The Notre Dame Scholastic

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

Disc Quasi Semper Vicituris : Vive Quasi Cras Moriturus

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

Entered as second-class matter at Notre Dame, Indiana. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage, Section 1105, October 3, 1917, authorized June 23, 1918.
George Gipp

The wind bites sharply now the chalk-lined grass,
But, hid by night, I see a phantom pass
From phantom hands, that we once, dearly, knew,
Caught by still dimmer hands, known, too,
Played for Our Lady, as in life they played,
And she applauds, and the frail phantoms fade.
Notre Dame's famous fighting unit has deposited an unblemished national championship upon the campus. The proud and the prejudiced are singing the praises of Pennsylvania, Yale, Dartmouth, Centre, and the other confined champions, but the competent critics and the great national body of Notre Dame admirers simply reply to them with the famous Goldberg chorus, "As if anybody cared." All that remains is to justify the strange shivers that are haunting the sunkist spines of the Stanfordites. The handicap of the distant field will be somewhat lessened by the fact that at least Adam Walsh will feel very much at home.

Beyond the football interests, which is similar to saying 'outside of space', there have been several momentous happenings. One of the most vital is the cross-word puzzle which appeared in the recent and highly-praised Football Number of the Jugler. This may explain to some professors the unwonted atmosphere of studiousness in their classes. The Scholastic, too, has furrowed the student brow with the problem of selecting an All-American team. Everyone who knows that Walter Camp isn't a resort ought to be able to turn in an intelligent and interesting choice. It is natural and merited that Notre Dame players will predominate. At least a consensus of the campus opinion should result in a decision as studied and reliable as many of the mythical elevens so promiscuously picked in the prominent sport sheets.

Badin Hall has a new set of steps. Probably for the Dome picture. The new hall is commencing to threaten the southern windows of the Library. Snow has appeared to add beauty to the scene and discomfort to the seers. Travel on the Niles road is curtailed. Many a lamb is bleating for the mother who is protecting some tender chest from the blasts. Even the good galosh treads an occasional reminiscent measure over the treacherous turf.

The Scribblers Second Annual Poetry Contest closed Monday and the manuscripts are on their way to the judges, while their authors turn half-heartedly to more material pursuits, buoyed up by hope. Professor MacGregor addressed a philosophical seminar on Monday evening, discussing lawlessness and its causes. Overlooking a fertile field, the subject was not localized.

Before the echoes of the turkey's requiem have died away, the property men are clearing the stage for Christmas, the headliner. Crossword puzzles yield place to the more complex time-table. Banks are calling in loans to be able to pay out the Christmas Club money, saved in a year and spent in a day. Letters from negligent relatives and friends commence to burden the already heavily-laden postman. Girls who have kept their great love a secret, now find that they can conceal it no longer. Theoretically college vacations begin a few days before Christmas—practically, they operate half-time a month before. The Jugler, as well as your favorite campus weekly, are working feverishly on Christmas numbers which will serve as Christmas presents for all persons not within the proscribed degree of relation. It's about time for 1924 to be singing "Darling I am Growing Old."
NOTRE DAME’S FIRST FOOTBALL TEAM, 1887-’88

Standing, left to right—J. J. Hepburn, end; George Houck, tackle; Edward Sawkins, guard; Frank Fehr, center; Patrick J. Nelson, guard; E. P. Melady, tackle; F. H. Springer, end.

Seated, left to right—H. M. Jewett, halfback; J. E. Cusack, quarterback; H. B. Luhn, captain, coach and halfback; Ed Prudhomme, fullback.
“Rapidly recovering” is the good word from Rev. John Cavanaugh, who has been at St. Joseph’s Hospital for a few days. Father Oswald, pastor of St. Mary’s Church, South Bend, is also at the Hospital.

By way of correction: The University of Notre Dame has been placed on the list of approved institutions by the Association of American Universities. It has not been admitted to the Association, as stated in last week’s issue.

The extra-curricular activities of each individual student are being listed by a committee whose chairman is the Prefect of Discipline. Upon completion—and this is now a matter of only a few days—the list will be submitted to the Director of Studies and to the Deans of the various colleges, who will report on the scholastic standing of each man engaged in activities. The term “activities” is understood to cover athletics of all kinds; membership in the S. A. C., the Blue Circle, Scribblers, and other campus and city clubs; musical organizations—Band, Orchestra, Glee Club; as well as positions on University publications.

In its final form the report will include, in addition to activities and scholastic standing, an estimate of individual ability, capacity for leadership, and talent for organization. It will be kept on file in the office of the Department of Discipline.

Purposes of the report: (1) to give an index to possible over-emphasis of activities at the expense of scholarship, and (2) to furnish information which may serve as a basis for the letters of recommendation frequently requested by students.

It is believed that extra-curricular activities will be encouraged by leaving them open only to men who are in good scholastic standing.

Mayor Eli F. Seebirt of South Bend addressed the local council of the Knights of Columbus at their regular meeting held in the council chambers on Tuesday evening, November 25. His subject was “Getting Out the Vote.” He discussed the percentage of the American adult population which voted in the 1920 Presidential election, and indicated by statistics what states showed most election interest. Of these states Mayor Seebirt’s figures proved Indiana to be in the lead with 77% of the adult population voting. The situations which cause a low or high vote were discussed at some length, and Mr. Seebirt closed with a plea for greater interest, particularly on the part of college men, in the affairs of government.

At this meeting the Grand Knight announced that the next initiation will in all likelihood be held on January 18, in the new South Bend Knights of Columbus Home. Art Bidwell, who was appointed to fill the newly-created office of Director of Membership, pointed out the activities being manifested in the membership branch of the order.

Sandwiches and coffee were served, and Mr. MacNamara entertained with piano solos.

IMPORTANT NOTICE TO SENIORS IN ARTS

All Senior students in the College of Arts and Letters must report for registration for the second semester before December 15. The hours of registration are from 11:10 to 12:00 and 4 to 5 on all days of the week except Saturday and Sunday.

Charles C. Miltner, C. S. C., Dean.
Notre Dame, 40—Carnegie Tech, 19

Notre Dame's great "Fighting Irish" team bowled down their last obstacle to an undefeated season and rode in their most impressive fashion to a 40-19 win last Saturday over Carnegie Tech. The Tartans drew the utmost from Rockne's great athletes, to have them thrill 38,000 crowded enthusiasts with their best brand of championship performance. It was a great and thrilling struggle which the battling Tartans gave their famed opponents but they were unequal to the task of stopping Notre Dame who was so near its ambition and who simply was not to be denied the glories of an undefeated season.

The Irish perpetrated one of the most successful forward passing attacks ever attempted by any team at any time. It was uncanny the way those wonder boys were heaving the ball, and during that second half they clearly demonstrated the many reasons for their success and greatness. Not only was their forward passing the best ever seen but they were rushing the ends and charging the line as no other team had done on Forbes field before. Rock's warriors succeeded in completing twelve passes in a row, something which has not been accomplished by many grid teams in the history of football.

With the score deadlocked at the half, the Irish team started its great drives in which the brainy Stuhldreher directed his men with a speed and fierceness which Tech could not meet. And it was here that he brought into use the deadly forward pass which completely thwarted any determined resistance on the part of the Carnegie grid-ders, and allowed Notre Dame to sail to a commanding victory.

"THE LAST RIDE TOGETHER."
Crowley and Layden, side by side,
Miller and Stuhldreher in their stride,
After to-day will no more ride—
And so their curtain falls to-night."
—GRANTLAND RICE.
That first half was a rather hectic affair ending, as we have said, in a 13-13 tie. The first Carnegie Tech score came as the result of recovering a blocked punt and a fifty yard run; the second chance was provided by a fumble followed by a trick play for a marker. Notre Dame’s first counter came when Jimmy Crowley heaved one of his accurate passes to Don Miller who immediately wended his way to the Tech goal. Cerney added another touchdown to this when he plunged through the line after the Irish had enjoyed a sparkling march down the field.

With the beginning of the second half, the real hostilities began so far as Notre Dame was concerned. The resourceful Stuhldreher led his mates in two successful drives down the gridiron, the first of which ended when he tossed the ball to Livergood who was not downed until over the Tech goal, and the second ended when Stuhldreher again threw the ball to the brilliant Crowley who eluded the Skibo tacklers until he had crossed the final line for a score. Bernie Livergood, who came through with his greatest game, again scored on straight football and Stuhldreher ended the counting when he went over after a flashing parade down the gridiron. It was a day of sparkling accomplishments with Livergood, Crowley and Stuhldreher setting the pace and Don Miller, Cerney and the rest following close behind.

Notre Dame could have met no worthier foe, nor could they have given any more splendid performance with which to end their most successful season. It was an outstanding achievement by every member on the great team and all honors are rightfully theirs.

Coach Knute Rockne’s “Wonder Team” were guests at the Pitt-Penn State “turkey-day” fray at Forbes Field in Pittsburgh. Although they have taken an active part in many big games and have made history on the gridiron this year, it was the first big game, viewed from the stands, for many of the squad this season.

THE IRISH LINE

BY ARTHUR BARRY

The poets who sung the great battle of old
And apportioned the laurels due
To the victors, full often left untold
The praises of heroes true.
To commander or chief in each higher grade
Were allotted the honors won;
But rarely were fitting tributes paid
To the man behind the gun.

So, too, in the mimic battles fought
And won on the autumn field,
Not seldom brave Forwards seem half-forgot,
Their derring-do half-concealed.
Yet many a headliner’s place in the sun
Is due to their fierce attacks;
For, like to the man behind the gun,
Are the lads before the Backs.

So, a song for Walsh and his Line that shined;
The strenuous season through,
A cheer for each tackle and end and guard
Who fought for the Gold and Blue!
Here’s to Kaiser and Weibel, to Hunsinger, “Rip,”
To Collins and Bach, in fine!
Now, all together, a big “Hip, Hip,
Hurrah!” for the Irish Line.
The weekly S. A. C. meeting took place Monday night at 7:30 in the Library. A large table with sufficient chairs had been provided and the members were thus enabled to gather round and deliberate in true council style. Previous to Monday night the present S. A. C. had held its meetings in a classroom in the Main Building; but a classroom is hardly a place for such an assembly and the change was heartily welcomed.

Protest has been made against articles, misrepresentative of Notre Dame life, which have appeared recently in several newspapers. To counteract the influences of these articles and to give the true account of Notre Dame, a story will appear shortly in some nationally distributed magazine. The writer of this, a well known newspaper man of recognized ability, will have all possible assistance from the Administration of the school, from Coach Rockne, and from the S. A. C. A committee, consisting of Jack Scallan as chairman, Dan Brady, Paul Kohout and Don Miller will contribute the material concerning student traditions and views.

Speakers of wide prominence, not yet definitely selected, will feature a great victory celebration to be held in the Gym next Tuesday night. This celebration will be complimentary to the football team, national champions of 1924. Paul Rahe, Jack Scallan, Dan Brady and John Purcell, the first named acting as chairman of the committee, are formulating plans for the meeting.

To avoid possible accidents, students are cautioned to exercise great care while walking along the Notre Dame Avenue road, directly south of the University. Several accidents have been narrowly averted on this road recently: hence the notice.

Student directories, priced at twenty-five cents, are now on sale at the Cafeteria, the News Stand, Off-Campus office, and by the following students: John Moran, Sorin; Ralph Heger, Corby; John Tuohy, Walsh; Edward Duggan, Badin; John Reidy, Sophomore; Edward Collins, Freshman; J. P. Dooley and Henry Hudson, Brownson and Carroll.

FINANCIAL REPORT OF THE S. A. C.
December 1, 1924
Balance June 30, 1924 $430.48
Receipts Sept. 1 to Dec. 1 1406.84
Gross income to Dec. 1 1237.32
EXPENSES:
Sept. 1 to Dec. 1 707.79
Bank Balance Dec. 1, 1924 1129.53
Gipp Monument Fund 300.00
Balance in S.A.C. treasury Dec. 1 829.53

THE GRID-GRAPH SEASON
At the end of last year the Grid-graph was purchased by the S. A. C., at a cost of one thousand dollars and the profits from all showings are used to pay for it. The fact that this season's receipts alone will clear away two-thirds of the debt indicates that the enterprise was a success. On the whole the attendance was good although it did not come up to expectations.

During the entire season about 3600 paid admission, the attendance varying in accordance to the importance of the game. This gave the S. A. C. a net return on the season of $712.69. The average cost of operating the board is estimated at $35 the game.

The credit for the successful operation of the Grid-graph is due the Committee on Finance, which consists of Paul Rahe, chairman; Ralph Heger, and Mark Mooney. The Committee on Operation especially deserved praise for their job was a hard, back-breaking one. This committee is made up of Ben Kesting, chairman; William L. Daily, John Purcell, and Edward T. O'Neill. Also to Edwin Rowley, Al Hockwalt, Ben Bourne, Paul Hartman, Don Ryan, and the Reception Committee of the Blue Circle are thanks due.

The S. A. C. is considering improvements to be made on the board for next season. These would involve use of larger nameplates and the placing of the backs in regular formation behind the line.

Another innovation that has been given consideration is the use of green cloth placed with a fine screen-wire on either side instead of the heavy plate glass now in use.
Clubs

More complete harmony and understanding between the S. A. C. and the clubs of the campus was the object of a meeting held last Tuesday, November 25, composed of a committee from the S. A. C. and the presidents of a majority of the Notre Dame organizations. The clubs were well represented but not much was accomplished. George Bischoff, President of the S. A. C., Paul Rahe, and John Tuohy composed the S. A. C. committee.

Following a short talk by Bischoff on the relation of the Students' Activities Council to the numerous clubs on the campus, Paul Rahe led a discussion on the various duties, accomplishments, and plans of the various clubs. The presidents all gave ideas and short talks along these lines.

A request for written reports on past achievements and plans for the future were asked for at the meeting but only a few were forthcoming. It is important that these be given to any member of the S. A. C. committee promptly. Rahe is in 311 Sorin and Tuohy is in Walsh. It is also imperative that clubs hand in dates for meetings, banquets, etc., to the Secretary of the S. A. C. in order to avoid conflicts, which have resulted in the past.

It was emphatically brought out during the course of the meeting that if a club does nothing to sustain its existence it is not justified in existing. It was made clear that the activities of clubs during the year will be considered by the S. A. C. as a means of judging whether or not a club may continue to function.

In the discussion which followed the opening of the meeting it was brought out that a number of the campus clubs will have to stimulate activity and strengthen their organization if they are to continued to exist under the S. A. C. The meeting brought out a complete need of harmony; also that certain clubs did very good work during the Homecoming and the Nebraska games here, for which the S. A. C. expressed thanks.

The organization of the AKRON CLUB OF NOTRE DAME was completed at the last meeting of the club which was held on November 18.

The following officers were elected: Bernard W. Ley, President; Forest J. Swartz, Vice President; Francis E. Steel, Secretary-Treasurer.

Plans are under way for an informal dance to be given in Akron during the Christmas vacation.

The Undergraduates of Cleveland have completed preparations for their annual dance to be given during the Christmas vacation. At a meeting held recently the majority of the club members favored the ball room of the Hotel Cleveland as a suitable place to hold the dance. The date was fixed as January 2. A committee was formed consisting of Dan Sammon, Everard Kohl, M. B. Daly, Charles A. Mooney and James V. Maher. Information concerning tickets may be secured from Charles A. Mooney, 413 Walsh Hall.

The Cleveland Alumni have announced that they will give a dinner-dance at the University Club on January 3. Affairs similar to this have been held by the Cleveland Alumni for the last five years. Mooney will furnish further details to those interested.

Last Wednesday evening THE FORUM held its regular meeting, which was well attended. Mr. Manion addressed the club on the subject of, "Individualism as Opposed to Socialism." He stressed the fact that we are fast swinging away from the fundamental rights of the individual, which theory of government was for the first time fostered by our immortal Declaration of Independence, and which, today, is fast being superseded by the evil of free men and free government, the rule by a majority.

The topic for discussion at the next meeting will be whether the principle of the closed shop is justifiable. Every one is asked to prepare a short discussion on that subject.
The feature of next Tuesday’s K. of C. meeting will be an address by the Hon. Frank E. Hering, of South Bend, national president of the Eagles and editor of their magazine. Mr. Hering is a silver-tongued orator of no mean ability. He is nationally known as a worker in the field of Old Age Pensions. He is a graduate of Notre Dame and an ex-football captain.

The remainder of the meeting will be taken up with an important business discussion, the K. of C. orchestra, smokes, and food.

PHILOSOPHY SEMINAR DECEMBER 12

At the next seminar in Philosophy, to be held on Friday, December 12, Mr. William F. Roemer will read a paper and conduct discussion on the subject: “Militarism: and the Bankruptcy of Diplomacy in 1914.”

BREEN MEDAL PRELIMINARIES

Declamation and oratory at their best were brought out during the first half of the week when the preliminaries in the competition for the Breen oratorical medal were held in the Library under the direction of Professor Farrell, assisted by Mark Nolan, winner of the 1923-24 medal. The Breen medal is the gift of the Honorable William Patrick Breen, prominent Fort Wayne jurist, an alumnus of the class of ’77. It is a solid gold medal awarded annually to the student who excels in oratory.

Of the first three contestants heard on Monday, including David Stanton, Harry McGuire, and Brother Pius, McGuire and Brother Pius were successful. “Independence and Peace,” was the subject selected by McGuire; “The Passing of the Electoral College,” by Brother Pius; and “Independence for the Philippines,” by Stanton. All three declamations were delivered in a most forceful and original style.

Bernard Crowley, John Moran, Victor Lemmer, and Seymour Weisberger furnished the competition for Tuesday and the successful two of these four were Lemmer and Weisberger. Crowley chose as his subject for discussion, “Our Navy,” “Moran, “Radicalism,” Lemmer “Child Labor,” and Weisberger, “America’s Place Among the Nations of the World.”

Ray Cunningham, and Raymond Morris were the two selected by the judges from the final group which spoke on Wednesday. “America’s problems,” were discussed by Cunningham while Morris selected as his topic, “Child Labor.” The third speaker for Wednesday was George Coury who spoke upon, “Disarmament and Peace.”

On Thursday afternoon the six survivors of the preliminaries appeared before the judges and of this number two were eliminated and the remaining four will speak for the medal in Washington Hall on Monday evening at 8 o’clock. The entire student body is invited to attend these finals, which will, no doubt, prove exceptionally interesting.

The judges who aided in the selection of the contestants during the preliminaries were, Rev. Patrick Haggerty, Rev. James Stack, Bernard Confrey, Augustine Confrey, Paul Byrne, Mark Nolan, and Professor Farrell.

JUGGLER CRITIQUE

After a period of eager waiting the student body welcomes the football issue of the Juggler with all the enthusiasm that Jugglers have met with in the past, and perhaps a little more than usual.

The Juggler, too, has the fever and has instituted a cross-word puzzle which promises to give the campus fans something to scratch their heads over, and to run many times to the dictionary for reference. An offer of ten dollars is made to the one who solves the puzzle correctly.

Wilbur McElroy’s cover design is clever, and the work of Les Grady, Jim Quigley, John Harwood, and Jerry Bryant deserves praise. James Quigley was awarded the prize for the best art work in this issue. Phil Holden captured a similar prize for the best writing.

The Christmas issue will be out on the 16th of December, in time to grab one off before the train leaves.
STATISTICALLY SPEAKING

Rockne's Record

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<tr>
<td>1924</td>
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1743 275 56 4 3

Carnegie Tech was the first team to score three touchdowns against Notre Dame since they were defeated by Army in 1916 by 30-10.

Average score per game during last six years was: Notre Dame 27 2-3; Opponents 4 1-3.

Out of 153 games played by Notre Dame since 1906, 135 have been won, twelve lost and six tied.

During the last eighteen years, (1906-1924), we have had eight undefeated seasons.

Seven years, during thirty-eight years of football, the Blue and Gold goal line was not crossed.

Since 1906, only seven rivals have been able to score victories. They are: Army, Yale, Nebraska, Michigan, Iowa, Michigan Aggies and Indiana.

This period, since 1906 covers the entire life of the open game of which Notre Dame is the leading exponent.

MORE FACTS

In their travels to and from the scenes of foreign contests the Rockne eleven traveled 5,600 miles. The trip to the coast will add another 5,000 miles. What percentage is that of the total distance around the world?

The team played before a total of 269,000 fans this year, according to the figures of attendance. How many of this crowd said: "The best team I ever saw."

THE RESERVES AND FRESHMEN

The Reserves this year upheld the traditions of Notre Dame football teams by several times marching to victory on foreign battlefields. Their 1924 record was marked with but a single defeat, a bitterly contested game with the American Legion of Kokomo. From this game the Reserves emerged defeated but unbowed, on the short end of a 6-0 score. In the other two games of their season the Reserves vanquished St Viator's and DePaul both contests being easily won.

Among the shock troops of Rock's football army were the following: Murin, Joe Whelan, and Russ Arndt, centers; Mayer, Marelli and Jim Whelan, guards; Bielli, Reddy, Cohen, and La Follette, tackles; and McDonald, Solomon, Truckner, and White, ends. The "junior horsemen" were "Chuck" Reilly, Mullen and McNally, quarterbacks; Geneise, McCabe, and Wynne, fullbacks; and Bernie Coughlin, Flannigan, Dahmann, and Wade Sullivan, halfbacks.

The Freshman team had a fairly successful season, breaking even in the two games of its schedule. Long runs to touchdowns after recovering two of the opposition's fumbles, enabled the yearlings to down the Kalamazoo Normal team by a 15-7 score. In the other game the freshmen succumbed to the strong Lake Forest Academy eleven, 9-0, after a contest marked by their stubborn resistance to the driving attack of the opposition. Among those who played on the team were Captain Boeringer and Fredericks, centers; Pliska, Loepig, Smith and O'Toole, guards; Norman, Graf, Cavanaugh, and McAdams, tackles; and Krembs, Byrne, Heffernan, and Shevigny, ends. McCleary and Parisien divided the quarterback job, and Bushman, Walsh, Quinn and Feeney were used at halfback. Hanley and Freddie Collins were the fullbacks.
The moral value of athletics has long been recognized in Catholic education. When Father Shyne, S. J., said that in the economy of a boy's salvation sport comes right behind the sacraments and away ahead of the sacramentals, he epitomized the experience of Catholic educators.

The successful football season which closed last Saturday has demonstrated beyond peradventure that a national championship may have an apologetic as well as a moral value. Notre Dame athletes in intercollegiate contests have always been regarded in the chivalric sense as Knights of Our Blessed Lady; and their long service of chivalry has been rewarded this year by a remarkable acclaim.

From various parts of the country, throughout the season, have come letters and clippings which recount the effects of the good example of practical Catholicity displayed by the team. The courage and gentlemanliness which characterized the playing of Notre Dame's representatives have won friends and defenders of Catholic sportiness in places where Catholics are little known; and their long service of chivalry has been rewarded this year by a remarkable acclaim.

No more gracious tribute has been paid to the team than Father Shannon's editorial in The New World. It is reprinted here as a matter of record:

CONSIDER NOTRE DAME

It is not the College, but the football team to which attention is asked. As a matter of fact neither needs the bush. They are both good in their way. But because the team is about the most talked of fact in America, and about the greatest piece of publicity in the country, it is worth a comment. The comment is not without its moral. Notre Dame wins games. It also wins applause. So is it always with the victor. But even victory can be tainted. The applause is heightened by respect. The team wins, but it does so cleanly. Not a whisper that the boys are sports, but not sportsmen. There is a difference. They have been beaten. No one has heard a whimper about their adversaries. Better playing and the breaks of the game were against them. On two occasions the spectators were not so impartial. Not a team of oxen could draw an unfavorable comment from Rockne's crew. There is a college down in Kentucky whose players were called "The Praying Colonels." Notre Dame would not relish being called "The Praying Hoosiers." This would be priggish. But they do pray, and they are not ashamed of it. There is no group of young Catholic men in America to whom their religion is such a downright fact, and such a compelling reality. Even under the stress of travel, and the incidental entertainment, the men have conquered every obstacle to keep their other score board clear by daily Communion. This is not without its sterling worth as a charter of what healthy, buoyant, typical American young Catholics may be. All of which may also have its very plain moral. Football games between certain Catholic schools, let us say Hong Kong, because they did not take place there precisely, are coming in for very drastic criticism. Tactics that sportsmen can not countenance are received with some honor. "Roughing" is a technical word that every football player understands, and possibly every fan can overlook. But "muckerism," which is a low and cunning device to win at all odds, is a mistake, only because it is a crime. It destroys sport and robs the contestant of the highest glory, good sportsmen. To all Catholic athletes: Read the caption again, "Consider Notre Dame."
THE GUIDING STAR

No sporting page in an American newspaper is complete these days without its column about Notre Dame. Games in which the "Fighting Irish" played attracted thousands. They are acclaimed national champions. The names of the "Four Horsemen" are on everyone's tongue. Notre Dame has arrived.

We at Notre Dame realize best, perhaps, where the credit for this arrival belongs—to the genius of Knute K. Rockne. We know that the stars of this year or past years have not made Rockne but that Rockne has made the stars. We have heard the moans at the close of every season—what will Notre Dame do without Gipp, Brandy, Mohart, Kiley, Castner, and now, Layden, Stuhldreher, Crowley, and Miller—and we have seen each year a better team and new stars. Rockne builds his machine and in the process new luminaries appear.

We have no fears for next year. The team will be new, green, inexperienced, but its coach will not be. No doubt "Rock" will say that things look bad—they will—and we will probably run away with the season.

Notre Dame knows but one super-man of the gridiron—K. K. Rockne. This, then, is our wreath of loyalty, of respect, of confidence, of admiration. —J. F. S.

A MENTAL BRICK

Fanny Butcher, one of the literary critics of the Chicago Tribune, wrote a paragraph the other day complaining of the dearth of good football stories in American fiction. Come to think of it, Fanny was right. Where are the great football stories? We have football stories, of course, some of them passable enough, as far as they go. But mostly they are juvenile, not alone in classification but in appeal and craftsmanship. Ralph Henry Barbour? Yes—for twelve-year-olds. Who else? What else? If it exists, it is impossible to remember it. And all the while, bristling with action, rich in opportunities for drama, characterization, humor, suspense, thrill, human interest—all the while the greatest of college sports goes on, gripping the hearts of its tens, its hundreds of thousands—and dead silence from the camps of the fictioners. Football has swept America off its feet, and Notre Dame, with its Four Horsemen, has caught the public imagination in a whirl of sensational delight. But it all seems to have left the fiction writers cold. What is the matter?

Asking that question prompts us to bring it home, straight to our own campus. What is the matter with our Notre Dame writers?—not the story writers only, but all of them? A visitor to the University recently remarked—he was a writer—"Man! What a field for developing talent! All the forty-eight States of the Union, a dozen foreign countries represented; youth, young blood, vim, vigor, imagination, brains; sound training in thought, a library that rivals the best—why, you've got everything!"

That highly complimentary guest of ours then proceeded to tell the staff of THE SCHOLASTIC how easy it must be to get out a weekly magazine like ours, with such a fund of talent and material to draw from. We heaved an editorial sigh.

Also we heaved a large mental brick in the direction of that "fund of talent"—or decided to heave it. This is the brick, now, not aimed in any particular direction, but
thrown at random swift and hard—we hope it hits YOU, square and sharp on the funny bone, or wherever in your anatomy the dormant impulse to write is located. We hope it will rouse something out of the bushes. (That’s where most of our campus talent seems to be hiding lately.) For the visitor was right—no denying that. The woods at Notre Dame is full of talent; a lot of bright snappy writing talent, too. “Kick,” the football story which we publish in this number, proves it. But what’s the matter with a score of other writers around this digging? Mute Miltons—likewise mute Ring Lardners, Rudyard Kiplings, Mark Twains—are worse than inglorious. They are a superfluity and a libel on the place that nourishes them with inspiration and mental pabulum.

Fellow students! Is it really necessary for us to stand up in our editorial chair and yell at you? THE SCHOLASTIC is yours. Absolutely. There is no reason for its existence except your existence; your living and working here at this University. Do you want the magazine to live? to flourish? to hold the place it has already won in the forefront of American college weeklies? That cannot be unless you, the students of Notre Dame, pitch in, take a hand, and work and push to make it in actuality what it is in theory, the representative organ of our student body. Come across! (We have left the chair now, and are up on top of the desk.) Come across! Turn in copy. Get busy and write something. Take your place among SCHOLASTIC contributors. Send the magazine home to your folks or your girl with something in it bearing the “proud signature” of your name. Stories, essays, poems, sketches,—we need them all. Wake up! Develop the “will to write”—and write. You have the talent, the brains, the opportunity, the inspiration; you can even earn credits in English by writing for THE SCHOLASTIC. You have everything—everything but the will?

We won’t believe you haven’t that. We will do everything short of making a door to door canvass of the Halls rather than believe that. But it’s up to you, fellows, it’s up to you.

NEXT YEAR’S CAPTAIN

To some eager hand the great Notre Dame team of 1924 will throw the torch of leader; some eager hand will grasp it, his to hold on high and bear through the trials of the next season. The captain of the 1925 Notre Dame team will pick up a heritage unspotted and unrivalled. His efforts and his ability are, even now, the subject for conjecture. Critics look for 1925 to be the Waterloo; our Four Horsemen will have ridden over the hill and the staunch defenders of 1924 have vanished. To you, then, they look; to you all eyes are turned and a multitude of lips ask a question. Can you hold the banner aloft?

Notre Dame, undivided and with one heart speaks her confidence in you—“You are my son; you are a conqueror!”

—NDS—

DEVELOPING A “KICK”

Life may be likened to a game of football. The success of Notre Dame’s teams symbolizes the success of the Notre Dame man who is trained for life. Rockne is the apparent genius, but the work of the other coaches for the greater game is reflected in victory after victory that never reach the pages of a newspaper.

In life, as in football, there is the eternal element of struggle. The forces of good and evil are forever kicking, plunging and passing in an attempt to score. The two games have evolved from the pioneer period of self-training. Cooperation has succeeded individualism. Brain has mounted the throne beside brawn. Every man realizes that training is essential to progress and that harmony of movement with those about him is the key to victory.

The man who takes from Notre Dame the lessons offered; who carries into the world the clean, fighting, high-purposed determination to snatch victory from the ever-grasping hands of worldly opponents; who strives season after season for an unblemished record, accepting honest defeats simply as the spur to greater effort; who carries the banner of right thinking and living against nation-wide foes,—is ranked
by his fellows as a monogram man, though he may never experience the thrill of the actual blue and gold. His blue is the true-blue of the Christian gentleman; his gold, the treasure of a clean heart. The Notre Dame monogram is the symbol to the Notre Dame man of the favor of Our Lady, and reminds him of the greater glory, the invisible monogram of God, the sign of the cross. A proportionate few of us attain the first honor, but the second and greatest is open to all.

—N D S—

TOSS A LIFE-LINE

College men, as a rule, never take themselves seriously enough. They seem to think that as they are sheltered beneath the paternal wing of their family, and as long as Dad continues to pay the bills, they need not give any serious thought to their future welfare. Just the fact that they are being exposed to a college education will be sufficient guarantee of their worldly success, they believe.

All through their college days they venture toward the brink of the natatorium of life, well fortified with the knowledge of the strokes used by the best swimmers, but still they fear to prepare for the plunge which inevitably they must make. Even if they stood near only to watch those who already had dived in, they would not find the experience unprofitable as a swimming lesson; but instead, they close their eyes and shudder to think of some day having to immerse themselves in the icy, cold waters. What is rather difficult for them to understand is why, after having spent a few thousand dollars and a number of years in a university in quest of an education, they cannot bask all day in the sun and instruct someone else how to do the breast stroke or the Australian crawl for them.

In a word, they have not yet grasped the significance and importance of hard, consistent work. And they have misled themselves by believing that a knowledge of how to swim merely, without the actual exertion of swimming, will prevent them from drowning.

—R. C. C.

CAPTAIN ADAM

Adam Walsh progressed from the center position on Notre Dame's team, to the center position of campus respect and admiration, and thence to the center position in the great world of football activities.

The sunny giant from the sunny side of the Rocky Mountains brought to Notre Dame a spirit that fitted so admirably into the mechanism of the school that Notre Dame wonders how the machine operated without him, and more immediately, how it will operate when he has gone.

Fortunately, time has proved that new parts, composed of the same substance, can be found, but Adam, like the famous and honored heroes of other years, has carved a niche for his remembrance in Notre Dame's immortal hall of fame that time and the endless procession of heroes can never efface.

Congratulations to you, Adam Walsh, the peerless, fighting leader of Notre Dame's greatest team. —J. E. A.
Success and the College Man

BY CHARLES PHILLIPS, M. A.

No single question concerning practical life so occupies the mind of the university student as the question of success; not success of the moment alone, in class work or exams, but success in life. "Am I to succeed?" "How shall I succeed?"

What is success? It is a brave man who will attempt to define it; there are as many definitions as there are men. But . . . let us see—

Success is "prosperity" the dictionary tells us: "the prosperous termination of any enterprise." But the defining of success in life is a more complex thing than the mere tracing of a straight line from ourselves to the fulfilment of our desire. Success is not prosperity but the process of winning prosperity. Success is a going, not a goal.

The rub comes in the going, in the process. We overlook the vital contacts that make life worth living if we make the symbol of success a mere objective. To overlook those contacts is to fail. Reduced to its simplest, man's life is a three-sided affair. Instead of a straight line, then let us draw a triangle. Name its three points, MAN, NEIGHBOR, and GOD. Life is a filling up of that triangle: success in life is ours in just the degree that we measure up to the lines bounding that triangular space.

The successful man is the man who, to the fullest measure, realizes himself in his triple relationship to God, his neighbor and himself: who keeps his spiritual values alive, is honest with the other fellow, and preserves his own integrity, confidence and health.

Success is not "prosperity" but the enjoyment of "prosperity." To enjoy it, every one of the three measurements of life's triangle must be continually satisfied. He who wins to "the prosperous termination of any enterprise," whether the amassing of fortune, gaining of fame, or what not, but who so wins at the expense of his soul's honor, his neighbor's good, or his own bodily well-being, is a failure, no matter how the world may acclaim him otherwise. He is a failure because he cannot honestly enjoy his success.

Time and the excitement of selfish satisfactions may dull a man's finer perceptions, may "kill his conscience," as we say. But does conscience ever die? At some appalling moment of self-revelation, with the pent-up power of long-enforced silence, it will shout FAILURE to the man's ear until the world's applause is a horrible mockery. Whether his violation of life's triple law be secret or public, hidden dishonesty or open overriding of another's rights, if his success be ill-gotten, his failure is assured, in that inner conviction which eventually confounds the deepest self-deceit. Conversely, he who fulfills his best self, measuring up to the triple line day after day, regardless of material loss, is a success, even though the world never hear his name.

Just as surely as success is achieving more than achievement, so perfect success cannot be expressed in the perfect tense, but in the future. Failure begins often in the breath that announces success. "I shall succeed" is the key, not "I have succeeded," or "I am a success." Succeeding in one given thing, touching the triangle on every side, we still only touch it. We must fill it.

Success is not the flying of the flag—but the turning of the furrow that feeds the seed that grows the flax that spins the thread that weaves the woof of the high-flung banner of achievement.

Success is the going, not the goal. Success is the knowledge gained, not the "grade" marked in the book. Success is the game, not the score. The score, the "grade," is only the symbol of all that the success implies. The unprecedented triumphs which Notre Dame has won this year in Football do not rest alone in the scores of the games played, but in the record which is written on the hearts of every one of our gridiron heroes. It is there that the golden word is really inscribed, in the knowledge of victories secured, hard work, and unfailing devotion to a high ideal.

Success is the game, not the score.
"Kick"

BY CHARLES EDMARD JUDGE, '26

As the last rays of a mid-September sunset were blending into the drab grey of the evening sky, Thark Martin, popularly known as "Kick", stepped off the College Avenue street car, suitcase in hand, and started across the campus of Western College toward the gym.

For two generations, father and sons of the Martin family had made football tradition at Western. Dobie Martin, '88, father of Thark, had started the Martin family toward fame at Western by scoring against Waverly and then playing a prominent part in holding Waverly scoreless for the remainder of the game.

Football was the ancient game at Western, and Waverly was the hated rival. It began to be an accepted tradition that, only with a Martin on the team could Western defeat Waverly. Five Martins in all, Dobie and four sons had carried on at Western. Thark was the youngest, and in his light blue eyes, sandy hair and almost frail build, little of the Martin lust for combat was apparent. Thark was his mother's son; even his father said that.

As Thark's footsteps neared the gym a few misgivings arose in him. The squad was supposed to report for practice September fifth; Thark was ten days late. But he was certain Coach Lawson wouldn't say anything to a Martin about that. True, Thark hadn't done much on the team during his first two years; but that was the peculiar thing about the Martins, they never began to show any exceptional form until their third year.

The coach knew this, he knew this was Thark's big year, he wouldn't say anything about being late.

By this time Thark was in the locker room. The squad was just trotting in from the field. The usual noisy greetings were returned. Thark was beginning to feel better. It wasn't so bad after all to be back in the old musty gym. He hated the thought of returning and spending week after week of toil merely to get into condition for a few football games. But now that he was actually back it wasn't so bad. . . . weeks aren't so long; and this bunch of fellows was the best in the world to spend a few weeks with.

Thark was seated on a bench in the middle of the room when the coach entered.

"Hello, Kick!" he called cordially, as Thark knew he would.

"Hello, Coach."

"How's dad and the rest of the boys?" he asked, walking over to grasp Thark's hand.

For some moments the two talked pleasantly, about the past, the future, and a number of other things of interest to football players. Then they parted and Thark went to his room in the Hermitage, the room that housed most of the Martins during their years at Western.

The following afternoon, and every afternoon for the next week was spent on the gridiron, training, training, training. Thark played in the backfield, right half, he never was quite sure just why; but it was traditional for the Martins to play in the backfield and right half was as good a position as any other.

Almost every afternoon after practice, Thark found a letter awaiting him at the Hermitage from Grace. Grace who lived on the same broad street the Martins lived on in Lawndale. Grace, who could talk football better than Thark would ever be able to play it. Grace, whose father and four brothers had played on the Waverly team from time immemorial. The peculiar part about it was that the Burnetts, Grace's father and brothers, had played on the alternate years in which the Martins played for Western. So, while Western claimed that they could defeat Waverly only with a Martin, Waverly in turn knew they could defeat Western only with a Burnett carrying the ball.

Tad Burnett, the youngest of the Burnetts, was on the Waverly team this year and Thark Martin, youngest of the Martins was playing his last year for Western. It was
the first year in history that the historic families had been arrayed against each other in a single game.

Thark looked forward to the arrival of Grace's letters with more enthusiasm than the winning of his monogram. He winced slightly at the paragraphs and paragraphs outlining the remarkable football talent and ability being exhibited by "brother Tad, although only a Sophomore," but usually he passed these portions of the letters over with a satisfied grunt—no Burnett could please him, not even with a sister like Grace to rub it in!—until one day the young lady went too far. "Brother Tad," she wrote, "O, I wish you could see him Kick!!" (Grace always used up every exclamation point and underscore that she could lay pen to). "Kick? Why Dad says you could break both his legs and you couldn't stop him kicking."

"Oh, couldn't we?" Thark commented to himself—or rather to Grace's neat little fashionable note. "Couldn't we?" And he put that dainty and disturbing letter away with the others with a grim sort of look on his face. That look, however, suddenly, without any apparent provocation, changed to a grin, a gleam of light. Thark chuckled.

He was distinctly absent-minded in the Gym that night.

"What's eating you Kick?" Coach Lawson queried.

"Kick," Thark chuckled, waking up and getting to work. "Kick, with his legs broken."

Thark never expressed himself in his letters to Grace on the probable outcome of the Western-Waverly game. But once or twice he wondered if Grace would care more for him if he won for Western or if "Brother Tad" came marching home over his bruised body with the figurative bacon and the long end of the score? He wondered.

As the season progressed Thark achieved an added ability to punt which surprised himself and delighted the coach. Good punters are rare in small colleges and Thark was gradually developing into a real kicker. His hands were too small for the forward pass, but when his long, slim legs rhythmically swung under the pigskin, the ball soared far and high.

During the weeks of practice and during the time of preliminary games, Thark took an added zest in the game. At least there was one phase of the game he had mastered as well as any Martin in the past.

The date for the Waverly game grew closer and closer. Interest in the event had spread beyond the campuses of the colleges concerned and public interest in the West was aroused by clever press agenting of the story concerning the Martin and Burnett tradition.

But one game remained before the stellar match of the year, an easy game for Western with Central, a small seminary college in Idaho.

The day for the game broke warm and clear. It was no day for football; there was none of that crisp snappy air so necessary to an ideal football game.

During the second half of the game, with Western leading by a safe margin, time was called out for the winning team. Consternation spread through the Western stands. "Kick" Martin had been injured on the first off tackle play in which he carried the ball. While Coach Lawson stood in tears on the sidelines, Thark was carried from the field.

"A broken leg" was the moan that ran through the stands.

Western won the game, but gloom had settled definitely over the crowd long before the final whistle blew. Thark Martin, the punter, the man who would probably be the most needed next week, out of the game definitely with a broken leg. Here surely was a disaster.

The ensuing week was one of deepest gloom for the students of Western. The campus was as quiet as though a victory for Waverly was already a fact instead of a very likely probability.

But even the gloomiest of weeks pass and this one was no exception. The Saturday of the big game dawned bright and cool.
A slight breeze blowing from the north made the weather ideal.

Early Saturday morning the crowds began to arrive. Expressions of sympathy were extended to Thark from all sides.

When the game started, Thark was on the bench seated by the coach, his crutches prominently beside him. A roar of applause greeted the opposing teams as they trotted onto the field and a ripple of impatience persisted as the two teams ran up and down the field, practising signals, forward passes and punting. How feeble those looked beside the soaring spirals that Thark Martin had kicked!

At last the kickoff! Waverly kicked off to Western and after a few attempts to advance the ball, Gorgon, Western's fullback, punted thirty five yards down the field. A groan escaped the lips of Thark from the sidelines.

"A thirty five yard punt! Why don't he get that leg under the ball!"

The coach at his side maintained a pathetic silence. His lips opened but he said nothing. A slight shake of the head was all.

The first quarter ended with the ball in midfield. Twice had Waverly threatened, but both times fumbles robbed them of a touchdown. Three times during the quarter had Western been forced to punt, each time timidly, reluctantly, and each attempt more pitiful than the last.

The second quarter commenced with Waverly rushing the ball. Burnett, the Sophomore flash, began to get warmed up. An end run, good for 15 yards, followed an off tackle play, good for 7, each time with "Brother Tad" carrying the ball. Thark's eyes never left "Brother Tad."

Western fought desperately, like men defending a lost cause. Each time when the necessity came to hold or be scored against, the Western line held. Tad was a marked man and during the second quarter, except for a few flashes of undeniable brilliance, was held fairly well in check. The half ended, scoreless, with the ball in Waverly's hands on Western's six yard line.

A few moments before the whistle for the half, Thark arose, picked up his crutches and hobbled slowly to the gym. At the half the team accompanied by Coach Lawson followed, and when they returned, Thark was in uniform, limping onto the field assisted by a teammate on each side!

Consternation ran through the stands. Kick Martin, the man with a broken leg, put in the lineup against Waverly? Was Coach Lawson crazy? During the plays that followed there was always a man at the side of Thark helping to hold him up. Each time Western got the ball, two men supported Thark while he punted. Regardless of the position down the field or the down, Thark kicked. Long beautiful spirals he kicked! And the grandstands and the bleachers roared with his favorite yell, "Kick Martin! Kick! Kick! Kick!"

At times heavy pressure seemed to be placed on the broken leg, but each time there were two men at Thark's side to bear most of his weight. All through the third quarter this continued. A punt, then all the defence possible, then another punt and so on throughout the entire quarter.

The final period began and continued with the same monotonous plays being employed by Western. The stands were beginning to get nervous; Waverly was undoubtedly chafing under these unusual tactics.

"Western is just trying to hold 'em to a scoreless tie?" came the verdict of the Waverly rooters.

With five minutes left to play, Western threw Waverly for a ten yard loss on an attempted forward pass, putting the ball on the fifty yard line. Twice the Waverly backs tried to crack the tiring Western goal for gains and each time the line held. Then a punt. "Brother Tad" dropped back to swing into action on the ball. But something went wrong, a fumble, and it was Westerns ball on Waverly's 46 yard line.

Three minutes left to play . . . .

"Punt formation!" sang out the Western quarter, "forty-three—eighty-eight—forty-seven—"

Snap! came the ball back from the center. Thark had the oval for another punt! Two
men swung into position to support him, but suddenly faded away into the most efficient interference, as Thark jammed the ball into the crook of his arm and started to run! Around the end he breezed like a well developed cyclone. Past "Brother Tad," on, on, wheeling, turning, past the dazed quarterback, on, on, with the recovered Waverlyites in pursuit like a pack of thwarted wolves.

They were too late. Twenty yards to go, fifteen, ten, five, a touchdown! The stands were on their feet, howling, cheering, wondering open mouthed at the bit of drama they had watched so unsuspectingly. The air was split with cries of "Kick! Kick! Kick!"

Quickly the Western team swung into position for the kick. This time unsupported, Thark put the ball between the bars.

The whistle. . . . the end of the game. . . . the Martins win over the Burnetts!

In the long nights that followed, Thark spent much time with pen and paper explaining the so-called "broken leg" to Grace. "You see Grace," he wrote, "it was you who did it; that time you wrote me about Tad being such a wonderful kicker. You see how it was Grace—I just couldn't go and break Tad's legs for him, so I—well, I decided I'd better break my own."

SON OF THE MOUNTAINS

I come, O my father, for solace,
For the comfort of strong inspiration,
For the joy of thy windy whispers,
For the need of my spirit's oblation.

Awesome to see, and inspiring,
Thy might has astounded the sages
With thy deep-canyoned voice, full of secrets,
That speaks of eternity's ages.

Thy bold face is scarred with the battles
'Gainst the demons that come from the deep.
Thy tears have fill'd up the valleys,
Thy chasms God's secrets keep.

I come in the myst'ry of night-time
With the passions of day in my breast,
For I know that the voice of my father
Has the might of the solitude's rest.

Take me, O sentinel father,
Alone in thy fearsome embrace. . . .
Whisper the secrets of gods and men
From the crags of thy mighty old face.

—JOHN O'NEILL.
When one thinks of the older actors, of the men who received their training in stock when Auguste Daly was the dominant figure in the American theatre, Otis Skinner is by no means the last to come to mind. Of America's prominent actors, Otis Skinner is one of the most widely known, not only because of his ability as an artist, but because, either from choice or from managerial necessity, he has often taken to the road. Long tours with long jumps broken by appearances at one night stands have made Otis Skinner one of the few actors who are as well known and liked in Sioux Falls as they are in the theatrical centers. By this trouping he has given people who would not otherwise have an opportunity to see good acting, glimpses of a very worth-while art. Of late years he has toured with Kismet, Sancho Panza, and Mister Antonio, thereby bringing new laurels to himself.

Now he is reaping his reward; he has a following which is as large as that of any other actor, and that it is more widespread is certain. Consequently, when Mr. Skinner decided to write a book its success was assured before he put pen to paper. The success of Footlights and Spotlights is altogether deserved. In it he has given not only the recollections of full years, in which he was associated with Booth, Barrett, McCullough; John Drew, Ada Rehan, Modjeska, and Mary Anderson, but he has written a history of the American stage from 1877 when he made his professional debut as Jim, an old negro in Woodleigh, a long forgotten play about the North and South, to the present time.

To Footlights and Spotlights Otis Skinner has brought the same charm which has characterized him on the stage. The man can write as well as act, and the book is marred by none of the faults so often found in autobiographies of stage folk. It is a live, interesting document. As one finishes it he can, by simply closing his eyes, picture Mr. Skinner on the stage, bowing again and again as his audience applauds him in his new role and cries, "Author! Author!"—F. X. S.

"Yearning for God" by Rev. Joseph J. Williams is a treatment of the struggle, both for one's own salvation, and for the salvation of others, as a military campaign, demanding courage, loyalty and sacrifice, but with rich rewards for victory. The publisher is Benziger Brothers. Price, $1.50.

A new illustrated edition of Christopher Morley's popular fantasy, "Where the Blue Begins," is announced for immediate publication. A well-known artist, Arthur Rackham, did the drawings.

"Down to the Sea in Ships" by Irvin Anthony, a recent publication, is a history of American sailing ships. The author is at present located at the University of Pennsylvania where he is an instructor of English.

Donald Ogden Stewart's latest is a humorous chronicle of an American family, entitled, "Mr. and Mrs. Haddock Abroad." We know of one volume on the campus which is having a considerable circulation.

Robert Frost, the New England poet, is returning to the University of Michigan, to be Permanent University Fellow in Letters, a position created especially for him. His last volume of verse, "New Hampshire," was awarded the Pulitzer Poetry Prize for 1923.

The publication in the near future of "John Keats" by Amy Lowell, herself one of the best known contemporary poets, promises to be an interesting event. The nucleus of the present biography was a commemorative address on the one hundredth anniversary of Keat's death, delivered at Yale University in February, 1921, as one of the lectures of the Francis Bergen Foundation. Miss Lowell has been a Keats collector for many years and is said to have one of the largest, if not the largest, collection of Keats material in existence.

Do Your Christmas Book Shopping Early!
FIRST IRISH SQUAD TO JOURNEY WEST

Coach Knute Rockne’s “Wonder Team” of 1924 will play their sixth and last intersectional game of the season at Pasadena, California, on New Year’s Day, putting a final and brilliant touch to the unrivaled and most momentous grid season that Notre Dame has ever had. When the Irish buck up against Stanford University on the West Coast in a few weeks, the whole world will listen eagerly for the score, will be trembling to know how the Four Horsemen made their last dashing charge down the field for Notre Dame, the final act in their gridiron careers.

This is the first Notre Dame squad which has been privileged to take the long, tedious journey to the Tournament of Roses. Here-tofore something has always interfered with the game. Year after year it was rumored, commented on, hoped for, only to be squelched by a negative answer from the coach and faculty board. An early denial was later turned to an assent this season, and the long expected struggle between the champs of the East and Middle West, and those of the Far West, is to be a reality. For the first time in the history of football will it be possible to determine a real grid champion.

Stanford University, coached by Glenn Warner, is one of the two undefeated teams on the Coast. California being the other. The two teams played a 20-20 tie November 22 before 90,000, the largest crowd that ever saw a football game in this country. As California’s record contains another tie with Washington, Stanford is generally hailed as the Coast champions this season, and will form the opposition for Notre Dame on their trip to the Far West. A victory in this game will clinch the national title, now already bestowed by the majority of sporting authorities on the “Rockmen.”

At one time the University of Southern California was listed as the Notre Dame opponent. But defeats by California and by St. Mary’s removed the team as a logical representative of the Far West. The number of men which Rockne will take on the trip is yet a matter of conjecture, also the exact date when the squad will set out on their journey West. Coach Rockne has made no announcements of the arrangements being made for the game.

The Tournament of Roses will be a fitting curtain to ring down on the galloping, slashing, smashing, intelligent squad of football talent, Rockne has shaped for Notre Dame this year. The season, and this game, will be fresh in the sporting minds of America for many years and the term “Four Horsemen,” and “The Wonder Team” will never fail to bring forth images of Walsh, Crowley, Layden, Don and Rip Miller, Kizer, Weibel, Bach, Collins, Huntsinger, and the rest, without exception.
NOTRE DAME IS MONARCH OF ALL AMERICAN GRID

(By Davis J. Walsh in Cleveland News)

Remove the tin foil and tissue paper wrapping, waft a handful of dust over the collection and present the corsage of American beauties to Notre Dame university. For the first time these many years, we have an unchallenged national champion of collegiate football and Notre Dame is it. One can no more go behind the records than one can go behind the nape of his neck, and the records show the Irish to be the only undefeated and untied football team of any consequence between the two oceans.

Dartmouth has as sound a record as any eleven in eastern football. Yet Dartmouth was tied by Yale, which in turn was tied by West Point, which lost to Notre Dame. Yale, another unbeaten eastern team, is eliminated from national consideration by the same equation.

Pennsylvania's record alike is untarnished by defeat. But Penn was tied by Penn State, which was beaten by Georgia Tech, which lost to Notre Dame. So much for the east.

The middlewest has Chicago as champion of its Big Ten conference, but the Stagg entry lost its opening game to Missouri and was tied by Ohio State and Wisconsin, which lost to Notre Dame.

And what of Missouri? It was beaten by Nebraska, which disposed of Kansas before coming to South Bend to lose to Notre Dame. That would seem to eliminate the Missouri valley conference in toto, as far as Notre Dame is concerned.

The southern champion is Centre college, because of its victory over Alabama and Georgia. But the Colonels finished second to West Virginia, which lost to Pittsburgh, which lost to Carnegie Tech, which lost to Notre Dame.

This far, the cycle of elimination is perfect. It leads to South Bend, Ind. for its climax in every case.

The only break in the continuity is found on the far coast, which has had no contest to date with football as played in the middle west and south.

The championship team of the coast conference is Leland Stanford. It might be the greatest team in the world, at that, but your supply of rhetoric fails before you can convince a Californian that this is fact, not fancy. California and Stanford played a 20 to 20 tie in their final game, so that even in its own section Stanford's title is by no means conclusive.

ROCK SAYS—

In the game of football it pays to be alert and on the job every minute. Take advantage of the other fellow's mistakes and you never can tell what will happen. No better example of this can be cited than the one offered this afternoon by the smart, well-coached, determined band of Carnegie Tech. Twice our players made mistakes, and both times Tech followed up with a savage drive that brought about scores.

Carnegie Tech had a finely coached team, with plenty of speed and more than an ordinary touch of deception in its offensive. They used all their power whenever they started marching toward our goal line, and while Notre Dame rather thoroughly outscored them, and in the matter of first downs and completed passes had a wide margin in their favor, the game was extremely interesting and a great deal more exciting than a lot of the crowd imagined it would be.
The passing attack was close to perfect, and was used at just the right time. Stuhldreher's tosses were as accurate as could be, and the ball-taking of the receivers, generally Crowley or Miller, was as efficient as could be desired. Livergood, who was in the game, alternating with Cerney, displayed a powerful smash into the line, and his plunging, combined with the more deft attacking of the line by Crowley and Miller, gave Stuhldreher an almost unlimited variety of offensive to call upon.

Tech's holding Notre Dame to a tie score in the first two periods was a splendid display of courage and alertness.

Their shifting about was a departure from the attacking methods Notre Dame has faced in numerous other games this year, and there was plenty of effort on the part of the team to open things up and keep them that way.

The generalship exhibited by Stuhldreher against Carnegie Tech, coupled with his rare exhibition of mechanical perfection in tossing passes, evoked enthusiastic praise from Coach Stagg of the Maroons.

This item is offered as rather important, in this writer's judgment, for he recalls Stagg showing enthusiasm over but one other player in recent years.

Coming back on the train from Pittsburgh, Coach Stagg sat with Coaches Spaulding of Minnesota, Dick Hanley of Haskell, two of the officials of the Notre Dame-Carnegie Tech game and several football followers.

Football from 1894 to date was under discussion, but every now and then as the conversation lagged the "Old Man" would shake his head and say: "My, my, what a quarterback is that Stuhldreher!"

Harry the Horseman will receive many wordier tributes than that, but he will never receive a more sincere one.

—WARREN W. BROWN.

THE CHEERING

Eddie Luther returned this year bigger, better, and more adept than ever in extracting yells painlessly from Notre Dame cheering sections. The rousing demonstrations given upon the occasions of the Georgia Tech and the Nebraska pep meetings, are sufficient evidence of Luther's ability to work up enthusiasm to the fever heat. Assisting the head cheer leader were Abbrot, Sweeney, Steele, and Moylan, all of whom did valiant work in leading the cheering sections through the intricacies of a "big U. N. D."

Lack of a properly concentrated cheering section greatly handicapped the work of the cheer leaders. Until this defect in the present system of seating the Notre Dame student body has been remedied, effective cheering will be impossible at Notre Dame.
All-Interhall Eleven Picked By Rectors

Here are the eleven men picked to represent the mythical campus team this year. The choice for each position has been determined by votes cast by the rectors of the various halls. This is the team selected:

ALL CAMPUS ELEVEN

Fullback
SMITH (Captain)
(Walsh)

R. H. B. MOUCH (Sorin)

Quarter Back
CODY (Badin)

R. E. DeVault (Fresh) McNABB (Day Dogs) STANHOPE SCOLARO (Walsh) (Sorin)

L. G. L. H. B. WALSH (Walsh)

L. T. L. E. BELLI MANNIGAN (Soph) (Walsh)

Cody of Badin hall was placed in the quarter backs position. His selection was unanimous. He is easily the best man developed in that position this season.

"Red" Smith of Walsh hall was acceded the position of full back. "Red" has played a brainy, powerful game all season for the West Campus section winners.

One of Smith's running mates, Ed. Walsh, was a favorite choice for position at left half. Walsh is a triple threat man and is equally good at passing, line plunging or booting the ball. He is a worthy man for the position.

Mouch, of Sorin hall, was given the position at right half. He played fine ball in all contests. John Reedy of Sophomore Hall received one vote less than Mouch for this position. Should a second team be selected or demanded he would be a unanimous choice for that position.

Harvey of Freshman Hall at left end and Mannigan of Wash hall at right end were two good selections. Any one who has watched the performance of either during the season will give assent to the judges' selections. Wrape of Badin Hall was a close contestant for the berth at right end. He would be a second team choice.

"Butch" DeVault of Freshman hall and Bielli of Sophomore hall were awarded the tackle positions without much ado. "Butch," aided by his size and weight made good at right tackle during the season. Bielli was an almost unanimous choice for berth on the left side of the line.

McNabb was the best man the Day produced and he is easily deserving of the position given him by the judges, right guard. McNabb did some pretty playing for the off-campus team. On the other side of the center is Scolaro of Sorin who was a big favorite with the judges. No one doubts his worth and his capability to take care of the position given him.

Stanhope for center was an almost unanimous choice. Stanhope proved his worth with Walsh hall. There was but one other contestant worthy to enter the contest for that berth. He is Haecker of Sorin hall. The latter would make a good second team choice.

Without a doubt the Varsity squad of next year will benefit with the addition of the services of these men. It is expected that most of the men who made positions on this team will be among the contestants for Varsity berths in 1924.

But other luminaries of this season must not be forgotten; there were a few other stars developed in the league this year who are at least worthy of mention even though they were not given positions on this All-Campus team.

There were seven other good ends developed this year. Positions cannot be given these men on a second or even a third team. Nevertheless they are worthy of mention. These men are: Kiser of the Day Dogs, who proved a great aid to the off-campus aggregation; Cowles and Dunlasky, two clever ends developed by the Badin hall team; Tucker, Solman and Hogan, three good ends developed on the Sophomore hall team, winners of the East campus section; and Bill Leahy of Brownson Hall.
Some of the good tackles worthy of mention here are: Lavelle of Carroll; Beaudreau of Brownson and E. Mayer of Sophomore. Dolan and Cole of Brownson, Flannigan of Sophomore and Tromely of Brownson hall were suggested for half back positions on the All-Campus team. The latter scored two touchdowns against the powerful Goshen Elks team the first part of the season and was going strong until he was eliminated by an injured ankle.

Martin Kerwin of Carroll, Massman and Favaro of Sophomore, Montidonico of Walsh and Riley of Freshman hall were suggested as guards. These five men were valuable to their respective teams during the past season.

Another product of Sophomore hall was W. Truckner who played a great game at end during the season.

The rectors who chose this team were: Rev. Frs. Gallagan, Haggerty, Devers, Mulcaire, Lavin and Stack and Brother Aloysius. The SCHOLASTIC is grateful for their assistance in picking this representative hall team. Each weighed the worth of the various players and gave an honest opinion as to the merits of his choice.

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"AS YOU LIKE IT"

BILL REID, '26.

The "Horsemen" rode for the last time on Eastern turf before 35,000 at Forbes Field last Saturday. In 1922, when they were but one year olds, they galloped over the same sod, but this time they were entered as three year olds running the best race of their careers. As the riders of rhythm, perfection, speed and power came thundering down the home-stretch, the 35,000 stood to cheer the greatest finish they had ever witnessed. Across the field, the board announced to all, Notre Dame had crossed again a winner; this time 40 to 19.

Adam Walsh, a fighting captain, had to be lifted to his place six times so as to resume play, before he would leave the field. Our friend Ripley might comment on the courage of this great leader.

The "Little Napoleon" practically clinched a place for himself in the majority of these mythical "all" teams by his play in Pittsburgh. Harry has always been considered a great field general, but in the game at Pittsburgh, he was superb. When they came in after Stuhldreher he would shoot a pass, and when they decided to cover the eligible receivers, "Stully" would "fox" them and take it around himself.

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Jim Crowley has been called the Superman and justly so. No matter how many attempts were made to bring him to earth, Jim kept fighting till he advanced the ball for considerable yardage. He was not able to get away on any of his spectacular end runs due to the soggy condition of the field.

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Don Miller, the uncanny pass receiver of this championship outfit, was in his element last Saturday. He received a wonderful hand from the fans when he ran ten yards juggling a pass before he could tuck it safely in his arms. Don has been the antelope and the fox combined, of the 1924 team.

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Elmer Layden the threat of the four horsemen could not play Saturday because of an injured limb. "Rock" sent Cerney in to fill the bill which he did capably until he was injured and forced to leave the game. In the second half Livergood played full back, at the same time, became the combination of a piston and battering ram.

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During the season N. D. has scored 258 points; the allotment of her opponents has been 44.

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Completing fifteen out of seventeen passes in the same game seems something like a record.

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While their bigger brothers were taking Carnegie, the Reservés managed to run rampant over a much touted De Paul team by a score of 35 to 6. Stack played a brilliant game.

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The embryo Varsity men showed their wares to the people of La Fountaine, coming away with a 31 to 0 victory. Jimmy Quinn, Bud Boeringer and Pulaski looked good for the Freshmen.
GRANTLAND RICE

"Isn't this Notre Dame backfield the greatest ever played?"

It is the greatest we have ever seen when speed, power, team play, rhythm, grace, dash, and general ability are all to be considered. There has never been a faster backfield. There has never been one with as much beauty of rhythm.

They have been in only two defeats in three years, both from the same team. After today they fade from the scene, but no one who saw them play this fall will forget the picture soon.

There have been greater individual backs, but we have never seen four upon one team who had as much class.

THE MINIM SEASON

Beginning the season with a light and inexperienced team, the Minim Specials breezed through a six-game schedule and succeeded in chalking five of them on the right side of the column. Their one setback came at the hands of the Indiana Drug Company team from the Industrial League of South Bend. In this game the Minims were outweighed thirty pounds to the man, but the Apothecaries were held to the lowest score of their season by the traditional Notre Dame fight, which best evidenced by the fact that seven of the Irish were on the roster of the infirmary the following day. The teams which vainly tried to fathom the intricacies of the well-mastered Notre Dame shift include: St. Hedwige School, St. Stanislaus School, Mishawaka Cubs, and the Niles Tigers. Niles Avas conquered on its own field in the first game of the season and the Wolverine fans received a taste of real football which was appreciated by the support and compliments of two-thousand football fans.

The team was ably led by Captain Jack Crampton, a veteran of St. Edward's hall, whose knowledge of the game and composure "under fire" won for him the quarterback's job. His understudy was his brother Larry who embodied only sixty pounds of fight, but even this was too much for many an opposing line. The cavalry was composed of six clever backs all triple-threat men. Collins at left was the most consistent ground gainer of the season and he topped it off spectacularly by sensational runs of forty and seventy yards in the Niles game. Jack Duffy, the other left-half was an essential part of the passing game, his heaves being remarkably accurate. At fullback Sig Lipowski was a constant threat. He was always good for the yardage needed. Bill Byrider was another horseman who had fight enough to want to stay in the game with a broken collar bone. Up to the time of this mishap he was on the road to stardom. The other backs, Garrity, Bachachie, and McElwee were necessary to the offense, sounding out the opposing team's strength at the beginning of the game. These are the boys who in a few years will be running rampant over the teams which are the Minims' traditional enemies.

These backs were ably assisted by a forward wall that was always outweighed but never outfought. The line charged fast and hard and on defense broke up the plays of their opponents before they were well started. Jack Nieman, first string center was consistent and versatile. His passing was good and on defense he backed up the line and covered passes in fine style. Picard was also a good center and played in every game. The guards, Shulte, O'Connor, O'Donnell, and Welch made the center of the line impregnable and on offense they carried everything before them. O'Brien and Tracey were the class of the tackle material. They played every part of every game unerring. The wingmen, Bill Crampton and Jim Brenner were largely responsible for the success of the team. Bill specialized in taking passes from the hands of his brother while Jim was a defensive star. The manner in which Brenner in every game could sift through the interference and get the runner made him an invaluable man. Foley, Rogerson, Graf, Goetz, and Piquet were versatile substitutes able to fill in wherever needed.

All these boys kept up the standard of hard, clean, athletics which has for many years been characteristic of St. Edward's Hall and the records of every Minim team shows that they have imbued in them that traditional fighting spirit that is the salient trait of Notre Dame men, large and small.

EDITOR'S NOTE: This article, written by the Minims Coach, Jimmie Stack, omits of course any mention of him who is most of all responsible for the success of the Minim Specials. It is some job, literally and figuratively to fill the shoes of Gene Oberst, but Jimmie Stack has been entirely successful in commanding the regard and respect which made "Big Gene" the idol of the Minims.

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Chicago Ills 604P Nov 29 1924

Rev Matthew Walsh
Notre Dame Ind

Old seventy three shouts from the past glory to Notre Dame her team and its leader

Mark M Foote 616P
STUDENT MANAGERS COMPLETE BUSY SEASON

The thousand and one details necessary to the conduct of the football season at Notre Dame this year were in charge of Student Football Manager Leo H. Sutliffe and his corps of under-classmen managers. Throughout the season, he was Rockne's right-hand man. He it was that handled the baggage, the tickets, the arrangements for trips, all of the matters concerning the squad that did not demand the personal attention of the coach. His efficiency in handling this important position has been most noteworthy.

Sutliffe had for his assistants, Juniors, Sophomores, and Freshman, who, under the competitive Student Athletic Managers system, are eligible for full managerships in their senior year. From the following Juniors next year's football managers will be picked—Bill Reid and Ed Fallon, who were in charge of the seating at the games; Andy Sleigh, ticket distribution in town; Charles Mooney, and John Ryan, ticket windows. Reid also had charge of the Reserves and the Freshman teams. Ed Fallon and Charles Mooney have charge of Basketball half of the season. Harold Watson is the Senior Basketball Manager. John Ryan and Andy Sleigh will divide the track managership, each having it half of the season.


At a meeting of the Veteran Athletic Assn. at Philadelphia, Thursday, December 4, it was unanimously decided to award the new National Football Championship trophy of the season of 1924 to the Notre Dame team.

INTER-HALL CHAMP TO BE DECIDED SATURDAY

With the S. A. C. football trophy waiting the winner, Sophomore and Walsh Halls have been improving each shining hour in preparation for their second tilt to determine the wearer of the Interhall football crown. At their former meeting the two teams were locked at 0-0 when the curfew sounded. Both halls took on stiff opposition over the week end and last minute dope calls for an even match. Father Haggerty has been drilling his Walsh aggregation nightly and is confident in their ability to roll up a winning score. Sophomore is pinning its hopes to Reidy to tuck away the bacon. Whoever emerges on the smiling side of Saturday's game, this much is certain: the game will be well worth seeing. The Championship fray will begin at 2:00 P. M., at Cartier field. No admission fee will be charged.

GRANGE, CROWLEY, SUPERMEN

OPINION OF WALTER CAMP

WILLIAM W. BROWN

Walter Camp, the man who either discovered football or was right beside the man who did, became a bit more talkative about Midwestern football after reaching the Pacific Coast than at any time while he was in this territory.

One San Francisco reporter was told by Camp that "Red" Grange of Illinois and Jimmie Crowley of Notre Dame are both supermen. This was in reply to a query fired at him as to the relative merits of the two great backfield men.

"They are both supermen," he said, and when the next question was how he rated Grange and Crowley with the football greats of all time, Camp replied: "I couldn't say whom I consider the greatest player I've ever seen in action. But I'll say this: I never saw another man do the things Hefelfinger of Yale did—stage a complete and astounding comeback at the age of 49!"

To another reporter Camp was even more outspoken in his praise of Grange, saying that he was making the Illinois star one of the subjects to be discussed in the lecture series that brought him to the coast. Notre Dame's team play and the Rockne system also profoundly impressed Camp, he said, and this, too, was one of his lecture subjects.

"Coming across the country I have been interviewed by more than 200 newspapermen," Camp said, "and every one seemed far more interested in what I thought of Notre Dame and Rockne than any other team and coach."
ATTENTION, ALUMNUS!

The Notre Dame Scholastic is the official publication of the Notre Dame campus. It is a combination weekly containing what is latest and most important in news, and what is best in literature on the campus. The subscription price has been placed at two dollars for the remainder of the year because it is the hope of the Administration of the University that every alumnus will take this opportunity to establish closer contact with Notre Dame life.

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WARREN W. BROWN

If Walter Camp thought the Illinois-Chicago game was a sensational display of offensive stuff, he should have been at Forbes Field to-day. Walter would have dropped his moustache in astonishment at the marvelous execution of attack­ing plays by the Notre Dame team.

In those two closing periods Notre Dame tried six forward passes and completed all, bringing the total to twelve out of fifteen for the afternoon. They piled up fifteen first downs, for a total of twenty-six for the afternoon, to Tech's six. They gave what friends "Pop" War­ner, late of Pittsburgh, had in the house, plenty to write to him about for reference on New Year's day at Pasadena. They pulled their string of vic­tories for the season to ten without a defeat. They clinch­ed their claim to the champion­ship of all the country east and south of Nebraska. They dem­onstrated that they are as much at home on a snow-cov­ered field in North Pole weath­er as on green turf, in nice early October climate.

Considerable aggregation, these Rockne Ramblers, from their fighting leader, Adam Walsh, who, injured repeatedly in to-day's fray, stuck to his job until victory was absolute and certain, down to the low­liest of the third string men who came so fast, and so nu­merous, late in the game that they defied identification.

When they piled off the field to-day, their uniforms streaked with mud and caked with mushy snow, they sent 32,000 Pittsburghers shivering home, knowing that they had seen the greatest of the great. If there is any argument about it, "Pop" Warner, January 1, and Pasadena are not so very far off.

They travel far, and they travel fast, these Horsemen.
FACTORY PLUMBING CAN CONTRIBUTE TO EFFICIENCY

Supplying dependable valves, fittings and steam specialties that exactly satisfy all piping requirements is only one of the ways Crane Co. serves American industry. Crane provides another important means of lowering manufacturing costs in its complete line of factory plumbing fixtures.

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