that was "Red,"
Ray Eichenlaub and Farley,
For Notre Dame they bled—
The fact is warranted.

And in that far Valhalla
Where souls of heroes bide,
Waits one, who for the colors,
That you wear, fought and died.
You stand by George Gipp's side.

—CORBY, 1910.

Notre Dame Perfect Team

BY EUGENE W. NIXON

(Pomona College Football Coach)

After watching the marvelous exhibition given at Pasadena yesterday by Knute Rockne's fighting Irish, the only hope left for the rest of us poor coaches is that when we go to heaven, if we do, they may lay off the harps and give us a bunch of football players like the "Four Horsemen" to amuse ourselves with. But at that, the rest of us have something on the great Rockne—Knute has coached the perfect football team, and has nothing really worth while left to live for; while the rest of us have the possibility still before us, although we shall probably never realize it except in our dreams.

Yesterday the writer predicted a win for Stanford. For this prediction he offers humble apology to the fighting Irish, and to the public at large. As a prognosticator we feel that we have fallen even below the standards set by Jim Corbett. The prediction was made on the assumption that no team could be as good as Notre Dame was reported to be. The assumption was incorrect. Notre Dame was better than anybody ever said it was. The writers who have been describing their prowess must be sadly limited as to superlatives in their vocabularies, for none of them have ever done the Irish justice. The word "perfect" is the only term to use in connection with the Rockne creation.

The outstanding features of the game were the power, fight and undying determination of the Stanford team, and the speed, perfection, and flashing brilliancy of the Notre Dame play. Years ago, when Elmer Layden was a shaver in knickers playing about the old home in Davenport, Iowa, the writer was coaching the Davenport High School. A striking memory of those Corn Belt days is the recollection of the summer storms with their brilliant and fascinating accompaniment of electric pyrotechnics. An awe-inspiring sight, that brilliant summer lightning that precedes the storm, with its tremendous flashes across the evening sky, and the sudden sinuous, darting, cruel fork of flame that darts out at right angles to strike in some unexpected place. Yesterday the forked summer lightning came back to us in all its brilliance in the person of Elmer Layden and the Horsemen of Notre Dame.

No credit should be withheld from the Stanford team for their gallant stand against the superfootball of Notre Dame. As football usually goes, Stanford presented a team that can well be rated with the best in the history of the game on the Coast. When rabid critics say Stanford looked dumb at critical moments, they mean only dumb in comparison with the smartest football team that ever played the game. The Stanford team gave one of the best exhibitions of offensive football ever seen on the Coast, as attested by the fact that they gained twice as much ground as did Notre Dame, and that they made 17 first downs to Notre Dame's seven.

"WHATNOTS"

(Los Angeles Examiner)

To the writer Notre Dame looked to be the superior team. Not only superior to Stanford, but superior to any machine it has been our pleasure ever to have seen.

Their assets are speed, alertness, knowledge of fundamentals and thorough coaching. Team work is a big factor, but first and foremost the writer inclines to speed and thoroughness in fundamentals.

The Fightin' Irish are not, nor was any Notre Dame team under Rockne, a superlative defensive machine. Rockne makes his offense his defense. He believes in running up points, keeping the ball away from the other fellow and employing the highest possible proportion of deception. His style is the antithesis of the old game.

In the last analysis you may argue pro or con, but all that the future generation will remember and the Eastern football world of today discuss is:

NOTRE DAME, 27; STANFORD, 10.

That, after all, is what goes into history.

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HARMONY WAS KEYNOTE OF ROCKNE'S MARVELOUS NOTRE DAME BACKFIELD

BY GEORGE TREVOR

The "Four Horsemen" are now history. Never again will Stuhldreher, Crowley, Layden and Miller ride with reckless abandon through enemy lines. Never again will Layden launch himself like a catapult at a tiny gleam of daylight in the opposing wall of bone and sinew. Never again will Crowley claw and twist his way through the thick of the melee, shaking off rival tacklers as a wet dog water from his coat; never again will Miller ghost past enemy outposts as though borne on the wings of the morning; never again will Stuhldreher, the master mind, move his pawns in blue around the emerald chessboard the while his muscles ache from the fierce contact of body checking and his brain reels from the sickening impact of interference. The four horsemen have taken their last ride together and their like will not soon be seen.

Notre Dame's eleven of 1924 will take rank with the great teams of all time. None but California can dispute its right to the championship of America. Perhaps never before has a team so convincingly proved its claim to national pre-eminence over rivals from all geographical sectors of the country. There have been other elevens of equal or greater strength, but they did not face the nation's best as did Notre Dame.

The recipe for producing the Notre Dame backfield is "Chef" Rockne's secret formula. However, we can give you this tip. Take two Irishmen and two Dutchmen, Mix thoroughly in equal parts. Stir well by means of a Princeton Jersey and stand in a cool place such as Palmer Stadium. Then remove yourself to a safe distance and await the explosion. That backfield is loaded with T. N. T. and nitroglycerine, as sundry rivals have learned to their sorrow.

Harmony was the real secret of the remarkable team play that distinguished the work of Notre

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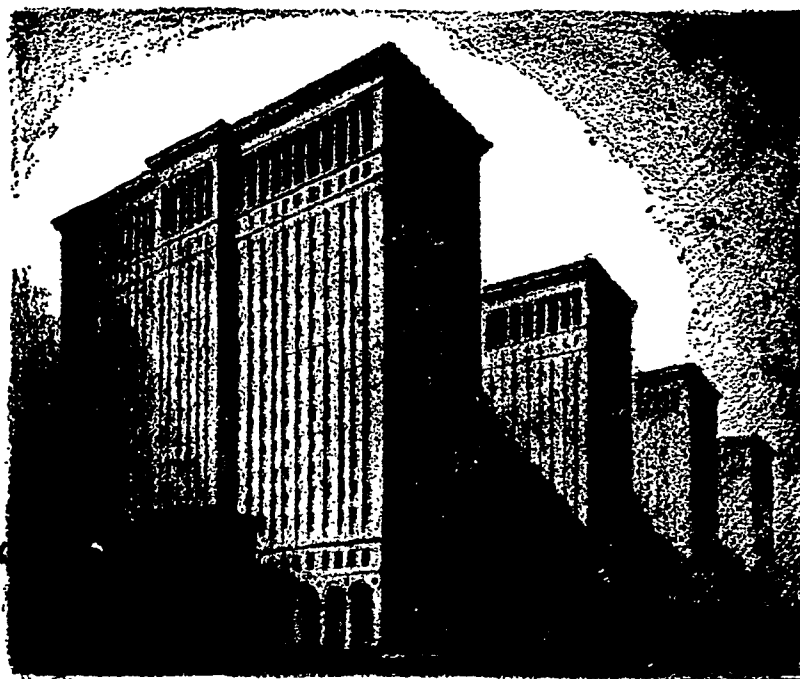
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Dame's backfield. The four horsemen had no personal axes to grind. Their motto was "One for all and all for one." Dissension and individual ambition have often destroyed the value of a backfield made up of brilliant players. With Notre Dame there was no arguing as to who should carry the ball when the touchdown loomed in sight. Each of the four horsemen sank personal ambition in his desire for team unity. All four were remarkable interferers as well as carriers. When Crowley carried the ball the other three took out enemy tackles with deadly effectiveness. Good blocking is an art that is rarely mastered by such spectacular ball carriers as the Notre Dame stars.

The four horsemen are firm friends off the field as well as on. Miller would rather have Layden get the glory for a long run than himself. Layden reciprocates, as does Crowley. Every morning at Notre Dame Capt. Adam Walsh attended Mass with his men. It was his inspiring leadership that welded the 1924 Notre Dame eleven into an unbeatable unit. There have been teams whose members scarcely knew each other off the gridiron. Undoubtedly the camaraderie prevailing between the "four horsemen" was largely responsible for the willingness of each to sacrifice himself for the good of the team. All four are members of the senior class, thus enjoying the contact of the classroom and the social features of college life in common.

Harry Stuhldreher, Elmer Layden and Jim Crowley were selected for the All-American backfield by Tod Jones, "Pop" Warner, Walker Eckersall and Knute Rockne, among others. We prefer the practical judgment of these four active coaches to the visionary selections of Walter Camp. Apparently Camp could not see Layden with a telescope. Elmer is not placed on any of Walter's three teams, which is more of a reflection on Camp than it is on Layden. Crowley gets a berth on the second team.

—The Brooklyn Daily Eagle.



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—NDS—



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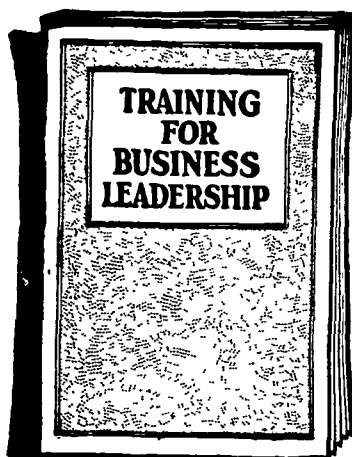
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ROCKNE BANKS ON DECEPTION

What is the secret of Rockne? What is there about this famous enigma that has enabled him, in his thirties, to dominate the football world? What power has made him the "wonder coach?" Why was the Big Ten Conference in Chicago recently almost disrupted by his presence, when Big Ten coaches deserted their own conference to stand in line for a word with the great Rockne?

Rockne is descended from the Norsemen, those sturdy adventurers who dauntlessly harassed the coasts of all Europe, descending upon the coast cities to swiftly spread havoc, and as swiftly retire, laughing in the faces of their pursuers. And Rockne is still the Norseman of the football world. There was never a more adventurous coach, never a coach more willing to stake the outcome of a game upon a single bit of well-planned strategy. And no coach was ever more unexpected, come swift and decisive in his strategy, more cautiously reckless in his moves.

I don't say that this daring, this spirited and adventurous spirit which Rockne implants in all his teams, is the entire secret of Rockne. But it is important, for it is psychological. "You can beat the most scientific team in the world by outguessing it," says Rockne. So, for his football team, he first of all picks men who are smart; men who can learn the psychology of battle, men who think quickly and men who have the initiative to act with decision. That is Rockne's first requirement, and anyone who can't measure up to it has little chance for the first team.

The queerest feature about Rockne's success is that of all the big coaches in the country he is probably the least blessed with outstanding high school and prep school material. Few men of the Notre Dame freshman squad have been stars in high school, because the persistent "luring" of promising high school athletes is not a part of the Notre Dame system. Any man with spirit, brains and

reasonable athletic ability is a good prospect for Rockne's first eleven, whether he come to Notre Dame with or without reputation. And a study of the greatest players at Notre Dame reveals the amazing fact that a great many of them were considered of little account in high school or prep school.

But, above all, Rockne is a scientist, and he applies the scientific method to football. He never gambles in football, except when there is a lot to be gained by gambling; and even then, what appears to be recklessness is in truth usually a well-calculated and long-practiced surprise attack. Rockne looks upon football as a science; the Rockne system, therefore, is based upon a thorough and painstaking coaching in the fundamentals of the game—tackling, blocking, kicking and handling the ball. No coach in the country drives his squad more toward perfection in these essentials.

Until a very few years ago Rockne taught chemistry outside of football hours. He had a reputation for being as thorough and interesting an instructor as he is a coach. And that suggests another important feature of the Rockne system—he makes football interesting. Rockne doesn't merely stand by and bellow orders. He gets out with the squad and tackles, blocks and runs with the lowliest sophomore. His personality pervades and commands the field from the moment his sharp, short comments begin to flow. Even his distinctive voice is catching—high-pitched, even and sharp, and as penetrating as a bullet.

"Fight!" is the word which sums up Rockne's spirit. His men don't play—they fight. And the biggest reason for their fighting spirit, that spirit which makes Notre Dame a dangerous team in the last 30 seconds of a game, is the personality and character and dashing courage of the man the Notre Dame players love. If Rockne were deaf, dumb and blind he would still be the kind of leader for whom men will die rather than give up.

—Los Angeles Examiner.

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The honor places new laurels on the brow of Knute Rockne, nationally known football coach. Two years ago his prospects were apparently shattered by the graduation and the ineligibility of thirteen members of the first squad. It was a blow which would have made an also-ran of the majority of elevens for several seasons, but in two years Rockne produced the best team in the land.

What is the reason for the unwonted and consistent success of Notre Dame teams, is a question that often arises in the minds of the sport-loving public. One reason lies in the fact that university life at Notre Dame entails primary and secondary as well as higher education. The school's system of athletics is taught from the age of six upward. Some sort of athletic activity is mapped out to supplement the schooling of every individual in Notre Dame's enrollment. Another and probably as important a factor lies in the possession of a coach whose originality of thought, and influence with the players is of first rank. At the end of each season he is flooded with offers from other schools who recognize his worth, but he has elected to stick by his alma mater.

Notre Dame is not an exclusively Catholic school, as many believe. A considerable portion of its enrollment is Protestant. Knute Rockne himself is a Protestant. Schools which permit fraternity politics to play havoc with their sports may take a lesson from Notre Dame. No narrow lines are drawn in the conduct of her athletics.—*Louisville Post.*



Felix Decides to Go to Europe!

Watch for the New Cunard Series.



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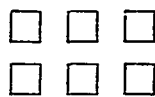
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