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Recompense.

FREDERICK W. CARROLL, '12.

THE purple splendor of the dawn
Is but a dream;
Too soon the glory is withdrawn—
A dying beam.

The mystery of the human soul
Is told in pain;
That so it may to God's control
Return again.

Wordsworth's Theory of Poetry.

THOMAS CLEARY, '11.



IN the latter half of the eighteenth century, poetry, through the influence and example of Pope, became a medium for the expression of pomp and display in language; yet, while Pope's poetry was blamable in this respect, it is redeemed by the underlying thought. Imitators of Pope's style, but without his genius, succeeded only in producing magniloquent verse. The insistence of these copyists on the poetic value of their mawkish productions brought about a reaction which asserted that poetry depends not upon polish but upon emotion. Some time before the birth of Wordsworth, however, a reaction in poetry had already begun. Burns, Cowper and Crabbe, although at times imitating the methods of Pope in poetic composition, gradually developed an individuality of style

remarkable both for its dignity and simplicity. Yet they do not appear to have acted consciously in furthering the reaction. Wordsworth himself began by imitating Pope, but not for long. As soon as he discovered that poetry was best suited for the expression of his sentiments and emotions he renounced the bombast and rhetoric common to that period, purposing to employ "as far as possible the very language of men."

The first volume of lyrical ballads, which, he confesses, was intended "as an experiment with the public taste," was published in 1798. Aside from attracting the notice of Coleridge, it was, from a literary standpoint, of no benefit to the author. Financially, it was a flat failure. The verdict of the critics was unusually severe. Not daunted by his ill-success, Wordsworth published a second volume in 1800. In a preface to this he sets forth a theory of poetry, which is a defense of the simple themes and unadorned diction of the ballads. The substance of the preface may be gathered from the following quotation:

"The principal object which I proposed to myself in these poems was to make the incidents of common life interesting by tracing in them truly, though not ostentatiously, the primary laws of our nature, chiefly as regards the manner in which we associate our ideas in a state of excitement. Low and rustic life was generally chosen because in that situation the essential passions of the heart find a better soil in which they can attain their maturity, are less under restraint, speak a plainer and more emphatic language, because in that situation our elementary feelings exist in a greater state of simplicity, and consequently, may be more accurately contemplated and more forcibly communicated;

because the manners of rural life germinate from the elementary feelings, and from the necessary character of rural occupations are more easily comprehended and are more durable; and lastly, because in that situation the passions of men are incorporated with the beautiful. The language, too, of these men is adopted, because such men hourly communicate with the best objects from which the best part of language is originally derived; and because from their rank in society and the sameness and narrow circle of their intercourse being less under the action of social vanity, they convey their feelings and notions in simple and unelaborated expressions. Accordingly, such a language, arising out of repeated experience and regular feelings, is a more perfect and a far more philosophical language than that which is frequently substituted for it by the poets, who think that they are conferring honor on themselves and their art in proportion as they separate themselves from the sympathies of men and indulge in arbitrary and capricious habits of expression in order to furnish food for fickle tastes and fickle appetites of their own creation." In short, Wordsworth's theory was to confine himself to lowly subjects and simple diction. Abstract personifications, far-fetched comparisons and ornate phraseology were to be sedulously avoided.

There is undoubtedly some truth in these statements, but it is intertwined with fallacies. Some of the theory, too, was not new, as Wordsworth would lead us to suppose. Incidents of common life had been made interesting before. Likewise, Wordsworth was not the first to "trace the primary laws of our nature." Burns and Crabbe both sang of the most homely subjects, caroling the joys, loves and sorrows of the lowliest people. The philosophy also of the theory is not in accordance with facts. "The passions of the heart" are not necessarily different in the various social scales, nor are we apt to find less vanity among the lowly than among the great. Again, "the passions, among those of humble occupations, are not always incorporated with the beautiful." The exact opposite is most likely to be the case, as their sensibilities are blunted by constant drudgery. The workingman may stand unawed before

a landscape scene that would thrill the soul of an artist.

In support of his simplicity of diction Wordsworth goes so far as to assert "that there neither is nor can be any essential difference between the language of prose and metrical composition."

These words have been differently interpreted, some critics holding Wordsworth's meaning, that poetry should be merely prose accommodated to metre. This construction, however, places the poet in an absurd light. But even if we accept the interpretation offered by Wordsworth's biography, that poetry should employ the words common to prose but differently arranged, there are still a number of other essential differences between the "language of prose and metrical composition."

It does not require a very skilful critic to observe that there is something lacking in these lines from the "Idiot Boy"—

And Betty's most especial charge
Was Johnny; Johnny, mind that you
Come home again whate'er befall,
My Johnny do, I pray you do.

In a certain sense this may be called "the very language of men." It is prose accommodated to metre, yet lacking the force and good sense of ordinary prose. The lines convey nothing to the mind over and above what they express. There is a meanness and a bareness which deprives them of the right to be termed poetry. Again, while the diction employed in this stanza may be found in the language of men, certainly no person of lowly station would express his thoughts as Wordsworth has expressed them.

In the more poetic of the ballads the distinctions between the phraseology employed in poetic and that employed in prose composition may be more aptly illustrated:

Oft had I heard of Lucy Grey,
And when I crossed the wild
I chanced to see at break of day
The solitary child.

No mate, no comrade Lucy knew,
She dwelt on a wide moor,
The sweetest thing that ever grew
Beside a human door.

Yet you may spy the fawn at play,
The hare upon the green,
But the sweet face of Lucy Grey
Will nevermore be seen.

Thus far we discern the words "oft," "wild," "moor," "spy," "green," which are either foreign to or are at least used in a sense not common to prose. The expression "human door" is also a poetic phrase.

Observe also in the foregoing stanza the use of alliteration at the beginning of the words or syllables: "h," "w" and "ch" in the first stanza, "c" and "th" in the second and "m," "n" and "gr" in the third, which, whether produced consciously or unconsciously, has a determining effect on the melody of the poem. The transition from one thought to another is rapid, leaving something to the imagination. The language is connotative or suggestive. Acting upon the principle of association of ideas, it images or brings pictures before the mind of the reader. Were there no well-defined points of differentiation between poetry and prose, then would all good poetry be good prose and *vice versa*. Obviously this is not the case.

Wordsworth asks the reader a question which naturally arises: "Why, professing these opinions have I written in verse?" He answers, "that he is free to choose any form he desires for his ideas and meditations." This, of course, is not an answer, but rather an evasion of the question.

In another theory Wordsworth speaks of his didactic purposes: "I have said that each of these poems has a purpose. I have also informed my readers what this purpose will be found principally to be, namely, to illustrate the manner in which our feelings and ideas are associated in a state of excitement. But speaking in less general language, it is to follow the fluxes and refluxes of the mind when agitated by the great and simple affections of our nature. This object I have endeavored in these short essays to attain by various means: by tracing the maternal through many of its more subtle windings as in the poems of "The Idiot Boy" and "The Mad Mother;" by accompanying the last struggles of a human being at the approach of death, cleaving in solitude to life and society as in the poem of "The Forsaken Mother;" by showing in the stanzas "We Are Seven," the perplexity and obscurity which in childhood attends our notion of death or rather our inability to admit the notion. It is proper that "I

should mention one other circumstance which distinguishes these poems from the popular poetry of the day; it is this, that the feeling therein developed gives importance to the action and the situation, and not the action and the situation to the feeling."

This display of language almost frightens us. We expect great philosophical poems, but we are destined to be disappointed. "The Idiot Boy," in which we are to learn of the subtle windings of the maternal mind and of the "fluxes and refluxes" of the mind in a state of excitement, is a story of a foolish old woman, Betty Foy, and her idiot son Johnny. Betty's neighbor, Susan Gale, is taken ill and Betty, instead of going herself, sends her son for a physician. The idiot fails to return.

The clock is on the stroke of twelve
And Johnny is not yet in sight.

Betty at first displays anger at the idiot's tardiness, and

On Johnny vile reflections cast—
A little idle sauntering thing,
With other names, an endless string.

But when the absence of the boy becomes protracted his mother is much perturbed. The poet describes her association of ideas in a state of excitement:

I must be gone, I must away.
Consider Johnny's but half wise:
Susan, we must take care of him
If he is hurt in life or limb—

Other "fluxes and refluxes" of Betty's mind while "affected by the great and simple affections of her nature," are similarly pictured. Finally the absent one returns. His mother inquires where he has been:

And thus to Betty's question he
Made answer like a traveller bold
(His very words I give to you).
"The cocks did crow to whoo: to whoo,
And the sun did shine so cold"—
Thus answered Johnny in his glory
And that was all his travelled story.

It is difficult to understand how a man of Wordsworth's genius could stoop to such puerility as this. We would be inclined to accept "The Idiot Boy" as humorous verse were it not for the poet's pompous announcement as to the purpose of the poem.

Perhaps, as many critics aver, Wordsworth, possessed of certain sentiments and feelings which were peculiar to himself, was

deeply affected by many trivial incidents, and made the mistake of assuming that his sensations were general to mankind. This false view acted to produce a certain triviality in some of his poetry.

Obviously it would be unjust to select such poems as "The Idiot Boy" and "Goody Blake" as typical of the ballads. Yet these poems indicate to what extremes Wordsworth's theory tended. Many of the ballads, though simple in theme and in diction, are possessed of an exquisite charm and melody that has been equalled by no other poet. It was only when Wordsworth made his poem so simple that he crowded out all the charm that he failed.

In his better poetry he did not follow out the theory literally. As many of his supporters assert, he may have followed out a system, but it was not as expressed in the preface. Coleridge, who was one of Wordsworth's staunchest friends, declares:

"With many parts of this preface, in the sense attributed to them and which the words seem to authorize, I never concurred, but, on the contrary, objected to them as erroneous in principle and contradictory, in appearance at least, both to other parts of the same preface and to the author's own poetry."

Wordsworth's own actions appear to be a tacit recognition of his inability or unwillingness to adhere strictly to his own theory. His later poems exhibit a marked dignity of diction and loftiness of tone that is not found in the earlier productions. There is a noticeable difference between "The Thorn" or "The Idiot Boy" and these lines taken from the ode to "Duty":

Stern daughter of the Voice of God,
O Duty! if that name thou love
Who art a light to guide, a rod
To check the erring and reprove;
Thou who art victory and law
When empty terrors overawe
From vain temptation's dust set free,
And calmst the weary strife of frail humanity

Or this stanza selected from "Laodamia:":

Of all that is most beauteous imaged there
In happier beauty; more pellucid streams,
An ampler ether, a diviner air,
And field invested with purpureal gleams,
Climes which the sun who sheds the brightest day
Earth knows, is all unworthy to survey.

Both Wordsworth's theory and his ballads

were treated with the utmost contempt by the critics of that period. The *Quarterly* and *Edinburg Reviews*, which had much to do with shaping public tastes, not only criticised severely the first two volumes of lyrics, but they violently attacked everything that Wordsworth wrote; even that noble ode "Intimations of Immortality" did not escape their derision. Shelley directed a lampoon against Wordsworth, Carlyle and Ruskin were ranged against him, and Byron satirized him in verse. Yet through it all, justified by the belief that he had a sacred mission to perform, Wordsworth continued serenely on in the course he had chosen. He would not remove a single poem from the lyrical ballad, even when such removal would have added to the popularity of the poems. Having set up a standard of his own, he modelled his poetry after this standard regardless of the opinion of the world.

But whatever the merits or demerits of Wordsworth's theory, it did not prevent him from becoming a great poet. In deep pathos and even melody of some of the simpler poems, in accurate observation and portrayal of nature he is regarded by many critics as unsurpassed. To him we owe some of the best sonnets in the language and the perfecting of that form of versification. Though the avowed poet of simple and lowly subjects he commanded also a style that equalled Milton's in loftiness and grandeur. As a great religious and moral teacher he stands foremost among the English poets; and it is in this capacity he desired to be remembered.

"It is indeed," he declared in his last years, "a deep satisfaction to hope and believe that my poetry will be, while it lasts, a help to the cause of virtue and truth, especially among the young. As for myself, it is now of little moment how long I may be remembered. When a man pushes off in his little boat into the great seas of infinity and eternity, it surely signifies little how long he is kept in sight by the watchers on shore."

What beautiful words these are! The reflection of the noble mind that uttered them, the index of a man who answers to our ideal of the true poet, a poet who sings only of the beautiful, the true and the good, and whose life is an echo of his songs.

Varsity Verse.

A GASTRONOMIC PROBLEM.

EACH morn he'd eat two pounds of meat,
Six buns and fourteen eggs,
And then to finish up he'd eat
A dozen bull-frog legs.

At noon he'd dine upon a roast
That weighed two pounds or more,
And cheese, and duck, and fish, and toast,
And other things *galore*.

At night a big fat chicken stew,
And oysters nicely fried;
And there he'd sit, and chew and chew
Until he almost died.

And would you believe it now, his weight,—
I hate to tell, but zounds!
Why keep you in surprise so great—
He weighed but ninety pounds.

His brother, though he never ate
One-tenth as much, would grin
If but the scales marked 3—0—8
And say "I'm getting thin."

To horse, ye mathematic cranks,
With rules of X and Z!
The world will give you many thanks
To solve this mystery.

R. F. D.

THEIR WANTS.

Carrollite.

Rec all day and three full meals,
A kid to lick and a stick to whittle.

Brownsonite.

A letter from home with a bunch of "mon;"
A pipe and a place to sit in the sun.

Corbyite.

Another try at Brownson 'fore the snow begins
to fall.

Sorinite.

Wisdom, a deep voice, dignity,
Recognition, consideration,
First place in the synagogue.

Oldcollegite.

A pipe, a bed, my graphophone and thou
Forever playing in the wilderness,
O wilderness were paradise enow!

L. M.

The Call.

MATT G. ENNIS, '12.

It was on a dreary November day on one of my visits to my uncle's home—it has long been a custom for me to spend at least one evening during the month with him,—that I found the old gentleman suffering from what the younger generation would term "the blues." I am not sure that the

blues are not a malady peculiar to girls, however, and lest I be guilty of desecration to the venerable I shall spare his grey hairs from the butchery of our late-day slang, and say my uncle was not quite himself in spirit, charging his melancholy to his years. As I climbed the steps of the old homestead with its ivy, vine and moss-covered walls, my uncle stood in the doorway waiting for me.

"Well, Tom, my boy," he cried, taking both my hands in his, "I am glad to see you; come right in. How is your father?"

"Father is very well, and sends his love to you," I answered.

"And your mother?"

"Very well also. And before I forget, they are expecting a visit from you soon." It was getting late in the afternoon and uncle took me at once to the dining-room, saying that he thought perhaps I would come, and had waited dinner for me. Through the conversation at table I noticed that it required some effort for my host to remain cheerful, and his usually good appetite had failed him. When dinner was over we retired to the library.

While I arranged our chairs by the fireplace, my uncle called and dismissed the servants for the night, and taking the great arm-chair which I had made ready for him he bade me sit down for our usual long talk.

"You are not as well this evening," I ventured; "I hope you are not seriously ill."

"Oh, yes," he answered, "I am all right. You see, Tom, your uncle is getting old, and it is not so easy any longer for him to be happy. To-day while I was looking through some of my old papers I found Paul's picture. He had written his name and the date on it, and I thought it strange that I should pick it up again precisely on the same day so many years later."

"And who was Paul?" I asked.

"You never knew him, my boy. But pull your chair up closer, and I shall tell you a strange, sad story.

"It is of three visits which I made to the companion of my early school days during our first few weeks at college. Through some ruling, because of the difference in the courses which we were to pursue, we were assigned to separate halls. This arrange-

ment made it impossible for us to be together as much as we would have liked, and though we were scarcely apart during the first few days, it was at the sacrifice of much valuable time for both of us, so we decided to introduce some system which we hoped would prove to our advantage. Thursdays were days of recreation at our school, and having no duties to prepare for that day we chose Wednesday night as our night, to be spent in whatever manner would be agreeable to both of us.

"The following Wednesday evening I called early at my chum's room finding him slightly unwell. Knowing that he was not naturally strong, I was inclined to believe that a slight attack of homesickness was his only ailment and thought no more about it. He told me that a new friend of his, whose name was James Marion, and who played the pipe organ, had promised to play for him, and if the plan was to my liking the three of us would repair to the chapel immediately after night prayer. It was with no little delight that I gave my approval, and at nine o'clock we were on our way across the campus. The church, save for the dim light of the sanctuary lamp in front of the main altar, was dark. James led the way up the stairway to the choir balcony and I followed. Paul remained behind, and thinking he would be up later we forgot him for the time being.

"For more than an hour Jim played and I listened, for it was a rare treat to me. The great organ rolled and swelled, rocked and groaned, wailed and wept as he swept through a magnificent repertoire. At last he played the first few notes of Mozart's famous "Requiem." The spirit of a master was directing the keys and the dark church echoed back the solemn prayers of grief. He poured his soul into the "Dies Irae" until he reached the "Lacrymosa" when the strain became too great and he suddenly stopped. Both under the magic spell of the mystic music, we descended the stairs in silence, expecting to find Paul waiting for us. To our surprise he was not there. We waited thinking that perhaps he was tricking with us. After a few minutes passed and he did not reveal himself, we decided that as he was not feeling well he had gone to his room.

"Not altogether satisfied in mind, however, we hurried back across the campus. The night was bitterly cold. There was no light in Paul's room. He had gone to bed perhaps,—I rapped gently at the door—no answer. We turned the knob—the door was not locked and we entered. The chairs and books on the table were as we had left them earlier in the evening, and Paul was not in. We were much worried, and neither of us knew just what to do. The circumstances were not extraordinary in themselves, but a strange uneasiness seemed to come over both of us which led us silently back that chill autumn night to the chapel.

"Without a word to each other we entered, and looked again for our companion. We called his name softly. At last we decided to turn on some of the lights. Luckily the first switch turned on the lights just at the front and center of the main aisle and there at the Communion rail we saw Paul, motionless and evidently at prayer. I advanced slowly to his side and spoke to him. He did not answer. The light from the hanging lamp fell upon his upturned face, and I could see that his eyes were closed. He was sleeping. I took hold of his arm and called his name again. His big eyes opened and his head turned towards me.

"What brought you here, Paul?' I asked.

"Why, is it you, Tom?' he answered. 'They called me.' The tears came to his eyes as he fully awakened and rose to his feet.

"Have you been waiting long?' he asked.

"Only a minute,' I replied.

"I fell asleep,' he added, as we joined Jim at the door.

"Neither Jim nor I could find anything to say; we were surely puzzled, and without a single word the three of us plodded back again to Paul's room. We bade him good-night, and Jim walked to the door of the hall with me.

"What do you think about it?' he said.

"I do not know. It has been a strange night,' I answered. 'We'll talk it over in the morning. Good-night.'

"The week following I learned through some of the students that Paul was not at all well, and that he had been absent from some of his classes. It was because of this

that instead of waiting for Wednesday night I called to see him on Tuesday. He was far from well. His eyes were sunken and his cheeks pale and sallow. He said he was glad to see me, and insisting that he was quite himself, except for a slight cold, made me promise to come over early the next evening. During that night he became worse, and he was taken to the students' infirmary in the morning. I saw him early in the afternoon and was alarmed to find him so much weakened in such a short time. The fever had begun its work. It seemed to have overpowered its victim at the onset, and I shuddered as I looked upon his calm, white face, for even then I felt that he would never recover. Despite his own courage and the attending physician's encouragement, he grew worse as each day passed, and his little strength was failing rapidly. His was a one-sided struggle during the next few days without any signs of a rally for the better. On Wednesday afternoon—it was All Souls' Day—the doctor announced that the crisis was at hand—I believe there is some such climax in the progress of a fever—and after my last class for the day I hurried to the sick room without waiting for supper. My chum was very weak, but still conscious. Knowing that it would not be well for him to talk I remained in silence at his bedside.

"Through the half opened window I could see far out across the campus. What a contrast! I thought. There beyond the slowly moving river was the great city with its tall steeples, roaring factories and belching smoke-stacks, indications of might and power, while just across the stream in a lonely room a human life was slowly ebbing away. Each feeble breath from that already-frail body was slower and weaker—a picture of dim helplessness.

"Paul's eyes were turned toward the window. How wistfully he looked upon the fading day. I wondered what his thoughts might be. Did he feel that just as the sun was fast dying in the distant west, as the mighty winding river was spending its great flood onward to the boundless ocean, that he too, as inevitably as the day was failing or the river flowing, was peacefully breathing forth his soul into eternity.

"The sound of music came through the

window. It was the organ in the church. I listened; the tune was familiar. It was the 'Dies Irae.' I rose to close the window, for Paul had begun to cry. With large tears flowing down his fevered cheeks he begged me to leave it open. 'It's Jim,' he sobbed, 'it's Jim.'

"I sat again at his side, and together we listened in silence. I don't know how long we listened, when at last the music ceased, then turning, Paul began to talk. He told me that his mother was coming, and that if she did not arrive in time I should say good-bye for him—to tell her that he tried hard to live to see her once more, and that he knew she tried hard to see him; to say that he thought often of his brothers and sisters, and longed to see them; asked me to see his father, 'and tell him all about me,' he said. 'Say that I knew how much he needed me and how I hoped some day to help him; that I am sorry that I studied so hard to sacrifice my health, and should have suffered everything to live for his sake, and last of all, Tom, tell them I died happy, loving them all and praying for them and wishing that they would pray for me—'

"'But Paul,' I cried, hoping to cheer him, 'you are going to be better soon—'

"'Say good-bye to Jim,' he went on, not heeding me. 'The night he played for me, they called me; they have been calling me ever since. Thank Jim for me.'

"A bright, happy smile came over the dying face. Some one began to play upon the organ again, and immediately Paul ceased talking to listen. Only one piece was played, a short one, when it was finished the silence remained unbroken. The eyes of the sick boy sparkled and seemed to be fixed on something beautiful and wondrous, perhaps in another world. 'It's Jim,' he whispered. A soft prayer stole from his parted lips and he spoke no more. The friend of my school-boy days was dead."

The old man ceased speaking and gazed intently into the fire. His deep grief awed me and checked the words of sympathy which crowded to my lips. The solemn silence was at length broken by the sound of a distant bell tolling the *De Profundis*. It broke the spell of grief, however, for two large tears rolled down his cheek, and then kneeling we prayed for the dead.

Verse Writing.

A student's thought is ever bright
 And often very new,
 Yet he may dream from morn till night
 And pen away with all his might
 On one small line
 Of verse divine
 Mid streams of perspiration.
 With no success
 Of course unless
 When rhymes are due
 They come by inspiration.

F. W. C.

Realism in the Novel.

THOMAS A. LAHEY, '11.

CONCLUSION.)

Of all the greater novelists, however, Dickens has probably come nearest to the truly realistic, and it is to him that we would point in illustrating the power and influence of this school. Indeed it could well be said of his novels, as it was said of another, that though they were all burnt to-morrow, they might "be collected and reconstructed from the hearts of readers, in courts and cottages, at home and abroad." His characters are probably the truest, the most lifelike and the nearest to the living reality that novelist has ever produced. They abound in all the virtues and vices, the hopes and the discouragements, the ambitions, eccentricities and oddities of all those whom we ourselves know, and yet there is something which draws the mind away from their imperfections to the golden vein flowing beneath. We are at home among them, and yet the atmosphere which they breathe and which we breathe with them, is of a purer and more wholesome quality than our own. Without preaching, without moralizing, he shows us the folly of wickedness and the vanity of worldly possessions. No novelist was ever more thoroughly acquainted with mankind than he. Dickens knew the squalidness, the sometimes blank despair, and the wickedness of the world, for his own life rather providentially prepared him for his future high calling, and the

characters, as he depicts them, are as they actually existed in the lower English classes. The poor, the humble and the unfortunate in life, these were his subjects. As one critic says of him—and here is where the true realistic spirit shines most effectively: "For all the squalor, sin and pain in the novels of Dickens, the impression left on reading any of them is, that he believed as implicitly as Leibnitz that this is the best of all possible worlds. His novels are a tribute to the human species." And yet it is a significant fact, that these poor, humble unfortunates, breathing the tainted atmosphere of the London slums, have lived longer and exerted more influence than the great lords and ladyships in the highly colored fiction of the romanticists. His every character is a living, speaking personage, pleading for its own moral uplifting, and we find no need therein of the author openly voicing his own sentiments.

Man is a perverse creature. Let him know that you are endeavoring to teach him, and he will invariably refuse to listen. Preach to him openly, with the avowed purpose of changing his opinions, and just as surely will he steel himself to resist your most earnest endeavors. It is in this attempt to paint humanity in a highly utopian state, that the idealist and the purely avowed purpose novelist generally fails. As Arlo Bates says: "The guidance of life must come from reason; equally, however, must the impulse of life come from the emotions," and it is only in the realistic portrayal of life that such can be truly and properly accomplished.

The true realist believes with Carlyle, that "there is no life of 'a man faithfully' recorded but is a heroic poem of its sort rymed or unrymed." This and this only is the doctrine of the true realist and the true school of realism. The world is full of noble thinking and lofty ideals, if the novelist will only portray it. What higher and nobler work in life than to bring to the eyes of the people that which God Himself looks upon and pronounces "good?" Can man hope in his puny imagination to create characters to compare with the great and noble in actual life? Can he hope to equal God's own handiwork? It is all well and good to read of the matchless knight in his

shining armor, the love-sick heroine, the all-powerful hero accomplishing his wonderful feats; but one scene in the life of "Little Dorrit," since it deals with the realities of life—is far more valuable for practical purposes than thousands of the more ideal stuff. Burn's ode "To a Mouse" is as much read and probably more appreciated than Scott's Marmion or Byron's Childe Harold. Shakespeare, Dante, Wordsworth, have all recognized and made almost exclusive use of the fact, that great spiritual truth may be discerned and brought out rather in the little realities of life than in great idealities.

That there have been and are yet writers who revel in the lowest phases of life under the cover of realism can not be denied. It is indeed a fact that the Russian novelists of to-day are notoriously extreme in carrying out the realistic doctrines, but should we on that account condemn a school which has produced a Dickens and a Thackeray? Can literature afford the loss of the realistic influence in the novel? The answer is only too obvious if we look back into the annals of fiction. It was the realistic school that founded the novel, nurtured it in its infancy, gave life and vigor to its long-continued growth; it is the realistic influence which has given to literature by far the greatest number of living characters; it is this same school that has given us the greatest number of noted novelists, and it was the principles of that school, however unknown they may have been, which made our great dramatic, poetic, and artistic masterpieces living forces through the ages.

Realism in its fundamental ideas had its beginning with all literature; romanticism only after it was planted by Christianity, and then only did it first come into use as a means of directing and moulding the realistic tendencies. Realism must remain

with us if we would possess great masters in the world of arts and letters, for it is mainly through the doctrines of this school that those of the past have breathed a lasting life into the best of their creations. We can not get rid of it if we wish, or if romanticism is necessary to supply the body, realism is just as necessary to supply the soul of all the master-works to come. With all its faults, with all the offenders who have worked harm through its means, with all the Zolas, Turguéneffs and modern Fieldings, making a dishonest use of its doctrines, with all the prejudice of critics who judge by its extreme offences, realism has done what no other school could possibly have accomplished in the advancement of the novel, and try as we will we can not eradicate it.

It would be unwise to advocate realism alone, for all great writers of that school have in some way or other made use of the advantages of romanticism. Furthermore, good, wholesome realism does not exclude either the ideal or romantic schools. We believe with Goldsmith, that "we are by nature both realists and idealists, delighting in the long run about equally in the representation of life somewhat as it is and somewhat as it is dreamed to be." All that the true realism asks is that the novelist gives us characters of our own world, characters such as live and breathe about us, and not those hazy figures of a far-off and wholly ideal sphere. Let the good qualities of realism be combined with the advantages of romanticism, let both schools work hand in hand instead of opposing each other, and both will be immeasurably benefited. Thus and thus only will the novel continue its steady advancement to that high place in English literature which is its rightful heritage.

The False and the True.

OUT of the light, the joy, and into the Land of the Dead where lies the gloom;
Never to know, to love, through unmeasured time in the silence beyond the tomb!

Out of the dark where, sorrow-laden, we are fretting our lives away,
On the pinions of love, sin free, to live in the light of everlasting Day.

L. R.

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—No one will question the selection of Rev. Thomas E. Walsh's name as one worthy the new building dedicated last Sunday. It

was well, too, to await

A Lasting Tribute to a fitting time for so notable a monument. For
Her Best-Beloved Son.

among the many who lived and labored here, and from humble beginnings laid the foundations of these larger results, Father Walsh's name will shine singularly bright. He was not a pioneer in the sense of time, in the sense that he came and saw the primeval forests. He was a link between the old and the new. He loved a traditional past made up of self-sacrifice and privation, and was alive also to the future and its widening possibilities. He saw conditions and felt the time was ripe to meet them. His policy was begot partly of experience and partly of an abiding faith in the devoted zeal of those men whom he gathered round him, animated by motives kindred to his own. He was not aggressive or demonstrative. A rare tact and an unselfish desire to widen the field of usefulness of the University carried his plans through. No one questioned his sincerity or doubted his ability.

He did not witness the fruition of all his hopes, for death claimed him in his prime. Just when the powers of this singularly gifted man were solving those large problems

that necessarily arise in every educational system, he passed away. But he did much. He saw the widening of the horizon and felt the future was secure. On that mournful July day, when his remains were laid away by the side of Father Sorin whom he knew and loved so well, one felt a sense of loss for this man thus taken with a future so bright of promise. He was in his intellectual prime; he had a host of friends drawn to him by a quiet charm of manner reflected even in his smile. He saw the University assuming a wider sphere of usefulness as a result of his wise administration. He was loved and honored; the present hour was sweet to him and the future was rosy with promise. Yet the same sterling goodness so characteristic of the man during life was his also in death. When the hour came he set aside all lesser considerations and bowed down to the divine will. No complaint escaped him; no murmur about a work unfinished, a hope unfulfilled. God's *fiat* was his. Those who had gathered inspiration from his life learned a lesson of Christian resignation from his death.

Notre Dame has done well to honor this man who ranks so high among her chosen sons. And though no material monument is needed to keep alive his name and his memory, yet a sense of gratitude for his notable services in helping to shape the purposes of the University makes some tangible expression of her remembrance a manifest duty. And, too, she owes it to her students as an object-lesson when it becomes a question of remembering those who render notable public services. In a material way Father Walsh will need no other monument. Walsh Hall is a fitting one. It is a worthy addition to the University, which, in a sense is a monument to all those who lived and labored here, and added each his share of self-sacrifice and zeal to these large results we witness now.

—It has long since become proverbial that there is no accounting for the humorous sense. We have a peculiarly sad example of this going on in our midst.

The So-Called American humor should, by
Comic Sheet. right of inheritance, be the
richest and rarest of all, for
its foundation is the best. We draw from

the fountains of the charming pleasantries of eighteenth century elegance, from the bold, broad humor and the stinging sally of the Celt, and the affable humor of the mirth-loving German, while French vivacity and Spanish tone have contributed their share. One does not wish to pose as a dyspeptic pessimist or to snarl at a brother's wit. There is a spontaneity and freshness as well as a subtlety about American humor that is peculiarly its own and very creditable, but one must protest against the silly drivel and coarseness that are foisted off on us by our Sunday morning so-called "comic sheets." Some of this is perfectly harmless, and would perhaps find a more appreciative audience in an Igorrote village, but most of it offends against some recognized rule of order or decency. In its appeal to the young its influence is particularly to be guarded against, for disrespect is generally its most flaunted precept. We have no large bump of veneration as it is, and such piffle only serves to make us worse. The encouragement received by this peculiar class of offenders is universal, and it is only by a universal reversal of taste that a reform can be effected.

—Ability to talk cleverly gives a man power and influence over his fellowmen. An able speaker is a natural leader because he can express thought in such a

Breen Medal Contest. manner that other men will trust him to plead for them and represent their interests. No other

form of scholastic activity so trains the mind to reason logically, think clearly and speak properly as oratory and debating. Apropos of this it may be well to remind students that the Breen Medal Oratorical Contest, to be held on December fifth, affords at once an incentive and an opportunity for exercising themselves in this important pursuit. Since the winner of this medal will have the honor of representing the University in the Indiana State Oratorical Contest which will be held some time in February, a large number ought to try for it. No one should think that time spent on this work is time lost. More than one can not win, but everyone by carefully studying out, composing and delivering an oration on some live topic will not only

gain much useful information but invaluable experience as well. Notre Dame has an enviable record in oratory and debate. An enviable reputation in the past should be a high incentive for those of the present to keep pace with history and leave their names on the honored roll-call among our famous orators and debaters. Thus any effort put forth to keep it such is not a wasted energy. Those who have not yet written orations should begin soon and thus lend their mite to the interest of the contest.

—When one thinks of the infinite, the finite dwindles away to naught; when one dwells on the thought of eternity, time is left far behind, and one is lost

A Kindness to the Dead. in the overwhelming thought of an unending series of intervals. Considered in this light,

what is the longest life but a short span of years that is even lost in the consideration of time? It is hard to think that our departed friends have left time and gone to eternity not fully qualified. We are grieved at the thought. But who has not fallen when "the just man falleth seven times a day?" To non-Catholics who do not believe in the communion of Saints there is little comfort. The Church teaches that we on earth can atone for the shortcomings of the dead that have not died in grievous sin. How? No great sacrifice is demanded: each is left to his own zeal; a little mortification, a kindness done, a fault conquered, a striving to live a better life. Such things may not seem heroic, but what a result! Our friends are helped where they can not help themselves. This is true friendship. What student has not some departed relative or friend? Does he truly love them, now is his opportunity to show that his love is real. The Church has set apart the month of November for special devotions in behalf of the dead. It is most consoling to think that we can be of service to our departed friends, and we should not neglect them in their need. Without any great effort or inconvenience the departed can be helped and the days of their probation made shorter by prayer. Hence the oft-quoted scriptural passage: "It is a holy and a wholesome thought to pray for the dead."

The Apostolic Delegate Dedicates Walsh Hall.

One of the most interesting events within many years was the visit of the Apostolic Delegate to the University last week. His Excellency, Most Rev. Diomedé Falconio, D. D., arrived by automobile from Niles at three o'clock Friday afternoon, October 29th, in company with Very Rev. Father Provincial. The rest of the day was spent in formal greetings and visits from old friends. On Saturday His Excellency visited St. Mary's, where he was entertained by the pupils and where an elaborate dinner was served.

The chief purpose of the Apostolic Delegate in visiting the University at this time was the solemn blessing of Walsh Hall, the new dormitory building. No effort was spared to make this imposing function a memorable one, and doubtless those who were present will think of it with pleasure for many years to come. At eight o'clock Sunday morning, October 31st, the local clergy assembled in great numbers and moved to the sanctuary of the University church where the preparatory prayers were chanted by Monsigneur Falconio. The students then formed in a long line which stretched the entire distance between Walsh Hall and the University and which made a very impressive procession. Arrived at the hall the benediction was performed according to the ritual of Holy Church. The procession was resumed and Mass begun.

The Apostolic Delegate presided in the sanctuary during the Mass. The ministers were Very Rev. Dr. Morrissey, assistant priest, Fathers French and Scheier deacons of honor. The Holy Sacrifice was solemnized by the Right Rev. James J. Keane, Bishop of Cheyenne, Wyoming, whose retreat at the University this year will be long remembered. Assisting him were Rev. Fathers Cavanaugh, Crumley and Schumacher. Father Connor was Master of Ceremonies.

It would be impossible to exaggerate the impressive character of this great function. The presence of the personal representative of the Holy Father lent a touch of special and peculiar dignity to the day. The gentle

Bishop Keane impressed all with his piety and recollection. The concourse of clergy emphasized the solemnity of the day. The University church completely filled with young men was a scene befitting the ceremony.

A special word of praise should be said for the church music rendered last Sunday. No one who heard the solemn chants of the Church on that occasion could doubt the wisdom of the Holy Father in banishing so far as possible the theatrical music from the Church, and restoring the ancient solemn chant to its rightful place in the sanctuary. The students of Holy Cross Seminary and of Dujarié Institute deserve the fullest measure of congratulation on the success which attended their efforts. It was clear to all that many a leisure hour had been bestowed in preparation of the music. Most of all the untiring patience of those who had so perseveringly and courageously trained the singers excited admiration.

At noon the Apostolic Delegate was entertained in the east dining-room of the University. Among the visitors who honored the occasion with their presence were Very Rev. Father Morrissey and Father McGarry of Notre Dame, Very Rev. Father O'Brien of Kalamazoo, Very Rev. Father O'Callaghan (Paulist), of Chicago, Dr. Burns, C. S. C., of Washington. After the coffee had been served the greetings of the University were presented by Mr. Otto Schmid, Ph. B. '09, in an address of singular felicity. The address referred with an almost tender gratitude to Bishop Keane for the blessings that had come to the University through him during the annual retreat. Emphasizing lessons from the life of the Most Rev. Apostolic Delegate, Mr. Schmid assured His Excellency that the students of this year will ever cherish him with every affection, and will endeavor to imitate the virtues of which he gave the example.

His Excellency responded in a speech replete with fine priestly feeling and wise counsel. There were many complimentary references to the University and much praise bestowed on the founders and Community who are still carrying on the work. The Apostolic Delegate also expressed the pleasure felt by all that the work done by Bishop Keane during the preceding week had been so

thoroughly appreciated by the students. Bishop Keane did not hear the cordial tribute paid him by His Excellency as he had gone to preach in one of the city churches and was of necessity absent from the dinner.

At two o'clock Solemn Gregorian Vespers by Very Rev. Dean O'Brien of Kalamazoo, Michigan, were solemnized in the University church. The Apostolic Delegate again presided in the sanctuary and Bishop Keane assisted in biretta and rochet. The music of the Vespers was even more impressive than that of the Mass. The great chorus of Dujarić Hall was especially impressive.

During the rest of the afternoon the Delegate, the Bishop and Father O'Brien enjoyed a spin through the city in an automobile, visiting as many of the parishes as could be reached in a limited time. In the evening His Excellency left for Washington, leaving behind him a trail of pleasant memories and the hope that occasion may soon be found for a repetition of his visit.

Retreat.

The annual retreat of the University was brought to a close by general Communion on Monday morning, the Feast of All Saints. The final sermon, however, was preached at High Mass at 8:00 o'clock.

It would be unseemly to report at great length any exercise so intimate, so tender and so sacred as the annual retreat. We must, however, be presumed to express our gratitude to the eloquent retreat-master, Bishop Keane, whose presence during the whole week of the retreat brought blessings as well as sunshine upon the University. It will be long ere the words of the holy Bishop fade from memory. It will be longer still, we hope, ere the points of that week's work will have been lost.

Bishop Keane's work in Wyoming is such as to make the details of his daily life heroic. Deprivations, dangers and exhausting fatigue are his common experience. In returning to his noble field of labor the Bishop takes with him the affection, the gratitude and the best prayers of the University.

Obituary.

GEORGE E. CLARKE, LL. B., '81; A. B., '86;
A. M., '91.

The death of George E. Clarke removes from the field of active labor one of the most loyal and prominent sons of the University. It is many years since he came to Notre Dame, where he attached himself to the faculty and students of that time. Mr. Clarke had been proficient in many lines of endeavor, but he finally settled down as a lawyer in South Bend, the centre, henceforth of his varied and important activities.

Mr. Clarke was an orator whose services were demanded in every part of America. The fatigues and privations involved in this work had doubtless much to do with his early death. He was also a learned and efficient lawyer, and as such his memory will be honored by his confrères at the Indiana bar.

But it is as a loyal son of Notre Dame that the life of George E. Clarke will be longest remembered at the University. Wherever he went he took care to let it be known that he was a Notre Dame man, and no occasion was missed to eulogize the University and her achievements. Rarely, if ever, was this virtue of loyalty more persistently exhibited.

The funeral took place in St. Patrick's Church in South Bend, Wednesday, Nov. 3d. As many as possible of the faculty of the University were in attendance, and the church was crowded with a distinguished company of his friends from far and near. All that is mortal of him rests in the little graveyard between the University and the city, but the memory of him will be fragrant for many years to come.

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The SCHOLASTIC extends sincere sympathy to Mr. James O'Rourke, a student of Walsh Hall, on the death of his father, Mr. Daniel O'Rourke, who died suddenly at Altoona, Friday, Oct. 22. We bespeak for the departed the prayers of the Community and students, while assuring the family left to mourn him that we deeply sympathize with them in their great sorrow.

Personals.

—Jacob P. Young (B. S. B., '08), head of the Science Department of the Huntington, Ind., High School, visited here last week.

—Lester Livingston, a star in some of the plays two years ago, has been appointed director of the Y. M. C. A. minstrel show to be given next week in South Bend.

—Mr. Charles McPhee, student back in the nineties, visited with his brother John of Corby Hall during the week. Charlie is as interested as could be in Notre Dame.

—Mr. Hugh A. O'Donnell, Lit. B. '94, has been appointed Business Manager of the Philadelphia Press. The SCHOLASTIC, speaking for the University and old students, felicitates Mr. O'Donnell and congratulates the Philadelphia Press.

—This week's city election in South Bend gave two Notre Dame men prominent positions. Judge Timothy E. Howard (A. B. '62; A. M. '64; LL. B. '73; LL. D. '93; Laetare Medalist and Professor of Law at Notre Dame) was elected Councilman-at-large; G. A. Farabaugh (A. B. '04; LL. B. '07, also of the Law Faculty) was elected City Judge. Both won by a two thousand vote majority. A local paper states: "That man Farabaugh is there with the goods; he ought to make a good judge—he's going to make a good judge." As Dr. Monaghan said this week: "It is to such men that we look to carry high the banner of Notre Dame."

Local Items.

—And still the Freshmen are lying low!

—The Brownson second team defeated the ex-Carrollites on last Sunday, 17-5.

—Lost: A cravanette near ice-house. Finder please leave with Bro. Alphonsus.

—Applicants for books in the library should apply to the person in charge of the desk.

—Owing to the big Varsity "doings" this week we are unable to give a detailed account of the Sorin-Brownson game. Sorin won 2-0.

—Walsh Hall and St. Joseph's football teams met Sunday morning, the game ending 11-0 in favor of St. Joseph. Howard's work as full-back was conspicuous.

—This afternoon a game will be played

between St. Joseph's Hall and Corby on Cartier Field. Returns from Michigan will be given out during the game.

—Last Saturday, His Excellency, Mgr. Falconio, addressed a few words of counsel and instruction to the students of Holy Cross Seminary.

—On Saturday, November 13, Prof. Jerome J. Green, will deliver a stereopticon lecture on aviation in the lecture room of the Department of Physics. An excellent opportunity for becoming familiar with the work being done in this line will be afforded.

—The Solemn Requiem Mass on All Souls' Day was sung by Rev. Father French, assisted by Rev. Fathers Carrico and Burke as deacon and subdeacon. The Gregorian music, which was exceptionally well rendered by the University Choir harmonized with the impressive solemnity of the Mass.

—A concert was given in Washington Hall on Monday morning, November 1, by the Cambrian National Glee Singers, a Welsh choral society. The program rendered was excellent, encores to nearly every number being demanded. The rendition of "Killarney" by the chorus struck a sympathetic chord in the audience and several other Irish airs were introduced. The whole performance was highly creditable and was well received.

—Although the usual custom of filling out programs before the Junior Prom. has been followed this year, the Juniors have discovered a slight inconvenience in putting it in practice. As late-comers are apt to be discouraged, the Juniors have decided to exchange no more dances until the night of the Ball. (Ed. Note. Patience, gentle reader, for sweet Charity's sake! If the Local Editor doesn't get something out of this free advertising, he is going to make common cause with the "vindicator" of the Sophomore class, and there will be another dance.)

—Bishop Keane and President Cavanaugh paid a visit to St. Edward's Hall last week during which the bishop gave the students an interesting and helpful talk. The President asked the names of the best students in the different classes. Among so many good boys the teachers found it rather difficult to make a selection. The following, however, are presented as worthy of commendation for creditable work: J. Wittenberg, H. Maltey, A. Spear, W. Freyermuth, B. Cagney, G.

Bergfell, T. Gallagher, D. Comerford, N. Reed, J. Bowles, G. Carey, G. Cunningham, J. Railton, De Forest Stoll, J. Shannon.

—The University, through the Rev. A. M. Kirsch, Curator of the Museum of Natural History, desires to express its most cordial appreciation of the Honorable J. M. Studebaker's latest gift, a collection of birds and mammals. The collection is excellent, and no doubt many of the specimens are valued trophies of Mr. Studebaker's own hunting expeditions. The distinguished benefactor of the University holds an enviable position as a sportsman of the nobler kind; and it may be a surprise to many of his friends in this neighborhood to learn that he is one of the forty men who "wear the blue button of the Tuna Club, showing that they have caught tunas weighing over 100 pounds." The present donation is another indication that Mr. Studebaker is a sincere and practical patron of education.

—Dr. J. C. Monaghan is one man whose popularity at Notre Dame has never diminished and who can fill Washington Hall to its capacity seven nights in a week. We were fortunate to have a visit from our noted friend on Wednesday afternoon, and to listen to a masterly discussion of the political situation of the United States to-day, provoked by the results of Tuesday's elections. Dr. Monaghan stated that the government of the United States is to-day in the hands of committees, and that within a few years it would be in the hands of commissioners, if the present tendency were not speedily checked. He denounced graft and paid a notable tribute to such men as Judges Morgan J. O'Brien, Walsh and Kehoe, who have upheld the honor of the American bar in an age of corruption. The talk was pointed and timely. We look forward with pleasure to the series of lectures to be given by Dr. Monaghan next spring.

Athletic Notes.

NOTRE DAME, 6; PITTSBURG, 0.

This week we have practically the same story to tell as last week,—the story of a hard-fought and well-earned victory. And this week we are going to allow ourselves the luxury of a knock; a luxury which, had we lost the game, we would have to forego.

The umpire, Merriam or Merriman of Geneva, showed the most refreshing and naïve partiality towards Pittsburg we have ever heard of. We like to think that Mr. Merriam acted as he did, not that he loved Notre Dame less, but Pittsburg more. Whatever the case may be, he certainly did not handle us with kid gloves. Whenever he saw

a chance to penalize he penalized, and when he saw no chance, he penalized us just the same.

There is no need of rehashing the same old dope,—no need of telling how every man on the team played the game of his life. We know the men who are supporting the Gold and Blue in football and we know that there is no loafing among them whenever there is work to be done.

Spectators of the game could name no individual stars. Of course Vaughan was in the limelight quite a little on account of his punting, as were the ends who covered the punts and received the forward passes. And Matthews earned the undying gratitude of all Notre Dame men when he slipped across Pittsburg's line with our only score. But it was the team who won the game, not one man, and to the twelve men who fought for Notre Dame in the contest, goes the credit for the victory.

THE GAME IN DETAIL:

Notre Dame won the toss and defended the north goal. At 3:10 Galvin kicked off to Dwyer on the five-yard line, and the South Bend half-back ran back to the twenty-five yard line when he was pulled down by Jack Lindsay.

Vaughan on two tries into the line made eight yards. He then kicked to Budd on Pitt's thirty-five yard line, but the local quarterback fumbled the oval and Notre Dame got possession of the ball. Dwyer got eight yards between tackle and end and Vaughan made it first down. Edwards hit the line for no gain, but Vaughan pushed his way through centre for four yards.

On an attempted forward pass Richards caught the pigskin and ran it back nine yards. Hamilton got Richard's onside kick, but was downed in his tracks by Budd. Vaughan's forward pass was fumbled by Dwyer, but the Notre Dame right half-back fell on the ball. As the South Bend aggregation was guilty of holding during their play, the oval was brought back and the visitors penalized five yards.

With the ball on Pitt's thirty-five yard line, Hamilton's forward pass was caught by Matthews on the locals' twenty-five yard line, and the speedy Notre Dame end succeeded in eluding all the Pitt tacklers and crossed the goal-line for the first, last and only score of the game. Matthews kicked goal. Score, Notre Dame, 6; Pitt, 0.

Philbrook kicked to Ent on Pitt's goal-line, who returned fifteen yards. Richards' onside kick went out of bounds on the twenty-five yard line and it was Notre Dame's ball. Dwyer fumbled, but recovered. The visitors were offside and were penalized five yards. Vaughan's forward pass hit the ground, and the South Bend team was penalized fifteen yards.

Vaughan then kicked to Roe on Pitt's twenty-six yard line, and the local's captain returned four yards. Richards made five yards between left tackle and guard, then the husky Pitt full-back added three more through the centre of the line, and on the next play made its first down. Qualey dashed around right end for a twenty-three yard gain, but on the next play Ent fumbled, and it was Notre Dame's ball on their own thirty-seven yard line.

Miller advanced the oval three yards between right tackle and end, but Van Doren broke through the line and dropped Dwyer for a loss. Notre Dame fumbled, but recovered the ball in centre of field. Roe got Vaughan's onside kick and came back seven

yards. Richards failed to gain on a try into the line, and Pitt's big full-back executed an onside kick.

Hamilton caught the ball, but before he could get started Jack Lindsay stopped him by a beautiful flying tackle. Miller ran around right end for a gain of eighteen yards, but the visitors were guilty of holding and the pigskin was brought back and Notre Dame penalized fifteen yards.

Vaughan kicked over Budd's head, but the Pitt quarterback recovered the oval on the locals' thirty-yard line. Richards' kick was fumbled by Hamilton, but he fell on the ball. Hamilton tried quarterback run and was downed by Lindsay after advancing two yards. Vaughan kicked to Budd, who raced back eighteen yards before he was thrown out of bounds.

Ent made seven yards around left end. Quailey tried the other end, but failed to gain. Richards' onside kick was gathered in by Hamilton, who ran back nine yards before he was stopped by Roe. Dimmick got two yards, but Lindsay ran around back of the line and threw Hamilton for a loss, when the latter tried a quarterback run, and Vaughan kicked to Budd on Pittsburg's twenty-five yard line. Richards, on fake kick, ran around the visitors' right end for a gain of thirty-eight yards. He then advanced three more through the line, and on the next play kicked out of bounds. Notre Dame's ball.

Dimmick failed on a try into the line, and the South Benders were set back five yards for being offside. Dwyer, on fake kick, advanced ten yards, but the Notre Dame line was again off-side, and the visitors received another five-yard penalty. Vaughan kicked to Budd in center of field, and Pitt's quarterback ran the pigskin back to Notre Dame's thirty-five yard line.

Quailey made eight yards. Richards added one and one-half yards and then made it first down. Richards added five more and Quailey two. Van Doren was then thrown into the line with hopes of making first down, but the hucky tackle failed to gain, and Notre Dame got the ball on their own fifteen-yard line. Vaughan made one yard. Vaughan, on fake kick, fumbled, but recovered the oval, and was thrown for a loss of fourteen yards on his own two-yard line.

Vaughan kicked to Quailey on Notre Dame's twenty-yard line. Richards advanced three yards and Ent lost one, but the visitors were offside and were penalized five yards. On next play Richards gained four and then made five through center. Richards failed to gain the one remaining yard to make first down, and the ball went to Notre Dame on their four-yard line.

Vaughan stood behind the goal posts and kicked to Budd on the thirty-four yard line. A delayed pass with Richards carrying the ball, did not fool the visitors, and Pitt failed to gain. On fake kick Richards was tackled back of the line and fumbled. Pittsburg recovered the ball and the half ended with the oval on Notre Dame's forty-yard line.

SECOND HALF.

Philbrook kicked over the goal line, and the ball was put in play by Pittsburg on their own twenty-five-yard line. Quailey failed at right end. On an attempted fake kick Richards lost ten yards and then kicked to forty-yard line. Notre Dame's ball on fake kick. Hamilton was thrown for a loss by Lindsay. Vaughan's forward pass hit the ground, and Notre Dame was set back fifteen yards. Vaughan's kick got away from Budd, but the Pitt quarterback fell on the oval on Pittsburg's twenty-yard line.

Richards kicked to Hamilton at mid-field, who went out of bounds. Miller made eight yards around right end and Vaughan got one. Miller advanced eight yards, but the visitors were offside and were penalized five yards. Vaughan's onside kick went out of bounds, and it was Pitt's ball on their own forty-seven-yard line.

Quailey failed and Pitt was set back fifteen yards for holding. Richards kicked to Hamilton, who returned ten yards. On two tries Vaughan made seven yards. His onside kick got away from Roe who recovered on the locals' seven-yard line. At this stage W. Robinson

went in at quarterback for Budd, and the latter took Lindsay's place at right end. Richards kicked to Hamilton on Pittsburg's thirty-five-yard line, and the South Bend quarterback signaled for a free catch.

Dwyer got five yards. Vaughan's forward pass was blocked by Roe, but Pitt's captain fumbled, and it was Notre Dame's ball. Miller made nine yards through the line. Vaughan could not gain and Hamilton dropped back to Pittsburg's thirty-eight-yard line on try for field goal that went wide, and the pigskin was put in play by the locals on their twenty-five-yard line.

Ent got five yards, and Tex Richards made it first down. Richards' onside kick was blocked, but Quailey fell on the ball. Ent failed to gain at end on a trick play, and Richards met the same fate when he hit the line, and the Pitt full-back kicked to Vaughan, who ran back fifteen yards. Miller made three yards. Van Doren was hurt in this scrimmage and had to retire in favor of Peacock. Butler went in for Budd at right end.

Dwyer made six yards and Vaughan advanced seven, making first down. Vaughan got five more, but ball was brought back and Notre Dame penalized fifteen yards for holding. Vaughan's onside kick was recovered by Miller for Notre Dame, and W. Robinson dropped him on Pitt's twenty-yard line. Art Robinson went in for Ent at right half-back. Miller made four yards, and on next play Vaughan put ball on Pitt's seven-yard line. On two line-bucks Vaughan gained five yards. Right here is where Matthews got away with the possum act and caught Vaughan's forward pass. He was downed over the goal line, but the officials ruled that he was behind the line before making the catch, and the ball was given to Pittsburg on their own twenty-five yard line. Dwyer tried to slug Umpire Merriman and was ejected from the game, Ryan taking his place. Richards failed and kicked to Hamilton in centre of field.

Miller made two and Vaughan one. Pitt penalized five yards for offside play. Ryan ran around left end for twenty four yards. Miller got four. Next two plays did not net required distance, and Notre Dame lost ball on downs on Pitt's ten-yard line. Richards kicked to Hamilton on thirty-yard line. Miller failed at end and then got twelve yards between tackle and guard. Ryan made four and Vaughan two.

Hamilton dropped back to locals' twenty-five yard line, and attempted a field goal, but kick was blocked. Notre Dame recovered on Pitt's 15-yard line. Edwards made five yards. Ryan failed and then tried for field-goal from twenty-yard line, but failed. Pitt's ball on twenty-five yard line. A trick play netted nothing, and Richards kicked to Vaughan in center of field and the visitors' full-back came back fifteen yards.

Ryan was thrown for five yards' loss by Quailey. Edwards hurdled and Notre Dame was penalized fifteen yards. Vaughan kicked to Robinson, who returned eighteen yards. Richards kicked over Hamilton's head, and it was Notre Dame's ball on their own twenty-yard line. Vaughan made four yards through tackle, and the game ended with the ball on the visitors' twenty-four yard line in their possession.

Matthews	L. E.	Roe
Edwards	L. T.	Van Doren
Philbrook	L. G.	Blair
Lynch	C.	Galvin
Dolan	R. G.	Frankel
Dimmick	R. T.	Stevenson
Collins	R. E.	Lindsay
Hamilton	Q.	Budd
Miller	L. H.	Quailey
Dwyer	R. H.	Ent
Vaughan	F.	Richards

Touchdown—Matthews. Goal kicked from touchdown—Matthews. Substitutions—Peacock for Van Doren, Leahv for Blair, Bailey for Frankel, Budd for Lindsay, and Butler for Budd, W. Robinson for Budd at quarter, Fleightner for Quailey, A. Robinson for Ent and Ryan for Dwyer. Referee—Butler of Brown. Umpire, Merriman of Geneva. Head linesman—Rafferty of Yale.