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The Notre Dame Scholastic

Disce-Quasi-Semper-Victurus...Vive-Quasi-Cras-Moriturus

A Literary — News Weekly

VOL. LIV.

NOVEMBER 12, 1926.

No. 8.

1872--1926

NOTRE DAME AS WAS

B. G.

A Matter of Foreign Policy

Stephen Sherry

On Being Small

W. B. Sullivan

My Secret Ambition

Linus Maloney

Shadows Of The Night

Robert Capesius

How To Go Over Big

Harry F. Schubmehl

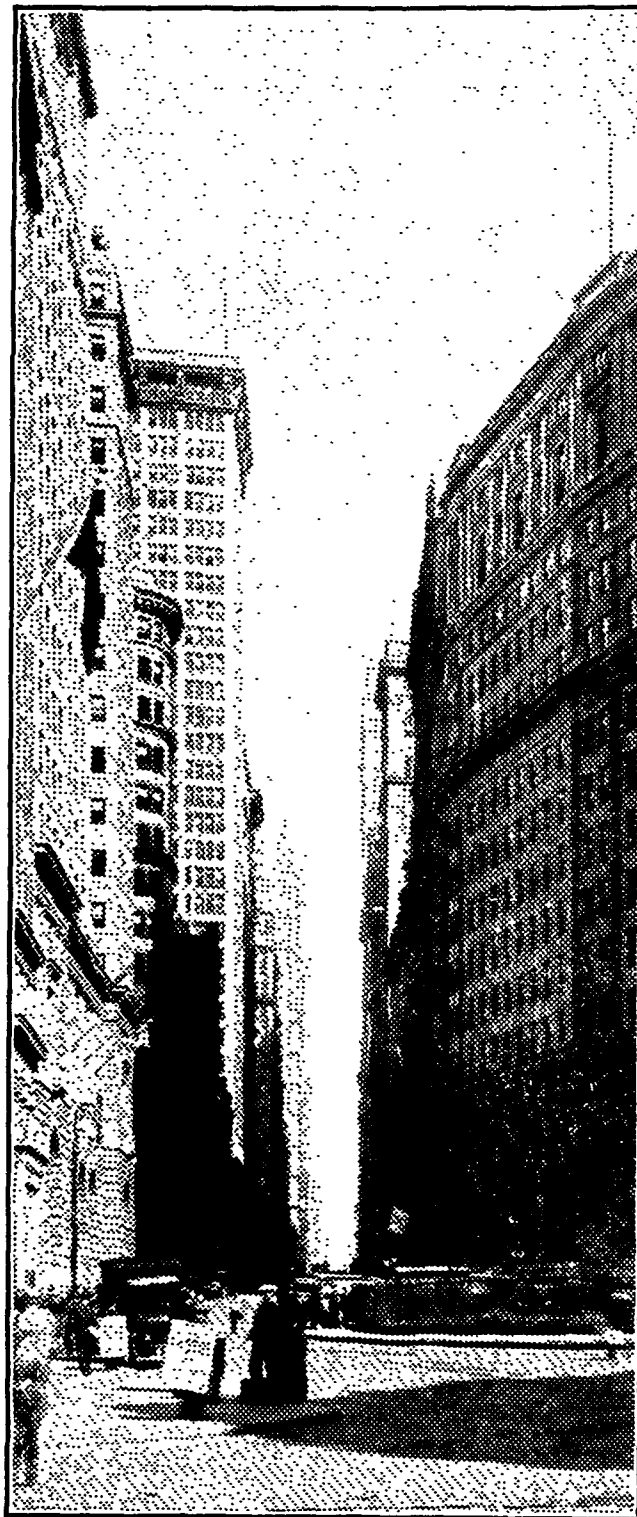
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The Sidewalks of New York

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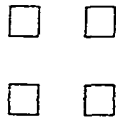
THE OTIS ELEVATOR must accept a great deal of the responsibility for the crowding of New York's sidewalks in the congested district. This seems fanciful but nevertheless it is true. Newspapers and magazines continually deplore the increasingly over-crowded condition of these sidewalks, due to the ever-increasing height of buildings. If it were not for the developments in the elevator industry made by the Otis Elevator Company as a pioneer, it would not have been possible to erect buildings of the stupendous heights which are now in vogue. It is the high speed Gearless Elevator, now culminating in the 800 ft. speed automatic signal control elevator, which has made the fiftieth floor almost as available in point of time as the twentieth floor, and that has, therefore, made it feasible to pile office on office high into the air.

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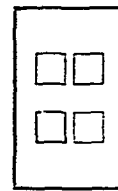
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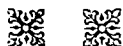
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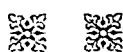
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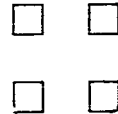
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INDEX

	PAGE
The Week.....W. H. Layne.....	228
Phillips Praises Travel.....Jack Mullen.....	229
Notre Dame As Was.....B. G.	230
Editorial	238-239
Hobnails.....Cyrona of Chicago.....	240
A Matter of Foreign Policy.....Stephen Sherry.....	241
On Being Small.....W. B. Sullivan.....	242
My Secret Ambition.....Linus Moloney.....	243
Shadows Of The Night.....Robert Capesius.....	244
How To Go Over Big.....Harry F. Schubmehl.....	245
The College Parade.....John T. Cullinan.....	246
Sport News	247
Speaking Of A Genuine Thrill.....Chris Flanagan.....	250
Splinters From The Press Box.....Ghoul Post III.....	252

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The Advertisers in Notre Dame Publications Deserve the Patronage of All Notre Dame Men



THE WEEK

The lightning of interest struck twice this week; but not in the same place we are assured. Those bothersome days which necessarily usher themselves into student's lives came with a surprise attack the first half of the week. Professors with thin blue books and long white papers containing questions for those of us who form the audience of student life occupied our minds this week. We have been told that it takes long hours for the instructors to mark papers and register the intelligence of students in smaller red books; but we have always felt that those men who sit back on examination days are repaid for their toilsome hours by the humor found in the thin blue books and the professors learn what the students know or at least what they are successful in conveying through the medium of the written page. At best, most of the nervous strain of student life passes until some future time.

Turn the entire latter part of the week over to the Army game and you have just about the correct story. Last year the powerful machine from the plains of West Point crushed the Rockmen for the first time in late years. Those who watched the white marker of play on the gridgraph last year will eagerly await the news of another invasion of the East. Those who are experiencing an Army game for their first time will find that there are many new thrills in life which they have in store for them. The pep meeting Wednesday night placed the necessary spirit in the veins of the underclassmen. The entire campus has worked itself into the real understanding of the game and when the team goes out before seventy thousand spectators tomorrow they will know that every student is back of them. New York has learned to expect a

great deal from Rockne teams; tomorrow they will not be disappointed.

Coming along to disprove the theory that there is nothing new under the sun, the talking movies spoke for themselves Monday night. Under the direction of the engineers, who are proving that grey corduroy coats are significant of accomplishments, the program was presented before a packed house. When perfection is reached in this new type of movie much will be added to the world's progress. The audience in Washington Hall listened to the words of Mr. Watson who explained the development of the telephone. We can perhaps look forward to see the day when those who are not fortunate enough to see and hear great speakers personally will be able to enjoy every word and every gesture of some great message carrier.

Professor Manion addressed the Wranglers at a banquet at the Morningside the latter part of last week. Those gentlemen who are sponsoring speech and inter-hall debating are showing the type of activity that we have long awaited at Notre Dame. The Scribblers pulled the surprise of the week by not meeting, however, their poetry contest continues to interest those men who go in for the creation of rhythmical beauty.

The Blue Circle under Dan Cunningham has succeeded in embodying in the student body the spirit of Beat The Army. That group of active gentlemen has placed signs over the campus, held pep meetings and sponsored the campus spirit to the breaking point. When the team left the South Bend station Thursday afternoon they felt that the school was behind them to the last man. Remember tomorrow what we have all promised, for our young men who have gone East.

—W.H.L.

PHILLIPS PRAISES TRAVEL

JACK MULLEN

THIS business of being a campus celebrity must, at times, become rather nerve-racking, I thought last night, while I stood in the living room of Professor Charles Phillips, awaiting a chance to interview him. There were others who wanted to see him. Several came and went while I waited for him to finish another interview, and I could not help wondering if his time was always so taken up.

The room was large, and furnished liberally with comfortable chairs. There were books on every side: new books, old books; Shakespeare, and William Beebe, and almost every kind of literature that separates the Elizabethan dramatist from the twentieth century adventurer. There were paintings and photographs on the walls; a strange, soup-plate-like disc, inscribed in a foreign language; a picture which, on close examination, proved to be, not an oil painting, but a remarkable collection of many colored woods, so assembled as to appear a single piece of work at the distance of few feet. The room had, in short, the atmosphere of one that is occupied by a lover of books and of fine things, but a cheery atmosphere withal, and one that I could readily understand when I met Professor Phillips, a few minutes later. He came in from his bedroom to meet me, greeted me in a delightfully informal manner, and took me into the other room with him. There he lay down on his bed. We smoked, and after a moment or two of general conversation, I asked him his views on travel as a factor in obtaining an education. I knew that in him, who is both a prominent educator, and an extensive traveller, I had found one well able to answer the question impartially.

"I believe," he said, "that it is largely a matter of preparation. Travel is of little or no use to a man who is not prepared to profit by it. If a man were to come to me, at the end of his third year in college, and ask me whether to finish his four year course, or to take a year in Europe, I would advise him, by all means to take the first

steamer. That is supposing, of course, that such a man was not studying for entrance into a profession, but was trying to obtain a purely cultural education. After three years in college, he would, I believe, have obtained enough of an education to enable him to really appreciate the sights that he would see.

"He would go to Rome; stand in the Forum, perhaps, and place his hand upon the very spot where Mark Antony lay his. He would see the city of the Caesars and the city of the Popes. In Florence, he would find the Renaissance reincarnated, almost, before his eyes. Berlin, Vienna, Paris, (the Paris that is of Notre Dame, not that of the Montmartre): each of these would add something to his knowledge of men and of arts. In the course of his travels his mind would undergo a subtle but none the less important change; if he were any kind of man at all, he would surely experience a broadening and polishing which could be his in no other way.

"Please don't let anyone take the impression that I, a professor in the University, do not favor university courses. I do. If this same man had come to me at the start of his college career and asked me to choose for him, I would tell him to take the college course rather than the journey, and to hope to be able to travel later in life. I would do this because, as I mentioned before, travel is of little use to a man who is unprepared for it.

"There is another factor which must, of course, be taken into consideration, and that is the man himself. One man might be mentally capable of appreciating a year in Europe when he left high school. Another could never really profit by it. For this reason, it would be difficult to decide for any one person whether or not he should go to Europe.

"The ideal circumstances would be those of a man who, having completed his four years course, would still be able to travel extensively. If, however, he had his choice between that last year in the University, or a year in Europe, I would still advise him to choose the latter."

Notre Dame As Was

B. G. Gilbert, C.S.C.
July

Football has not always held the high position at Notre Dame that it now does according to the "History of the University of Notre Dame" prepared by Timothy E. Howard for the Golden Jubilee in 1895. It is stated that "After the introduction of the noble game of baseball the grounds were found too confined, and a large campus was set aside for each division, some twenty-five or thirty acres being now devoted to this purpose giving ample room for all the manly sports, including, alas, the redoubtable game of foot-ball. It must be said, however, that this last game has not been played at Notre Dame with the barbarous accompaniments found in too many schools and colleges."

Other bits of information make this history most interesting reading, especially for the underclassmen. Today it is almost a tradition that a new student entering Notre Dame should arrive during a downpour of rain, but in 1845 a student from Detroit, after a two-day journey, reached the college "just as the bell rang out a merry peal and the few students gave three cheers for the eclipse of the moon which had just taken place." Such a novel reception was probably included in the terms for the quarter, which the Metropolitan Catholic Almanac of 1843 stated to be eighteen dollars for tuition, board, washing and mending for the students in the college.

The earliest school paper was named *Progress* and although written in longhand, was so well received that "the faculty appointed an evening every two weeks when the little paper was read in public in the senior study hall. The reading was looked forward to as the finest treat imaginable." About 1887 facilities for a training in journalism were afforded by the SCHOLASTIC, "every student being required, after the first year, to contribute to the college paper at least two articles each session." Sophomores will be interested in knowing that to

further writing ability "special attention is given to essay writing, each essay being read and criticised in its author's presence."

Many notable persons were drawn to this center of activity. "During the war the family of General William T. Sherman for a long time resided with us; and here the distinguished soldier delighted to come to visit his beloved." Father Neyron who was a surgeon with Napoleon at Waterloo, was also at Notre Dame. At the time of the fire in April 1879, a Mr. Bonney who had tried for years to get a photograph of the aged priest, succeeded finally while Father Neyron was looking at the ruins. This was one of the incidents that helped lighten the sorrow of all those at Notre Dame caused by such a calamity.

In 1891 a visitor at South Bend and Notre Dame found this standing ad in the South Bend newspapers:

"I hereby give notice that I will prosecute to the utmost extent of the law, regardless of cost, all persons guilty of selling or giving liquor to the students of this institution, or furnishing it to them in any way.

"Thomas E. Walsh, President."

The same guest wrote in the *Christian Advocate*, a Methodist publication, the following description of Father Sorin: "He is patriarchal in appearance, wearing a long white beard and mustache, having a dispensation from the Pope allowing it." The article also told of the altar in Sacred Heart Church: "The altar, which stood for three hundred years in Rome, was purchased and imported in a complete state for this church."

The "History of Notre Dame University" sketches many beautiful and sometimes unusual occurrences. "On November 3, 1863, there was great rejoicing at Notre Dame. In the evening every window light in the old college was lit with its separate candle; there being neither gas nor electric light in those days. In Brother Peter's garden, the

whole community gathered, and, with Father Sorin in the lead, broke forth into the triumphant magnificat. It was indeed a great day, for two hundred and thirty students had registered at Notre Dame." Father Sorin had often said that if he had two hundred students, he would feel that the future of the institution was assured.

The chimes of Notre Dame were once the finest in America. These twenty-three elaborately ornamented bells weighing from fourteen to one thousand four hundred pounds are silenced now it seems but their music has caused the writing of beautiful prose and poetry. "No music in the world is more pleasing than on a sweet summer evening, after all the world is hushed to rest, to listen to the melody of some holy

song, as the Ave Maria's Stella, borne from these bells and floating over the surface of the two beautiful lakes that rest almost beneath the walls of the church, the sound thence taken up in echoes by the forests fringing their borders, and carried for miles in waves of harmony."

Notre Dame has changed externally. We hear old grads speaking of "Notre Dam" and we smile. In their days, as shown in their poetry, Dame, calm, and psalm rhymed with lamb—now we link Notre Dame to 'game'—and those of the future will probably give the French pronunciation. But we all will have the same love for Notre Dame which never changes although students and faculty come and go with their customs and manners.

COONEY'S NOVEL RUNS

INTO SECOND EDITION

Hills of Rest, a story of action written by Prof. John M. Cooney, Dean of Journalism at Notre Dame, has run into its second edition according to August F. Ringeman who is in charge of the Book Department for the Abbey Press of St. Meinrad, Indiana, where the book is published. Mr. Ringeman states that, "*Hills of Rest* is enjoying a popularity among the reading public that is seldom attained by the first book of any author."

The book is summarily reviewed and given a criticism in the following paragraphs taken from the account written by Prof. Charles Phillips, in the *South Bend News Times*, Feb. 20, 1926:

"But is not alone in painting a really charming background that Dr. Cooney reveals his gifts as a story writer. That, after all, is but a part. It is in the fecundity of his plot invention and the variation of his characters that he makes his best claim on his readers' interest. As for plot, one would have to go far to find a more engaging intrigue of events and counter events than that presented by the story of Danny and Willie Pat. To give that story away here would not be fair either to the author or to his readers; but this can be said—that in making his key situation the coming of a young college man, a war veteran, into the green Kentucky hill country in search of the health and strength that he had lost in the army service; and in placing that young hero in jux-ta-position not

only with the lovely and high-spirited Willie Pat, but with all the plot and counterplot of moon-shiners, bootleggers, Federal raiders, and lynch-mobs; in inventing such a situation as this Dr. Cooney has shown refreshing ingenuity. The total result is a story of dramatic action which moves forward from the first page; which involves its characters in intricacies of misunderstanding that are packed with suspense and appear at times insoluble; but, which all work out happily in the end—as a true romance should."

The novel enjoys favorable criticisms in papers all over the country, and men who hold the spotlight in literary circles around Notre Dame, praise the work highly. Father Cavanaugh in his review says:

"I like the little nooks where unexpected humor lurks, the seemingly drawled phrases in which whimsey or philosophy reveal themselves, the beautiful ancient cavalierly treatment of womanhood and the general tone of geniality, toleration and optimism that sweetens the whole story."

McCready Houston, a novelist and editor of the *South Bend Tribune* cites the features of interest in the novel by proclaiming the book:

"A story of today, a story of war-broken young men, of illicit distilling, of ironic contradictions of fortune, of love, mystery, and romance in a setting having inherent interest such as that of the John Fox country."

The book is on sale at the book store, and through the campus agent. John C. Ohnemus.

EDUCATION WEEK OBSERVED

The Knights of Columbus, Notre Dame Council, 1477, in the guise of Lecturer Howard Phalin, in observance of this week, which is termed "National Education Week," secured the Rev. William F. Cunningham, C. S. C., director of Education at the University, to speak at their meeting Tuesday evening, November ninth. The meeting was conducted in the Council's chambers, Walsh Hall. Grand Knight Bob Irminger presided.

Father Cunningham gave as the title of his talk "Your Problem and Mine." He explained that the members present as students were confronted with the problem of education, and he as a teacher was confronted with the self-same problem. He divided his talk into three problems. He spent some time in giving his listeners a bird's-eye view of each problem.

Father Cunningham said, among other interesting things, during the course of his talk, that America was until recently the only nation that boasted of an educational ladder for everybody. This ladder had as rounds elementary, high school, and college education. He termed this ladder-like educational system also that single-track system. He showed how it differed from the double-track system which was until recently used in all European countries.

"The single-track educational system differs from the double-track system," said Father Cunningham, "in that it teaches both the people and those destined for leadership in the same school. Europeans time and time have ridiculed this system. In the year 1925, however, Germany, with the advent of the Republicans to power, adopted the American single-track system."

Father Cunningham's talk was very interesting. It was well-developed and was packed with valuable information. It is the hope of the Council that he may find time, if that be possible, to give them soon again another enjoyable thirty minutes of his presence.

When Father Cunningham's talk ended, the members of the Council were further treated with some boxing bouts. There were three of them. They were conducted un-

der the capable management of Pat Canny, assisted by Jimmy Moran. The Loranger-McCabe three-round battle,—it was that,—seemed to hold the greatest kick for the spectators. The Gannon-Schumate, and the McKenna-Sullivan engagements were also of the knockem and rockem variety.

Ice cream and cake were served near the end of the meeting. There was a plethora of both delicacies. Chaplain Father Gallagher closed the meeting with prayer. The next meeting of the Council will be held November 23, 1926. —L. R. M.

JERSEYITES TO TALK TURKEY

Prospective arrangements for a Thanksgiving banquet to be held on Tuesday evening, November 23, were discussed at a recent meeting of the New Jersey Club.

The scene of the feast will be the College Inn of the Hotel LaSalle; and honored guests will be: Father Farley, honorary president of the New Jersey Club; Father Gallagher, chaplain of the Metropolitan Club; several prominent eastern alumni, and a figure on the campus whose appearance is advertised at all gatherings.

At this meeting plans were furthered for a Christmas dance to be held somewhere in Newark; and a report was read of the informal gathering of representatives of both the New Jersey and Metropolitan Clubs with Hugh O'Donnell, during his recent visit to the campus.

The committee representing the Metropolitan and New Jersey Clubs at that time consisted of: Jack Gruning, Joe Nulty, Lester Grady, Pat Reilly, William F. Brown, Henry Frey, Bill Carter, Vic Fisher, Harley McDevit, and Jerry Froelich.

MAKE HOMECOMING GOOD

The Blue Circle requests help from the Campus Clubs in making the 1926 Homecoming a success. Presidents of these organizations are asked to inform Dan Cunningham, 246 Sorin Hall, this week if they desire to have the clubs cooperate with the Blue Circle at that time.

PIANIST-COMPOSER HERE MONDAY

George Liebling, international pianist and composer, will appear at the Palais Royale November fifteenth in the final concert of the series. Mr. Liebling's concert will close one of the finest series of concerts ever presented in South Bend. Those who were fortunate in hearing the three preceding performances will verify this assertion.

George Liebling won immediate success in America playing before the most critical audiences of New York and Chicago and many other cities. The press comments acclaimed him in no uncertain terms. Any biographical sketch must take into account the long list of successes of Liebling in the capitals of continental Europe and in London, yet there is no need to dwell at length on the achievements of the past when the present is the natural culmination of those active years. He is honored in London, Berlin, Vienna, Munich, Leipzig, and in Italy. His repertoire is immense and he enjoys wide renown as a composer.

That he belongs to the celebrated Liebling family, is the youngest of several brothers, and has the distinction of being the youngest pupil of Liszt, shows his musical heritage and early training. He is a master pianist.

—C.A.R.

THE LATEST IN MOVIES

The talking movies exhibited in Washington Hall last Monday under the auspices of the Notre Dame A. I. E. E. were very well attended, and created considerable interest among those technically inclined.

Voice and motion are synchronized perfectly when originally recorded for talking movies. The voice vibrations are recorded on a large composition disc resembling a phonograph record; the motion, on moving picture film. To reproduce, a single electric motor is used to drive both the disc and the motion picture projector. Film and record are started at previously marked positions, and with a unified drive, this assures perfect synchronization. The speed of the driving motor is kept absolutely uniform by means of electrical controls. The voice vi-

brations are amplified by means of a radio apparatus, and loud speakers near the screen give the illusion that the actors are talking. Breaks in the movie film cannot be repaired; an entire new reel must be obtained to assure synchronization. Observers Monday evening were unable to detect the slightest discrepancy between the lip movements of the speaker and the words uttered. The necessary equipment for the projection of voice films is valued at \$10,000.

The speaking movies shown only indicated the possibilities of this new scientific development. Warner Brothers have bought the theatrical rights for the invention from American Telephone and Telegraph, and are using it under the copyrighted name 'Vita-phone.' Many elaborate effects are secured in their shows.

PRESS CLUB HOLDS FIRST MEETING

The newly formed Press Club of Notre Dame held its first meeting Tuesday in the Journalism rooms of the Library. Seventeen men, all members of the journalism classes, were present.

Mark Nevils, president, gave the men an idea of what the object of the new club will be. It will be concerned chiefly with engendering a companionable and co-operative spirit among the journalists. Papers will be written by the members on journalistic subjects, and criticized at meetings. Speakers from among prominent journalists will address the meetings, which will take place weekly at twelve-thirty in the Journalism room. Through these meetings and the association of the journalists with one another, the club hopes to make journalism at Notre Dame one of the most important activities on the campus.

The Press Club is an outgrowth of the Cubs which was also a journalistic organization. The officers, Mark Nevils, president; Rupert Wentworth, vice-president; and William Carter, secretary-treasurer, were elected early in the year by the former Cubs. All students interested in journalism are eligible to membership.

—J. A. M.

ATTEND INDIANA GAME

Among those who attended the Indiana game last Saturday were included W. Elbert Carrico, brother of Dr. Carrico of the Department of English and Dr. "Maggie" Burns. Dr. Burns will be remembered by the "old timers" as the most artful dodger and presenter of late permissions in the old St. Joe Hall. "Shorty" Flynn, a former football man, also witnessed the game. "Shorty" was one of the more prominent spirits of Brownson Hall in the days when the benign triumvirate consisting of Bill Cotter, Poynt Downing and "Dog" White exercised a relentless influence over the ex-Philopatrians.

RARE PRINTS SHOWN

In the very center of the Library and Index room is a quiet looking glass covered table. From week to week, Mr. Byrne, the librarian, displays many of the literary valuables which are contained in the Library. This week he has eight or ten pages from selected editions of old books and manuscripts. They all illustrate the fine printing of the year in which they were printed. Among their valuables are found the following:

A page from the first edition of Milton's "Paradise Lost." This book ranks among the greatest prizes of book collecting. It was printed in London in 1667.

A page from the first edition of the King James Bible. It was printed in London in 1612.

A complete copy of the *Evening Post* for Thursday, December 17, 1720. A page from Chaucer's collected works, printed by Adam Isdys "at the charges of Banham Norton." This work is prized, apart from its rarity, for the ecclesiastical character of its type.

A page from the first edition of Scott's "Marmion," and a piece from the original of Homer's "Odyssey."

One page, probably the highest prized of them all, is that from "Guide to the Tongues" by John Minsheu. This book is said to have been the first comparative linguistic Dictionary brought out in England. And it was the first book ever sold in ad-

vance by subscription. It is practically a Dictionary of eleven tongues.

The most interesting of them all is a sample of penmanship, in the fifteenth century. It is taken from a manuscript of that period. The remarkable part is the way in which the paper and ink have held out against time.

THE BREEN MEDAL FOR ORATORY

The Committee on Scholarships and Prizes announces that the contests for the Breen Medal for Oratory will be held in January. The preliminary contests will take place in Walsh Hall at 4:15 P. M. on Jan. 6 and 7. The final contest will be held in Washington Hall at 8 P. M. on Jan. 14. Those who wish to compete for the Medal should file their names with Prof. F. W. Kelley, Head of the Department of Speech.

The Breen Medal for Oratory is the gift of the Honorable William Patrick Breen of the class of '77 and is awarded annually to the student who excels in oratory. The award is made after competition in delivered orations, decided by three judges selected by the Faculty. The winner represents the University in the Indiana State Oratorical Contest which is held on the third Friday in February. All college students are eligible for this contest, but no student may receive the Breen Medal more than once. The winner of this prize may, however, compete several times for the honor of representing the University in the State Contest.

MEET THE TEAM!

Everybody out Monday morning at 5:00 a. m. to meet the team returning from the Army game. All Notre Dame men must be at the New York Central station at 6:00 o'clock Monday morning. Street cars will be waiting for the crowd. Everybody out!

FRESHMEN ELECTION

Following intense primary interest, members of the Class of '30 met Tuesday noon in Washington Hall to elect officers for the present scholastic year. The successful candidates include: President, Francis Dailey; Vice-President, William E. Dew, Secretary, Daniel O'Shea; Treasurer, John Nowery.

BEAT THE ARMY!

"Beat the Army!" was the cry of over two thousand Notre Dame men who jammed the gymnasium to over-flowing Wednesday night and cheered to the echo the men who have gone down to New York for the battle of the plains.

"Beat the Army!" they demanded, and somehow, looking at that manifestation of the faith of Notre Dame in its own men, one cannot but believe that the tide will surely roll upward against the gray skies of New York with the Irish riding the crest.

"Beat the Army!" encouraged Senator Proctor and "Beat the Army!" said Prof. Clarence "Pat" Manion and "Beat the Army!" cried Tim Galvin, and "Beat the Army!" shouted Tommy Mills and the rest.

"Don't lose confidence in us," pleaded Captain Tom Hearnden, and "They're going to get all we got!" added the other red-head, Gene Edwards, co-captain.

And finally "We've got an outside chance," admitted Rockne of Notre Dame; and the die was cast. An outside chance is all Notre Dame asks.

"Beat the Army!" commanded Rev. J. Hugh O'Donnell, and the flares burnt high and red and flickered in the rush of air from two thousand throats as Notre Dame yelled: "Beat the Army!"

ERIE CLUB MEETS

The first meeting of the Erie Club was held on October 27. Plans for the year were discussed and plans made for a dinner in the near future. The following offices were elected: President, George Mead; Vice-president, Laurence Stadler; Secretary, Ted Weibel; Treasurer, Jerry O'Connor; Publicity Manager, Dave Horton.

BLUE CIRCLE MEETINGS

A meeting of all members of the Blue Circle will be held Tuesday evening. Wednesday representatives of all clubs wishing to work with the Blue Circle to make homecoming a success will meet with Dan Cunningham.

HOW THEY LOOK

The Army-Notre Dame game in the Yankee Stadium Saturday will be the thirteenth of the series that has become a national gridiron classic. In the long period of years the records show that Notre Dame has won eight times, West Point three times and one game ended in a scoreless tie.

Here's how the books read:

1913 Nov. 1	Notre Dame 35	Army 13
1914 Nov. 7	Notre Dame 7	Army 20
1915 Nov. 6	Notre Dame 7	Army 0
1916 Nov. 4	Notre Dame 10	Army 30
1917 Nov. 3	Notre Dame 7	Army 2
1918	No Game because of the World War	
1919 Nov. 8	Notre Dame 12	Army 9
1920 Nov. 6	Notre Dame 27	Army 17
1921 Nov. 5	Notre Dame 28	Army 0
1922 Nov. 11	Notre Dame 0	Army 0
1923 Oct. 13	Notre Dame 13	Army 0
1924 Oct. 18	Notre Dame 13	Army 7
1925 Oct. 17	Notre Dame 0	Army 27
1926 Nov. 13	Notre Dame ??	Army ??

Not so bad at that!

When Notre Dame was first placed on the Army schedule back in the fall of 1913 Coach Daly of the Military school was quite put out over the matter as he did not consider the Westerners strong enough to give his squad a good game. However they proved to be better than he expected and using the forward pass for the first time they managed to beat the Cadets 35-13. Ever since then they have been on the Army schedule, have won consistently and are regarded as the Cadets' toughest foes.

LAWYERS HEAR M'DONALD

Major Charles McDonald, Judge Advocate of the United States Army, addressed the Law Club Friday, November 5, in the Law building on the subject of Military Law and Military Justice. He explained the military law step by step, showing where there are 200 articles of war which military law is based upon.

At the conclusion of his lecture he answered questions of the students and professors.

NOTICE

❖ The student who has the first volume ❖
❖ of "Abraham Lincoln" by Carl Sand- ❖
❖ burg is requested to notify the Library ❖
❖ or resident of 55 Sorin Sub at once. ❖
❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖

THE SULLIVAN SCHOLARSHIPS

The Committee on Scholarships and Prizes announces that applications for the Roger C. Sullivan Scholarships will close on November 15. These scholarships were established by Mrs. Leo Sullivan Cummings and Mrs. Thomas Sullivan Brennan, of Chicago, in honor of their father, the late Roger C. Sullivan, of Chicago. There are three scholarships of \$250 each, which are awarded annually.

Only those students who entered the present Sophomore, Junior and Senior classes without conditions are eligible for these scholarships. A scholarship of \$250 will be awarded to the applicant from each of these classes who in comparison with the other applicants of his class shows the greatest improvement in scholarship as based on the grades of the examinations which were held in January and June, 1926. Those who wish to compete for these scholarships should make written application to Rev. Emiel DeWulf, C. S. C., Chairman of Committee on Scholarships and Prizes.

YO HO! THIRTEEN MEN ON—!

Thirteen!

How's that number strike you? Are you one that believes it lucky or unlucky? Then figure who'll be the lucky team in this case:

Notre Dame and Army will meet for the thirteenth time in the history of those two famous institutions next Saturday—which by the way is the thirteenth! This is just about thirteen long months since the West Point future generals won one of their rare victories over the Fighting Irish by a 27-0 count [which by the way is only one over twice thirteen).—At that the score at the half of that game was 13-0 in favor of the Generals.

Now it happens that this whole affair started back in 1913 when Knute K. Rockne was captain of the Notre Dame team that trounced the Army 35 to—(here it is again—13. Then too the number that this same Knute Rockne now wears in coaching his famous Horsemen is number 13 and he intends to use the men who saw service against West Point last year in Saturday's game. There were twenty-six monograms given out last year (which again is twice 13) so that these are the men who will most probably be given the chance to play against Biff Jones' eleven officers of the day in the Yankee stadium this week-end. In the games played, so far, Notre Dame's average score has been 13.13 points.

Say, wouldn't it be funny if the score was 13-0? —J. P. M'NAMARA.

—J. P. M'NAMARA.

JOHN EAGAN RECOVERING

Last week we visited St. Joseph's hospital with the intention of cheering up John Eagan who had suffered a severe compound fracture of the leg during the football game between Morrissey and Lyons Hall. We discovered that the patient needed little cheering for it was he who led the conversation and cracked jokes with the 15 or 20 Notre Dame men who packed the room.

The room reminded us of the interurban pulling out of Chicago on a Sunday night. It was filled with boys and with cigarette smoke. There was not a seat available and very little standing room. In the midst of the crowd, John Eagan lay on his bed and joked and laughed, but passed lightly over his injury.

"It might as well be me as somebody else. Anyway you fellows are all sweating over the exams," was all he said and then turned the conversation to the Army game.

We have heard of the loss of the famous Notre Dame spirit, but we are now convinced that it still exists. Eagan uttered not a word of complaint during the whole time that his leg was being set. And it is chiefly through his courage that he is recovering rapidly from the most severe fracture that the South Bend doctors have ever seen.

INDIANA BAND ENTERTAINED

The Indiana University Band men were given a taste of Notre Dame hospitality during their short stay on the campus last Saturday. Lyle Morency, president of the Notre Dame band, with a group of other band men, met the Indiana musical organization at the station Saturday morning, and secured transportation to their headquarters in Brownson Rec room. After the game, the Notre Dame men made the acquaintance of their fellow musicians, bringing them to the south room of the library. Here a cafeteria luncheon was served. Following this Mr. Morency introduced Rev. J. Hugh O'Donnell, C. S. C., faculty advisor to the band, who addressed the gathering. Major Cray, commander Indiana R. O. T. C., Capt. G. C. Cleaver, and Director Hindsley of the Indiana band, followed as speakers. Drum majors Ellis and Kirby proved themselves able cheer leaders when they called for school yells. The cheers echoed the new bond of friendship that is growing up between the two schools as a result of the renewed athletic relations. Shortly after the luncheon the visitors left for the city, taking a special train home.

The I. U. band is a branch of the R. O. T. C. at the state school. It is trained in drill work by West Point men. The 90 piece organization presented a snappy appearance on Cartier Field with khaki uniforms, Sam Browne belts, and crimson capes. The Indiana music was of the best, while field formations and marching were faultless. The Notre Dame musicians met the best competition of the year in this downstate band.

PITTSBURGH CLUB NOTE

The Pittsburgh Club, an auxilliary of the Pennsylvania Club, composed of students who live within a radius of thirty miles of Pittsburgh, held election of officers at a meeting in the Library November 4. The men elected were: President, D. M. Meinert; Vice-President, F. J. Wilson; Secretary, Chas. Martin; Treasurer, Lee Snyder. A dance is to be given by this club later in the year, with the Pittsburgh Field Club the probable scene of activities.

MOVIE OF TECH-N. D. GAME

Motion pictures will be taken of the Carnegie Tech-Notre Dame football game, and shown at a smoker to be held on the campus soon after the game, it was announced at the meeting of the Pennsylvania Club held in the Library November 4. A program of the activities of the Club for the year was outlined, including dinners, a smoker, and a final banquet at the Chain o' Lakes County Club. The Club will assist with the barbecue at Homecoming. Francis Wilson was delegated to select a suitable remembrance to be sent to Joe Boland who is still convalescing in Minneapolis. Cider and smokes were enjoyed by the assembled Keystoneers who disbanded after all promising to attend the Pennsylvanian's Army supper to be held in the College Inn of the LaSalle Hotel, Saturday, November 13, 6-7:30. p. m.

LOUIS'A-MISS. CLUB

The Louisiana-Mississippi Club held its monthly banquet in the College Inn of the Hotel LaSalle last Thursday evening at seven o'clock.

This is the second affair of this kind to be given by the club this year. At the first dinner, given last month, Prof. Clarence Manion was speaker of the evening and entertained the members with his unsurpassed wit. Prof. Paul Fenlon, of the English Department, was guest of honor at the dinner of last Thursday and gave a brief but very pithy address to the club.

The membership in the Notre Dame aggregation of the sister states is larger this year than ever before and is marked by an enthusiasm that should make this the most successful year in the short history of the club.

The officers for the year are: Rupert Wentworth of Hattiesburg, Miss., President; Bolan Burke of New Orleans, Vice-President; Bernard Nalty of Hammond, La., Secretary; and Cyprian Spurl of New Orleans, Treasurer.

—R. A. W.

EDITORIAL

"LET NOTHING MAR—"

Tomorrow one of the greatest football classics of America will be played when Notre Dame meets the Army in New York City. To those who know, there is much more than a mere football game in the contest between these schools.

For more than a decade Army and Notre Dame have been locking horns each fall on the gridiron. During all this time a spirit of liking and cordiality between the two schools has grown and become stronger with each passing autumn.

To those who think a little deeper, then, the classic tomorrow presents the spectacle of two of the greatest universities in America clasping hands in the warm grip of a friendship that can be rivalry and love at the same time. Such a meeting is significant and heart-warming.

Over two thousand Notre Dame men are pleading for their team to win; over two thousand West Point cadets are cheering their team to victory. However the game ends, whether it be in favor of the Army or of Notre Dame, the contest will be another strengthening link added to the chain of friendship that is being forged between these universities by the years. Let nothing mar that friendship, whatever the final result of the game.

—J.A.B.

DOUSE THE FAGS

The Student Activities Council has placed "no smoking" signs on the quadrangle. Notre Dame men have been admonished to observe this rule. It is not being observed. Why?

Probably because students do not understand that the signs are serious and that

good reasons dictate the request to refrain from smoking on the quadrangle.

Observance of a tradition is the most powerful of these reasons. Obeying this rule means that Notre Dame men respect the customs established by their predecessors, and that they possess the restraint and character to observe those customs. Disobedience means just the opposite.

Why not refrain? It's not difficult, after all!

—J. A. B.

PRESSING MORALS AWAY

It is one of the sadder phases of modern journalism that the newspapers are contributing to the delinquency of young people, loosening the grip of their readers on sound morals, and lowering the tone of culture by questionable choice and indiscriminate use of "features" and "feature articles."

More than ever before, the lower and lower-middle classes are reading the papers. This fact is demonstrated by the great growth in the number of tabloids and sensational papers. These people are necessarily less able mentally to choose between right and wrong—and by the same token, are more gullible mentally in assimilating the dangerous and rejecting the good in what they read.

Sensational papers, especially those of the tabloid type, are given to featuring articles and stories that are dangerous. Some of them are positively bad. The glorification of the woman with a "past," the defense of the seamier lives, the pages of sentimental slop about the crook and the convict, the humorous treatment of the vagaries of the "modern" girl, and the dubious advice of the supposed expert, female of course, to young girls on problems of all degrees of delicacy, fill the sheets of these publications with stuff that appeals to underdeveloped minds.

That the effect is bad is unquestionable.

The people who read and prefer these sorts of articles do not question the authority of the reasoning processes that build so plausibly from false premise to pleasant conclusion; they do not ask for the ethics behind defenses of the veiled pasts; they take on their face value the bald assertions concerning the genuine qualities of the glorified characters. It is impossible to inculcate a healthy viewpoint by feeding such literature to an underdeveloped mind; and one who follows these papers cannot avoid having his morals undermined. The country that fosters such productions cannot help having its civilization broken up. And the people as a whole cannot dodge a lowering of the mental level, and a reversion to the animalistic.

—W.R.B.

A WORTHWHILE SPIRIT

Evidently a new spirit between rival universities who meet on the gridiron has come to stay. A convincing proof of this was given Saturday when Indiana University gamboled with the Irish on Cartier Field.

Some years ago athletic relations between Indiana and Notre Dame were discontinued because of the lack of cordiality between the students of the two schools. Saturday Indiana gave an exhibition of clean sportsmanship that will live long in the memories of lovers of football.

Indiana was defeated, and yet the Hoosiers carried back to the banks of the Wabash something that probably is greater than a score—the respect and liking of every person who witnessed the game. The bow which the University of Indiana made to Notre Dame in forming a living N. D. on Cartier Field is equaled only by the bow which Notre Dame accords to the school which can produce such a band and show such a spirit of cordiality.

It is to be hoped that relations such as this will continue for many years, and Indiana University may rest assured that Notre Dame will return the courtesy which the downstate school demonstrated here.—J.A.B.

INDIANA'S BAND—AND OURS

Contrasting Notre Dame's band with that of Indiana University is not conducive to rejoicing for the average Notre Dame man, and many of them are showing it by commenting on the wonderful demonstration of the down-state organization as compared with the less striking appearance of the Irish musicians.

But such a contrast is not fair. First of all, the Indiana band is a R. O. T. C. organization, drilled by West Point men and made up of men trained in marching, and is probably the finest of its kind in this section of the country. Its members spend many hours each week in perfecting their marching technique and assuring a perfect appearance on the field.

Notre Dame is not a military school. Its band is not trained by army men, and its band does not spend each week in preparing for its appearance at football games. In addition, the Notre Dame band does not put its effort in marching, but rather in melody. This latter, everyone must admit, is of the finest. The Irish band marches in close formation in order that the music may be centralized and volume be obtained. Because of this fact the Notre Dame organization looks much smaller than it really is, and its marching is not as impressive as that of other bands.

All honor to Indiana University and to its band. The Hoosier melodists are a wonderful organization, fine in marching and exceptional in harmony. We wish we might possess such a band. But compare the Notre Dame band not with Indiana's, which is the best, but with the bands of universities that are average and that possess the same facilities as does Notre Dame. Then it will be obvious that Notre Dame has cause to be justly proud of its musical organization; that we need feel no inferiority because our band has not the military technique of Indiana's organization. After all, a band is a band, and Notre Dame's musicians produce harmonies that are second to those of few, if any, other university bands. —J.A.B.

HOBNAILS

TO PROSPERO

*O, sweet mysterious singer,
Of Our Lady by the Lakes:
Sing me a song of eternal youth,
Heal this heart that aches—
That aches for the tragic knowing that,
In the unborn years to come,
Its voice, with the voices of one time friends,
Will be hard and cold, or dumb.*

*Tell me that I will not grow old;
Tell me that I will not
Forget the joyous love of friends,
(The friends who have forgot.)
Say that the sweet pain of beauty,
That the hope for undying art
Will not be crushed by the love of gold,
And die, and leave my heart.*

*For if these dreams should leave me,
And if I should forget
The happiness of long dead days
Earned without struggle or sweat—
Then, Prospero, no more of this,
No more lean grasping and strife,
No more of bitter, hopeless love,
No more of the joke called life.*

—KOPI.

Our room has assumed the appearance of a Volstead soft drink parlor shortly after a federal raid. The beautiful chandelier lies smashed upon the floor. Our handsome mahogany desk is no longer a quadruped; there are a couple of keys broken on our Steinway grand; our nose is bleeding furiously; and we have more than the ordinary number of black eyes. All because we asked our friend, Ye Literary Ed, how he liked his job.

DEAR CY: You say your address is 334 MORRISSEY. I arsk yer, is it? Dad says it's Morrisey, Maw writes Morissey, the gal continues to use Morrisy, the kid brother insists it's Morisy, and the more mail I get the less I see what it is.

—BEEGEE.

HOW TRUE!

CYRANO: Give no more attention to Prospero. If you do, your end will be sudden and terrible. Remember that, should you die, as you assuredly will if another of his poems are printed, your room-mate will no longer have anyone to throw things at, nor will the editor have anyone to kick when his shoes need shining.

—CALIBAN.

AUTUMN COMES TO NOTRE DAME

Autumn came to Notre Dame the other day; the paths, the drives, the grass and all she's rapidly heaping with her painted leaves. The old austere giants are generously covering the campus with their beauty . . . doing their bit to keep us warm in the harsh and blustery days that are to come. Autumn has come to Notre Dame and beauty besieges us where e'er we glance; even the lakes have a livelier hue. The buildings we know and love so well assume an unutterable strangeness, a new kind of loveliness, in the October twilight. The campus clock begins his long watch, and romance and sentiment, throb in all the little breezes that are forever here. And Autumn comes to Notre Dame again; it seems she always leaves more of her glory here than elsewhere, and we go on and on through other Autumns until . . .

The Autumn comes to Notre Dame and we're no longer here to greet her coming.—J. F. M'MAHON.

FOR IMELDA

*What would I care for, say six million dollars,
For fur coats and Packard sedans;
Gay parties and dances, silk hats and wing collars,
Rich parlors with gold plush divans?*

*What would I care for this, that, and the other?
There's naught in the world that would do
And everything else would just be a bother
If I had it and couldn't love you.*

—TOM THUMB.

HER FEET? DON'T TELL US HE'S A SHE!

DEAR CY: I claim the artistic meal ticket. Saw Prospero yesterday, a sweet little red-head of nineteen with a drawling voice, and a simple dress, and flat heeled slippers on her feet. She lives at St. Mary's.

—STUB.

We have always liked you, Light Horse Harry Wilson. We believe your nickname to be the most poetic of them all, and we are fond of poetic things. We are fond of great backs, too, and we know that you are a great back; that you are a streak in the open field; that you pass uncannily well; that you kick with the same efficiency as does a mule from Missouri. We have no personal feelings against you. Nevertheless, Harry of the Army and of the Light Horses, to paraphrase an old curse:

*May you be tackled hard, and thrown for losses,
Your passes fail, and your kicks be blocked!
And may all of these things happen tomorrow!*

—CYRANO OF CHICAGO.

LITERARY

*A Matter of Foreign Policy**Showing the Effect of Fond Parents' Letters on Their Sons*

STEPHEN SHERRY

Cambridge, Mass., Jan. 9, 1926.

Dear Ralph:

I've got a proposition that I want you to think about. Remember what we were talking about during Christmas vacation at home? About bummin' our way down south to Florida if we both flunk the January exams? Well, I'm sold on the idea and all my plans are set. There isn't a chance in a thousand for me to crack these exams. I'd like to get down around Florida and California and some of South America. I'm going to ask the old man for plenty money so I'll be well lined.

You want to get all set too. Do you think you will have a chance to get by your exams? Write me and give me the low-down on your plans. I'll be depending on you.

—Bill.

* * * * *

New Haven, Conn., Jan. 12, 1926.

Dear Bill:

I got your letter about that trip south and it sounds pretty good to me. If we both flop on these semester exams we start for the "open spaces," eh? One year of flunking is enough for me too.

I think, in fact I know, I'll flunk French in January. In the quarterly I got fifty and the prof said that forty of that was a gift. So if I get sunk in Ec again this quarter and the French I'm going with you. The folks will be plenty peeved at first, I guess, but our paters were never angels at college. At least we never tried to cut off a prof's hair, did we Bill? It won't be long now. About a week or ten days. As soon as I get the grades, and if it's thumbs down we'll pack up. Yours,

—Ralph.

Baltimore, Md., Jan. 25, 1926.

Dear William:

I received a report from the Dean today which informs me that you have failed in more than one third of your school work. The letter said you were on probation and would be dismissed unless you showed extraordinary diligence and made up the deficits in all your subjects.

It makes a man of my age feel extremely cheap when the Dean of my Alma Mater writes me and says that my son is too slow or too stupid to make a course in Business at the University. It does not reflect any credit on me that your showing is so brilliant.

Bring your collegiate mind to a careful consideration of these facts: First, I am spending \$3500 a year on your "education."

Second: I went through college with honors every year. I was class valedictorian when I graduated. You will be lucky to finish the course you are taking.

Third: You do not fit into my plans for the future. My business successor must possess brains, energy and perseverance. Your unique ability to drink raw liquor and entertain females will not help our business.

Fourth: I have no contract with the University to keep you there. Several openings in the office and factory are awaiting a man of your age. Laugh that off!

—J. E. Hapwood.

* * * * *

Baltimore, Md., Jan. 25, 1926.

Dear Ralph:

I received a report from the school for your quarter's work. In a little note the Dean sent he mentions that you will have to make up a good deal of class work to get

a passing mark and stay at the University. I hope you can do it. I rather know you can and I really hope you will finish at the old college where I spent four good years. I was no angel and I never headed my class, but I put in some pretty hard work in the lecture room and I made the grade.

Remember, I'd like to see you start in here when you graduate, so go strong on the business subjects. Mother and I are well. Sending you the money you asked for and a photo of Grace's new pet Spitz. Ted says he can't find your hockey skates, so you'll have to buy a new pair. Marie Purcell was over a few nights ago. She said she was anxiously awaiting the snapshots you promised her. Well, good luck. —Dad.

Cambridge, Mass., Jan. 26, 1926.

Dear Ralph:

Well, it happened. I'm off to Florida as the first stop. How about you? Suppose you flopped too. I'm waiting for word from you so's we can get together. You better wire me as I want to get a quick start. We will meet in New York and then—we're hell bent for nowhere in particular. The governor can guess where I am for a while. I've got plenty dough now. Snap into it, Ralph!

—Bill.

* * * * *

CAMBRIDGE MASS 1038A JAN 27 1926

WILLIAM HENSLEY

867 COLLEGE DRIVE NEW HAVEN CONN
ALSO FLUNKED STOP FOLKS PRETTY
WHITE STOP WILL STICK AND TRY
COMEBACK RALPH COLLINS 1130A

On Being Small

The Trials and Tribulations of a Short Man

W. B. SULLIVAN

“GOOD things come in small packages”—so does poison. It seems to me that the only part of the above sentence that is true is the part that is not included in the quotation. A small person has many disadvantages in this world. For example, at a theatre. It is what some people call fate, but it will work out every time, that a man or woman of “pleasingly plump” proportions will sit directly in front of a small person. Due to this unkind trick played by fate, the small person spends an unenjoyable session that might otherwise prove entertaining.

At a dance, a small person is as much at home as a Knight of Columbus would be at a Ku Klux Klan initiation. He must scout about the hall for girls his size—without much hopes of finding one smaller than himself. He has to pass by the person he is considering as a future partner and compare his size with hers. After he has succeeded in getting a partner of the right height his troubles are not half over. He goes out on the floor and is bumped around like a soccer ball. He is considered as a vic-

tim of an undertow by those who are above looking down. The little dancing that he is able to do in one evening would not raise a corn on his foot if his shoes were lined with sandpaper. He usually has to satisfy himself with sitting down and looking on.

If he goes to a parade, he has as much chance of seeing the disclosure as a blind man has in a “gang fight.” The only part of the decorations he will be able to see is the poles on which the flags and banners are fastened. In case he and some of his confederates get into trouble, it will always be he, the smallest, who will get blamed.

It is not only hard for a small person to get clothes to look well on him, but it is always his luck to have brother or father grow out of a suit of clothes just at a time that he himself is in need of a suit. He will fall heir to this relic just as sure as the Smith brothers have beards. The family tell him how nice the suit looks on him, or how mother can “take up a bit on the sleeves and trousers.” He buys a straw hat—he wears it out of the store, and searches for a store window in which to gaze upon it. When

he does find a window to serve the purpose of a mirror, he is rewarded with an image that looks for the world like a Chinese Pagoda.

All these fore-going trials would be easy enough to endure or to overlook—but when Aunt Mary sends a Christmas present of

"Self-Protection" by Lionel Strongfort, the world has given the small man the final blow.

Editor's Note—Take heart, O kindred spirit. No one has yet told you that you're not through growing, as they have so often told us.

My Secret Ambition

The Essayist Bares His Acrobatic Aspirations

LINUS MALONEY

MY great ambition has always been a deep, dark secret up to the present time. Why? Because I am afraid that people will laugh, sneer, or do something equally devilish when I reveal it. But now, for the sake of an English theme, I am dramatically bringing the inner recesses of my soul to light. Laugh, sneer, or do anything you wish, you cynics. I remain undaunted in my purpose—and determined to make a monumental contribution to English literature.

Having stirred up the curiosity (or other emotions) of my extensive reading public, I hasten to admit that I have always desired to be able to turn handsprings, cartwheels, and somersaults, and to perform the many other "stunts" that come under this classification. For hours I have watched, with smouldering envy in my eyes, the seeming ease and nonchalance with which the gentry of the stage flip, flop, and flounder. For hours I have longed to flip, flop, and flounder, too. And every time I see a mere child go through these actions I grind my molars and blush with shame.

Don't think for a moment that I have contented myself just with watching these antics. Many, many times my aching muscles, multi-colored bruises, and wheezing breath have told me that if I essayed just one more somersault, a chiropractor, an osteopath, or an ambulance would have to be summoned. One summer I made desperate attempts to walk on my hands. I found that by putting my hands on my bed my feet could be made to touch the ceiling and thus support me. This was a fine arrangement

—except for those times when I would incautiously trust my whole weight to my arms; then only the law of gravity knew in which direction I would go. Twice I fell backward, several times on my head, and occasionally on that most cherished part of the body, the stomach. I was damaged a little, of course, but the poor old bed suffered as only a bed can suffer. I broke a couple of slats (the bed's, not mine), landed on the floor several times in company with the mattress, and disabled a bedspring. My mother finally requested that I refrain from torturing my silent partner, nevertheless, I suspect that she was moved to make the requests by visions of heavy doctor bills and a disabled son.

I have not always confined my experiments to beds, though I have found from experience that they are the best subjects. The ground, although it makes lovely scenery and is useful for raising vegetables, is infinitely less pliable. As for cement walks—well, need I comment on cement walks? All of the above mentioned objects have, at some time in my career, come in violent contact with the various portions of my anatomy. In each case I have been the one who has lived and learned. My acquaintance with these hard substances occurred when I was trying to become a master of comedy falls. To be proficient at this merry game one must be able to fall over backward on the cold, cruel ground; and I haven't enough nerve to do that. I'd like to meet the person who called such falls "comical."

My secret ambition still is my ambition, although it is a secret no longer.

Shadows Of The Night

A Tiny Tragedy of a Great War

ROBERT CAPESIUS

A CLOUD of dust was moving into the little village, along the highway that came winding from the mountain at the foot of which the village lay. Dark vineyards heavy with wine, were sloping up the mountain to the right of the road while to the left flowed gently, its crystal waves unbroken by even a single ripple, the lovely river Moselle. The cloud of dust came rolling on like a big brown worm, dragging uninterrupted as if it were hesitating. It revealed another body of that endless line of warriors who came, eight abreast all day, each day of that hot month of August of the year 1914. Dusk had come and a rest was in view while the heat had somewhat vanished, with the brown weary faces of Germany's youths came the smell of new leather and the pugnacious odor of human sweat intermingled with the minutest particles of dust from the red soil of the earth that had been stirred up by boots and hoofs. The younger male generation of the fatherland was making a terrific onslaught which carried every resistance before them, as a devastating army of insects would carry the verdure of nature. It was another westward migration, a march of the millions. Tired and dragging they came, those bodies in gray with shouldered rifle and hundred pound knapsacks, the legs filling boots that were heavy and clumsy. Their definite goal was etched in silent darkness against the western sky-line. The horizon lingered in the evening sweetness, the purple of a setting sun on the tree-tops of the mountains that were drawing westward over the summits of those hills known as the Vosges mountains of Alsace-Lorraine. The sky-line seemed mysterious to many a young valiant soldier from beyond the Rhine or the Danube whose flicker of life was soon to burn low, as burn the candles on the graves of the Catholic Lorraine on the eve of All Saints.

They had marched fifty miles on that day in the heat and stench of a merciless sun that had been glaring upon them as they came moving along the winding pathways and roads that traversed the mountainous country. To ward off a gloom so close to the fatherland the officers bade the men sing. Sad songs they rendered, songs of homesickness and longing of which the German is especially fond, songs of love and songs of patriotism, so abundant in that army accustomed to wars. Some insufferable gloom, however, pervaded the spirits of a few men who could not and would not sing.

One sickly-looking youth, pale and trembling, shaking with fever, was moving along, unconscious of the things around him; unconscious of the songs and the music and his comrades. The rhythm of marching feet kept him in line while his numb legs continued moving and moving, forward a little and sidewise. Already some had overtaken him, too tired to give attention. He got out of step and edged to a side. He stumbled and out of the line, fell and rolled over into some bushes. His muscles still exercised their function. He was crawling while along the road close by to him, as from a great distance stalwart voices sounded: "Heil Kaiser, dir."

In the town the troops halted at the command of an officer. Parties of three or four or eight were assigned quarters in the small stone-houses. In a short while the smell of coffee and rice and beef was perceptible through the whole town while the night grew on. In the spreading darkness supper was had and one man was missed from his company.

Detachments of soldiers were soon seen moving through the streets and the surrounding fields. There was a sunken meadow and a potato field somewhat beyond the village. A few shots were heard and a voice crying in anguish, then quiet reigned. The

red flames of the camp-fires were glaring in the night. Night had brought peace.

Morning broke, nowhere more beautiful than in that section of the country. The soldiers had departed early, before the natives rose to their duties. The signs of a passed army were visible and children roamed about, hunting for souvenirs. There was a crossroad at the outlet of the village and a little chapel where the roads met. A small mound of fresh earth was heaped in front

of the chapel in the midst of a bed of flowers. A wooden cross was at the head with an inscription in a foreign tongue. The children stood noiselessly for a moment, then broke and ran back with the news.

Night had passed and the sun was more luring than ever, promising a day yet hotter than the one before. A cool breeze now was waving from over the river. Night had passed, and amid it, its shadows.

How To Go Over Big

A Humorous Treatment of the Great Slang Age

HARRY F. SCHUBMEHL

THIS is an age of individuality. In this day and age, everyone wants to be unusual and different. Instances of this may be found here, there, and everywhere. We are aware that some of our business men, and others too, peruse their books for "fifteen minutes a day" in an endeavor to acquire a personality. Also, we are prone to believe that ladies of society vie with each other in the matter of social esteem and distinction, by producing the unusual, the different thing. Furthermore, at these social functions, nobody is willing to be "One of the crowd," or "Among those present," or an "Also ran." On the contrary, everyone yearns to be a personality, to be considered distinguished, and all that sort of thing.

The realization of such endeavor is not without some value; and the best way perhaps to acquire that desirable originality, is through the use of good English. When you are thinking of your "bag," your "burlap," or your "rag," call it your suit. When you mention your "dogs," call them your feet; and everybody will be utterly astonished. When you attend social functions and are introduced to a girl, assume your most graceful bow and say, "I am delighted," in

stead of, "Hello sweetheart." And above all, as Helen Rowland says, "Do not attempt to kiss her for at least fifteen minutes. She will be a little dazed; but when she recovers she will think you 'So original.'" You will give her a big kick—I mean a new sensation.

You will be a wow, or rather, in your success you will be without a single rival. People will appreciate your original expression of good English, they will admire your modesty and your politeness. Very possibly they will remark to one another, "What manner of man is this who is so strikingly quaint and so pleasing in character? He must be a quite distinguished gentleman." Therein you will have accomplished what you set out to do.

But another reward must follow in the wake of that result. Three of my six instructors, in the first meeting of their respective classes, began the year's work by impressing upon their vassals the value of good English. They said that the use of decent expression, now and after graduation from the University, would be a long step towards final success. All one must do is say, "How are you, Joseph" instead of "How about 'ja, Joe"; and the world will lay itself at one's feet.

THE COLLEGE PARADE

-:-

By John T. Cullinan

Problems that confront student publications will be discussed at the second annual meeting of the National College Press Congress composed of editors and business managers of college newspapers, magazines and annuals throughout the country, November 18 to 20 on the campus of the University of Illinois. Five hundred invitations to participate in the meetings have been mailed to student editors and business managers representing colleges of every state. Staff heads of all regularly organized student publications are eligible to membership in the Congress. Speakers who are specialists in college publication work will address the meeting and roundtables will be held to discuss problems that appear in student publication work. The Illinois-Ohio football game which will be played during the time of the meetings, will climax the program that week-end. A complete social and business program is being arranged.

The following is from an article in the *Chronicle*, official student publication of Duke University. "I should like to see the South in general and Duke in particular come out of the alleged mire of bigotry, and by their own devices. The quickest way and the one which would have the most popular public appeal, is naturally the way which would be of most interest to the general populace. I advocate an Al Smith-for-president club to be formed out of the Duke University student body. Such a club would undoubtedly have a potent influence in the political opinions of this and nearby states. Surely with the South already Democratic as to its party alliance, this organization would have the endorsement of the party bosses. But I do not advocate the organization of the club for political reasons. I advocate it simply because it would show that Duke University adheres to no one creed in its public thought; that no dogma of religion can control the sentiment of a serious mind-

ed student body. The overtones from this club would show that the Duke student body does not condemn a man because he is a Catholic, or a Lutheran, or a Holy-roller, or a Ku Kluxer. They would show that the students do not care whether a man's personal inclinations lean toward corn whiskey or pink tea. Over all, they would show that no inherited hatred, or religious prejudice can control the political thoughts of a people.

Following Columbia University and the University of Utah, students studying Spanish at Ohio State University are given an opportunity to hear themselves as they are heard in a laboratory course in which phonographic records are made. A daily record of the lesson is made when each student repeats his knowledge before an Ediphone. In addition to hearing their own records, students may listen to records made by experts who speak purest Mexican and Spanish.

Eight Harvard and Yale undergraduates and graduates have completed their fourth season with their automobile-theatre which tours New England each summer. Three Ford cars and two runabouts carry the equipment and cast of the Jitney Players from Maine to Connecticut. The company is professional. Its repertoire consisted of one three-act play, and three one-act plays. The troupe covered about three thousand miles during the past season.

One hundred and fifty dates a year with different girls is the aim of a club recently organized at the University of Michigan by the men there. A man is eligible only when he has been in the company of a good-looking girl and upon initiation must give the name, address, and phone number of that girl. (Notre Dame club leaders may have further plans of organizing upon request.)

SPORT NEWS

Rockmen To Face Army In Crucial Test

Cleat wounds that have lain smouldering for more than a year will burst out into fierce flame Saturday afternoon when the Thundering Herd of Notre Dame takes the field against the Army.



RED HEARDEN

Under a shining October sky of a year ago the same Thundering Herd that will be out to avenge its loss felt the sharp sting of enemy cleats bear it to earth time and again. But just as often as it went down, it came up for more.

Every wound that was inflicted on that sunny day has healed over perfectly but under it lies the spirit of revenge that gnaws and burns with mocking pain. And it cannot die out until a Thundering Herd of Notre Dame is borne from the field, a victor.

The same concrete bowl that held the struggle a year ago will hold it again tomorrow and almost the same 85,000 fans who trekked across the Harlem River and seated themselves in the vast enclosure to watch the struggle will again trek on this November afternoon to see a thrilling battle.

OUTSTANDING GRID TILT

For the Army and Notre Dame meet tomorrow in the season's greatest grid offering and when the shades of twilight fall on Coogan's Bluff that historic place will reverberate with the cheers of the new champion of the American grid—and Army or Notre Dame will be the champion whose name the mob acclaims.

Much has happened in the year that has intervened. Both teams have gone their courses and are back again, practically intact, to renew the old rivalry. But Notre Dame has thought often and hard and every

thought has served to deepen the importance that hinges on the game.

Both teams are undefeated. Each has met six opponents and each has been returned victor by safe margins. And now with the seventh game looming like a spectre in the distance, each eleven is prepared to fight its heart out before it bows in defeat.



RED EDWARDS

Eastern critics are favoring the Army to win over the Irish although they admit that the odds are as close as they could be. They point out that the Army has the same experienced team that won from Notre Dame a year ago and that it will be able to muster the same strength that it had then.

But even critics are liable to forget. They do not remember that Notre Dame's eleven of green gridgers has been moulded into a machine of toughened gridgers who have faced some of the hardest foes in the country since they last clashed with the Army.

As far as strict opposition this year is concerned, Notre Dame has faced two worthy teams in Minnesota and Northwestern while Army's only real tax was that with Syracuse which the Cadets were able to win by a very narrow margin only.

OLD STARS BACK

Some of the greatest players in the country will face one another in Saturday's game. Hewitt, Wilson and Murrell, Army's star backs, are in harness again and will vie with Edwards, Hearnden, Flanagan and Wynne for ball-carrying honors. And McManmon, Smith and Maxwell will oppose such numble linemen as Born, Saunders and Schmidt.

Each eleven has been pointing for this game and every detail has been watched in preparation for the struggle. Although Army was pointed some for Yale, the Cadets have not let the Notre Dame team slip from their eyes for a moment.

Notre Dame's 80 gridiron lights have

worked out at Cartier Field all week and labor was in order long after dark had descended.

But the concrete bowl that vies with Coogan's Bluff for honors will resound to a great struggle Saturday and only the fates know who will be the victor.



Irish Flaunt Brilliant Attack; Win 26-0

This Wabash river, which has been so aptly honored in fable and song, was flowing back among the southern Indiana sycamores and pines last Saturday afternoon in an obstinate mood.



PARISIEN

At least it didn't have any glad tidings to carry back to the Hoosier folk who set their pup tents along its banks for a gang of rough neck Irish, who consider the twin lakes of Notre Dame as the sixth ocean, had just administered a neat lacing to eleven gridiron - loving Hoosier youths.

These Irish from the wintry haunts of northern Indiana used no discretion in rushing across their neighbors' goal line just four times and piling up a decisive score of 26 to 0. It was Notre Dame all the way except for a bag of tricks which had a sore throat on all except two occasions, the Crimson eleven would have been sorely in the rear.

Although Mr. Knute K. Rockne was chewing a cigar in other parts, his proteges carried on such a neat attack that every note which he gave them must have had a blunt black check after it when the game was over.

They passed, they ran, they blocked, and they plunged and outside of that the Notre Dame gridders put in an idle afternoon. Piling up down after down and reeling off gain after gain, they convinced the skeptics that winged shoes and ball-bearing football pants might not be so absurd after all.

PARISIEN INJURED

Only one event marred the otherwise brilliant afternoon. Art Parisien, the pass-flipping pilot, was smeared early in the game and had to retire. First reports indicated that Parisien was seriously injured but it later developed that his injury, a heart attack, was not so bad as first painted. His getting into the Army game was problematical early this week.

During the first quarter it looked as if Mr. Pat Page's Crimson eleven would fight the Irish to a standstill. That word had been passed around by the journalistic henchmen and some few followers of the pastime were half inclined to take it to heart.

But early in the second quarter the worm took a new turn. After Messrs. Parisien, Red Smith and crew wiggled and bounced their way through the Indiana outerworks, the Antelopes, that quarter of scoring beauties, "Red" Edwards, "Red" Hearnden, Chris Flanagan and "E" Wynne, were injected.

And it was at this time that any victory balloons which the Hoosiers might have filled with good resolves were pierced in a rude manner. Mr. Chris Flanagan, the Port Arthur sidestepper, ran for twenty yards on the first play and a moment later he bobbed up betwixt the goal posts while some ten Hoosier tacklers did cartwheels and Indiana war dances on the greensward. Chris missed the kick, however.

FLANAGAN SCORES AGAIN

The second marker came with almost as much ease as the first. Flanagan's tricky running was again evident for the Texan darted and jumped from sideline to sideline

and after the quarter was half spent he had added another half dozen points to his credit sheet.

The Indiana eleven contested every inch for the remainder of the period and at times threatened to open an attack which would have ben a menace had it been sustained long enough. But the Irish defense was up in arms and every hammer and tong was pounding out its prearranged work.

Bucky Dahman had his musket loaded for bear in the second half and didn't hang up the weapon until two prize pelts had been hung on his Sorin stretching board. Dahman, after running wild for the larger part of the third quarter, directed his efforts toward touchdowns.

Dahman not only added much to the total yardage of the Irish eleven but plunged over two markers after he, Riley, Smith and Niemic had out-passed and out-ran the Indiana eleven.

Indiana's futile passing and frequent recourse to trick plays were the only features of the Hoosier attack. Stephenson and Garrison figured in frequent attempts at passing but none of them was augmented with enough of a running attack to put over a score.

The running attack of the Irish backfields caught the eye of the 20,000 who watched the game. Three Notre Dame backfields were parading at will. "Red" Smith, Flanagan and Dahman were the oustanding ground gainers of the day. The Irish defense, following its usual habit, was flawless. Lineup and summary:

NOTRE DAME (26)		INDIANA (0)	
Walsh	L.E.	Sibley	
Hogan	L.T.	Fisher	
Fredericks	C.	Matthews	
Marrelli	R.G.	Randolph	
Polisky	R.T.	Bishop	
Maxwell	R.E.	Hill	
Parisien	Q.B.	Nessel	
Niemic	L.H.	Garrison	
Dahman	R.H.	Byers	
R. Smith	F.B.	Stephenson	

Touchdowns—Flanagan 2 (sub for Niemic); Dahman 2.

Points after touchdown—Dahman 2.

Officials—Feferee, Gardner, Cornell; umpire, Keithley, Illinois; head linesman, Jorrison, Purdue; field judge, Daniels, Loyola.

HOOSIERS FALL BEFORE

NOTRE DAME RUNNERS

Facing the brilliant possibility of a perfect season, Joe Nulty and his Running Irish settled down to the last grind of the training season Monday.

Only two meets, the Indiana State Championships and the Central Conference championships, remain on the Irish schedule and wins in each of them will give the Notre Dame squad the greatest fall track season it has ever experienced.

Coach Johnny Wendland's leather-lunged pupils hooked the fourth scalp on their girdles last Saturday morning when they outran the Indiana six, 22 to 33.

Indiana was rated as a strong team and was booked to take the measure of the Notre Dame crew but superb running on the part of every Irish entrant allowed the Gold and Blue to triumph.

"Scrapiron" Young, whose cross country reputation is reaching new fields every week, ran to his fourth successive victory in as many weeks. Young negotiated the five miles in 26 minutes and 51 seconds. He was followed to the tape by the Indiana captain and John Brown placed third. Ryan, Phelan, Masterson and Nulty were other Irish runners to place in the points.

Saturday's appearance was the last home one for the Irish squad. The Indiana state meet is to be conducted at Bloomington while the Central Conference title will be decided over the Marquette course at Milwaukee.

HANDBALL ARTISTS OUT

With both of the new courts filled every hour of the day, interest in handball seems to have gotten off to a head start this year. Lovers of the slash and bang game are haunting the courts at every hour and the season looks well under way.

The Father Margraff-John Law combination continues to mow down all opposition although the Fred Miller-Dailey team has been coming rapidly.

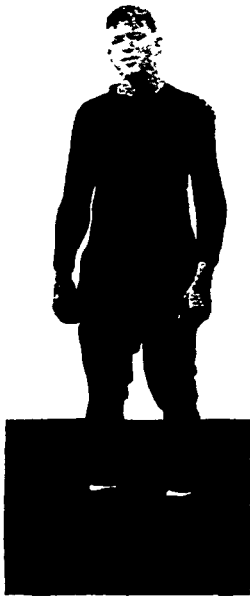
Notre Dame handball artists are looking forward to a tournament this year. They hope to begin an elimination round as soon as the season gets into full swing.

Speaking Of A Genuine Thrill

CHRISTY FLANAGAN

If a man is down and out and somebody tramples his head in the mud he isn't exactly thrilled at the idea but a little bit of rancor runs through him.

Still the biggest thrill I ever got out of playing football came at a time when my head was in the ground, figuratively speaking, and somebody came along and gave it another punch just for good measure.



CHRISTY FLANAGAN

It doesn't take a whole lot of thinking to remember the Army game of a year ago. In fact remembering it does a little bit of good because some one else might have to bear the burden of memory a year hence.

Well, that Army game, disastrous as it was, proved to be the keenest that I was ever in. There was always the feeling that we were being routed completely but at that the brand of the football was such that you couldn't help but respond to the occasion.

The Army ran over two touchdowns early in the game. The one in the first quarter came like a bolt out of a clear sky and we were demoralized quite a lot. Again in the second quarter the Army scored and brought the count up to 14 and things looked worse than ever.

We came back in the second half with a lot of fight. Only a few of the fellows had ever been in a game as big as that one and much of the stage fright wore off after these Army tacklers bore down in the first half. When the second half started they were a little better able to face the onslaught.

It was the first big tussle I ever broke into and I didn't know just what to make of it. I started the second half and after Wilson had kicked off for the Army I could see that the ball was coming right toward me.

The whole Army team bore down under the ball like a big pack of wolves and I saw the Notre Dame men going out to mow 'em down. That ball was getting close and I was beginning to wonder how I was going to get through the mess. Standing on my own five yard line I caught the ball and moved as fast as I could. After I had gone about 15 or 16 yards I felt an awful thud and a bunch of beef perched on top of me.

The referee unpiled us and, blinking a little bit at the crash I had just been in, looked around. All 85,000 of them were back in their seats making a lot of noise and I couldn't figure how they got out there and jumped on me and then got back in place before I could get up.

It must have been a mistake, though. I looked to the left and saw five Army tacklers moving into their positions again. It must have been they and not the crowd that hit me. But anyhow that was the hardest I was ever hit and it's a little bit thrilling when you think of it.

THREE IRISH MENTORS

ADD GLORY TO SYSTEM

Any reports that this Notre Dame coaching system not sitting on top of the world should be heavily marked with a blue pencil and placed on the wall for criticism.

Indications are that Knute K. Rockne's methods of playing football are becoming so widespread that soon the whole country will be encircled.

Grantland Rice, generally recognized as the outstanding American sports writer, mentioned two teams in his column last week. Both of them were just beginning to make their presence in the football world keenly felt. One was Purdue and the other was St. Mary's (California) and Rice remarked that each would be at the top of its respective

division before long. Jimmie Phelan and "Slip" Madigan, old time Irish gridders, are running the Purdue and St. Mary's outfits.

And now the East is seeing a rebirth of football glory in that lowly underdog, the Navy. For the past few years an easy prey to a majority of teams, the Navy eleven right now rates among the best in the east.

Writing of the Navy's new splurge in the gridiron world, Davis I. Walsh of the International News Service says: "What a line that is! Fast, aggressive, experienced, intelligent and weighing 191 pounds, it reflects all possible credit upon the coaching of 'Rip' Miller, former Notre Dame star, just as the play of the backfield and the team in general rebounds to the honor of 'Navy Bill' Ingram."

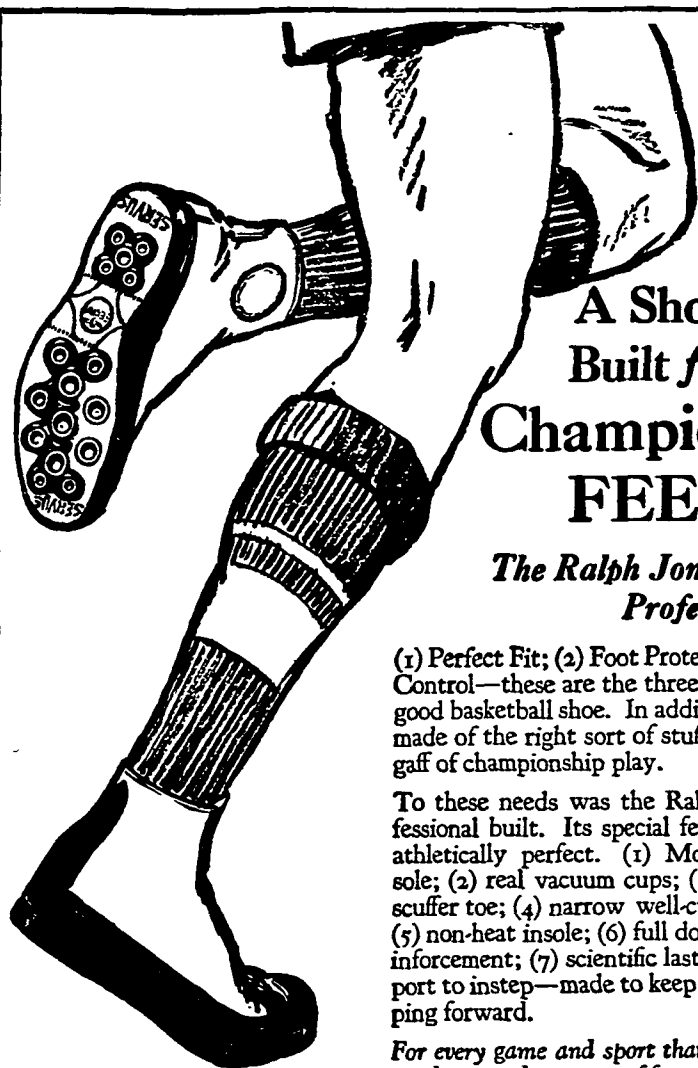
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For every game and sport that requires ease, quickness and accuracy of footwork, the Ralph Jones Professional wins the approval of athletes and sportsmen. Try it on at your nearest Servus dealer. Prices: Men's (6-12) \$4.00; Women's (2½-8) \$3.50; Boys' (2½-6) \$3.50. The Servus Rubber Co., Rock Island, Ill.

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G126



PATRONIZE
SCHOLASTIC
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Splinters From The Press Box

Six straight!

One hundred seventy points to its opponents seven!

And if twenty four hours finds that old Irish banner floating high above the Yankee Stadium the Harlem Indians will be singing the praises of a new champion,—the Notre Dame team of 1926.

Personally we have a hunch that Notre Dame will get the breaks and be hitting on all eight for some 60 minutes tomorrow afternoon. And if it does here will be the result: Notre Dame 7, Army 0.

* * * * *

A Hoosier bubble burst loudly on Cartier Field last Saturday afternoon. Four touchdowns and two points after touchdowns spelled the doom and it's said that these Indiana cohorts were all set for a big upset.

The score doesn't tell the story either. Indiana did not have the punch or the power to dent the Irish defense. An on-side kick-off was the only ace in the Hoosier hand.

Meanwhile Mr. Rockne was watching the Army give Franklin and Marshall a 55 to 0 drubbing.

* * * * *

Do you believe in signs? K. K. Rockne does and the locker room in the gym is fairly plastered with them. Notre Dame students do, also. All over the campus, conspicuous spots are livened with yellow and black placards, "Beat the Army."

* * * * *

One of the keenest bands that has strutted on Notre Dame's field was the Indiana horn blowers, 100 strong. Decked in military suits with crimson and white capes, the Hoosier trumpeteers made a neat appearance and impressed the crowd with their neat drilling and voluminous playing.

* * * * *

Many fans are still up in the air over the "drop the handkerchief" trick with which Umpire Keithley delighted himself. He won the prize for originality, anyhow.

By the way, Notre Dame defeated Indiana more convincingly than did any other team

which has stacked up against Pat Page's proteges. Northwestern did it twice, 20 to 0 both times, and Wisconsin did it 28 to 2 but the fact remains that the Irish did the most efficient job.

* * * * *

And practice at Cartier Field, during the past five nights, hasn't been lasting until six o'clock just to work up appetites for supper.

INTERHALL STANDINGS

SENIOR LEAGUE

	W	L	Pct.
Sophomore	4	0	1.000
Badin	4	0	1.000
Corby	3	1	.750
Morrissey	1	3	.250
Lyons	1	3	.250
Sorin	0	4	.000

JUNIOR LEAGUE

Freshman	2	1	*.667
Brownson	2	2	.500
Walsh	2	2	.500
Day Dogs	1	2	*.333
Howard	1	3	.250
Carroll	1	3	.250

* Freshmen and Day-Dogs played to tie.

MINIMS DEFEAT GABRIEL SNUBBERS

The Minims defeated the Gabriel Snubbers of Notre Dame, Ind., by a score of 19 to 12 on the Minims field Sunday.

Captain Crampton was the outstanding star, his line plunges making four and five yards every time. He also led the scoring list, making two touchdowns and a kickover. O'Brien made the other touchdown on a line plunge.

Two long runs were reeled off, one by Berger left half back for the Snubbers which was good for sixty yards and a touchdown. Bohland left half back on the Minims squad ran forty yards but was run out of bonds on the fifty yard line.

The Minims tried two passes, one being completed, Wilson to Crampton; and to uphold the honor of the Minims Crampton sprinted the rest of the way for a touchdown. The other pass was intercepted.

The South Bend News-Times . . .

ALWAYS THE LATEST
FOOTBALL NEWS

*"Big Ben" Photos of
Notre Dame in Action*

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*Club Room Available for Pri-
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THE BOOK SHOP

APPRECIATES AND CATERS TO
NOTRE DAME TRADE

*Greeting Cards
Stationery*

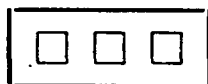
119 NORTH MICHIGAN STREET

The Reliance Pharmacy

PRESCRIPTION
SPECIALISTS

230 WEST WASHINGTON STREET

IDEAL LAUNDRY



... This is Our *11th* Year of Service
To Notre Dame Students

Shave-Aids

For U. of N. D. Men

We aim at all times to have in stock your favorite shaving supplies, whatever they may be.

The best always—at less than the regular price on practically everything for the man who shaves himself.

"Save with Safety"
Meyer's
14 Rexall
DRUG STORES

S. E. Cor. Michigan and Colfax

"See Dave and Save"

We dry-clean and press your Suit, Topcoat, or Overcoat for . . \$1.00

HOUSE OF

Kuppenheimer Clothes

Lower the Cost
of Dressing Well

DAVE'S TOG SHOP

OPEN EVENINGS

115 SOUTH MAIN

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CLOTHES

Ready-made
And Cut to Order

ESTABLISHED ENGLISH UNIVERSITY
STYLES, TAILORED OVER YOUTHFUL
CHARTS SOLELY FOR DISTINGUISHED
SERVICE IN THE UNITED STATES.



Charter House

Suits and Overcoats

\$40, \$45, \$50



DR. FRANK J. POWERS
UNIVERSITY PHYSICIAN

Service Tailor Shop

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Cleaning, Pressing, Remodeling
WORK GUARANTEED
We Call for and Deliver

SERVICE IS OUR MOTTO
SUITS MADE TO MEASURE

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Phone Main 0738-J

Ask Your Roommate

**If He Gets His Clothes
at Gilbert's**



**N. D. Men Are Buying Here in
Ever Increasing Numbers**

Also Ask Yourself Why—

**Our store, located eight blocks out,
does one of the biggest clothing
businesses in the city**

***And You'll Find the Answer Is:*
Gilbert's for Clothes Satisfaction**

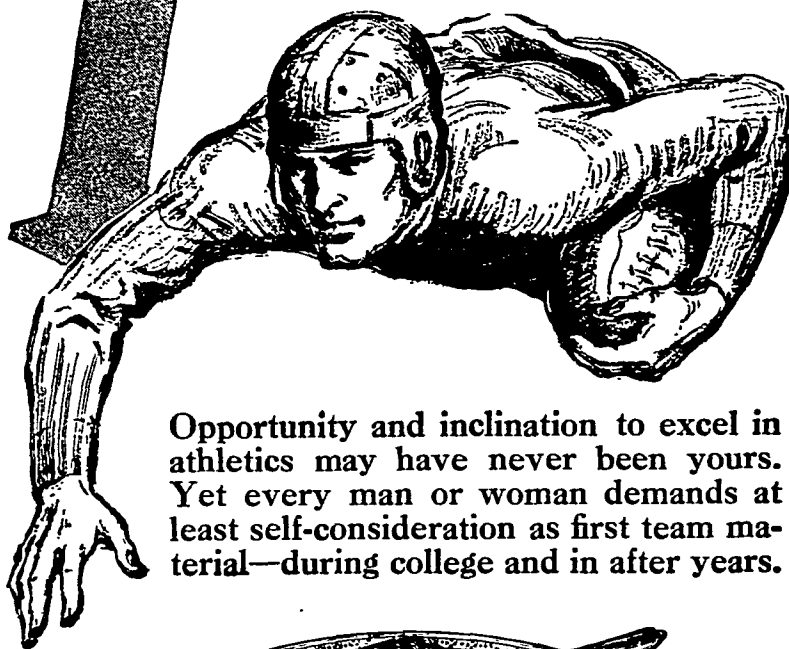


**Open
Evenings**

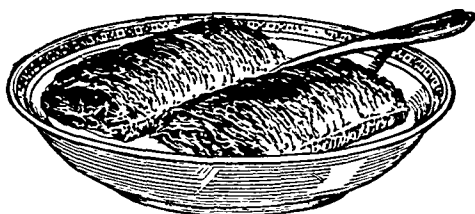
Gilbert's

**Look for the
Electric Sign**

1st Team MATERIAL



Opportunity and inclination to excel in athletics may have never been yours. Yet every man or woman demands at least self-consideration as first team material—during college and in after years.



Try this system

Make just one whole meal of whole wheat every day. SHREDDED whole WHEAT contains all the PROTEINS, SALTS, CARBOHYDRATES and VITAMINS your body craves, properly balanced for complete digestibility and assimilation. Also BRAN—all that you need to regulate your digestion for the day and to throw off the poison of less healthful foods. Have your Shredded Wheat served with milk or cream and sugar, with fruits and berries or in many other appetizing ways. Start now to get fit and keep fit. If interested, write for our booklet—"Fifty Ways of Serving Shredded Wheat." THE SHREDDED WHEAT COMPANY, Niagara Falls, N. Y.

SHREDDED WHEAT

MAKE IT A DAILY HABIT

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No other cigarette ever had so many millions of friends

WHEREVER you travel, by sea or by land, in places of work or palaces of pleasure, you find the friends of Camel. And since the art of increasing life's comfort through smoking was discovered, no other cigarette ever made and kept so many friends.

Why does Camel lead the world? Because only the choicest Turkish and Domestic tobaccos are bought for Camels. Because Camel is given a blending that, regardless of price,

can be found in no other cigarette. Because the world's largest tobacco organization spares neither cost nor effort to make Camel the utmost in cigarettes.

Camel rewards its friends with never-ending peace and satisfaction. Through the day and into the night, it's simply impossible to smoke enough Camels to tire the taste. We invite you to answer, now, the world's most popular smoke invitation—*Have a Camel!*

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