# The Notre Dame Scholastic

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

**ILLUSTRATED**

Discus Quasi Semper Victurus : Vive Quasi Cras Moriturus

## INDEX

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Januaiy (Frontispiece) .................................................. 324</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Week ................................................................. 325</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Christ in The Morn (A Poem) ........................................ 326</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>That Football Trip .................................................... 330</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Editorial ................................................................. 335</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>“Oh, Donald!” ............................................................ 337</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ancient History (A Poem) ............................................. 338</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dealing With Facts ..................................................... 339</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Two Wise Fools .......................................................... 342</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Flower’s Way (A Poem) .............................................. 343</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Book Leaves .............................................................. 344</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sports .................................................................... 345</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

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 1106, October 3, 1917, authorized June 25, 1918.
Happy New Year! Better late than on time.

It's relieving to have such a large choice of weeks. But the safest expedient is to take a little of each. Even the horribly effective settling-down process administered by the faculty since vacation has failed to erase the mental vacations. Aside from the fact that at college the Santa Claus legend takes on a feminist aspect, the fervor of youth remains undiminished.

If there was a tendency to forget just exactly what University it was from which you were enjoying a vacation, the prominence of Notre Dame in the headlines was a saving circumstance. Much publicity, aside from the ordinary interest in a post-season intersectional game, arose from the fact that it was the last hope for the season's consistent pessimists. The outcome of the game is reported to have brought about many unexpected conversions. If the "paths of glory lead but to the grave" there ought to be a lot of smiling undertakers in South Bend. However, the team seems to have escaped with a few minor injuries. Alexander Rockne may now sit down and weep.

While Notre Dame's athletic prowess was being indelibly stamped upon a few reluctant native sons and a coach who should have known better, her versatile accomplishments were being demonstrated upon the basketball courts of several opponents, and upon the highly polished floors of the scattered metropolises. A successful Holiday schedule of basketball against Northwestern and Mercer was followed by an off-night at Butler and a stiff but losing fight against the rapid Franklin five. Holiday dances were reported in all parts of the country—New York, Chicago, and ending with the Pacific Pow-Wow in South Bend on January 5. It is a safe estimate that at least two thousand publicity men for the school were scattered about the United States during this period, extolling and explaining the merits of the University.

Classes resumed January 6 with all the intensity and smoothness of never having stopped. The short space of time between this date and the end of the second semester seemed to have inspired at least the faculty with renewed vigor and determination. The result is that at the end of one week, some of the students are writing home asking when it was they were there last. Much snow, much cold weather, and much work, have assisted the faculty in subduing the turbulence which always clings after a vacation. The films of the Stanford game drew a heavy migration to the Palace, but the Pathe cameraman must have been a Stanford alumnus, or perhaps the Notre Dame team is too fast for the moving pictures.

Activities have begun under the spur of new resolutions and speeding time. The Scribblers' Poetry Contest which was closed before the Holidays ended in another victory for Harry A. McGuire. Coupled with his victory in the "Columbia" national poetry contest, a high ranking in the intercollegiate play-writing contest, and the winning of the Breen Medal this has been a fairly successful season for Mr. McGuire.

A most searching study of the book "How to Write Short Stories" by Ring Lardner, has given no inkling as to how to write the Week. Unless some other genius composes a method soon, we shall have to get busy—but only as a last resort.
Christ in the Morn

By Harry A. McGuire

(Winner of first prize, "Columbia" Poetry Contest)

I know not why my unbelieving steps
Should seek the morning on this Christian way,
And scuff the tarrying heels of night
As they lingeringly flee the day.
But my soul is tired... tired...
And my eyes are dry of tears,
And I know that if there be a Christ
I will see Him
In his corridor of years.
So, in the purple dusk-light,
As the stars retreat,
Open in eye and blind in mind,
Devils before me and angels behind,
Wearied of toiling, I find a tomb
On the hilltop, and rest my feet.

So comes the light, like an infant's cry,
Faint and unheard in the far-off sky,
Tuned to a melody low and still,
Born in the grasses upon a hill.
So come the eyes of the burning sun,
Sleepily seeing the night undone,
And all the while, on the eastern wolds,
I watch rubescent day throw off its folds,
Gather the night's discarded veils of mist,
That glow with the tints of amethyst,
Binding them loose in trailing clouds,
Building light from the stuff of shrouds.

But would I know the face of Christ
If it were there?
Could I stand testimony
On the color of His hair?
Can I be knowing that the pallor which I see
Was born of His hot anguish
In Gethsemane?
What if the scarlet of this dawning day
Be dripping from the wounded moon,
Be not the blood with which His brow
Was strewn?
But see—the eastern field gives up its burden,
And an edge of sun is born.
God! It is Christ...
For in the breast of morn
I see a breathing crimson heart,
Where the flesh is bared
And torn.
NOTRE DAME POET WINS NATIONAL CONTEST

Competing against several thousands of writers scattered all over the United States and Canada, Harry A. McGuire, '25, of THE SCHOLASTIC staff, has just won first prize in the national poetry contest inaugurated last Fall by "Columbia," the official organ of the Knights of Columbus. The announcement of the Notre Dame man's carrying off the coveted honor appears in the January issue of "Columbia," along with the full text of the winning poem, "Christ in the Morn." The prize was fifty dollars.

So great was the interest aroused by the "Columbia" contest, and so many the manuscripts submitted, that the date for the final decision, originally set for December last, had to be postponed. When the name of the winner was published and the award announced to the million readers of the K. C. magazine, the securing of the prize by a college man, in competition with large numbers of practised professional writers, created a small sensation in literary circles. None was more surprised than the winner himself. As the contest progressed and grew to unexpected dimensions, he had quite given up expectation of taking even a secondary place. Mr. McGuire's fine poem, which THE SCHOLASTIC reprints herewith with the permission of "Columbia" and the author, reveals the fact that the judges not only made a well considered award, but their decision has really given to American religious literature a new poem of great beauty and power. Incidentally, we might add that this award bears out in a marked degree the opinion expressed in these columns some weeks ago by Professor Charles Phillips, that Notre Dame has poets of the first order.

HARRY A. MCGUIRE'S PLAY WINS

Some months ago an all-American intercollegiate drama contest was instituted by a New York firm of theatrical producers, Milton Hocky and Howard J. Green, in conjunction with the well known vaudeville magnate, Keith, proprietor of the Keith and Orpheum circuits. The prize offered for the best play submitted was a metropolitan production, a purse of $250.00, and a $50.00 royalty for every performance given on the professional stage. The award has just been announced, and while the prize goes to a University of Illinois man, David F. Lafuze, it is with pride that THE SCHOLASTIC makes note of the fact that a Notre Dame man, Harry A. McGuire, '25, came in second with special mention for his play "The Old Man."

Among the judges in the contest were such well known theatre men as Edgar Allan Woolf, the playwright, and John Pollock, play-reader for the Keith-Orpheum Circuit. With more than one thousand manuscripts submitted and over one hundred and twenty-five universities represented in the competition, the honor won by Mr. McGuire of Notre Dame is by no means an inconsiderable one. In fact, so strong an impression has his play made that a prominent New York publishing house has already interested itself in the possibility of securing rights for its publication in book form.

The intercollegiate play contest was organized for the purpose of discovering and stimulating dramatical talent among American university men, the producers having in mind a definite hope of raising the standard of the one act play as known on the American stage. In many of the competing universities regular courses are given in dramatic technique and construction. Honors carried off by a Notre Dame man without any special training along this line make the distinction won by him all the more noteworthy, and reflect particular credit on the Scribblers' Club, which has done a great deal during the past year to foster interest among Notre Dame students in the dramatic art.

Plans for the establishment of a Sociological Seminar have been completed by Prof. MacGregor, sociology instructor, and the first seminar will be held next Thursday evening at 7 o'clock in Science Hall. All those who are interested in sociological problems are welcome to attend.
S. A. C. Notes

The first S. A. C. meeting in 1925 took place in the Library Tuesday night at 7:30. There were five absentees: Mark Mooney, Joe Bach, Jack Scallan, John Reidy, and Tom Green.

Various methods of staging a congratulatory celebration in honor of the team were discussed. One member suggested a barbecue to be preceded and followed by a diversified program of speechmaking and festivities. After some consideration that idea was thought inadvisable.

At length the plan of holding the celebration on the night of Friday, January 23, was adopted. The indoor track meet with the I. A. C. will follow immediately the other program. The plans for the meeting are to be formulated and executed by a committee consisting of Paul Kohout, chairman, John Purcell, Paul Rahe, Ralph Heger and William Daily.

The faculty Dance Committee announces that, effective for the present year only, Seniors and Juniors, in addition to Sophomores are to be allowed to attend the Sophomore Cotillion and that Seniors, in addition to Juniors may attend the Prom. It is understood of course that members of the class responsible for the dance are to be given the opportunity to buy their tickets before any other students.

THE 1924 NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP MEMORIAL

That some kind of memorial, commemorating the national football champions of 1924, should be erected on the campus, seems to be a rather prevalent opinion. Before going into the matter any further however, the S. A. C. wishes to have same definite and general expression of student thought on the subject.

First ought there be such a memorial? If so where ought it be placed, and what form ought it take? What is the best manner of financing it?

Please embody these points and any others you may think worthy in a letter addressed to John Tuohy, Secretary of the S. A. C. He lives in Walsh Hall.

HARRY DENNY'S MOTHER DIES

Friends of Harry Denny, Notre Dame alumnus practicing law in South Bend, learned with sorrow of the death of his mother last Tuesday, at Bridgeport, Connecticut. Notre Dame men are asked to remember her in their prayers.

SOPHOMORE COTILLION COMMITTEES ANNOUNCED

The committees for the Sophomore Cotillion which will be held the evening of February 6, were announced during the past week by Thomas Green, President of the Sophomore Class. The committees follow:

ARRANGEMENTS—Daniel Cunningham, chairman, Joseph O'Donnell, Lawrence Henessy, Vincent Ball and Jack Flynn.


MUSIC—William Daily, chairman, John Butler, Frank Pender and James Cowles.

PROGRAMS—Charles Riley, chairman, Ed Ryan and Raymond Murnane.

PUBLICITY—George J. Schill, chairman, James Jones, Robert Stephan and Willard Thomas.


The Patrons and Patronesses for the affair are:

Mr. and Mrs. K. K. Rockne, Mr. and Mrs. David Weir, Mr. and Mrs. Jose Corona, Mr. and Mrs. Hayward, Mr. Paul Fenelon and Mr. Vincent Fagan.

The officers of the Sophomore class are:

Thomas F. Green, President; Vincent A. McNally, Vice-President; Joseph F. Benda, Secretary; John V. McNamara, Treasurer.

The exceptionally rapid sale of tickets, which are limited, makes it imperative for all Sophomores to make reservations immediately.
Music

The Glee Club will make its first public appearance outside South Bend, January 26, in Hammond, Indiana, under the auspices of the Knights of Columbus. The proceeds of the affair will be given to the Notre Dame Endowment Fund.

"Tim" Galvin, '17, has made arrangements for the concert. A banquet will be given to the Club upon its arrival in Hammond.

NDS

The Glee Club will leave on its first weektrip, January 31, for a tour of Michigan and Wisconsin. The schedule of concerts arranged for the Club by Victor Lemmer, the manager, is as follows:

Grand Rapids, Mich January 31
Saginaw, Mich February 1
Traverse City, Mich February 2
Escanaba, Mich February 3 and 4
Neenah, Wis February 5
Fond du Lac, Wis February 6

The concerts in Grand Rapids, Traverse City, and Neenah, will be under the auspices of the Knights of Columbus; the concert in Escanaba under the patronage of the Holy Name Society; and that in Saginaw has been arranged through the Rev. Albert Kehren.

The Neenah concert has been made possible through the efforts of Mr. F. E. Sensenbrenner of the Kimberly-Clark Paper Company. The uncle of Mr. Sensenbrenner, Mr. F. J. Sensenbrenner, who is a trustee of Marquette University, has recently been named a Commander in the Order of St. Gregory by His Holiness, Pope Pius XI. This is one of the greatest honors conferred by the Pope and has been received by few men in this country.

The Club will be directed on the tour by Dr. Browne and by Mr. Joseph Casasanta, the assistant director.

The journalist and writer is responsible to his school publication in the same way that an athlete owes allegiance to his team. Many of Notre Dame's writers are disregarding this responsibility.

WINNERS OF SCRIBBLERS' POETRY CONTEST ANNOUNCED

The Scribblers' second annual poetry contest was won by Harry A. McGuire with his poem "Sing, My Poet." Mr. McGuire only recently won the "Columbia" poetry contest. He is president of the Scribblers.

Edward Lyons, with his "Simon of Cyrene" was a close second, with another of Mr. McGuire's poems giving a strong bid for first, "Exaction." Four other poems received choices; they follow in the order of points scored: "When Men Are Gone," Harry A. McGuire; "Credo," Francis Collins Miller; "Every Sunday Afternoon," John Purcell; and "Notre Dame," John O'Neill.

The judges of the contest were Mrs. Lillian White Spencer, Mr. T. A. Daly, Mr. Charles Philips, Mr. George N. Shuster, and Father Charles O'Donnell. Father O'Donnell is honorary president of The Scribblers.

TOLEDO CLUB "VARSITY BALL"

A unique football atmosphere prevailed the evening when the Toledo Notre Dame club gave its annual formal "Varsity Ball" in honor of its National Championship football team which defeated Stanford University on the Pacific coast on New Year's day.

The hall was cleverly decorated in the Crimson and White colors of Stanford and the Blue and Gold of Notre Dame, and pennants of Lombard, Wabash, Wisconsin, Northwestern, Carnegie Tech, and Stanford, representing the 1924 grid opponents, were artistically placed around the ball room. A leather program in the shape of a football was presented to the dancers as a favor, and each dance was named after one of the university games which the famous "Four Horsemen" played this past season. Huge, goal-posts, interwoven with the colors of Stanford and Notre Dame, stood at opposite ends of the hall.

Harry Denny's Collegians of Notre Dame university, who have been making a playing tour for the other Notre Dame city clubs during the holidays, through Cleveland, Sandusky, Fort Wayne, Indianapolis, and Chicago, contributed to the zest of the football atmosphere with their college football songs and parodies.

The proceeds of this dance are being placed in a fund to provide for scholarships to the University of Notre Dame for those Toledo high school graduates who qualify.

Mr. and Mrs. S. O. Richardson Jr., Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Cooney, Mr. and Mrs. Louis P. Malone, and Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Hurley were the chaperones.
That Football Trip

With all the members of the Fighting Irish, except Jimmy Crowley and Coach Rockne, back to the routine of classes there comes the story of their triumphal tour. "Now that it can be told," here are some of the details.

The thirty-three players, Rockne, Manager Sutliffe, and Father O'Hara, left a deserted campus on Saturday, December 20, for Chicago. That same evening they took the Illinois Central Pullmans for New Orleans. Sunday morning they attended Mass in Memphis and then continued their journey. The festivities started in New Orleans on Monday. The team stopped at the Roosevelt Hotel.

New Orleans was a continuous round of banquets and receptions, although both were somewhat limited after Mr. Rockne surveyed the situation. A yacht trip on the Mississippi as the guests of Mr. B. S. D'Antoni and Mr. C. A. Sporl gave the Kodak carriers plenty of opportunities. Lunch at Holy Cross College. Practice at Loyola Stadium. A tea-dance, disguised as a reception, given by the Y. W. O. L. (Young Ladies - something - or - other), threatened training-rules for a time on Monday afternoon. Then a banquet by Notre Dame and Holy Cross Alumni, a box party at the Orpheum Theatre, and the gridders were sent to bed.

Following a morning practice the team left Tuesday noon on the Sunset Limited for Houston. Wednesday in Houston was spent banqueting and practicing. The next day was Christmas and Notre Dame celebrated with a turkey dinner for itself at the Rice Hotel. Rockne played Santa Claus and gave each of the players some significant toy so that the trip might not be dull. The exact nature of each gift may be determined only in secret conference with the recipients. At 10:45 that night the Irish left for Tucson.

Tucson has to date received the highest number of votes in the trip-cities popularity contest. Here the team basked in the warm sun and tramped the country-side for four days. The original plans called for a two-day stop in El Paso, but (probably because of the nearness of Juarez, Mexico, we are informed) no stop was made there. In Tucson was found the best weather for practice. The boys were entertained for a time at the home of Harold Bell Wright, the w. k. novelist. Here the Indian mission, San Xavier, was visited and Mass celebrated. It was in Tucson that John Roach climbed to fame via a cactus tree, establishing a record in those parts. Feeling the need of proper atmosphere he also acquired a complete cowboy outfit, to the great joy of his teammates. Here Wilbur Eaton learned that it is not the safest thing in the world to carry a handkerchief in the hip pocket in Mexico. (It was at this point that some-one remarked that Manager Sutliffe was the only one not bound by training rules, i. e., early retiring.) And at Tucson, as everywhere along the way, the train pulled out leaving a waving group of femininity on the platform.

Early Wednesday morning the train reached Los Angeles. Here the photographers again got busy while the team was presented with a massive silver football by the Ancient Order of Hibernians of Los Angeles. Thence the group went to the Maryland Hotel at Pasadena to install themselves in the luxurious bungalows connected with
the hotel. It appeared to be propaganda for fraternity houses at Notre Dame. An auto ride about town, practice in the Rose Bowl after the sun had set, occupied the remainder of the day. New Year's Eve was celebrated by retirement to the frat houses at 8:30.

The day of the game the team appeared to be feeling fit, although all the players had lost from six to eight pounds in weight during the trip. The actual story of the game you know. It was a clean game. The story of the second half was one of climate and trip entirely.
New Year's night most of the team, though training was over, retired early in the evening. A dance of negligible attractiveness was held in the lobby of the Maryland. Friday, however, proved to be one of the most interesting days of the trip proper. It was an all day tour of the movie studios in Hollywood. Here photos were taken of Rockne shaking hands with Rudolph Valentino. Harry Stuhldreher with his crutches, and the rest of the squad were snapped with such personages as Douglas MacLean (who conducted the party), Ann Cornwall, Jacqueline Logan, Nita Naldi, Doug and Mary, Colleen Moore, and a host of other screenies. That night there was a dinner-dance at the Biltmore Hotel given by the N. D. Alumni, under the direction of Leo Ward, Al Scott, and other alumni.

Saturday morning the tour left for San Francisco, leaving behind it a score of newspaper rumors that the team would play U. S. C. and California before leaving the coast. Arriving in Frisco the boys met with a dinner-dance given by the Knights of Columbus, under the direction of Joseph L. Sweeney. On Sunday there was a journey out to Senator Phelan's home for a dance and a buffet-lunch, accompanied by the win-some lasses of the night before. That night the team saw "Mitzi" at a box party.

On Monday morning the return trip began. From Frisco the squad went to Ogden, thence to Salt Lake City, where there was a banquet by the Alumni and the K. of C. Here the Mormon Tabernacle was visited and its wonder organ heard. Next Denver, and another banquet and a dance till train time.

The next stop was at Lincoln, Nebraska. It resolved itself into a surprise party for Notre Dame, for the University of Nebraska gave a good-will banquet to "renew the friendship between the two schools." Gridiron enemies sat side by side and exchanged remarks about the olives and celery. Coach Dawson was in charge of the conciliations. This was the last stop. Then Chicago and the band broke up—some hurrying back to the studios, some hurrying to a musical comedy.

It was in Chicago that the last newspaper picture was taken and thirty-three victims of the "look-pleasant-please" men gave a sigh of relief.

And here we are—with the exams less than two weeks away.
Clubs

A brilliant social event of the Holidays was the formal dance given by the NEW JERSEY CLUB at the Newark Athletic Club on December 30th. Over 125 couples attended the affair. Music was furnished by Bennie Krueger’s famous Brunswick orchestra. The hall was beautifully decorated with Notre Dame banners, pennants, and a large electric N. D. Among the prominent alumni who were present was Hon. Hugh A. O’Donnell of New York, president of the National Alumni Association.

The METROPOLITAN CLUB held a successful Christmas dance, December 29, at the Hotel Astor, New York City. Will Hollander’s Ambassador Hotel Orchestra furnished the music.


With classes only an evening away the PACIFIC COAST CLUB members and their friends met to forget the fact in their Christmas Pow-Wow. The College Inn was comfortably crowded, the affair being formal. Gold stamped monograms on blue leather formed the covers of the programs. Bert Dunne was chairman of the Pow-Wow committee. Perc Connelly’s Big Five furnished the music.

The AKRON CLUB of Notre Dame gave a very successful holiday informal dance in the St. Vincent’s auditorium on the Twenty-ninth of December. Approximately one hundred couples attended. The hall was appropriately decorated for this occasion, in colors of blue and gold. F. J. Swartz was general chairman in charge of the dance. The club intends to repeat with a similar dance during the Easter holidays.

Approximately fifty students and alumni of Notre Dame attended a banquet sponsored by the NOTRE DAME CLUB of Kansas City at the Kansas City Athletic Club the evening of December 27.

Dr. D. M. Nigro president, Mr. Conrad H. Mann, and Mr. Henry Burdick were the principle speakers of the evening. Plans were discussed for a dinner dance to be given by the club during the Easter vacation, and arrangements were also made by which the Christmas banquet will be made an annual event.

The SCHOLARSHIP CLUB held a Reception and Ball in honor of Notre Dame’s National Champions, Friday night at the new K. of C. ballroom. Patrons and patronesses included many prominent citizens of South Bend. The entire squad attended as guests of the club. A full account of the affair will be included in the next issue of THE SCHOLASTIC.

DECEMBER “ALUMNUS” APPEARS

The December number of the Notre Dame Alumnus came off the press shortly before the beginning of the Christmas holidays. A complete account of Fall athletic events, an article by Coach Rockne, thanking the alumni who presented an automobile to him at Homecoming, and various interesting articles by prominent alumni, feature this December number.

The Alumnus, which is edited by Mr. Al Ryan, Notre Dame Graduate Manager, is listed high among the best alumni publications of the country.
The Boy Guidance Department

Members of the Boy Guidance course, twenty-five strong, were the guests of Brother Barnabas, F. S. C., at a Christmas banquet, in the nature of a holiday farewell, at Clark's banquet hall, Thursday evening, December 11.

After doing justice to a turkey dinner, entertainment was provided by the class. Each member was given an opportunity to display his vocal talent by singing the college song of his alma mater. Eugene McVeigh, formerly of Rensselaer Tech, won the plaudits of the gathering with several well rendered selections.

"That's One On Bill," a three act comedy, played by the younger members of St. Joseph's Parish, coached by Hogan Morrissey, scored a direct hit in its initial performances at the parish hall last week. Mr. Morrissey is well known on the campus for his vocal talent. Louis A. Cunningham assisted in the direction of the play.

Plans are under way for the formation of South Bend's first Boy's Club at the Oliver playground. Jim Egan and Danny Culhane will supervise the club's activities.

The "Boyologists" since their return after the holidays, are losing no time in chasing the puck. Jim Egan, Notre Dame, '24, together with McNeil, Cantwey, Burchell, McGowan and Cook form the nucleus of the hockey squad, all but the first named being Canadians, and adept at the winter sport so popular across the border.

During the holiday, Joseph D. Becker addressed the Rotary and Lions Clubs of Jacksonville, Illinois. His topic was, "Boy Guidance As a Profession." He also spoke on the same subject at the Nurses Training School of Our Saviour's Hospital.

Eugene McVeigh on January 4 was the guest of State Deputy William A. Lenard of New Jersey, at the formal opening of the new Knights of Columbus home in Long Branch. He was among those at the speakers table and told the assemblage of the work being done in the Boy Guidance course at Notre Dame.

Mr. McVeigh also had the pleasure of inspecting the giant dirigible "Shanendoah," while the guest of one of the officers at the Lakehurst Field.

Al Kirk returned to school full of new ideas as to just how a boys' club should be run. Al visited the Boys' Club of Dubuque, Iowa, while home for his Christmas vacation.

Mr. Lacey, president of the "Clubbers," a new organization recently formed amongst the "Boyologists," has issued a letter of thanks to those responsible for the banquets tendered the club during the holidays.

Members of the class have learned with regret that Urban Hughes was unable to return to the university after the holidays because of illness.

Tom Murphy put in a busy time during the vacation. Aside from appearing frequently on the basketball courts, he found time to visit Mr. Stephen H. Mahoney, Supervisor of Recreation in Cambridge, Massachusetts. He also inspected the Thorn-dike School Center, over which he had charge for three years.—J. D. CULHANE.

Either the instinct of a budding carpenter or an endeavor to make certain subtle comments about girls, would lead a student to NAIL a girl's picture to the wall.
THE “KICK” IN NOTRE DAME

Everything that comes out of that blessed old campus has a kick to it!—FRANK WAL­LACE, ’23, Associated Press.

Ten million people went to football games this year—to the big games. This is not counting at all the millions or two, easily that, who witnessed scholastic contests of various grades. Ten million—and it’s a safe bet that 9,999,999 of these, some time or other, talked with a thrill in their voices and a pull in their hearts—admiration, ex­ultation, fear, wonder—of Rockne, of the Four Horsemen, of Captain Adam, of brill­iant scientific plays and knockout scores of Notre Dame. There’s a kick in that name today. Notre Dame! What doesn’t it mean!

It means this for sure—stout hearts, clear eyes, quick wits, trained muscles, clean limbed vigor, verve and go. There’s a kick in all of that. But it means more. It means men; it means character. That’s where the real kick comes in. If we pause and think for just one moment of what has gone into the making of this glory of ours, this un­disputed glory and this giving of healthy invigorating pleasures to tens of thousands, of what sacrifices of time and strength, what submissions to routine and discipline, what practice in self-control, what patience and determination and persistence; what hours and hours of grilling work doing a thing over and over and over again, and once more over and over, to make it perfect; —if we think of this for one minute, then we will know where the kick lies in the magic words “Notre Dame.”

“Notre Dame.” That name is a symbol today the whole sport world over, and far beyond the boundaries of the sport world—
undertake. It is a training camp for more than famous backfields, mighty captains, invincible Horsemen. It is a training camp for men, for American citizenship, for Christian manhood. That's where the kick is—in the knowledge that America's acclaimed champions of the gridiron are the representatives of an ideal that works, and will work for all time to come, like a strong leaven in our national soul—the ideal of manliness, sportsmanship, chivalry, of friendly rivalry and inspiring competition, based on the solid foundation of Christian living. "He's a Notre Dame man"—there's a password for any man, anywhere. There's a kick in the very words. They mean "something doing"—and something done. More and more the world beyond our campus realizes this, because more and more the Notre Dame man himself realizes it and lives up to it.

—C. P.

OUR HERITAGE

NOTRE DAME'S greatest team is gone!

The victory on New Year's Day over Stanford university rung down the curtain on the greatest sport drama of the decade. The closing act was played on a fitting stage and, as the last of a series of incomparable triumphs was enshrined in the archives of Notre Dame, there faded from the scene a score of the most beloved actors of all-time.

It is a pleasure to remember that a few short weeks ago, the men who played their last game for Notre Dame at Pasadena were cavorting on Cartier field in moleskins. It is hard to believe that never again will we see that same team in action, the team that gave Notre Dame a national football title. It is hard to believe that they are gone.

In a California twilight, far from the land that saw them grow from infancy into magnificent maturity, the players who will pass on in June responded to the "hike" for the last time.

The end is but the beginning. In memories, they will live forever. From the smoke of a companion pipe, from the glow of an evening fire, from the mists across the sea, from the scented breath of wild flowers, their shadowy forms rise again through the years, and the ball will be passed from phantom hands to phantom hands of the men we knew so well, whose names will then be legend.

Years hence will find the men who fought together and sacrificed all personal glory for the team, scattered throughout the world, each bending to his task with the same determination and courage that brought lasting fame on the gridiron. Every minute of their lives will be a living testimonial of their faith in fairplay and perseverance: their heritage from Notre Dame.

So it will be with all of us. Time in its march never hesitates to reckon with the tender bonds of friendship nor the happiness of men's glorified existence in the laureled glen of tradition. But however immutable and unfeeling time may be, its demands cannot obliterate memory, the only tie that binds, the bond between Notre Dame and her sons.

—T. C.
"Oh, Donald!"

THE big limousine comes to a stop in front of the railroad station. Eleanor is at the wheel and beside her sits Donald. He has a frown upon his face. The careless, ungainly manner with which he sits gives evidence that within him is much disgust, displeasure, discontentment and so forth. Eleanor's big blue eyes meet Donald's eyes, which are hardly visible beneath his frowning forehead. She smiles at him but he grunts and turns the other way. Her eyebrows arch upward and her snowy teeth press against her lower lip. Again she smiles and again Donald grunts. It causes Eleanor to laugh.

"There you go!" snaps the one who is disgusted, displeased, discontended and so forth. "You're always making things miserable for me. I surely am glad that I'm leaving for college."

"Oh, Donald!"
"Oh, Donald!" That's all I've heard since I got back for the holidays. I wish you'd cut it out. It sickens me."

"Please! Please! I asked you to stop that, Eleanor. If I go crazy it'll be your fault."

"I'm sorry you won't be here to take me to the dance tonight."
"I'm not! I've taken you to enough dances while I was home. Darn near every night I took you some place. If it wasn't some sorority dance it was some fraternity dance or some school dance or a coming out party or something else."

"And don't forget the tea dances we went to, Donald. They really were wonderful, didn't you think so?"

"Yes, yes they were, they were. By the way I owe you some money. How much is it?"

"Never mind."

"How much is it? Dad gave me quite a bit before leaving and I'll be able to straighten things out right now. And add on how much you spent for that Christmas present I gave you."

"Oh, Donald, I'll write and let you know. I can't figure it all out now. The train will soon be here anyway and I want to talk to you."

"That's all you've done since I got back."
"Whose going to write first, Donald?"
"Why you, of course."
"All right."

"It's too bad I had to ruin the roadster in the smash-up last night, Eleanor."
"Oh, Donald, father will fix that up all right. I spoke to him this morning."

"That's fine. You really do get off some good stuff every now and then."

"Do I, Donald?"
"Yeah."

"Not as much as you do. Why all the girls think you say the funniest things... They'd all like to get out with you. But while you're home you're taking little Eleanor out, Donald, and not anyone else."

"So I've seen."

"Now, Donald, don't get fresh. Don't I send you candy and smokes and fruit and goodies while you're away? And didn't I give you some names to look up at that girls' college near you. And didn't I fix it up for you with the Dalmadge sisters when you went to Chicago. Didn't I, Donald?"

"Yeah."

"And then when you come home I do all the spending when we go out and I even loan you money to take other girls out. You have no right whatever to act so sore toward me. I think you're horrid."

"Did you hear that whistle? It's the train coming."

Donald opens the door, slides out, and then gets his bags from the back of the car.

"Well, bye, bye, Eleanor! Be good!"
"Oh, Donald, you forgot to kiss me good bye. Why, the very idea! I'm surprised!"

"I'll miss the train, Eleanor."

"Come over here!"

Eleanor puckers up her pretty little lips. Donald kisses her quickly and boards the train. She waves until he is out of sight.

"Boy, you sure do get 'em!" said the
conductor who had watched Donald kiss Eleanor. "She's a million bucks, she is. You wanna consider yourself lucky gettin' 'em so darn sweet and with limousines."

"Yeah? Well I'm unlucky. She's been hanging around my neck ever since I got back from college. Anywhere I go, she goes. Anywhere she goes, I have to go. I didn't get a chance to see any of the girl friends, hardly."

"Any of your girl friends? Why young man isn't that wonderful little girl that forced you to kiss her enough for you?"

"Say, listen! I think you're taking me up wrong. That girl is my sister!"

"Tickets, please."

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**Ancient History**

You men of Notre Dame (which rhymes with "name" or "fame"
In verses that we find in the SCHOLASTIC,
You men of the old school (here the poets ring in "rule"
In constructions that are sometimes periphasic),
Fellows of our college home (Ah, of course, the "Golden Dome"
I feel better now I've got that off my bosom)—
What I started out to say was that you men of today,
While you have your glories and can never lose 'em
Have got nothing on us men, let us say, of 1910,
Who compose a somewhat older generation,—
And I just arise to state, Notre Dame was always great
In the things that really merit veneration.

Were I asked to specify and explain just how and why,
I must say I haven't any such intention
For the record still abides, look it over, and besides
This metre is the devil's own invention.
Yet it's hardly fair to start such a sample of the art
And abandon it without a valid reason—
So I'll say our pulses throb still to think of Eichelaub,
Dimmick, Philbrook, of that bygone season,
And if I am not a cockney, there was, too, an end named Rockne
And Gus Dorais who were something more than clever.

When the Horsemen ride today—they are wonders, let me say,
In my lines, "The Riders," they will live forever—
We will not forget the men—let us say of 1910—
Though the mists of time may slowly settle o'er them—
Who in many a hard fray fought like these lads of today,
And all the rest who won their spurs before them.

—CORBY, 1910.
Dealing With Facts

S. P.

Dealing with facts is not a matter of choice; we cannot avoid it. The nearest, and in a sense, the dearest fact in all the world is just ourselves. We are facts. That we can neither doubt, nor deny, nor ignore, nor prove even, nor refuse to reckon with. Sometimes indeed we may regret it, but our regret is never sane, and rarely sincere. Then there are other men. They are facts too. And besides them, there are things, some alive, some inert; and there is truth and, above all and explaining all, there is the first and last and greatest fact, Almighty God. By a fact I mean a reality, a thing or a person, or a truth, which either always was, or has succeeded in getting over the fence surrounding the realm of mere possibility,—an entity which in one way or another exists alongside ourselves, and so enters into that vastly complicated problem we speak of as the problem of life.

The universe is made up of just two parts, ourselves and the rest of it. Now note, I do not say two halves. An individual is an extremely small part, an infinitesimally small part, of the universe. Any one or thousands could drop out of the ranks daily—as in fact they do—and as many thousands could come into it daily—as they do, and not much of a stir would be made. Nevertheless, such as we are, each must face the universe and make terms with it. And sometimes it is not very sympathetic or considerate. Take the physical facts of the universe, for example. They have no respect for us at all. They are most uncompromising, rigid, stiff, stubborn, vindictive. They simply go their way, or stand in their places, and if we do not like it, they will not accommodate us in the least. Lincoln used to illustrate this by saying that when you’ve got hold of an elephant’s leg, and he starts to move, why, you’d better let go. And there was a simple old man, in days gone by, who was once asked what he would do if he saw an irresistible force come in contact with an irremovable body? After taking a generous pinch of snuff, and reflecting a moment, he turned on his questioner and said: “Vell, vat would you do?” And his questioner answered: “In that case, I think I’d take to the woods.” And the old man replied: “I tink dot’s the best thing.” Such answers as that, Charles Lamb has called “monuments of curious felicity.” But they are more than merely curious. They display a type of wisdom which does credit to their possessors, and which it would be well for all of us to possess. For when we come to think about it, is it not respect for certain physical facts of the universe about the first thing we as children had to learn? Doubtless we all learned to be a bit more deferential to fire by being burned; to keep our hands off a bee’s nest by getting stung; to allow the ivy to grow unmolested by nursing the scourge of its venomous rush; to give the pole-cat a wide berth by sad recollections of the pungency of its perfumery,—and so on? We had to learn that pins and fish-bones were not meant to be swallowed; that to partake of cream puffs and mince pies without definite limits would result in that peculiarly painful gastronomic perturbation popularly known as the belly-ache; and a little later we came to realize that a number ten foot would never become reconciled to a number six shoe; that the measles and the mumps were both communicable and communicative; that foul air was injurious to the lungs, and garlic injurious to our popularity.

Perhaps you think these are silly things to be relating. I don’t think so. I see in these things illustrations of a truth that we must learn if we would live. And the truth is this: In dealing with the physical facts of the universe we must respect them or suffer; we must obey the laws which govern them in their relations with ourselves or die. It is true that we are lords of creation and masters of our destiny. Whatever has been created is ours to use. We can dominate the elements of the physical universe and the irrational animals that dwell upon it. We
can harness the wind and tame the lightning, sail in safety over the tempestuous seas, and fling our voices across the unmeasured spaces of the air. We can break up the compounds of the material world, decipher the elements, learn their properties, set one against the other and make them serve us for good or for ill. All this we can do and more. But we can never ignore the laws which govern these things without courting disaster to ourselves. If we are to use them without injury we must accept the conditions which they lay down. If we are to live in their midst and profit by their assistance, we must recognize, so to speak, the rights which they stubbornly claim.

Chemicals may cure, but they may also kill; they may purify, but they may also corrupt. Food may fatten, but it may also bring disease. Wine may cheer the heart and take the sharp edge from sorrow, but it may also plunge the home in misery and bring individuals to the brink of despair. Nothing more than electricity is used to avoid danger, and yet nothing is more dangerous for the unskilled to use. There is only one rule to be followed in dealing with facts of the physical world, and it is this: Learn the laws that govern them in their relations to you, and then respect those laws.

Lincoln's story of letting go the elephant's leg is not the recollection of an incident, but the illustration of a principle. No man would be such a fool as to try to hold an elephant by the leg. But there are many men who are foolish enough to attempt to do things equally as futile. There are men—and a surprising lot of them—whose health is wrecked and whose minds are ruined or who lie in premature graves because they refused to deal with the physical facts of the universe according to the rule I have stated. They must be used according to definite weights and measures, modes and methods. To ignore them is fatal. They cannot yield, for they have no choice. It is we who must yield. And to know how to yield wisely is to know how to use the things God has given us, including our own bodies and its members for the purpose for which they were given us.

But there is another class of facts we have to get on with in life. I mean other persons. These are the hardest facts of all to deal with. The man that can do this without great trouble has yet to be born. That is not very complimentary to ourselves, but I think our common experience will vouch for the truth of the statement. A person is a free agent. And so he is in a sense a law unto himself. And his law very often runs counter to our own. There is trouble when we both want the same thing; there is trouble when we both want different things; there is trouble when neither of us wants anything but trouble itself. It is hard to analyze a chemical reaction, but it is harder still to analyze a psychological one. You can count on the former, you cannot on the latter. The chances of rolling over Niagara Falls in a barrel and coming out alive may be difficult to figure out, but the chances of passing through certain sections of a modern metropolis and coming out solvent are more difficult to reckon up still—not because they are less, but because they are more uncertain, more unverifiable. It is said that the Toreadors or professional bull-fighters must study the reactions of bulls very thoroughly before being given a license to enter the arena. These reactions can be learned. Moreover, once learned they can be depended on. When the red flag is flaunted before the bull's eyes and he begins to charge, the toreador knows exactly the direction he will take, and so easily gets out of the way. He knows it because he has found out that it cannot be otherwise. But no prizefighter or policeman can make any such prediction with regard to their respective opponents. Neither can any of us when we come to loggerheads with one of our fellows. Physical laws are fixed. Personal intentions and voluntary decisions are not; they are often capricious. Still we must deal with these personal facts of the universe. How we may do it best?

Well, when we come to grips with some one, there are three possible courses to fol-
low: We can yield to him, or we can make him yield to us, or we can strike a compromise. That's all very easily said but it is rarely easy to decide which course is the best to choose. The man that always yields is either a coward or a fool or both. The man that never yields is simply bull-headed; and the man that always compromises, while he may think himself broad minded may be only weakkneed. A man that is a man must know when to do one or the other and have the courage to do it.

Now it takes courage to yield as well as not to yield. It is not always an easy thing to admit that we are wrong when it is proved that we are. And yet that is one case when we always should yield. It is merely human to err, but it is noble to acknowledge a fault. So there is one safe rule: Always yield when you are wrong. Yes, but suppose you are not wrong. What then? Let me answer that with another Lincoln yarn. It is said that when the great president was taking a walk one fronted him and pointed a huge revolver at his head. Lincoln stopped and said to his assailant: "Well, what is it you want?" And the man with the gun answered: "Sir, I don't know who you are, but several years ago I took an oath that if I should ever meet a man homelier than I was I would shoot him at once. Lincoln surveyed him a moment, and then with a twinkle in his eye said: My friend, I'm the president of the United States, and I love life dearly, but if I am a homelier man than you are, then I certainly don't want to live any longer, Shoot!"

Now the application of that story, it seems to me is this: If a man is so desperately determined to have his own way as this one was, when yielding won't involve the sacrifice of a principle or involve any wrong-doing on our part, let's let him have his way. Because in most cases—as in the case of Lincoln's assailant—he won't take it anyhow. And besides, peace is better than the thrill of victory over the prostrate form of any well-meaning but misguided foe.

When may we make another yield to us? The selfish man, the ambitious person, the dishonest individual would answer: Whenever you can. Men in authority would answer: Whenever the enforcement of the law makes it a duty to do so. But what of the ordinary person like ourselves? In dealing with men, human facts, there is only one instance that I know of when we may legitimately use physical force to compel another to do our bidding, and that is when there is a clear violation of our rights or of those who depend on us. Mere power to enforce our will never makes the enforcement right. Force may be pitted against force only when just and clear rights hang in the balance.

Compromise! What a word that is to juggle with! What a fact it is to reckon with! Now there are two spheres in which the fact of compromise is utterly unknown, and they are the physical order of things and the divine order of things. The physical laws, as we know from experience, won't compromise. They take the whole road. The divine laws, as we may find out on Judgment day, won't compromise. The Divine lawgiver has said quite simply and finally: "Either you are for Me or you are against Me... No man can serve two masters."

But in the sphere of human affairs, compromise is a constantly recurring fact. It is always the opening wedge that breaks up a deadlock and sets free the current of events that way; industrial conflicts are settled that way; nearly all disputes may be settled that way. Nearly, but not all. It is never right to settle a dispute wrongly. And where inalienable rights are concerned, compromise is wrong. Compromise, therefore, is in a sense a great peace maker, a tool in the hands of a man of good judgment with which the dangerous situations brought on by the unruly passions of men are smoothed out and peace restored.

But truth and justice are worth more than peace. They bring us back again to facts that do not change. And so the counsel of wisdom is: Seek peace in justice and in truth. Fight if you must, for the right, and all the facts that can stand a blow will be on your side.
Two Wise Fools
EUGENE A. SCHILTZ, '28

THE HE moon trailed its silver light over
the dark waters of Tokio Bay, and the
trees along the beach waved softly
with the gentle night wind. Low music
came faintly from the hotel where an or­
chestra was playing wild Russian melody.

In the distance the siren of a liner
shrieked three times.

"Going back home," murmured the girl,
and sighed.

"Home," echoed the man. "The only
place for a white man! Wish I were on
her!"

The girl turned her face away and her
fair head drooped. Her fists were clinched
tightly in the pockets of her coat.

"Back to San Francisco," he said, "where
crowds will be going to the theatres about
this time. Newsboys will be selling the last
editions and trains will be leaving for New
York." His tone became eager. "New York!"

"Don't," begged the girl. Her voice broke
and she burst into weeping.

He turned in surprise.

"Why, what is it?" he said gently,
"What's wrong?"

For a time she wept, but at length her
sobs abated.

"This is the first time I ever wept before
a perfect stranger."

She tucked a stray lock of hair in its
place.

"But surely I'm not a stranger," he res­
ponded. "Haven't you known me all of
three days?"

Out in the waters the liner whistled a
farewell.

"Oh!" she cried, "I want to go home."

"Why don't you?" he asked at length.

"I can't," she said, tears again swelling
up in her eyes. "I have no home. I am
a fugitive from justice, a thief!"

The man's face became tense with su­
pressed excitement.

"The old, old story!" she went on. "The
longing of poverty for the luxuries of
wealth!"

"Who are you?" he asked unsteadily.

"Grace Engels," she answered. "Do you
know me now?"

He nodded gravely.

"It was the boss's fault," she stammered.

"Anyone so careless with his money ought
to lose it. He trusted me too far. One day
there was an unusually large amount of
money in the safe and he left me to lock
it—but, I want to go home now, and can't."

There was a long silence broken only by
the waves lapping on the beach. Finally
he sighed deeply and arose.

"You shouldn't have told me this. Look
here, I'm going to turn my back for five
minutes and at the end of that time I hope
you won't be here. Do you understand?

"What do you mean?" she gasped shrink­
ing away from him suspiciously.

For answer, he leaned toward her and
turned back the lapel of his coat.

"Mercantile Detectives Agency," she read
aloud. "No. 27. Then you're a detective?"

"Yes, Miss Engels, the law is closing in on
you and you'd better take your chance."

He turned his back.

The sound of laughter smote his ears and
he turned to find the girl fairly doubled up
with mirth.

"This," she managed to say, "This is a
rare one. I've never heard of setting one
detective to catch another."

"What do you mean?" he asked in turn.

She unfastened the belt of her coat and
pointed to a small silver shield pinned in the
inside pocket, whose surface bore the words,
"Caster Brothers," and beneath them the
number "40."

"What are you trying to hand me?" he
questioned rather roughly.

"I'm afraid," said the girl, "I'll have to
apologize to you. You see, I got a cable
from the boss last week telling me to watch
out for Stanley Rogers, who had run off
with a bag of his employer's money. The
description fitted you, so when I saw you
Monday I immediately started to work."

A grim smile appeared on his face.

"And so you thought you'd tell me you
were Grace Engels," he concluded, "in the
hope that if I were Stanley Rogers I would be moved to confess.”

She nodded slowly.

“You must have a poor opinion of my professional ability, but it’s getting late and I must go.”

“But to-morrow?” he asked eagerly.

To-morrow is another day. Mind, I don’t promise, but I may drop in the Grand for lunch.”

With a smiling farewell she stepped from the porch and was swallowed up by the darkness. As she emerged from the park, a man came to her side.

“Well?” he demanded in a low voice.

“Just as you thought. Mercantile Detective Agency, No. 27. Tell the bunch to be careful.

Back in the grove the man she had left stood looking after her until she disappeared. Then with trembling fingers he reached into his pocket for a cigarette.

“To-morrow,” he said softly, “is getaway day for yours truly. I didn’t think they were that close behind me!”

He pulled his hat low over his eyes and cast a quick glance about him. Then he, too, melted away in the darkness.

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*A Flower’s Way*

A tender rosebud grows
Where laughing children play,
And know no thought but happiness
The livelong day.

A full-grown flower blows
Beside a sweet-voiced stream,
Where youth meets youth, and in their eyes
Love’s glories gleam.

A faded petal droops
Beside a new-made mound,
And though it weeps for what is gone
There is no sound.

From start to bitter end
Through Life’s long, dreary day,
Childhood and youth and death are but
A flower’s way.

—L. H. L.
James Stephens, the Irish poet and novelist, has written another fantasy taken from Irish Folk Lore. "In the Land of Youth" is the second volume in a cycle of which "Deidre" was the first.

Pascal Covici of Chicago announces the publication of an anthology of the best verse published in two Chicago newspaper columns, "Hit or Miss," conducted by Keith Preston in The Chicago Daily News, and "From Pillar to Post," conducted by Richard Atwater in The Chicago Evening Post.

"Copy 1924" is the title of the first annual book of the Writer's Club of Columbia University. It contains short stories, essays, poems and one-act plays written as classroom work and published in national magazines or given professional stage presentation. The Scribblers last year discussed the publication of an anthology of this type.

"How To Work Your Way Through College" is the startling title of a book by one Raymond F. Sullivan which "describes the wonderful opportunities today for self-help students in our American higher educational institutions and discusses two hundred and fifty practical methods of earning money while attending college." The information contained in the volume is said to be based upon the personal experience of the author himself.

Another anthology issuing from Columbia University is "Columbia Verse," edited by Cargill Sprietsma, which contains verse published in undergraduate magazines from 1897 to 1924.

"Francis Wilson's Life of Himself?" is a volume of reminiscences by a thespian who has been associated with the life of the theatre for nearly half a century. The illustrations, about 48 pages, are said to be every bit as interesting as the text itself.

The Macmillan Company have brought out a new and revised edition of Joseph Pennell's "Etchers and Etching." The book is said to contain a number of large reproductions.

From 241 novels submitted, "Harvey Landrum" by Ridley Wills, is the only one that Simon and Schuster are publishing. The publishers themselves are responsible for the foregoing declaration. The hero, Harvey, is said to have gone through life in the same thundering manner of Cyrano, Hamlet, and Jack Dempsey. The New York Times describes the author as possessing "good faculty of observation, a journalistic background and a stimulating point of view."

The six best sellers are now said to be the original Cross Word Puzzle Books—the books that set America cross-wording with a frenzy never equalled in the history of book selling. We understand that there is now in existence an institution known as the Amateur Cross Word Puzzle League of America. Let us admonish our readers who are devotees of this latest fad not to endanger their amateur standing by violating any of the laws of the League.

"The Small Missal" is a handy devotional book, containing the proper of the Mass for all Sundays and the principal feasts of the year, the Rite of Benediction, Vespers and Compline for Sundays, and other devotions. Publishers: Benziger Brothers. Price, $1.75.

Another book of parodies by the author of "The Triumph of the Nut" has been brought out by Henry Holt and Company. "Twisted Tales" is the title of Christopher Ward's newly published volume.

The publication of "A Reader's Guide Book" by May Lamberton Becker will be greeted by those who have been readers of Mrs. Becker's page of advice on books in the New York Evening Post and The Saturday Review of Literature for the past few years.

"Tom Masson's Annual for 1924" is an anthology of wit and humor by the former managing editor of Life and at present conducting "Short advice on books in the New York Evening Post. We agree with the publishers that Mr. Masson "should know a joke when he sees one."
Notre Dame Defeats Stanford 27-10

THE LOS ANGELES TIMES
BY BILL HENRY
(Times Staff Correspondent)

ROSE BOWL, PASADENA, Jan. 1. — Notre Dame, the team that makes no mistakes, beat Stanford, 27 to 10, before 60,000 people here today because the team had the brains to counteract and stave off plunging Stanford attack, and the speed to take advantage of every opportunity that the game afforded. Notre Dame, in victory, looked every inch a champion and Stanford, in defeat, earned almost as much glory as if she had won.

Each team had a single touchdown scored by dint of marvelous football play which took the ball and marched steadily through the opposition to a score. Stanford in addition had a field goal from the trusty toe of Murray Cuddleback, while Notre Dames' advantage, a margin which turned the game from a defeat into a victory, was gained through three touchdowns scored by smart defensive work, two of them on long runs after intercepted passes by Elmer Layden and the third by Hunsinger after recovering Solomon's fumble.

Notre Dame's Four Horsemen and Seven Mules displayed for the edification of the cash customers and gate crashers the stuff which earned them their name as the greatest combination of brains, speed and fight in the country. They showed all of these characteristics not only in the second quarter when the Four Horsemen stampeded the place and were running wild but in the closing twenty minutes of the game when, bruised and battered under the tremendous hammering of Ernie Nevers, they fought off Stanford's plunging attack and still retained the brains and speed to take advantage of Stanford's mistakes.

Stanford on the other hand, showed the stuff that won the Coast championship, and not only proved that the Four Horsemen could be effectively stopped—as they were after one gallop down the field, but in turn piled up enough yardage to reach from Pasadena to Mt. Lowe and half way back. Ernie Nevers, limping around on ankles taped until the blood refused to circulate, ripped and tore through the Notre Dame line for gain after gain and on defense stopped four plays out of five. His passing game was splendid and he was the outstanding individual on the field—a real all-American player.

After the shock troops had withstood Stanford's initial attack, the Horsemen and their cohorts uncorked a slashing attack such as hasn't been seen in Southern California in a decade. Marvelous and uncanny running of the ends by Crowley and Miller, knife-like lunges into the line by Layden and gorgeously executed passes from Stuhldreher to Miller piled up the yards to a touchdown. Every play was something new and the combination of deceptive shift, hidden ball, effective interference and magnificent individual running was something that probably no team in the country could have solved at first sight.

Stanford had previously scored a field goal and Notre Dame's touchdown gave the Irish a 6-to-3 lead when Crowley's attempted kick was blocked. Stanford came right back with a rush and carried the ball again into Notre Dame territory and on a fourth down with several yards to go it looked as though Cuddleback would try a kick to tie the score, but instead a pass was attempted which Layden intercepted and, with splendid interference by Hunsinger, carried to a second touchdown. Crowley added the extra point to make it 13 to 3.

The second half, despite the fact that Notre Dame scored two more touchdowns, was all Stanford. The Cards scored one touchdown and missed another by six inches—nearly everybody thought the ball was over—also missing another field goal by a whisker. Quarterback Solomon fumbled one of Layden's tall spirals and, while grooping around for it, had it snatched from his fingers by Hunsinger, who ran the remaining twenty yards to a score. Just as the game was closing Layden repeated his feat of the first half of intercepting another Stanford pass for a touchdown.

With Ernie Nevers, the human switch engine, crashing through Notre Dame's line like a cobblestone through a plate-glass window, and Ted Ship-
key and Jim Lawson lending variety to the proceedings with sensational galloping dashes just inside the ends, it took all the inbred football knowledge and individual skill possessed by the Rockne cavalry to stave off a Stanford landslide and the heartbreakingly manner in which ten minutes of hard smashing by Stanford's crimson avalanche would be offset by ten seconds of galloping on the part of Mr. Layden was enough to discourage anybody.

Notre Dame won—and that's glory enough for anybody. Stanford lost, but made more yards against the fighting Irish than any other team in the country could. The Cards lost the game because Notre Dames' brains operated as well on the defensive as when the Irish had the ball and with the brains, Notre Dame had speed enough to run away whenever th opportunity presented itself. Mr. Rockne had good reason for weeping at the unhappy fate, which robs him of twenty-three of his first-string players by graduation this year.

Every single opportunity to score—with one exception—that came Notre Dame's way, was cashed in and rung up on the scoreboard. Stanford missed three placekicks by margins so narrow that it took those directly in line to see that the ball had failed to pass between the uprights; lost a touchdown on a buck that missed fire by inches, and lost still another touchdown when Solomon was first-string player's by graduation this year. Happy fate, which robs him of twenty-three of his first-string players by graduation this year.

The three breaks which brought Notre Dame touchdown were only turned into Irish scores by the sheer speed and individual brilliance of the Irish players. When Solomon fumbled Layden's punt he stooped over to pick it up and Hunsinger racing down the field like a bullet, snatched it from his fingers at full speed and turned a hobble into a touchdown. Layden's two long runs resulted first of all from his excellent judgment in foreseeing the direction in which the ball was to be passed, and secondly from his own individual athletic brilliance. In each case he leaped high in the air, batted the ball ahead of him and caught it before it hit the ground, while running full steam ahead for the Stanford goal. In each case the agile Mr. Hunsinger ran effective interference.

Stanford had a team of big, fighting, aggressive and smart football players who played the game of their lives. They were well coached and shoved it, and had some plays which baffled Notre Dame quite as completely as the Rockne variety of legerdemain had fluttered them. They made two yards from scrimmage for every one that Notre Dame made, but in the end it was the alertness and individual brilliance of Rockne's team which won the game.

To close any story of the game without a mention of Ted Shipkey, who stood out as sensation ally at end as Nevers did at fullback, would be a shame. Shipkey and Jim Lawson both played magnificent football, as did Harry Shipkey at tackle and Cuddeback in the backfield. For Notre Dame the judgment of Stuhldreher was faultless and the dazzling play of Layden, Crowley and Miller, was all that the press agents had predicted. The Notre Dame line functioned as a unit, and functioned well, the large and lumpy Mr. Joe Bond making himself famous by being the only man to effectively stop Nevers.

The Maryland Hotel in Pasadena, headquarters for the Notre Dame party during its stay in Southern California, was flooded last night with supporters of the great Irish eleven and hundreds of persons seeking to heap congratulations on Knute Rockne, coach of the champions of the United States. As soon as the game was over hundreds of people flocked to the hostelry and for many hours Rockne and his players were kept busy accepting the plaudits of their friends.

Rockne's sturdy right arm was working like an old-fashioned pumphandle during a long period but the Irish coach, who is one of the most genial mentors in the business to-day, refused to be tired out by the celebration and enjoyed the proceedings as much as anyone.

"Stanford is a great eleven," he said, "and we are proud to have defeated such a team. I was really quite worried between halves as my men seemed to be all tuckered out and they frankly told me that they didn't believe they could last the second half. However, they showed their great fighting spirit by sticking to the task until victory was assured. If we had not stopped at Tucson I hate to think what the outcome of the game might have been. That period of practice there put us in the right shape.

Coaches of teams all over the country were on hand to congratulate Rockne. "Slip" Madigan, St. Mary's mentor and a former Notre Dame player, had this to say:

"The game was certainly a great one to watch. The result was much as we had expected and all of us ex-Notre Dame men are proud of our Alma Mater."

Bob Matthews, Idaho coach, who also played at Notre Dame, felt this way: "From the spectators' standpoint the game must have been the most thrilling East vs. West battle ever staged. Everybody saw an awful lot of wonderful football."

Gus Dorais, one-half of the famous Dorais to Rockne pass combination at Notre Dame ten years ago and at present coach of Oregon, said: "It was a distinct pleasure to see two great football teams such as Notre Dame and Stanford perform. Supporters of both elevens have much to be proud of."

Dr. John Wilce, Ohio State mentor, spoke these words: "The game was a wonderful exhibition and Rockne deserves a lot of of credit for winning so far away from home under unusual circumstances."

Gwynn Henry, Missouri grid general, whose team
Fred McKale, University of Arizona coach, was all smiles: "I knew Rockne would do it after seeing the Irish practice at Tucson. It was a great game to watch."

Joe Maddock, Oregon mentor: "One of the greatest football battles I have ever witnessed. Stanford's fight and Notre Dame's brilliancy at opportune times provided hundreds of thrills."

Cliff Herd, U. S. C. scout, who picked Notre Dame to win by at least seven points: "I told you so!"

Two of the Notre Dame athletes—Stuhldreher and Bach—were painfully injured in the battle. The former received a cracked ankle, while Bach had two ribs crushed in. All of the Irish players had much praise for Ernie Nevers, the bone-crushing Stanford fullback. "He's one of the best in the business," was their comment.

Rockne and his charges will leave tomorrow morning on their return trip. The famous Notre Dame mentor has made hundreds of new friends on the trip and all of them hope graduation won't wreck his team so completely as to make a 1926 trip West entirely out of the question.

GREAT NOTRE DAME FOOTBALL SQUAD VISITS DENVER

More Than 200 Leading Business and Professional Men, Educators and Students Greet Gridiron Heroes.

BY N. C. MORRIS.

The "Four Horsemen" and the "Seven Mules" of Notre Dame, world's greatest football aggregation, were the guests of honor at a reception and dinner given by William P. McPhee at the University club last evening.

More than two hundred of the leading business and professional men of Denver supplemented by college and university presidents of the state institutions, football coaches, players, and Notre Dame alumni, were also guests of Mr. McPhee in honor of the great team.

One disappointing feature of the gathering was the absence of the great coach, Knute Rockne, who was unable to be present. He remained in California to rest a few weeks from the strenuous campaign through which he and the team have just gone. With a few other exceptions the team was intact, led by Assistant Coach Tom Lieb.

Had it not been for the rosettes pinned on the players by some of Denver's pretty lasses, it would have been next to impossible to have picked them out from among the rest of the guests so modest and unassuming were they. To the uninitiated they would not appear to be the masters of the gridiron sport that they are. Giants of the gridiron they are; but not in physique, for they are not large men. Elmer Layden, great fullback, who made three touchdowns against Stanford, tips the scales at 162 pounds, and he averages well with the rest.

In brain power, however, they are superb, and the first impression one gains of the great All-American quarterback, Harry Stuhldreher, is of what he carries above the shoulders and then it is easy to see why he received the supreme honor of being chosen as the greatest field general of the year.

The team arrived at 4:30 o'clock yesterday afternoon and after a brief reception at the depot were taken on a sightseeing tour of the city and then for a short stay at the Denver Athletic club. They then repaired to the University club. There the men were all introduced to the guests and given an opportunity to talk to many of Denver and the West's leading men, many of whom are Notre Dame alumni. The banquet hall was the next attraction. During the course of the dinner the men were again introduced to all by the assistant coach, Tom Lieb, in order that all might get a better look at them.

William P. McPhee was toastmaster and gave an interesting account of his own undergraduate days at the South Bend institution. Mr. McPhee is an honorary member of Notre Dame's first football team, that of 1887, every member of which is now living.

THE 1925 BASKETBALL SCHEDULE

Following much the same tone as the football schedule in the matter of lining up the best sellers for competition, Coach Keogan this year has given Notre Dame its hardest basketball schedule in the history of the local sport.

With the prospect of a post-season football game still unsounded, Coach Keogan carded cage teams for the 1924-25 schedule from North to south and from east to west, not the least noticeable among which were several teams of champion and near-champion dimensions.

The pre-season group included St. Thomas college of St. Paul, 1924 champs of the Minnesota-Dakota conference. The year of 1925 opened with Mercer, Southern collegiate champions of last season. Then in quick succession appeared Butler and Franklin, the capital city team representing the 1924
National A. A. U. title and Franklin, the unofficial champions of the central west. Notre Dame is carded for a home and home series with these two schools.

Another Indiana quintet on the card regarded by many state cage critics as the most likely contender for the central west pennant is Wabash. The Little Giants will meet Notre Dame but once during the season.

The last lap of the 1925 schedule is about as pretentious as could be desired. In rapid-fire order, Notre Dame will line up against Illinois, Butler, Wabash, Penn State, Carnegie Tech and Franklin. The "Sucker" five will appear on the local "Y" court, followed by Butler and Wabash. Notre Dame will then take a trip through the "near east" meeting Penn State at State College and Carnegie Tech at Pittsburgh. The State five was a big factor in Pennsylvania cage circles last year and gives much promise of running in the money again this year.

Sandwiched in between the more prominent teams are such cage fives as Armour, Northwestern, Loyola and the Michigan Aggies. The Irish will make an invasion of the west playing a two game series with Creighton at Omaha.

The schedule follows:

Dec. 8—Armour at Notre Dame.
Dec. 13—St. Thomas at St. Paul.
Dec. 15—Minnesota at Minneapolis.
Dec. 19—Northwestern at Evanston.
Dec. 30—Northwestern at Notre Dame.
Jan. 5—Mercer university at Notre Dame.
Jan. 9—Butler at Indianapolis.
Jan. 10—Franklin at Franklin.
Jan. 16—Michigan at Notre Dame.
Jan. 23—Creighton at Omaha.
Jan. 24—Creighton at Omaha.
Jan. 31—Loyola at Notre Dame.
Feb. 7—Illinois at Notre Dame.
Feb. 10—Butler at Notre Dame.
Feb. 14—Wabash at Notre Dame.
Feb. 21—Penn State at State College.
Feb. 23—Carnegie Tech at Pittsburgh.
Mar. 3—Michigan Aggies at Lansing.

VARSITY BASKETBALL TEAM MAKES GOOD START

Despite the handicap of having to open the basketball season without the services of Capt. Kizer and Clem Crowe, who with several other promising cagers were occupied with football duties, the Notre Dame basketball team, coached by George Keogan, picked up a fair start toward another record year. The Irish cage team has suffered three defeats in eight starts, losing to Minnesota in an early season tilt and more recently to Butler and Franklin, two of the leading basketball teams in the country.

Coach Keogan made his way through the first six games with a squad of unknown material save for Phil Mahoney, and Joe Dienhardt, forwards, who were with the team last season. In consequence of the untiring efforts of the coach to gather a representative team for the first lap of the schedule, there appeared in Notre Dame basketball circles, several sophomore cagers who easily rank with the best hardwood performers Notre Dame has ever known.

Johnny Nyikos, Ray Dahman and Louie Conroy have carried the burden of the work thus far, coupling their efforts with those of Mahoney and Dienhardt. Capt. Kizer and Crowe joined the team just before the road trip with Butler and Franklin, Layden and Eaton also reporting for basketball during the past week.

Notre Dame opened with an easy victory over Armour Institute of Chicago. Keogan then took his squad to Minnesota and St. Paul where the Irish divided a two game engagement, winning from St. Thomas and losing to the Gophers.

Two games in succession with Northwestern, the latter sporting the much heralded Ralph Baker, served to add to Notre Dame's list of triumphs, the Purple cage five being defeated both times, the first occasion being on Northwestern's home floor.

At the beginning of the new year, Notre Dame won an easy victory over Mercer college of Macon, Ga., 44 to 17. Every mem-
ber of the squad had their inning that night and baskets were registered almost at will.

A jaunt downstate to Butler and Franklin resulted in Notre Dame being snowed under on the first night by Butler, 31 to 16. The best efforts of Notre Dame were of no avail against the stormy attack of the National A. A. U. champions of 1923. On the following night, the Irish dropped a hard fought game to Franklin, unofficial champs of 1923, by a score of 26 to 22. The Keoganites hung on to the score till the closing minutes of play, when the Baptist school quintet forged into the lead with some superb basket shooting.

Notre Dame’s meeting with Butler and Franklin on the home court later in the season should provide two of the most interesting cage tilts in the history of the school.

INDOOR TRACK

The special quality and quantity of sport schedules that have been drawn up for Notre Dame athletic teams during the past three years mark a new era in Notre Dame athletics, a swift upward trend into the sanctum of stellar competition.

The indoor and outdoor track schedules drawn up by Coach Knute K. Rockne for the season of 1925 are very much in keeping with the admirable quality of the football and basketball cards. In announcing the track cards, Coach Rockne pointed out that Notre Dame was breaking into the company of some of the most competent track stars in the country, and seeking competition with some of the most prominent track teams in the central west.

For the indoor season of 1925, Notre Dame will meet three of the leading track teams in the western conference, entertaining Illinois on the local track, Feb. 14, journeying to Northwestern on Feb. 21, and to Wisconsin on March 7. Rockne will also enter a team of his best in the annual Illinois relay carnival at Urbana, founded by Coach Harry Gill in 1917.

With the exception of interteam meets and handicap events with the freshman squad, little opportunity will be available before the Illinois meet, to obtain an estimate of the caliber of the track squad Rockne will have for this year’s cinder campaign.

A two mile relay composed of Cox, Masterson, Wagner and Judge will enter the I. A. C. handicap meet at Chicago, Jan. 16. Graduation last June took several valuable men from the ranks of the thinly-clads, but the Notre Dame coach has a host of unknown material from last year’s freshman team to work with this winter.

Capt. Bud Barr, McTiernan, Milbauer, Wendland, Cox, Casey, and Harrington are among the veterans who will form the nucleus of this year’s team. Among the men from last year’s freshman team who are expected to perform in varsity fashion this winter are Judge, Nulty, Riley, Barron, Wynn, Boland and Masterson.

The indoor season will be followed with an array of headline attractions on the outdoor card. Illinois, Iowa and the Michigan Aggies will be encountered in dual meets. The Ohio, Penn and Drake relays are the feature meets listed which will attract the best performers on the Notre Dame squad. Rockne has always taken a team to Drake and sent at least one man to the Penn relays, both meets being staged on the same date. The state and conference meets will also include a corterie of Notre Dame cinder artists. The Irish tracksters have won the state meet every year since 1915.

The indoor schedule:
Feb. 7—Relay team to Boston.
Feb. 14—Illinois at Notre Dame.
Feb. 21—Northwestern at Evanston.
Feb. 28—Illinois relays at Urbana.
Mar. 7—Wisconsin at Madison.

The outdoor schedule:
Apr. 18—Ohio relays at Columbus.
Apr. 25—Penn and Drake relays.
May 2—Illinois at Urbana.
May 16—Michigan Aggies at Notre Dame.
May 23—State meet.
May 30—Iowa at Iowa City.
June 5-6—Conference meet.
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NOTRE DAME VS. STANFORD

A View Behind the Scenes of the Football Game

BY JOSEPH SCOTT

Fifty-three thousand people jammed every available inch of space in the Pasadena stadium last New Year's Day. Sport writers from all sections of the country had the thrill of their career watching a football game. Excitement coursed through the coolest and most experienced among that vast assemblage. All manner of comments were made before, during and after the game. It was my high privilege to get a peep behind the scenes, which might be worth recording.

What was the secret of the success of the Notre Dame boys? The answer would be manifold from every possible and conceivable angle. The players, themselves, had one answer. They prayed and their prayers were heard. Cynics may smile; the agnostic may be amused and the atheist may scoff, but the fact still remains — the Notre Dame College boys believe in the Living God. They have an intense devotion to our Blessed Lady, the Mother of God, and they prayed.

They started their religious efforts on the morning of their arrival in Los Angeles, when, fasting, they pulled in at the depot, and were on their way, not to the hotel, but to St. Andrew's Church in Pasadena. There the chaplain, Father O'Hara, offered up the Holy Sacrifice of the
Mass, and 31 out of the 33 players knelt at the altar rail for Holy Communion. On the morning of New Year's, when I was privileged to be present, everyone of those same husky lads were on their knees at the altar rail receiving Holy Communion, and asking God to bless them and hearken to their prayers for success.

Back of the lines during the last heat of the contest, and particularly during the awful scrimmage within one foot of the Notre Dame goal line, when all eyes were focused upon them, the Notre Dame College lads huddled behind their goal line for a brief conference. The spectators thought they were communicating football signals. In reality, they were flooding the Heavens with Hail Marys, and so through the long gruelling hour and a half of that bitter fight, these Catholic college boys kept the faith and said their prayers. More especially for those of us who need the experience, they not only prayed before the game and during the game but after the game. Like the Samaritan leper, who was cleansed, they didn't forget the prayer of thanksgiving, for as they left the stadium with the roar of their thousands of admirers in their ears, instead of going directly to their hotel, they went by way of St. Andrew's Church. There, in the dim twilight, before the altar, they offered up their hearts to God in thanksgiving for the success that had reward-
ed their efforts and their prayers.

We Catholic fathers and mothers ought to be proud of that type of college boy. The institution that developed that spirit has a right to be comforted beyond expression. So long as Catholic colleges can present that type of athletes, we need have no anxiety about the effect of athletics upon the spirit of Catholic youth.

It more than compensates the parents of today for the financial worry and anxiety with which they have to meet the heavy additional bills incident to sending their boy to Catholic colleges. The Catholic institution, on the other hand, which cannot develop that spirit, had better close its doors because without it, such college has lost its right to parental consideration.

It has been my privilege to see these East and West games played for many years. I have been identified with the Tournament of Roses in Pasadena for more than a generation, and I can safely say, as a Catholic and a father, that I never received so much genuine consolation as I experienced in watching these clean limbed, unpretentious, quiet mannered, gentlemanly college lads walk down the aisle of St. Andrew's Church on New Year's Day.

God bless such lads, and may their tribe increase and multiply!

The academic record of Notre Dame is just as high as the glorious athletic record of her "Four Horsemen."
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