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The MOST REVEREND DIOMEDE FALCONIO, D. D.

APOSTOLIC DELEGATE

Who is visiting the University this week and will dedicate
Walsh Hall to-morrow.

From the Farther Shore.

PETER E. HEBERT, '10.

AUTUMN winds are sighing,
 Summer joys are gone;
 Languid leaves are lying
 O'er the russet lawn;
 Woodland tremors swelling,
 Church-bells slowly knelling,
 Thrill our senses, telling
 Deepest sorrow's dawn.

While the plaintive dirges
 Mourn the dying year,
 Something subtle urges
 Christian souls to hear
 Echoed voices grieving,
 Asking who are weaving
 Wreaths for them, relieving
 Fetters which they bear.

Realism in the Novel.

THOMAS A. LAHEY, '11.



ENGLISH fiction in its period of formation is somewhat remarkable. Almost three centuries have elapsed since its first inception as a distinct class into the records of our literature, and as yet its final character has not been fully determined. Two great influences have been and are still actively at work in its development: romanticism and realism. Neither will ever triumph entirely, for something of both must ever be present in the really great novel. Yet both doctrines are legitimate, well meaning and sound, both have a right and a reason for being heard. And yet, strange to say, the school which has probably done the most in that development is by far the least appreciated.

It seems to be the opinion of many that realism, in its fundamental aim, tends to degrade the novel, and that the realist himself is but a mere photographer, a copyist, as it were, of everyday life, as it exists in all its defects and in all its weaknesses. This is not true. There are realists and men who

call themselves realists. When Zola declares the doctrine of the realist to be, that he "opens wide windows upon nature to see everything and to tell it all," he is not necessarily untrue to its basic principles; but when he begins to write, when we find his novels portraying humanity and its degradation, its faults and its defects, with a microscopic exactness, while at the same time he fails to see the evident beauties and the obvious nobility of life, we can not but exclaim that here is a man who goes beyond even extreme realism in order to enter the domain proper only to the student of vice and criminology. Yet Zola poses as a realist, and the world, thinking him and his followers to be such as they claim, has prejudiced itself against a school which holds entirely different tenets. When Shakespeare tells us that "the purpose of playing... is to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature," he makes the same identical proposition as Zola, for if acting must serve the purpose as he enunciates it, then it is equally necessary that the language itself, which, beyond all else, governs that action, must be likewise so adapted. Yet when Shakespeare writes, when he holds "the mirror up to nature," and pictures the faults and failings, the noble and the Godlike qualities of human life in their own proper proportions, we at last see a true disciple of the realistic school, though in his own time its doctrines had not yet been formulated.

If we wish to know what true realism is, it will not do to look at certain present-day writers, who, portraying all the social and economic evils of the hour under the form of the novel, style themselves followers of the realistic school. Richardson and Fielding may have done this to a degree, it is true, but judged by their own standards and their own age, we can at least find justification for their actions. Not so, however, with Zola, Dostoyefsky, Turguéneff, Tolstoi, and certain American and French novelists,—people who call them realists, for they paint humanity in all the hideousness and all the repulsiveness of the lowest phases of existence about them. In the stream of life, if it be clear and beautiful, they must needs stir up the dirt below, and drag up to the human gaze all the mean impulses and the criminal tendencies of the low-lived

characters which they make it a business to seek. If the stream be muddy, they do not seek further for a clearer or a purer course, but stooping, dip up the rancid, vermin-covered waters, and present it to their readers to drink. Such men may be clever writers,—they undoubtedly are powerful portrayers,—but if we term them realists at all,—which the true disciple of that school scorns to do,—we must at the very least call them ultra-realists or extremists. Like the Pharisees, they overdo the letter of the law, thereby sinning to a greater and a more ignoble degree against the spirit which comprises its real life and essence.

True realism does not or can not claim to portray *all* of nature, nor can it show life merely as it appears upon the surface. This is the false interpretation placed upon the realistic school, which has led so many of our novelists astray, and placed realism itself in a very bad light. True realism goes beyond and seeks deeper into life and character than the mere outward semblance, for it is only there that the true realities are found. This is what has made the quiet, homely narratives of Jane Austin, unromantic and commonplace as they may seem, almost as much read and admired as the highly colored and bespangled heroes of the king of romanticists, Sir Walter Scott; this is what has made Fielding's "Tom Jones," notwithstanding the moral depravity found in the book, a volume that will live while fiction itself lives; this is what has made "Little Dorrit," "Pickwick" and "Micawber" bywords among the nation's literature. Indeed, the characters created by this school are real, almost, we might say actual, existing personages. How much more refreshing is it, and how much more exhilarating to read the thoughts of, and feel the feelings of, the afore-named, warm-blooded, breathing beings than to mingle among the highly idealized, and sometimes thoroughly lifeless, figures of the romantic school.

Of course it can not be denied but that the romantic school has produced great writers, men whose influence must last through the centuries. Scott and Stevenson are undoubtedly two of the greatest figures in all English fiction, and they were romanticists of the first water. Their disciples

have been numerous and influential; they have accomplished great things for English fiction, and their work will live: but we can not on that account overlook the influence of the realistic school in the babbling of the few who would banish its doctrines altogether.

Whether we consider the novel to have found its birth in Defoe or Richardson, we must concede in either case that its first living form breathed the spirit of realism. It was this identical spirit of realism, this ability, on the one hand, of creating natural, breathing, homelike characters, and on the other, of depicting life and the problems of a peculiar state of life in minute detail, which has made Richardson's "Pamela," and Defoe's "Robinson Crusoe," so very lifelike in appearance as to deceive many contemporaries of that time into speaking and writing of them as though they were actual characters of real life. Immediately contemporary to these we find Fielding, an out-and-out realist, presenting characters of real life as he himself knew them. His best work, "Tom Jones," notwithstanding its low moral tendencies, remains to-day one of the best novels ever written. Smollet, likewise, was a realist, and to him indeed the novel owes a great debt, for it was through him that "a real sea, a real ship, a real voyage and the real English tars," first came into fiction. His Scotchmen, Irishmen, Welshmen and Jews, are likewise, we might well say, the first national types in all English fiction. Sterne, succeeding next in the world of the novel, has given us "Tristan Shandy," which, half novel and half sketch-book, though it be, yet withal contains that famous old character Uncle Toby,—*"amiable, honest, brave, sentimental Uncle Toby,—one of the best-drawn characters in eighteenth century fiction,"* and that was the century when great characters were common as they are rare at the present day.

To add to this already noted group of realists, who, alone and unaided by the romanticists, sent the novel upon its great and influential career, we find Goldsmith, indeed not a realist by open profession, but one in all truth when we look upon the actual identity of his novel, the "Vicar of Wakefield." Of his characters Cross says: "Less self-conscious than Pamela, less brill-

iant than Fielding's Sophia, Goldsmith's Olivia and Sophia,—butterflies though they be, bedecking themselves with 'ruffles and pinkings and patchings'—are the nearest approach to real country girls that had yet appeared in the novel." It was he who first brought the novel down to the fireside, and made it a common inheritance of the villager as well as the student and scholar. These men,—realists all,—nurtured the novel in its infancy, developed it in its youthful growth, and gave the finishing touches, as it were, to that first stage of development which was to blossom forth later in the great masters themselves. A prominent critic tells us, that a "saner, finer body of literature than the best of fiction from Richardson to Goldsmith is not often to be met with in a nation's history," and yet through this entire period, it was the realistic school and the realistic doctrines entirely which flourished and built up that portion of literature which is known now as the novel.

Even if we look back into literature beyond those who first publicly professed the realistic doctrine in fiction, we find that the majority of writers who attained to permanent greatness had in them the predominant characteristics of this school. Shakespeare himself has given us personages, such as Sir Toby Belch, Falstaff, Timon of Athens, Shylock, Brutus, Portia, etc., characters such as only a realistic treatment could bring into lasting life. Even Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," which would naturally seem to be wholly idealistic or romantic, was regarded by himself and his contemporaries as anything but mere fiction. His characters, as one writer says, reach "the attainment of the illusion of reality," and though allegorical are nevertheless living beings, far more natural, indeed, than some of the best found in the works of the great romanticist himself. The *Tatler* and *Spectator*, though composed only of essays, were essentially realistic in style and treatment. Will Honeycomb and Sir Roger de Coverley were depicted by Addison as actually existing characters, and indeed we could expect no truer representation of life than he has given us, especially in the worthy squire of the Scriblerus Club. Some writers even attribute Dean Swift's great power to his realistic portrayal of English political life,

and though his scenes are anonymous and his characters satirically dressed, he does, in all but his morbid interpretation of English manners and customs, exhibit the essential qualities of the true disciple of that school.

These early writers dwelt almost entirely upon the humble and natural characteristics of daily existence. In order to do this they were compelled to make a study of life and its surroundings, thus becoming in spite of themselves, realists in thought and action. With them there was no beautifully arranged background to supply what their writings themselves lacked, no highly colored or æsthetic descriptions, no splendors and terrors of nature, no long, vivid descriptions of surrounding scenes dished out to heighten the interest and give naturalness to a particularly lifeless portrayal. They are to the novel what the plays of Shakespeare acted in the bare theatres without scenery or stage effect, are to the creations of to-day, which, when analyzed, result in a mixture of ten per cent acting, twenty per cent play nucleus, and seventy per cent stage setting.

It is true, the realistic school has not at all times held full sway, and can not of course take to itself all the credit of advancing this particular class of fiction from its first crude state to its after finished development. Along about the latter part of the eighteenth century, romantic tendencies began gradually to appear and take definite form as a new doctrine. Indeed, upon its very appearance it became at once the all-important method during that noted period when the spirit of Scott dominated, and rightly so, the whole field of contemporary novelists. However, after contributing its best qualities to this advancement, romanticism at last gave way again to a now more advanced realistic doctrine, which, existing in some form or other up to the present day, seems again about to be superseded by a mixed but highly developed species of both doctrines.

It would indeed be impossible to dwell on all who have contributed to the realistic influence in the novel, for the followers of romanticism are legion. Only the leaders can be touched upon. Even here among the later novelists, especially within the last

hundred years, it would be difficult to pick out single writers of note, and say "here is a romanticist, or an idealist or a realist," so mingled have become the two schools. But in Dickens and Thackeray, probably the two novelists whose characters are best known in all literature, we find that it is by their realistic portrayal of life that they strike the notes which have rung their greatness broadcast throughout the literary world. Thackeray, the great searcher of hearts, tells us before beginning "Vanity Fair": "I will now paint you a picture of life as it really is," and he actually did so. Though the picture which he paints does not portray a very model humanity or a very sublime ideal, nevertheless, because it was truly realistic in spirit, it has imbibed to a degree that living quality which seems to invest all the works of that school. In "Pendennis," begun with the avowed intention of producing another "Tom Jones," we find that Thackeray, with the experience of his predecessors ever before his mind, has produced what we would call a sample of true realism. Tom Jones was a study in the nude; Pendennis stands modestly draped; both will live as the former has lived until the present day.

(CONCLUSION IN NEXT ISSUE.)

The City.

THOMAS A. LAHEY, '11.

SOME love the glory of the tangled wild,
 Whose rugged sanctum man has never trod,
 Whose hoary aisles no voice has e'er defiled
 Since woke the first creative word of God;
 Some love the country where the winds are mild,
 Earth-scented with each new-turned virgin clod,
 Where garnered crops and sheaves of grain high piled,
 Bespeak the bounty and the love of God.
 I love the city, tho' 'tis paved and tiled
 To hide the glory of the earth's green sod,
 For living souls, the man, the youth, the child,—
 These speak to me more than all else of God.

"It requires as much wisdom to know when to yield as when to be firm; and greater courage is often shown in withdrawing from a position than in maintaining it."

John Wenton's Success.

FRED J. BOUCHER, '13.

The only passenger who alighted from the ten-thirty limited found the entire town of Knappsville shrouded in darkness. The platform was deserted; in the distance the shrill whistle of the train which had carried him there seemed to break the last tie which bound him to the East, and an overwhelming feeling of loneliness flooded the soul of John Wenton. A sharp gust of wind blew open the station door, and rousing himself from a momentary reverie he entered. But even here it was cold and abandoned. Dropping his bag he stretched himself upon the hard station seat. The hotel might be in the next block, but more probably it marked the next milestone, and it demanded more courage than Wenton possessed to investigate.

Further thought upon the subject was interrupted by the entrance of a heavy faded overcoat, a pair of boots and a tightly drawn cap bounded by a mighty knit scarf. "Kenyon House," piped the little individual showing a weazened, weather-beaten face with a thin fiery-red nose. To Wenton it meant either "Kenyon House" or the station, and it needed no meditation as to which he preferred. The overcoat shuffled over to the bag, picked it up and turned toward the door with a squeaky, "Follow me." The bag proved to be a life-saver, as it was only its weight which served to anchor the bearer against the strong gale blowing across the platform.

Directly beyond the tracks loomed up a large building which Wenton and his worthy entered. It developed that the guide, who had now seated himself behind an old counter, was Kenyon, proprietor, bell-boy and chamber-maid. Wenton signed on the last page of the register, making a mental jot of the information, as the printing of another meant additional work in his line.

Shown to his room Wenton partially undressed, chose the only chair in the room and cocked his feet upon the fireless stove to rest in meditation. A "three line" in the want column of a large Eastern daily, offering to sell at a handsome bargain a

newspaper, the necessary appurtenances with the good will, was the *raison d'être*. Three hundred dollars and a chattel mortgage upon the plant for the remaining three hundred, was the consideration, and this, to Wenton, meant all he had, not including ten dollars in bills and change. He had told himself a thousand times, while on the trip, that he would not fail and that he would force every obstacle to enhance rather than lessen his chances for success. But Wenton's fund of experience was limited, an asset the value of which is lost to the young. If he were to win, energy and ambition must be his tools. There were several reasons why he would make good: his college career had been all that any man could wish, although it had been secured by bumps and knocks; secondly, he had a true, kind and lovable nature.

Again he rehearsed his attack and march into the souls of the people of Knappsville, and planned and planned until he was far beyond the realms of realism and had a small fortune within his grasp; and then his tired body succumbed to sleep.

The next morning found him closeted with the cashier of the only bank, who passed over to him the books, accounts, and above all the list of four hundred and fifty subscribers, for on these good people depended the quantity of his advertisements, in other words, the success of the paper. Both walked over to the office which was set in some distance between two shops on Main Street. An old desk with several chairs and an exchange table formed the furniture of the office proper. Even at this early hour a number of the town loafers had congregated and were expounding the latest theories in politics and agriculture. Wenton passed through the type and press rooms, and after giving a perfunctory glance at several of the presses he accepted the plant from the former officer.

At a sign from the cashier the loungers shuffled out and Wenton was left alone with a be-whiskered gentleman of nondescript appearance and a boy, who upon inquiry developed to be the printer and his devil. From Carpenter, the printer, he learned that during the past few months the sheet had been making its appearance at somewhat irregular intervals and that at no time did it

contain more than a column or two of local happenings and that this was supplemented by the patents and boiler plate. In addition, Carpenter stated that he had not received wages for two months and gently hinted to Wenton that his loyalty to the Knappsville News might cease very soon if this custom was not remedied.

The paper, a weekly, was due three days hence to make its initial bow under the new régime, so work was begun immediately. Carpenter unlocked the forms of the last issue, and Jones, the devil, set diligently at distributing type, while Wenton wrote his opening announcement editorial which had ever been in his mind since the day he answered the want ad.

In the afternoon he visited the business and political powers of the town; and although he was given a hearty welcome by everybody, there were some who were skeptical as to the success of the paper, as it had always been a failure and an eyesore to the citizens of Knappsville. He solicited their advertising on the condition that they were to pay nothing for the first issue, but that he would rest all on the quality of his work as editor.

For three days, editor, printer and devil worked as they had never worked before, and it was past midnight when they left the office on the day previous to the coming out. On Friday afternoon the paper appeared and when the town assembled at the post-office at five, everyone found a copy. It was not necessary that they notice the words on the wrapper, "Read this and then subscribe," for rumor and gossip had said that at no time in the history of their paper had Tom Jenkins found a light three successive morning on his way to the milk-express. And such a paper! the first page was solid local news—unheard of in the annals of newspaperdom in Knappsville; politics and questions of the day were treated at length in the editorial column; and, wonders to behold! a verse, in which Sam Tufts, the president of the village and other notables, were praised!

It was a big night for Knappsville. Knots of two and three kept dropping in at the office where Wenton sat in state. All manner of predictions and congratulations were offered, and the paper received seventy

new subscriptions besides the renewal of half a hundred more. The president appointed an entertainment committee to look into the matter of having a "speech-gathering" the following evening. A general hilarity and a feeling of possession and pride entered the hearts of the townspeople, because to them a paper meant everything—increase in fame, population and business, and no longer could the people of Spring Valley show their newspaper and point the deriding finger. As the evening wore on, tales and predictions increased in proportionate magnitude until the weekly had grown to a daily, with a Sunday comic supplement, and Knappsville became the first city of the land. The loneliness of the days before had left Wenton, and when he saw the results of his labor he knew that the people had been more anxious for him to make good than he himself had been, and that every man, woman and child of Knappsville was his friend.

The night following, the band from the county seat made its appearance and played before the office, then escorted Wenton to the town-hall where he sat upon the platform with the Hon. Jim Rand of the state legislature, Sam Tufts and the selectmen. A profound silence filled the hall when John Wenton rose to speak. Quiet and unostentatious was his delivery. He shared with them his plan, and told them that to make good, their assistance he must have. He utterly forgot himself and talked on. He once more became a boy, and gratitude and happiness filled his heart. When he had finished it was fully a minute before the spell was broken; then a mighty crash of applause filled the hall, and Wenton had taken Knappsville by storm.

OUR thoughts of heaven are dreams. We can no more know what it is than we can fathom God's being. Let us so live as to fit ourselves for the highest life, and leave the rest to the Highest.

THE more sensitive the mind is to appeals to the nobler passions the higher are we exalted above a merely animal existence; and we should therefore accustom the young to respond to the solicitations of the diviner love which is symbolized by religion, home and country.—*Spalding*.

Varsity Verse.

SLANG.

Well, it gives a guy a pang
When he hears all kirds o' slang
Right aroun' dese college buildin's ev'ry day.
Seems the fellers ought to know
Just how far they ought to go
With their bloomin' "stick around" and "fade away."

"No, I had some just last week."
Says the extra slangy freak,
When ye ask him won't he have a little chew.
"Dough-head," "pin-head," "shut your pate,"
Nope, dese here ain't out o' date,
'Cause ye hear 'em ev'ry day around this U.

Well, "hard luck" ain't gettin' rare
An' some guys'll even dare
Right around this place to tell ye, "you're a peach;"
Guess there ain't no use to kick
All ye got to do is "stick"—
Just keep still an' let some other feller preach.

I can stand fer lots 'o stuff
From "hot air" to "Bow'ry guff,"
But there's one thing sure I wish the guys would cut,
Guess you heard it well as me,
If ye didn't, "here she be,"
(Don't ye ever say it while I'm here) "oh! you mutt."
F. J. W.

HIS LAST RIDE.

The student to the exam has gone,
In the class-room you will find him;
A horse he has which he looks not on,
For the teacher stands behind him.
"O hang the luck!" said the student bold,
"This horse can naught avail me;
The Prof. is on and I guess he'll hold—
Ye gods! he means to nail me."

The student flunked!—but the fellows' scoff
Could not in the slightest floor him;
He merely tried to bluff the Prof.
But the Prof. was there before him.
The youth then mused: "O sad is fate,
And the way of life is stony;
I would have gone at a splendid gait
Had the Prof. not stopped my pony."

P. P. F.

Pun-GENT.

You didn't think I'd *prune* your hope,
Said papa to the pear;
But now you see you *cantaloupe*,
For I just *beet* you there.

Eggs-actly, said the groom at last,
You've *corn*-ered us, 'tis true.
I thought you'd *turnip* mighty fast
To *squash* this interview.

Lettuce go on, dear, leave the bore,
We're tired of being *tea*-sed
Hands up, *rhub*, *arb*-itrate no more,—
We will not be *ap-peas*-ed. L.

MUSIC VERSUS STUDY.

I've heard in days gone by some very painful sounds
indeed,

But yet the painfulest of all, I know,
Is the graphophone Old College has whose everlasting
grind,

My poor ill-fated ears must undergo.
I was never sick of songs until I heard this blamed
machine,

A-gristing out its solos night and day,
'Tis said there's pow'r in song to charm the wild and
savage beast,

But this would drive the tamest ones away.

In the morning I'm awakened by Caruso's wondrous
voice

A-singing stanzas to the rising sun,
But this only lasts a moment, for they start up Sousa's
band,

And troubles for the day have just begun.
Then there come in quick succession dances, quartettes,
orchestras,

Then Nordica and Eames begin to shout.
This takes place before our breakfast; just a prelude,
during which

The program for the day is figured out.

After breakfast come the operas, oft-repeated, sung
again,

Then run once backwards just to change the tune;
Carmen, Faust, Tanhauser, Norma, Lohengrin and
Parsifal,

A modest entertainment give till noon.
Afternoons the program changes, instruments are all
the rage,

Lizst's Rhapsodie is played upon the flute,
Then the fife and drum are started, obligatoed with
a horn,

And the trombones try a trio with the lute.

But the day so far is peaceful when I think of what's
to come,

For evening's celebration beats them all.
Then the graphophone gets fiendish, groans and kicks
and snorts and coughs,

And plays its repertoire with wheeze and squawl.
Every piece that has been played since early morn
is played again,

Then they try the records several at a time.
This gives a dainty tone when Melba sings with
horns and drums,

And the waltz and march when joined give notes
sublime.

When at last I must retire, do I quickly fall asleep?
They've just begun the talking pieces' stunts.
This thing lasts for several hours, then I doze a
little bit,

Through cheer exhaustion from the snorts and
grunts.

Then I dream of thunder, lightning and the fall of
glass and brick,

And I hear the ocean roar, the mountain groan,
Then I wake up with a start to find I'm hammering
the bed,—

I only dream I smash that graphophone. — R. F. D.

"Pamela": Its Moral Influence.

CHARLES C. MILTNER, '11.

The novel is a story of life as it is. As a literary form its beginning, in the English language, dates from the middle of the eighteenth century, and the principle of its development has been the principle of action and reaction, "an eternal swing between realism and idealism." As an art form its function is to move and please by representing objects and experiences, in which we are naturally interested, in such a way as to lift them out of the region of indifferent familiarity and render them more vivid and attractive. It aims at portraying the simple, hence beautiful, things that are constituent elements of our social and domestic life, as, for example, love, fidelity, sacrifice, honesty; in short, virtue wherever it is or may be displayed; and at intensifying, so as to bring into bold relief, all the opposite passions and vices. Science, art and religion are the three great objects of the thoughts of men and since the novel is a form of literary art whose sole function is the expression of thought in language comprehensible and pleasing to all, we may say that no other art form has a greater influence on the generality of people in a moral, educational or political way. This will be quite evident, we think, when we consider for a moment other arts, as music, painting or sculpture. True, these express thoughts, grander and more elevated thoughts, perhaps, than any novel, but how few of us can comprehend them. A perfect rendition of a masterpiece of Beethoven or Bach to the majority, means nothing more than ordinary music; the sight of a Sistine Madonna might please our eye for the time being, even arouse our emotion so as to draw from our eye a tear, and a marble bust of Washington might cause us to remark its perfect likeness or unlikeness to what we conceived to be the original. But great as is the superiority of these art forms over the novel as an art form they do not and can not exert such a persistent or permanent influence over the affairs of our daily life. It is to the consideration of some of these influences that we shall confine ourselves.

Unfortunately, though not at all surprising, the novel has, like many other inventions, been made to serve an evil as well as a good purpose. "For," remarks Sidney Lanier, "the thief can send a telegram to his pal as easily as the sick man to his doctor, and the locomotive spins along no less merrily because ten carloads of rascals may be profiting by its speed; so vice as well as virtue has availed itself of the novel form, and we have such men as Scott and Dickens and Eliah and MacDonald using this means to purify the air in one place, while Zola in another applies the same means to defiling the whole earth and slandering all humanity under the sacred names of 'naturalism,' of 'science,' of 'physiology.'"

It is generally conceded that Richardson's "Pamela" was the first literary production which could be classed as an English novel, though some claim that Defoe's "Robinson Crusoe," which preceded it by twenty-one years, takes precedence over it. However, it matters nothing at all in the present treatise. "Pamela," according to the express intention of the author, was to be a novel, or, more accurately, a story with a moral. He intended it to exert a moral influence. With this in mind, let us, by a brief review, see how the very nature of the story would have, if not the very opposite, at least an equally contrary effect. To impart this moral he throws the form of his narrative into a series of letters passing between characters by which he hopes to "introduce a new species of writing that might possibly turn young people into a course of reading different from the pomp and parade of romance writing and . . . promote the cause of religion and virtue." Now, with this form and intention he proceeds to introduce the matter. Pamela Andrews, the heroine, through an unforeseen chain of circumstances, is left somewhat in the power of a certain gentleman of fashion and man of the world who then makes various assaults upon her honor. She, being a lady of character, repulses his advances, but can not escape his persecution. Finally her virtue is rewarded by the conversion of the reprobate who then proposes marriage and is gratefully accepted. Such surely, on the face of it, is not a very becoming text from which to draw a lesson that will "promote the cause of religion and

virtue." Without quoting any of the basely suggestive or sickening sentimental portions, we may at once begin our inferences concerning the influence such a tale would likely have on its readers. Put in the form of sentimental love-letters and "prolix to tediousness," it could not please as a story nor instruct as a treatise. Its interest, then, must have depended upon the curiosity aroused from the suggestive matter and the unusual form into which it was placed. Being treated to a succession of events wherein a simple, though virtuous, young girl is battling alone and single-handed to preserve her honor against an unscrupulous profligate and all this drawn out through two large volumes of sentimental correspondence, could not only not instill a love of purity into the heart of any well-meaning maiden or "servant girl," as the author intends it should, but would by its text as well as suggestion fill her mind with images and concepts which would tend to produce an effect the exact contrary. Then, on the other hand, the portrayal of the pernicious machinations of her scapegrace persecutor would form a fitting course in rascality for any subject so inclined. But, to cap the climax, this virtuous maiden, after enduring all this, suddenly finds her sensual devotee truly repentant; and instead of a heart full of lust, he suddenly offers her one filled with pure love, asks her hand in "honorable marriage" which she "gratefully" accepts. Here we have a sinner of purple dye suddenly becoming so holy that everyone speaks of his sanctity. Surely a pleasing law of morality that allows this and very encouraging—to those of his kind. We have a spotless virgin delivered from the hands of her persecutor and rewarded with the self-mended instrument of her torture. Surely a great incentive to chastity! Such was the reward of Pamela; "so that considering the enormous surplus of Mr. B.'s rewards as against Pamela's, instead of "Pamela, or the Reward of Virtue," Lanier asks, "ought not the book to have been called Mr. B., or the Reward of Villainy?" and instead of a "warning to servant girls,—why might he not as well have announced it as an encouragement to old villains?" Briefly, we do not think that such a novel could or did produce a healthy moral effect.

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—The students' Annual Retreat which will be concluded Monday morning should prove helpful spiritually to all who assisted at the exercises. That **The Annual Retreat**, human nature needs an occasional check-up for the correct adjustment of the spiritual and the temporal is universally admitted. And as in every other detail of life, so too in this. The individual who carries to the work serious thought and painstaking attention will derive desirable results. The time of retreat is the time of grace, and he who has an abiding sense of his own weakness when it comes to fighting the devil, the world and human passion, will never speak lightly of these annual exercises. Many a man owes peace of soul here and an assurance of everlasting peace hereafter to just such special times of grace when the mind is opened and the heart chastened by the repetition of those old-time, but perennially new, truths of Christian life. One should not look for brilliant or weighty discourses on such occasions. Sermons that are practical, that touch on the everyday Christian virtues, such as honesty, chastity, temperance, reverence and charity are more acceptable and effective. Add to practical sermons a serious searching into self and an earnest purpose to straighten the crooked ways and

pull down the hills on the part of the individual making the retreat and success is a natural consequence. The Right Rev. Bishop of Cheyenne has certainly performed his part of the obligation, and from the earnest attention of all during the retreat, combined with a worthy reception of Holy Communion on Monday morning, one is safe in saying the students performed their part also.

—In the industrial world the saying "time means money" is no more trite than true. Indeed, but a cursory glance at the lives of any of our great financiers **The Use of Time.** will reveal the fact that a niggardly use of time has been a common characteristic, and, we may suppose, the greatest factor in their success. To despise little things is always rash, but to be unheeding of the passing moments is most dangerous and deleterious. The student has a set course. He is aiming at a definite goal. His time is limited. He loses it when he does nothing, when he does what is wrong and when he does what is indifferent. Time once lost can never be regained. Time lost means money lost, opportunity lost, and, perhaps, success lost. The proper employment of it then should be his chief concern, and nothing will aid him in this more than a strict adherence to a fixed horarium.

—Sir Henry Irving is said to have asserted that when an actor becomes too familiar with his audience, when he begins to play in a condescending, half-hearted **The Student in Public Functions.** or careless manner, relying on a reputation already earned, at that moment he ceases to be a good actor and very soon will not be tolerated. There is a truth in this which is too often overlooked. The person that willingly comes before the public, places himself under contract to give the best that he has. This is true not only of the actor, but of the preacher, the lawyer, the singer, the athlete, in short, of everyone that takes part in formal entertainment. The man that does not intend to live up to this obligation has no business at the front, and his career will be short. The world will neither excuse nor cuddle a man, nor lift him up when he is

down. Now is the time to realize this. No student can hope for a successful after-life who goes into everything half-heartedly. If he enters the debates or oratorical contests, if he is seen on the athletic field, if he appears in the glee club, or college play, by this very act of participation he contracts to do his best; otherwise, even in a more marked way than that of the man of the world, he has no business before his fellow-students. The young men of our universities should realize this. Our colleges present the student with numberless opportunities for public appearance, and the benefits to be derived from such functions are incalculable. It is for each young man to enter the public field for which he is most fitted, feeling it his obligation to give the very best that he is able. If all do this, the standard of public entertainments of any sort will be raised to unexpected heights, and each participant will derive a store of experience that will never fail him in after-life.

—To the uninitiated examinations may hold a charm of mystery. A closer acquaintance dispels the mystery, but there is still a

charm—though it is rather the

Bi-Monthly charm of prosaic uncertainty.
Examinations. With all the irksomeness there

is much to be said in favor of the system of bi-monthly examinations. A solid review of the subject-matter covered in a period of two months should be sufficient to fix it firmly enough in the mind of the student, and a written test is always an aid to memory. An entire subject can hardly be elaborated on sufficiently in one month to warrant the formation of several small divisions: semi-annual and final examinations, with the corresponding inconveniences, are necessitated, and the value of the monthly examination is minimized. The bi-monthly division forms, in reality, five complete terms, in each of which a certain portion of the subject-matter may be considered as a separate unit and thoroughly discussed. The examination serves to round out or give tangible form to the matter considered. It should be the natural complement to the class recitations, and as such should not be considered with great fear and trembling. While insufficient preparation should, of course, be guarded against, there

is no excuse whatever for "cramming." A student may fill his head with a chaos of matter, but analysis will show a preponderance of words over ideas. It is not honest to oneself to "cram." The faithful student who judiciously divides his time between work and play and devotes equal sincerity and energy to each, will take examinations as a matter of course, and his work will invariably show satisfactory results.

—A commendable example of enthusiasm in the teeth of a crushing defeat was that of the M. A. C. delegation of rooters last

Saturday. One would have to
The Matter of do violence to imagination and
Cheering. to past facts to credit Notre

Dame rooters with a like enthusiasm in like circumstances. It can not be said that mere cheering is loyalty, or a lack of it disloyalty. Neither can it be said that the students of the Michigan Agricultural college are more loyal to their institution than the students of Notre Dame are to her. Essentially no more devoted following lives anywhere than here. What is lacking is a notable expression of loyalty at the proper time and place. There seems to be a want of organization, of enthusiasm; there seems to be an undercurrent of dread that if we get together to practise songs and yells we are descending to babydom, and some wise man will laugh at us. Then, too, when we do get together in the gymnasium of an afternoon to practise rooting for a big game, a smart individual hands out wit done up in nickel packages to "jolly" the cheer leader, and we all laugh. We use up twenty minutes or so in futile efforts, interspersed with more wit, and go out as we went in with practically nothing accomplished. As is to be expected, our cheering at the big games is lacking unity, volume, and every other good quality that a half hour's careful rehearsing could easily bring about. One is always assured of student loyalty, but one regrets that a few among us can not sacrifice our wit on the altar of organized rooting just long enough to give the chosen cheer leaders time to unify our voices in lusty cheers, even as, let us fondly hope, our hearts are unified in loyal love.

Two Lectures by Dr. Banks.

"Egypt the gift of the Nile," and "Palestine" were the titles of two stereopticon lectures delivered at the University last week by Edgar J. Banks. Dr. Banks, who was formerly a professor in Chicago University, but who is now lecturing under the auspices of the Pennsylvania University Extension Movement, is well known at Notre Dame. He has been here on three previous occasions. In '06 we got a view of Bismaya and her civilization, the year before last we rambled with the professor through the ruins of Assyria and Babylonia, and last year we got a glimpse of Nineveh, Babylon and Constantinople. In the first lecture Dr. Banks began with a discussion of the Egypt of to-day. He dwelt on the Nile river, its prime importance to the surrounding country, described the great dikes or levees of the river, and the processes of irrigation; then traveling up stream gave a fleeting view of the more important cities, including Cairo wherein is located the University of Egypt. After a short account of that institution and the false systems of instruction the lecturer shifted to a consideration of Egyptian history derived through archæology.

* *

In the second lecture Dr. Banks took us to Palestine. He roamed the beautiful parks and the narrow streets of Jerusalem, scanned the sacred pilgrimages of the Mohammedan, studied the customs of the Arab, then entering the ancient cities unearthed by the archæologist, and got an idea of the culture and refinement in the days of Hiram, King of Tyre. In conclusion, the lecturer set forth the value of lately discovered inscriptions and records in substantiating the claims of history and in corroborating the Bible narrative. The lectures were lengthy but interesting throughout. Having visited and studied closely the peoples and countries he describes, Prof. Banks is well versed in his subject-matter, and is therefore qualified to speak with authority on the matter he discusses. We hope to be afforded another opportunity of hearing Dr. Banks, as his lectures are at once interesting and instructive to students of history.

The Students' Retreat.

The regular Annual Retreat of the students opened last Monday evening and will close Monday, Nov. 1. Contrary to the usual custom, the retreat this year is given in the form of a Mission. This allows the students to attend class and at the same time attend the exercises.

This year we are fortunate in having Bishop Keane, of Cheyenne, as retreat-master. His reputation for eloquence had reached here long before his coming, and the wonderful results of his missions in Denver, St. Louis and Milwaukee made us anxious to hear him. Now that he is here all can attest how well he has measured up to our expectations. His sermons have been most practical; and the manner in which he has applied his texts to the needs of young men, and especially College men, has truly made this mission one of great spiritual benefit for all.

The evening sermons were in very truth masterly; and each night brought to the student some virtue to cultivate, something really worth striving for, because they brought him in a singularly striking manner to a clear view of his sins and shortcomings. The morning instructions, not so formal, brought the truths of life even closer, and made each one desirous of becoming strong and steadfast in virtue. It remains for each one to carry out with grit and determination the resolutions he has made as a result of this retreat. For it is only in so far as each is true to his resolutions that he may hope to advance.

Truly Bishop Keane may return to his far home with the thought that he has helped all in the way of virtue, that he has shown each one how to choose between the gold and the dross of life, that the manly lessons he has taught will not soon be forgotten.

Personals.

—John W. Wadden (Ph. B., 1907) is vice-president of the local bank in Madison, South Dakota.

—Gratton Stanford (Ph. S., 1904), is associated in law with his father, one of

the best lawyers of the state of Kansas. The firm is Stanford & Stanford, Independence, Kansas.

—Neil O'Brien (student 1907-9) is now in the general merchandise business with his father at Brainerd, Minn.

—Forrest McNally, student 1905-8, was a Sunday visitor. Forrest is now working at Gary, Indiana, with a steel company.

—Thomas D. Lyons (Litt. B., 1904) is a member of the firm Martin, Rice & Lyons at Tulsa, Oklahoma, with a well-established clientele.

—Harry Rafferty, student 1907-9, visited here last week. Harry has charge of the collection department of the local bank at Canton, Ill.

—Patrick J. Corcoran (LL. B., 1899, LL. M., 1900), best known to the old men as a star sprinter and captain of the 1901-2 Varsity track team, is engaged in contracting work in Butte, Montana.

—Francis X. Cull (Ph. B., 1908), is on the editorial staff of the *Cleveland and Daily Leader*, Cleveland, Ohio. To know "Zack" at all was to like him; to know him better and appreciate him was to have a firm conviction of and a joy in his future success.

—The marriage of Miss Helen Goodwin Dillon to Mr. Eugene Judge Campbell is announced for November 15, New Cathedral Chapel, St. Louis. Eugene is a graduate of the class of 1900, and is remembered at the University as a very brilliant and popular student.

—Mr. Joseph V. Sullivan, A. B. '97, General Supervisor of the Chicago Railway Company, read an interesting paper before the convention of the American Street and Inter-urban Railway Transportation and Traction Association held at Denver, October 4-8. The paper has been published for general distribution.

—Arthur M. Geary, engineering 1904-8, was the recipient of many congratulations on the part of old friends, when he passed through here on his honeymoon tour. The bride was Miss Ella Shields of Oil City, Pa. Those who were not fortunate enough to meet the happy bridegroom send best wishes through the medium of the SCHOLASTIC. Arthur is in business in Oil City.

Local Items.

—The second installment of Indian summer has arrived.

—The Seminary received a fresh coat of paint during the past week.

—Orators are requested to keep their transoms and windows closed while warming up.

—The removal of the plants from St. Edward's Park reminds one that summer is of the past.

—Fathers Carrico and Irving are conducting the retreat for the students of St. Edward's Hall.

—Additional shelves have been erected and other needed improvements have been made in Science hall library.

—The junior classes in English are receiving a course of lectures on the development of the Arthurean Legends.

—Leo J. Cleary has issued an interesting and instructive pamphlet on topics of social and educational interest.

—As a lesser note on the universal wail of sorrow we waft our moan of condolence to the football warriors of Corby hall.

—The splendid performance of the Varsity team on Cartier Field last Saturday was inspiring enough, but the rooters left something still to be desired.

—His Excellency, the Papal Delegate, is visiting the University this week. Next week's issue will contain a full account of the reception and also of the dedicatory ceremonies of Walsh hall.

—Invitations to the Junior Prom, to take place November 17, have been issued. Tickets may be obtained from Messrs. Tully, Bannon, Ely and Barsaloux in Sorin Hall, Heyl in Corby, and Murphy in Old College.

—The South Bend city library was crowded to the doors Tuesday night, and every technical treatise in the house was on tap. The Freshman engineers presented their first attempts at collegiate essays in English class on Wednesday.

—On Sunday evenings the director of the Apostolate of Religious Reading will send around to the different halls two students to distribute and collect books. Any person

that desires a particular book, paper or magazine may obtain the same from these two young men. The time in which a book must be returned is not limited.

—A handsome bronze bust of Lincoln, the gift of the students and friends of the University, in commemoration of the Lincoln centennial, has arrived and will soon adorn a suitable place in the halls of the Main Building.

—Supplementary to the study of fiction, the students of junior English are required to create a group of characters, to be developed in a series of short stories. The stories are not to be sequels, but serials of the Van Bibber type.

—The Notre Dame Stock Company is preparing another entertaining program for presentation some time before the holidays. The best talent at the University is interested in the company, and the success of the next performance is assured.

—At the regular meeting of the St. Joseph's Literary and Debating Society the following program was rendered: Recitation by Joseph Huerkamp, "Opportunity" by Henry Myers, Reading by Mr. Warapius, a poem by Mr. Milroy and some impromptu remarks by Forrest McNally, an old member of the society and a student of '06-7.

—The expected Walsh hall athletic association has materialized. At the first meeting the following officers were elected: Manager, W. E. McMorran; Treasurer, E. A. Moynihan; Football Captain, John O'Neill. Manager McMorran says "prospects is great." The newly organized football team played a 0-0 game with the ex-Juniors Sunday afternoon.

—Over eleven thousand books of the Lemonnier Library are now catalogued, the list including reference books on nearly every subject. Systematic work has also been begun on the magazines which are bound and indexed for the use of the students. Patrons of the library would aid the librarians greatly by returning borrowed books on the appointed time. No book should be retained longer than two weeks unless the person having the book has obtained a renewal.

—A debate, "Resolved that the President of the United States should be elected by

direct vote of the people," occupied the time devoted to the last meeting of the Brownson Literary and Debating Society. The critic, Prof. Speiss, awarded the decision to Messrs. William D. O'Shea, Gerald Kinsella and Thomas Cleary, who supported the negative. Peter Meersman, James Carolin and Joseph Byrne of the negative showed a knowledge of the question and a thoroughness of preparation that reflected credit on themselves and the society.

—A recent issue of "El Porvenir," of Cartagena, Columbia, contains an interesting comment on the matriculation at Notre Dame of five former students of the Colegio de San Pedro Claver, of Cartagena—Manuel and Antonio Lequerica, and Nicolas, Ramón and Alfredo Zubiria. It concludes: "*de esta manera se puede obtener el mejoramiento de nuestra sociedad y el progreso material de nuestra Patria*"—(such education contributes to the betterment of our society and the material progress of our country.)

—The genial Senator Taylor of Tennessee appeared before a critical Notre Dame audience on Tuesday afternoon and provided a delightful hour's entertainment. Without any solid aim in view, he preached the gospel of good cheer, and offered himself as a most happy illustration of eternal youth. A nondescript collection of clever and humorous anecdotes, the substance of his talk, was charmingly blended with a description of his home in "Happy Valley." He can move to laughter and tears in a breath, and is, on the whole, a most excellent entertainer.

—"There is a tide in the affairs of men, which, taken at the flood, leads on to Fortune;" but for some reason or other the Freshmen seem to be afraid to jump in. Six weeks have passed and still the timid youngsters have shown none of the insidious symptoms of "Consoliditis." There seems to be plenty of presidential timber—a whole green woods full—but perhaps it is the excess rather than the lack of material that is distressing. But perhaps they are wise. Who knows! They may be waiting till "all the air a solemn stillness holds" to launch their ship of state, and sail out on the silvery stream of classdom—or perhaps they are looking up more names for officers.

Athletic Notes.

NOTRE DAME, 17; M. A. C., 0.

After all our fears and anxiety about the outcome of the M. A. C. game, we can now rest easy. The Aggies had as good a team as we expected, but Captain Edwards' men surpassed themselves and so far outclassed the farmers as to leave no doubt concerning their superiority. No element of luck figured in this game. It was good, old-fashioned, straight football that won.

Vaughan, Dimmick and Ryan, furnished the spectacular plays of the game, and every other man on the team aided these three in bringing victory to Notre Dame. Miller, though crippled, was in every play, forming interference, and when the runner was tackled Red was there to drag him on several yards farther. Dolan backed up the line in such fashion that when by chance an "Aggie" happened to stray through an open place he got just as far as "Rosy," and then stopped—suddenly. Collins and Matthews were practically impregnable at the ends, and every other man on the team followed the ball and played the game as if his life were at stake.

Only one change was made in our line-up during the entire game. Pete Dwyer started at quarter, but as he was not fully recovered from injuries received in scrimmage earlier in the week, and as Coach Longman was afraid to risk further injury to him, Hamilton took his place toward the close of the first period. Don ran the team like a veteran, choosing his plays with all the good judgment in the world.

THE GAME IN DETAIL.

Notre Dame kicked off to M. A. C. defending the south goal. Cartright received the kick-off and was downed in his tracks by Dolan. A straight buck netted M. A. C. seven yards. No gain on a tackle around play. McKenna punted to Ryan who misjudged the kick, Pattison recovering it on Notre Dame's 30-yard line.

No gain through the line. McKenna tried Collins' end and was thrown for a loss of 1 yard. Cartright attempted a field goal from the 35-yard line but the ball went wide.

The ball was put in play in Notre Dame's possession on the 25-yard line. Dimmick

gained 5 yards on a tackle around play. Vaughan hit the line for 5 more, making it first down. Philbrook gained 1 yard. Miller tried right end unsuccessfully. Ryan punted to Cartright in midfield, Philbrook getting the tackle before Cartright could get started. Two line plays netted M. A. C. 8 yards. Time out for Exelby. McKenna punted to Ryan who returned to the center of the field. Miller gained two yards but was penalized 15 for hurdling. Ryan gained 15 yards on a fake punt. Ryan skirted left end for 20 more yards and first down. Dimmick hit the line for four yards and Vaughan added three more.

Ryan punted to M. A. C's 40-yard line. Line play gained 3 yards. Exelby hit the line for first down. McKenna gained 4 yards around Collins. McKenna punted to Ryan who returned the ball 10 yards. Miller hit right tackle for 2 yards. Dimmick gained 3 through Wheeler. Ryan gained 20 yards on a fake punt, and followed up with 15 more around left end. Notre Dame was penalized 5 yards for offside play. Miller gained 4 yards around right end. Fake kick; no gain. Miller kicked to Cartright on M. A. C's 20-yard line. Time out for Exelby who was taken out of the game. Allen took full-back. McKenna punted over Notre Dame's goal line, Notre Dame's ball on the 25-yard line. Ryan gained 2 yards through left tackle. Ryan punted to Cartright on our 40-yard line. Trial for field goal failed. Notre Dame's ball on the 25-yard line. Dimmick hit Wheeler twice for 4 yards each time. Ryan punted out of bounds in midfield. Barnett gained 5 around Matthews. An incomplete forward pass cost M. A. C. 15 yards.

McKenna punted to Ryan on the 15-yard line. Miller gained 1 yard around right end. Ryan tried the other end but lost 4 yards. Ryan punted to McKenna on the 50-yard line, who returned the ball 25 yards. Barnett unable to gain through the line. Allen hit the left side for 4 yards. Trial at field goal unsuccessful. Notre Dame's ball on 25-yard line. Hamilton replaced Dwyer. Two line plays gained 8 yards. Miller punted over Cartright's head. Edwards recovered the ball and ran to M. A. C's 20-yard line before being downed. Vaughan hit the line for 6 yards. Notre Dame penal-

ized 15 yards for holding. Ryan gained 5 yards. Dimmick hit the line for 20 yards and a touchdown. Ryan kicked goal. Score 6 to 0. M. A. C. kicked off to Vaughan who returned the ball 15 yards. Notre Dame penalized 15 yards. No gain around left end. Ryan gained 15 around right end. Ryan punted to Cartright in midfield, Hamilton tackling him. M. A. C's ball. No gain through line. Barnett gained 5 around Matthews. Short kick recovered by Pattison. McKenna skirted left end for 15 yards on a crisscross. No gain through the line. No gain around Matthews. Attempted field goal a failure. Notre Dame kicked out from 25-yard line, Dolan tackling the runner or the 45-yard line. Half ends.

SECOND HALF.

M. A. C. kicked off to Collins who made a return of 10 yards. Two line plays gained 7 yards. Ryan punted out of bounds to M. A. C's 35-yard line. M. A. C. tried a forward pass which Vaughan intercepted. Ryan was sent around left end but was thrown for a loss of 3 yards. Vaughan hit the line for 6 yards. Miller's onside kick was captured by M. A. C. on their 6-yard line. McKenna dropped back for a punt, but Moore's pass was bad, and McKenna was downed one yard from his goal-line. McKenna tried again and this time punted to Hamilton on the 45-yard line. Hamilton ran the ball back 10 yards before being downed. Vaughan gained 2 yards through the line. Notre Dame penalized 15 yards. Miller thrown for a 3-yard loss. Miller made an onside kick to Cartright who was downed by Dimmick on the 15-yard line. Allen hit the line for 2 yards. Campbell gained 3 on a tackle around play. McKenna's punt was blocked, but M. A. C. recovered the ball on their 9-yard line. A line play, outside of tackle, gained 4 yards. McKenna punted to Miller who was downed in his tracks. Dimmick plunged through Wheeler for 6 yards. Notre Dame fumbled but recovered. Miller gained 5 yards around end and Dolan added 5 more, making first down. Ryan skirted left end for 15 yards, putting the ball on M. A. C's 6-yard line. Vaughan hit the line for 4 yards, then 1 yard, and being called upon for the third consecutive time carried the ball across for the second touchdown. Ryan kicked goal. Score, 12 to 0.

McKenna's kick off went over the line and the ball was put in play on Notre Dame's 25-yard line. Ryan skirted end for 8 yards. Vaughan added 5 more, and Dimmick hit the line for 11 yards. Notre Dame penalized 15 yards for holding. An onside kick put the ball in the Aggies' possession on their 45-yard line. No gain through the line. Barnett gained 7 yards outside of

right tackle. McKenna's short kick went to Vaughan. Miller could not gain around end. Vaughan hit the left side of the line for 8 yards. Miller kicked to Cartright who was nailed by Matthews. Allen found a hole in the line and went through for 12 yards, Vaughan stopping him. Barnett circled Matthews for 5 yards. Campbell gained 4 through left tackle. Notre Dame linemen broke through on the next play and threw Barnett for a loss of 3 yards. Barnett fumbled and Philbrook recovered. Vaughan smashed through Wheeler for 6 yards, and Dimmick made it first down through the same place. Vaughan again found a hole in the left side and went through for 7 yards. Notre Dame penalized 5 yards. Miller gained 3 yards outside of tackle. Vaughan gained 5 through the line. Time out for Vaughan. Miller kicked to McKenna and Vaughan downed him. M. A. C. made an illegal forward pass and the ball went over to Notre Dame.

Dimmick went through Wheeler for nine yards. Vaughan hit the other side for first down. Miller failed to gain. On two attacks on the left side Dimmick gained 12 yards. Vaughan hit the same place for 2 more. Edwards went through Campbell for 5 yards. Dimmick added 5 more. Vaughan hit Wheeler for 10 yards, then for 4 more. Time out for Vaughan. Dimmick carried the ball to M. A. C's 3-yard line, and Vaughan crashed through Wheeler for the final touchdown. Score, 17 to 0.

McKenna made a short kick off to Philbrook who returned the ball to midfield just as time was called.

Line-Up:

Notre Dame (17)		M. A. C. (0)
Matthews	L. E.	Shedd
Philbrook	L. T.	J. F. Campbell
Edwards	L. G.	A. L. Campbell
Lynch	C.	Moore
Dolan	R. G.	Lemmon
Dimmick	R. T.	Wheeler
Collins	R. E.	Pattison
Dwyer, Hamilton	Q.	Cartright
Miller	L. H.	Barnett
Ryan	H. B.	McKenna
Vaughan	F.	Exelby, Al en

Touchdowns.—Vaughan (2), Dimmick. Goals from touchdown—Ryan (2). Referee—Eckersall of Chicago. Umpire—Este line of Illinois. Head linesman—Endsley of Purdue. Time of halves—30 and 25 minutes.

* *

The players who made the Pittsburg trip are as follows: Matthews, Philbrook, Edwards, Lynch, Dolan, Dimmick, Collins, Hamilton, Ryan, Vaughan, Miller, Dwyer, Duffy, Kelly, Moloney and Schmitt.

* *

Lack of space makes it impossible to give a detailed account of the Brownson-Corby game played on Thursday, October 21st. Brownson won, 5-0. L. C. M.