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The Acorn.

WM. J. BURKE, '13.

O TINY seed of wondrous oakēn birth,
Tell us the story of the mighty force
That lies concealed within your modest shell
Ere nature's voice first summons it to growth.
Today a seed blown by the wayward winds,
Tomorrow storm-defying in your might.
Today a seed of worthless prize to man,
Tomorrow nations crave your ripened growth.
Your oaken wood their kingly courts adorn,
And serve as floors for royal feet to tread.
The polished table of the banquet hall
Your stately trunk and giant branches form.
O little seed, mysterious world of life,
How much our common manhood looks to you;
You give the wood wherewith our homes are built,
And leaves, enriching barren plots of earth,
That serve as shelter from the noonday sun.

Child-Development in "Hiawatha."

THOMAS A. LAHEY, '11.



BABYHOOD is, in some respects, the only pure democracy. However the race, the color, or the habits of parents may differ, God's little ones are eternally the same. And what wonder, since they come to us fresh from His hands. It is only when the infant begins to step from the threshold of babyhood to that of childhood proper, that it begins to take on the peculiarities of race and kindred. So powerful and marked are these common qualities of all babyhood, that even parents partake in some part of this

citizenship. Hence, from the earliest days even up to the present, the lullaby, the rattle, the bogey-man, have been the common instruments of all mothers in quieting and amusing the common babyhood. So much does the cradle rule the world.

It would indeed be a curious fact if our own "children's poet,"—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow,—had missed of this observation. But he has not, and the fact that this common brotherhood of all infant humanity appeals to his benevolent heart, stamps his memory the more indelibly with that sweetest of titles,— "the poet of the child." We must remember that it was he who wrote the characteristic words,

Ah! what would the world be to us,
If the children were no more?

.....
Ye are better than all the ballads
That ever were sung or said;
For ye are living poems
And all the rest are dead.

It might seem anomalous to comment on the gentle author of "The Children's Hour" with a half-wild, varicolored poem such as the subject of this essay actually represents, but in that accomplishment the poet has demonstrated the true breadth of his genius. Mr. Longfellow undoubtedly comes nearer to the real American epic in this poem than any writer the nation has yet produced or will produce for some time to come. "Hiawatha" shows us the Indian, not as we know him in an historical way, but rather as he actually was in his actions, his beliefs and his very thoughts. He goes further, and describes the development of Indian babyhood up through life to that one supreme moment when he obtains the title of chief, in much the same way as one would describe the gradual evolution of a flower.

It is here especially, in the babyhood of the

Indian Hiawatha, that we find a curious example of the above-mentioned democracy of babyhood. Early in the poem the poet brings us to the shores of great Gitche Gumee (Lake Superior). There stands

the wigwam of Nokomis,
Daughter of the Moon, Nokomis,

whose only remaining consolation in life now, after the untimely death of her beautiful daughter Wenonah, lies in nursing her little orphan papoose. Poet-like, the author introduces the first picture of his now infant hero with a home scene, in which we obtain a glimpse of Indian womanhood, not as the daily laborer of a tribe but rather as the mother love transforms her.

There the wrinkled, old Nokomis
Nursed the little Hiawatha,
Rocked him in his linden cradle,
Bedded soft in moss and rushes,
Safely bound with reindeer sinews;
Stilled his fretful wail by saying,
"Hush! the Naked Bear will get thee!"
Lulled him into slumber singing,
"Ewa-yea! my little owlet!
Who is this, that lights the wigwam?
With his great eyes lights the wigwam?
Ewa-yea! my little owlet!"

Here we have the cradle, bogey-man and the lullaby, all breathing a little more of the forest, perhaps, but essentially the same. Surely, the more delicate, but just as democratic white baby, would not feel like a stranger in a strange land, amid such familiar surroundings. One would almost believe that the writer had only transferred his observations of civilized motherhood and its customs to the wild life of the Indian; but Longfellow possessed too much the instincts of a poet to be guilty of such an inaccuracy. Heckewelder publishes a letter in the "Transactions of the American Philosophical Society," in which he vouches for the prevalence of this "Naked Bear" bogey, especially among the Mohicans and Delawares. The poet further tells us in a note that the word "Ewa-yea" corresponds to our English word "lullaby," and it is easily seen that the expression "my little owlet" has its like in all those similar phrases of endearment, which our American mothers use in the language of babyhood. From this point the narrative continues:

Many things Nokomis taught him
Of the stars that shine in heaven;
Showed him Ishkoodah, the comet,
Ishkoodah, with fiery tresses;

Showed the Death-Dance of the spirits,
Warriors with their plumes and war-clubs,
Flaring far away to northward
In the frosty nights of winter;
Showed the broad white road in heaven,
Pathway of the ghosts, the shadows,
Running straight across the heavens,
Crowded with the ghosts, the shadows.

Unfamiliar as this delineation may at first seem, its Indian coloring can not hide the common aspects existing between the white man's childhood and that of his red brother. We imagine that the little Hiawatha was often directed to the lights of heaven in much the same manner as our own little ones are diverted by pretty knick-knacks and shining spangles, when the crying-spell is upon them. The Indian papoose, however, is not so long in that particularly helpless state of babyhood which characterizes his more delicate white neighbor. So much is theirs the life of the forest that, in many respects, they take on the finer qualities of its denizens. Not the least of these is the early self-reliance which the Indian child displays. The poet realized this rapid development as we see in the very next lines. Already Hiawatha is beginning to grow out of his babyhood.

At the door on Summer evenings
Sat the little Hiawatha;
Heard the whispering of the pine trees,
Heard the lapping of the water,
Sounds of music, words of wonder;
"Minne-wawa!" said the pine trees,
"Mudway-aushka!" said the water.
Saw the fire-fly, Wah-wah-taysee,
Flitting through the dusk of evening,
With the twinkle of its candle
Lighting up the brakes and bushes,
And he sang the song of children,
Sang the song Nokomis taught him:
"Wah-wah-taysee, little fire-fly,
Little, flitting, white-fire insect,
Little, Dancing, white-fire creature,
Light me with your little candle,
Ere upon my bed I lay me,
Ere in sleep I close my eyelids!"

In the above lines the poet has given us a picture of that poetic vision which is the common heritage of every innocent child, but which only the Shelleys and Burns and Keats of the grown-up world possess. The poet was probably influenced by his own childhood invocation, "Now I lay me down to sleep," in constructing the bed-song of Hiawatha; but is it too much to imagine that the Indian mother would teach her child some little prayer-like chant for the evening hour? And if so, what more likely than

that the tiny light-bearer of the Indian forest-home should be the subject of that hymn?

Then we come to the fairy tale. What would childhood be without it? White children are not the only ones who wander the realms of monsters and giants and elves, though of course we should expect the Indian to have one all his own, one made for the demands of his own supple mind and untutored heart. And so he has, for little Hiawatha, the poet tells us,

Saw the moon rise from the water
 Rippling, rounding from the water,
 Saw the flecks and shadows on it,
 Whispered, "What is that, Nokomis?"
 And the good Nokomis answered;
 "Once a warrior, very angry,
 Seized his grandmother and threw her
 Up into the sky at midnight;
 Right against the moon he threw her;
 'Tis her body that you see there."
 Saw the rainbow in the heavens,
 In the eastern sky, the rainbow,
 Whispered, "What is that, Nokomis?"
 And the good Nokomis answered:
 "'Tis the heaven of flowers you see there;
 All the wild flowers of the forest,
 All the lilies of the prairies,
 When on earth they fade and perish,
 Blossom in that heaven above us."

The baby feet, however, can not always be walking the ways of fairyland. The time gradually comes when its little mind begins to work, and then the things of earth take on newer lights of meaning. Then must the child be taught the true significance of the world about him. To the Indian, the most important thing in this external world was the animal from which he obtained food and raiment. Accordingly, we find the little brave taking his first lessons in woodcraft, just as the white baby learns the meaning of the household articles about him. So, Hiawatha, under the tutelage of wrinkled old Nokomis,

Learned of every bird its language,
 Learned their names and all their secrets,
 How they built their nests in Summer,
 Where they hid themselves in Winter,
 Talked with them whene'er he met them,
 Called them "Hiawatha's chickens."
 Of all beasts he learned the language,
 Learned their names and all their secrets,
 How the beavers built their lodges,
 Where the squirrels hid their acorns,
 How the reindeer ran so swiftly,
 Why the rabbit was so timid.
 Talked with them whene'er he met them,
 Called them "Hiawatha's Brothers."

It is but another short step until the change

from the democracy of babyland will be complete. The child is as yet predominant, but the moment finally comes and with the Indians it always comes quickly, when childhood suddenly vanishes, and that boyhood which is father to the man asserts itself. With Hiawatha it comes as it only could come, with the reception of his first real bow and arrow. At the same time, the voice of the great story-teller Iagoo tells him,

Go, my son, into the forest,
 Where the red deer herd together,
 Kill for us a famous roebuck,
 Kill for us a deer with antlers!

And Hiawatha does go, his lithe young body gliding over the half-distant trails, his keen eyes catching those sights and sounds which only the forest-born can interpret correctly. He is not the child now, but Hiawatha the hunter.

And the birds sang round him, o'er him,
 "Do not shoot us, Hiawatha!"
 Sang the Opechee, the robin,
 Sang the bluebird, the Owaissa,
 "Do not shoot us, Hiawatha!"

.....
 But he heeded not, nor heard them,
 For his thoughts were with the red deer;

.....
 Hidden in the alder bushes,
 There he waited till the deer came,
 Till he saw two antlers lifted,
 Saw two eyes look from the thicket,
 Saw two nostrils point to windward,
 And a deer came down the pathway,
 Flecked with leafy light and shadow.
 And his heart within him fluttered,
 Trembled like the leaves above him,
 Like the birch-leaf palpitated,
 As the deer came down the pathway.

One who has tracked the deer in his native haunts certainly has some idea of the feelings which must have thrilled that young hunter's heart, but for white man to express it, poet though he be, were wellnigh impossible. For this reason Longfellow forbears attempting what is beyond his powers, and contents himself with painting one of those word pictures which has been the despair of the brush and palette for all time,

Then upon one knee uprising,
 Hiawatha aimed an arrow;
 Scarce a twig moved with his motion,
 Scarce a leaf was stirred or rustled,
 But the wary roebuck started,
 Stamped with all his hoofs together,
 Listened with one foot uplifted,
 Leaped as if to meet the arrow;

Ah! the singing, fatal arrow,
Like a wasp it buzzed and stung him!
Dead he lay there in the forest.

With that scene the democracy of childhood fades into the background of life. Boyhood, even, has given way to the spirit of the Indian brave, for Hiawatha has made his first killing. Now indeed was he no longer a dependent, nor even a common member of mankind, but an Indian in all his instincts and feelings.

By the ford across the river,
Beat his timid heart no longer,
But the heart of Hiawatha
Throbbled and shouted and exulted,
As he bore the red deer homeward
And Iagoo and Nokomis
Hailed his coming with applauses.

.....
All the village came and feasted,
All the guests praised Hiawatha,
Called him Strong-Heart, Soangetaha,
Called him Loon-Heart, Mahn-go-taysee!

The days of childhood are over, sooner perhaps than they would have been to one of white parentage, but over nevertheless. This killing of the first deer has marked an epoch in the life of the young savage, and henceforth he is to be known as one advanced beyond the mere stage of boyhood. The poet says as much when he tells us in the very next lines:

Out of childhood into manhood
Now had grown my Hiawatha.

One closes the first chapter of this young Indian's life exclaiming; "How like my own!" One reads into what follows and thinks, "How different from civilized manhood!"

A Lullaby.

J. KEHOE, '11.

THE stars are shining bright on high,
Sleep, my darling, sleep;
Dark shadows creep across the sky,
Sleep, my darling sleep;
Go to sleep on Mother's breast,
While the angels guard thy rest.

The Lord a faithful watch will keep,
Sleep, my darling, sleep;
Until the morning sun shall peep,
Sleep, my darling sleep;
Go to sleep on mother's breast,
While the angels guard thy rest.

A Case of "We Didn't Mean To."

JAMES E. SANFORD

Many years had passed since Ike Norton gazed for the last time on the face of his beloved wife as she was borne away forever. Since then he had been a changed man. Shunning the people who had once been his friends and neighbors, he lived a solitary life. His cottage on the hill was never known to harbor a visitor. The old man lived a quiet life working hard during the day and spending the evenings reading his bible.

The month of October was drawing to a close, and the boys of the village gathered in groups outside the schoolhouse and discussed their plans for celebrating hallowe'en. Many suggestions were offered as to what would be done, among them was a plan to play a joke on Ike Norton by dressing as white caps, and, after a mock trial, sentence him to be executed.

The matter was talked over thoroughly and the crowd later dispersed, each boy promising to be on hand at the appointed hour the evening of October thirty-first. The moon shone clear on that eventful night as the white-robed figures crouched in the shadows of the schoolhouse. Far to the northwest dark snow clouds were gathering, but the boys were warmly clad and had no fear. Fred Hamilton volunteered to act as leader, and instructing the others to follow he set out for Ike Norton's cottage. The old man had just finished his evening prayer and sitting peacefully smoking his pipe, when he was aroused from his reveries by a loud knock. No sooner had he opened the door than he was seized and bound, hand and foot, by the intruders. Too bewildered even to utter a cry, he was carried to a near-by field where he was given the mock trial as arranged and then told to prepare for death. By this time the snow had begun to fall, and the white flakes blending with the ghostly figures huddled about the prostrate form of the old man presented a weird sight. The large wooden ax was raised as if to strike the fatal blow when a slight quiver passed over his body and he collapsed. Thinking that he had fainted, the boys endeavored to revive him, but when their efforts proved fruitless, the fact dawned on them that Ike Norton was dead.

The Priest at Gettysburg.

FRED EMERSON BROOKS.

[The following poem was written especially for the Dedication Exercises of the Corby Monument at Gettysburg. The distinguished author has done a difficult thing with great success, and the lines ought to be popular as a declamation at Notre Dame. Father Corby was the fifth president of the University of Notre Dame.]

AT Gettysburg a thousand banners fly:
Afar the eagle flings the battle-cry!

A nation holds its breath whilst sullen Fate
Rides in the saddle! Why not arbitrate?

They will, with cannon and the musket ball:
While those who argue best the soonest fall.

The black war-vulture's murky wings are spread
Above the living and the lonely dead.

The fearful onslaught of the second day
Has pressed the third corps hard: will it give
Way?

Hancock now calls the four brigades of Zook,
Of Cross and Kelley and the peerless Brook.

The cry is heard: "Fall in!" Each holds his place:
"Take arms!" No trace of fear on any face:

War-tempered veterans are standing there—
Those famous Irishmen of General Meagher—
Whose flag has been unfurled on every field:
The first to wave, the very last to yield.

The fiercest fighting known in modern story
Is where the green flag fights beside Old Glory.

At "order arms" the whole division stands:—
Their leader gone, brave Kelly now commands.

The cannon, booming, seems, while now they
wait,
Like demons pounding on the gong of fate.

Lo! Father Corby stands upon the rock;
The gentle shepherd of a soldier flock.

A soldier's duty first he bids them heed:—
For love of country countless thousands bleed!

A brave man never lets his banner fall:
Though life be sweet, he yields it at the call.

Each knee is bent and every head is bare,
And Hancock sees an army bowed in prayer.

What eloquence! beyond the reach of art
That thrill of pathos from the father's heart.

While sorrow drops her soft, repentant tear,
These men the words of absolution hear.

Each frequent word is like a white-winged dove
That bears to heaven a soldier's trustful love.

Whilst silence broods above the kneeling corps,
On every side is heard the battle roar:—

The thundered volleys—and the screeching shell
Tear through the woods where men creep up the
dell!

Death stalks Peach Orchard and the Devil's Den—
A battle morgue—is full of slaughtered men!

That little brook where wounded quench their thirst,
Is red with blood of those who reached it first!

Just there where Vincent, Weed and Hazlett die
Stands little Round Top smoking to the sky—

Huge clouds of incense curling from her crest
For those who die that others may be blest.

O'er kneeling men the battle anthem swells,
From hill and ridge, from field and wooded dells!

And ere the priest has fairly said "Amen"—
With eager shout they're on their feet again!

"Forward," they cry, "Forward, the fighting
corps!"

They fight as soldiers never fought before!

They fight as men who some high purpose bear,
With heaven's sanction, fortified by prayer.

They fight with frenzy and the day is won;
But who shall say how much the priest has done?

In stuated bronze, on that famed rock shall stand,
The priest, to bid all peoples understand:—

No cause that's just shall ever lose the day
Whose soldiers, ere they fight, kneel down and pray.

The Finish.

 C. I.

Joe sat sailor fashion playing "knife" with Phil in the shade of a maple tree. The telephone poles made long slender shadows across the summer lawn. Phil yawned and stretched himself.

"Gosh! I—wish—to—mor—row—was—over."

"'Twill be over all right. But whether we or they will be over—that's the pickle."

"We must beat 'em, Joe."

"The sophs are huskies."

"We must beat 'em, I tell you." Phil wanted to impress Joe with the sense of his determination.

"We will, if we can, that's all."

"But we can."

"That's to be seen. You can bet those fellows haven't been plowing the lake up for two months just for our special benefit."

"We'll win by two lengths."

Joe became very solemn. "Phil, there's no use bluffing this thing. A two-foot win will tickle me—if we get it." So they droned away the summer afternoon, for the last class bell had sounded and commencement was on.

Men of bygone days who had rowed races or held a berth in the Varsity baseball, football or track teams were scattered about the lawns seeing old haunts where they had worked or played. Many had wives and children. Many had sons in the University to whom they wrote words of counsel even as they had been written to. Seniors in cap and gown were going over their class orations in which the college man was made to battle with a cold and bitter world. From the flag pole old glory spread itself peacefully on the June velvet of the wind. White ribbons, bearing class numerals, distinguished the alumnus as he waved back the "hello, Tom," of some classmate of other years. Many an undergraduate moved from place to place explaining objects of interest to his mother, sister, cousin, and so on. There was the alumni banquet at which many a new joke was told and many an old one too. There was the "immediately-after-supper" band concert at which the drummer drummed, and the horns gave melody. There was senior oratory and orchestra offering and glee club harmony

and tall words of advice. Then rest and silence, when there was no song save the unheard music of the throbbing stars. Then a new day and a boat race.

There was not a solitary wrinkle on the face of the lake that drowsy summer afternoon. There wasn't a fleck of cloud on all the sky. The commencement crowd religiously lined the shores, while the band punctuated conversation with stirring airs. There were three races: Four year senior-junior; senior-junior law; freshman-sophomore. The sophomore and freshman crews were already in the boat house looking their shells over and securing their oars.

"Fellows," spoke Joe, "don't rush it at the start."

"Why?" asked Berger dropping his oar.

"Now, Berg, this isn't the time to ask questions. Just keep your tongue between your teeth and pull."

"That's right, Berg, pull is the thing today. Ask questions afterwards." John Donlan felt the little coxswain should be man and master. Besides it was no time for nonsense. Every man in the crew needed all his strength and could not afford to spend his energy talking. Berger became very serious.

"Fellows, if I die in this thing don't drop me in the lake."

"For Heaven's sake, Berg, if you intend to die don't come on!" shouted Phil.

"Well, I'm just supposing. It's all right to suppose, ain't it?"

"Say, Berger, I believe you're a quitter. Makes me feel mad to hear you talk."

"Joe McDermott," Berger was very solemn now, "all is not well here, as Hamlet said to Horatio."

"Your heart?" questioned Maxman who was supposed to know some physiology.

"No, you quack, you compound fake, I mean my stomach."

"Your stomach? What's the matter?"

Berger's voice was plaintive as he explained. "My folks are here for commencement. You missed me at the eleven-o'clock dinner. Thought I was fasting for the race. Had dinner in the city. Fried chicken, fried potatoes, fried eggs—fried everything. Topped off with mince-pie, ice-cream and berries. Feel like a stuffed pig."

"Holy Moses!" cried Joe in terror.

"Jupiter and all the gods!" yelled Phil in the agonies of despair.

"It's all up, fellows," cried Maxman. "Give 'em the race!"

"Couldn't you wait at least one half day, and then—pig it?" hissed Joe between his teeth.

"Please don't scold me, Joe," complained Berger after the manner of a gouty old gentleman who hates fuss.

"Don't scold you! it's kick you I should!" Joe used Hibernicisms in moments of wrath.

"I'd give seven suppers if this thing hadn't happened," grandly announced Phil with appropriate gesture.

"You would?" questioned Berger reflectively.

"I would," thundered Phil, throwing down the oar.

"Where?"

"Anywhere—at any cost. It makes me sick."

Berger leaped up transformed from a whining Uriah Heep to a veritable Horatio at the bridge.

"Phil, I take you at your word. It shall be so."

"How?"

"Because although I had dinner in town with my folks and ate fried chicken it was at ten o'clock this a. m. And I didn't *sus suis sui*—to refer back to the Latin authors; I ate with moderation. The bill of fare which Father Devine allowed me is in the inside pocket of my coat."

"Well, but I—I—" Phil couldn't find a rebuttal right off.

"Donnelly,"—Berger waved his hand with finality—"it's up to you. I'm feeling splendid. Seven feeds on you. This evening will be O. K., eh, fellows?"

"Sure thing," came the tumult of citizens.

"But you lied, Berg." Joe turned casuist all of a sudden.

"It wasn't a lie—just a—what we call—a—mental reservation."

"No, a lie, Berg: a lie just as big as you are."

"I tell you 'twasn't."

"But I know it was."

"Moon, come here," called Berger to the arbiter who was standing at the door. He obeyed, of course.

"Moon, did I lie when I spoke about that little affair of eating down town?"

"Now, Moon, straight facts and no hedging," cautioned Phil.

"Well, that's not so easy to decide."

"Yes, but a supper depends on it," Berger persisted.

"But maybe you won't abide by my decision."

"Yes, we will," sang everybody.

"Well, I guess it's a case of Joe's 'too late to lock the stable door,' of which we have heard." They all grinned.

"Well, go on with your preaching," snapped Joe.

"There's no more preaching to it. I can't decide till I find out Berg's motive and all the facts of the case. So I adjourn the trial till the supper. After the supper I will render judgment." They all yelled with delight and Berger insisted on shaking hands three times with everybody and wound up by embracing Moon.

"Come on, freshies and quit your gab," shouted an official.

"One, two, three," every man was at his oarlock. "One, two, three," every man was helping to bear the racer "Corby" to the piers. A final "one, two, three," and seven freshmen were gliding over the water.

A great cheer went up from the eager men of Corby as their chosen band swung back and forth on their way to the starting buoy.

"Bend the hickory, Berg!" shouted one.

"That's-a-boy, Joe!" encouraged another.

Nor was the reception to the sophomores a minute later one whit less enthusiastic. All small class disputes, all matters of precedence and honor were buried in the lake that afternoon, and the throat of every sophomore gave out cheer after cheer for the seven men on whom rested the honor of the class. So they too pulled away, backs bent, knees touching chins with every fresh stroke; then outstanding muscles, heaving chest, and the boat is gliding on and on.

There is something about the bare-legged, bare-armed, bare-headed athlete that appeals to man. It is symbolic of strength, grit, struggle. The old Greeks worshipped physical form, and not having concepts of religion very much higher, it is not to be wondered at.

A flash, a crash—they are off!

Both crews got away with the gun to a nicety and kept together for perhaps fifty yards. Then the sophomores pulled gradually away and secured a lead of three strokes. Their followers on the bank thundered encouragement, while the freshmen gave back cheer after cheer. They made the first turn, and the second-year men held their lead. The sophomores grew frantic; the freshmen yelled—

"Go it, fellows!" They circled round the last buoy, and the first-year men gained a

little of their lost ground. Mighty shouts greeted the effort. Both coxswains called for the last ounce of energy in the final great lap.

"Berg! Phil! Skive! Donlan," called Joe frantically with every stroke of the oar. They responded, and the "Corby" leaped like a live thing. On and on she went gaining on the sophs who heaved back and forth like madmen to hold their lead. Both crews heard the shouts from the shore, like dim, far-off voices as they swung back and forth jerking their oars. The "Corby" gained and gained, first by feet and now by inches. The men of the sophomore class were the hardest fighters that ever won or lost. But Joe yelled till he had practically mesmerized every man, and now they tore away like beings devoid of sense or feeling. Fifteen yards from the finish the "Corby" leaped into first place and won the race by some few feet.

The rest is silence. The aftermath of crucial victories serves only to show how feeble is the pen to paint the ups and downs, the comings and goings of life.

Berger, John Donlan and Maxman were at the railway station to see Phil, Joe and Moon take their train for the far East. A little later they themselves were to set out toward the setting sun. The lads had their grips and suitcases in readiness.

"Moon," said Berger, "you must put on thirty pounds this summer. You need it, you Lady May." The truth is Moon had grown thinner during the spring months.

"I'll do the best I can, Berg, but we can't all be like you."

"That's true, Moon, so far as weight is concerned. But there's lots of things you have that I'd like to have. You have a good head and talk well and have fine manners and everybody is your friend." They were talking apart and Berg was in the mood.

"Let us say—though I don't admit it—that I have all which you think I have, does it amount to so much after all? Cleverness, manners, the gift of speech and friends don't make us happy. Seems to me we need more."

"What?"

"Well, goodness—being right; being what that priest in his sermon to the graduates last Sunday called 'clean of heart, high of purpose, seeking and doing the best because it brings us nearer God.'"

"Say, Moon, you think, don't you?"

"We all do."

"No, I mean think like a man does." Then Berger paused and looked wistfully into the still, blue eyes of the young friend from whom he was soon to part.

"Moon, I wish you were husky like the rest of us."

"I don't know. Sometimes I think I'd like to be, but there are other times when I feel satisfied just as I am. The longest life isn't so very long after all. And the life hereafter will be for always."

Berger kicked up cinders from the track and marred the splendor of his home-going shine. He was very thoughtful, and his face took on a seriousness that became him well.

"Moon, you're right, though we don't always remember." From the west came a whistle that sounded like a wail.

"Not always, but sometimes I hope. You may be sure I'll often remember you, Berg, anyhow, for you've always been my friend." At once Berger was getting some dust out of his eyes with his spotless handkerchief, as he turned his back to Moon. The Limited thundered in with clanging bell and snorting engine.

"Good-bye, Joe. Be sure about writing." Donlan clasped the hand of his friend.

"Good-bye, Phil. Hope you have fine fishing." Berger thus said the parting word to Phil.

"Good-bye and good luck, everybody," waved Moon as the train slowly glided out.

"Bye, Moon," waved they all. The three lads waved their handkerchiefs from the steps of their coach. Those on the platform returned the farewell. The train swept round the curve, and Moon, Phil and Joe were lost to sight. Berger broke the silence.

"Vacation is all right, boys, but I tell you I'm kind of lonesome seeing those fellows going the other way."

"Am kind of heavy 'bout the heart myself, for we've had bunches of fun," John Donlan said in his quietest manner.

"And don't you know when Moon stood on the platform," added Maxman, "waving us good-bye with his handkerchief he looked like a spirit fading away."

"Yes, fading away," echoed Berg. And a strange calm settled over them as they stood waiting for the train that was to bear them away to the West.

A half an hour later they were borne beyond

the limits of the city. Through the window Berger caught a glimpse of the golden dome and the golden Lady. As they faded and were lost, his eyes filled with tears and his lips murmured the song so often sung in mighty chorus:

My thoughts will wander back when I roam
To the days, the happy days,
When the sun shone on my ways
Underneath the golden glory of the Dome.

The Memory of a Day.

LEO J. CORBOY.

The day broke bright and pleasant. The sun cast his warm rays on mother earth and made all nature smile. It was the first day of spring. The snow piles, which lined both sides of the street, began to melt away after their long winter stay. An old man was helped to the porch of a neat-looking house by a younger man, who appeared to be his son, to enjoy the first day of spring.

This old man had spent the long winter inside, and his shrunken and bent body showed that he had had a long siege of sickness. His face was pale, wrinkled and drawn, his hands shook as he sat in the chair that was set out for him. The younger man tucked a robe around his feeble feet, and left him there to enjoy the warmth. The air and sunshine seemed to please him, as he smiled and began to take an interest in the things that were going on around him. A long string of wagons from the city street department passed in front of him, each one stopping at a pile of melting snow. The men jumped off the wagons and soon were busy shoveling the snow into them. Soon the noon whistles blew and the men took their dinner pails from the wagons and sat on the curbstone to enjoy their noonday meal. The old man on the porch took in this scene with pleasure and regret. Pleasure, because he liked to see the men work with such earnestness and without grumbling, and regret, because he was not strong and able-bodied enough to do hard work like the men before him were doing. After the street cleaners had finished their lunch, they started to work again and soon had all the snow removed, so they got on their wagons and drove away. The next thing that attracted the old man's attention was the approach of engines tearing down the street to fight a fire that broke out in a house about a block from

his. He watched the manœuvering of the firemen with great interest, but felt the same feeling of regret come over him as he did when he saw the men shoveling the snow. After the firemen had put the fire out, he watched them as they put the hose away, and it brought a slight flush to his cheek and added a little brightness to his eye. After the fire engine had gone he sat a long while in deep thought. His mind wandered back to the days when he was young. How he enjoyed the warm spring days when he was a little fellow, and what a time his mother had making him go to school. Then his eyes dimmed as he thought of the death of his father and then the death of his mother who survived his father but two years. How he had to get out and hustle for himself after they died, and how he encountered many hardships trying to make a living. He laughed when he thought of the time when he was so hungry he stole a pie off some one's back porch. He thought of the time when he had courted the one who had become his wife. Then he was reminded of the happiness that came into their little home with the birth of their only child, a boy. How he and his son had grieved when death took his wife away from them. Then came his son's marriage and wealth, and the pretty house he now lived in. He started from his reverie at the voice of his son who came out of the house to tell him he had better come inside, as the sun was getting low and the chill of the first spring afternoon was coming on. He was helped in and up to his room, and retired after what he considered a day of excitement. He looked and felt better after his first day out of doors, but the excitement had tired him.

Next morning the son came to his father's room. He found him lying very still, with his eyes wide open staring at the ceiling. The young man walked quietly to the bed and took the shriveled old hand into his and found it cold,—cold in death. He looked at the thin face and noticed a faint smile on the drawn lips, a smile that remained from the memory of the first day of spring.

What I Want.

Warmth, quiet, a book to tell
Of things I love the best.
This is my world, where all is well
In evening hours of rest. D. E.

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—As an illustration of how an alumnus can show his loyalty to Alma Mater we cite the example of an '06 man living in Washington, D. C.

Loyalty of an '06 Man. The *Post* and the *Star*, two leading dailies in that city, gave a decidedly

Michigan coloring to their treatment of our recent difficulties with the athletic heads of that institution. This enterprising graduate hunted up the facts, saw the men responsible for both articles and secured correct statements of the case in later issues. This is loyalty without any blare of trumpets, but it is just such loyalty Notre Dame needs. Post-prandial oratory with its pledges of undying devotion serves to awaken fine emotion, no doubt. But the devotion that expresses itself in deeds is the devotion that helps. There are a number of large dailies in the middle west that went on the assumption that we had no right to be right, and straightway proceeded to make us wrong. We have not heard up to date of a single protest by any of our graduates. If there are any, we need their names to start the roster of the "Wide-Awake Club." Notre Dame is of the past, as well as of the present and the future. To the men of the past she looks for defense in the world beyond her gates. They have reached a time when they can appreciate her worth more truly than they could in their student days. This appreciation should incite them to be her defenders when defenders

are needed. We do not look for sympathy or friendliness from the athletic west. Our successes in nearly every form of collegiate sport have awakened jealousy and rancor. If we lose, there is no concealing the attempt to catalogue us among the secondary colleges; if we win we are the nursery of professional athletes. The fact is we have fought fairly and won honestly, as our graduates must know. If they think so, it is the part of loyalty to defend us individually, as in the case cited, or collectively through their various organizations. If they have any doubt as to the straightforwardness of our policy, it is the part of honesty to examine our records and judge for themselves. In this way they will remove from their own minds doubts as to our athletic honesty, and will remove from our minds doubts as to the actual fighting force of our alumni organizations.

—The result of the late elections was a complete change in political affairs. All over the country the vote of the people showed an evident dissatisfaction with present-day conditions. The causes assigned for this are many.

Importance of the Recent Elections. Be the cause what it may, the result of these elections has shown to the world that the people are still in power. It has forcibly shown all political parties that the people will accept only such public servants as work for the country's welfare. It has sounded the warning to the unworthy politician. As long as the people of the country show that they are not blinded by party prejudice, and use the ballot for the righting of evil conditions, the "experiment" of self-government will be successful.

—In this issue will be found the regulations governing the submission of theses for the bachelor's degree in letters. They may seem somewhat rigid at first reading, but after they are given the consideration they deserve they will be found quite within reason. In the last analysis the measure of the English student is English. He must write with accuracy, with some degree of harmony, with a certain distinction of style. The thesis he submits should be the result of his most serious thinking, of his most careful attention to the detail of

analysis and co-ordination, of his most painstaking efforts to express with the distinction of style just referred to. It is quite reasonable that those in charge of the course see to it that the student has the required amount of time in which to do all this, and to assure themselves as far as possible that he employs the time so given. The tendency to put off a given task to the last possible moment is quite too general. The "hurry up" has a certain fascination for us, a certain element of risk which captivates. Work begun during the last week and finished on the last day must lack ease and fineness of finish. It is done at the white heat of necessity, not of inspiration, and it clamors for its own condemnation. We repeat; the regulations are reasonable.

—The cold November rains that have been bothering us lately, and the chill of the atmosphere have given the campus a deserted appearance. The walks around

Take Exercise and Be Well. the lake that were so popular a few weeks ago are abandoned for the warmth of the room. The steam is on full blast and shivering students crowd around the radiator to toast in its heat. This is a mistaken idea of the proper way to get warm and to protect oneself from the cold. The student who mopes about in his room or becomes too attached to his radiator is bound to expose himself to all the diseases that are bound up in the winter season. The proper protection of the health in such weather is outdoor exercise. It is when the blood is sluggish that it is most difficult to keep warm; it is in this condition, too, that the blood is most apt to be attacked by the germs of pneumonia and other winter ills. Some form of outdoor exercise, sensible and not too violent, systematically taken, should form part of the daily round of every student. It is necessary to the health, and is consequently an immediate necessity.

—Usually our regular lecture course includes two or three humorists. Like the poet, the humorist must have the art born with him, else he fails. He may cultivate, but he must have the native element sufficiently deep and sufficiently rich to bear cultivation. Humor offers a legit-

imate field for the man with the gift. The trouble arises when the man without the gift enters. He is doomed to failure. A rehearsal of old stories, an empty attempt at catching the modes and mannerisms of some one who has made a clearing for himself, only emphasize lack of originality. The real humorist is not an echo to the *n*th power. His humor, like the poet's song, is in his soul—is a part of him. He feels what he says, just as the poet feels. Study may adorn, but back of adornment is feeling. The real humorist is a mirth-maker because the mirth is in him. He sees the absurd, the incongruous in life, and plays upon it without bitterness or vulgarity. He has the rich flavor of originality that stirs the sympathetic chords of our nature. There is enough of struggle and wrong and bitterness and failure and darkness in life to more than justify the existence of the artist who rolls back the cloud and lets in a plentiful play of sunlight.

—The recent movement in favor of a bar examination in the state of Indiana has met with the support of many of the ablest members of the bar in the state. **Raising the Legal Standard.** It is argued, and it seems rightly, that as a rigid examination is required of aspiring pharmacists and physicians before they are licensed by the state to practise, no less stringent measures should be taken to ensure the protection of those who must employ lawyers to care for their interests. There was a time in Indiana when such a measure would have worked real harm, for in the early days the country philosopher read law in the office of an old practitioner, and acquired a proficiency that was quite sufficient for the times, though his training in what now is deemed essential might have been somewhat lacking. Many men who were excellent lawyers in their day might fail to pass the examination such as is demanded in many of our states at the present time. But the freedom with which admission to the bar has been granted in the past has led to an abuse of the privilege, to the harm of the public, and a restriction seems necessary. Of course the matter of fixing the entrance requirements will be left to the state, but any change tending to raise the standard of the legal profession will be welcomed.

Mr. Gillilan in Real Humor.

On last Saturday evening when Mr. Gillilan bowed himself off the stage to a genuine outburst of applause he must have felt that he had scored a decided hit. However he may have felt, the fact remains that he gave us an hour and a half of the kind of humor that stirs up the deeps of laughter. Mr. Gillilan is an entertainer without any quotation marks. He stirs up the pathetic, too, with seemingly as little effort, and makes one feel the two opposites are not far apart. He discoursed new and clever stories, had original commodity galore, and varied the offering with poems that had the warmth of the heart and the fresh air of the farm. We will go to hear Mr. Gillilan again any time he comes *con mucho gusto*.

Edward P. Elliott in "The Man of the Hour."

Today, when elocution so often means affectation and insincerity, it is truly refreshing to hear a speaker whose work is marked by naturalness and genuine sincerity. Such an entertainer is Edward P. Elliott who appeared in Washington hall on Thursday afternoon. The richness of his voice, the charm of his manner and, above all, his distinctness, marked Mr. Elliott as a reader of very high rank. He gave us a comprehensive interpretation of a representative modern play in a manner which impressed the lesson of the drama very vividly on our minds.

Western Electric Co. Donates Apparatus.

The thanks of all interested in the department of Electrical Engineering are due the Western Electric Company, which, through the kindness of Mr. Hellweg of the sales department, has placed at the disposal of the University for laboratory use complete sets of intercommunicating telephone apparatus. One type of central energy outfit has been installed for some time in the telephone laboratory, but this form of intercommunicating device is entirely new and includes the latest improvements made by the Western Electric Company, the largest manufacturer of telephone apparatus in the world. The intercommunicating telephones were assembled at the factory and have

already been installed in Science hall, where they are available not only for student purposes, but afford also telephonic communication between different parts of the building.

The same company has also contributed a number of subscriber's sets of the ordinary central energy type, also all the parts of the switchboard, each part being mounted on a separate base provided with binding-posts, so that when they are assembled in the same order as in a commercial switchboard an incoming call may be traced through all the parts required for indicating it, and the connections for one subscriber to another may be studied in detail.

The Western Electric Company has in addition furnished the electrical students with sets of descriptive matter showing in detail the workings of the different styles of telephones and switchboards manufactured by the company. The bulletins contain most valuable information concerning the proper selection of equipment under any given conditions, and the detailed schematic diagrams of wirings and connections included in the bulletins are very useful to the students of telephony.

Everyone interested in the subject of telephony at the University should feel grateful to the Western Electric Company.

Requirements for the Litt. B. Thesis.

At a recent meeting of the Faculty the following requirements were decided on for the Degree of Bachelor of Letters:

(1) The candidate must submit his subject to the Faculty of Letters for approval not later than October the 1st of his senior year and must submit not later than December the 1st a detailed plan showing the proposed treatment of a subject that has been approved.

(2) The text of the thesis must be not less than 1500 nor more than 2500 words.

(3) The treatment of the subject must give evidence of research and careful study; the composition must be correct in matter of grammar, and the style must be characterized by literary quality.

(4) Every source of information used in the treatment must be indicated by reference, giving the title of the work, the name of the author, the name of the publisher, and the page from which the data are taken. Wherever such references are to be made, they are to be

indicated in the text by arabic numerals in parentheses; the references themselves are to be listed at the end of the text and indexed by the numbers used in the text. Titles of books are to be underlined, and all subordinate headings enclosed in quotation marks.

(5) Three copies of the thesis, typewritten on regulation paper, must be presented to the Dean of the English Course on February the 1st preceding graduation.

Theses will not be accepted until they are made to conform with these requirements in every detail. Candidates who fail to submit their theses on time will be required to do additional work as a penalty, the amount of such work to be increased according to the length of the delay. Students who neglect to meet the requirements stated above will not be regarded as seniors nor enjoy any of the privileges of the class.

Apostolate of Religious Reading.

The following books have been added to the library of the apostolate: "Moments before the Tabernacle" and "Communion Day" by Russell, "The Formation of Character" by Hull, "Life's Little Day" by O'Neill, three copies of "Sins of Society" by Vaughan, "The Making of Mortlake" and "St. Cuthbert's" by Copus, "Pearl" by O'Meara, "Six Sunny Months" by Ticknor, "Rosemary" by Huntington, "Catholic Religion" by Martin, "Daughter of Kings" and "Her Father's Daughter" by Hinkson, "Callista" by Newman, "Son of Siro" and "Tom Losely" by Copus, "Ethelred Preston" by Finn, "His Honor the Mayor" by Smith, "Valiant and True" by Spillmann, "Society, Sin and Saviour" by Vaughan, "What the Church has Done for Science" by Zahm.

Society Notes.

ST. JOSEPH LITERARY.

At the regular meeting last Sunday evening the following interesting and entertaining program was rendered: Piano solos by Messrs. Sponsler and Twining, recitations by Messrs. Doktor, Hozinski and Huerkamp, and a debate which was won by the upholders of the negative side. The subject of debate was: Resolved, That labor unions are a betterment to the laboring man. Messrs. Burke and Corcoran supported

the affirmative, and Messrs. Milroy and Conway the negative. At the conclusion of the program Father Maguire, the newly elected critic, passed judgment on the evening's entertainment.

BROWNSON LITERARY AND DEBATING.

The seventh regular meeting of the society was held last Sunday evening. A good debate was heard on the question, Resolved, That United States Senate should be elected by direct vote of the people. Messrs. W. O'Shea, N. Burt and M. Walters spoke for the affirmative, and Messrs. E. Hanrahan, E. McGough and G. Hanlow, for the negative. The decision was given in favor of the affirmative. "Beautiful Hands" was recited by C. Rogers and "To My Boys" by Brother Alphonsus. An excellent criticism of "Ben Hur" was read by C. Derrick

CIVIL ENGINEERING.

The meeting of the Civil Engineering Society was exceptionally well attended last Wednesday evening and much enthusiasm was shown in the program. Mr. McSweeney's paper on "A Solution of the Road Problem" was exceptionally original. In this paper Mr. McSweeney gave a history of roads, and compared the condition of the roads of the United States with those of foreign countries. In France and Great Britain less money is expended in proportion than is expended here in the United States, and better roads exist in these countries. The subject of Mr. Derrick's paper was "Disposal of Garbage in Large Cities." Since the major part of garbage is organic matter, liable to speedy putrefaction, the disposal of this matter becomes a sanative measure in a large city. Reduction and burning are found the most effective methods of disposal. New York uses the reduction method, while Milwaukee has recently installed a gigantic incineration plant. James Wasson showed "Some of the Benefits of the Surveyor's Work." The boundary lines of nations are determined by the surveyor, and the skill of the surveyor is a preventative for many possible disputes. Civilization has been greatly benefited by the geological surveys made by the government. The surveyor has his work under earth as well as on its surface, for the mining industry is dependent to a marked extent on the surveyor and the accuracy of his work. The subject of "Fogs and Clouds" was treated by Mr. Bracho and brought out general discussion on the subject, which was very beneficial to all present.

Safety Valves.

If, say, 25 per cent of stakes had been set aside to secure outside officials for Saturday's round between Sorin and Corby, there would be no aftermath of discussion. Not that we sympathize with the money changers.

The best groomed man—Kuhle; the best politician (nixie)—Joe Murphy; the greatest novelist—Art Hughes; the most original man in many ways—Fabian Johnson.

We notice the grand oratorical season opens Saturday. Secure your tickets early.

To the person presenting best answer to explain away red post fifty yards up track we give a pair of kid gloves.

We notice the Aggies have grown ^Ibig Injun. We have been beating the Aggies ever since Jap Lawton was a minim; and we never could feel big Injun over it, by grab.

'Tis no wonder we're prejudiced in favor of the last car: Witness the case of Carmo Dixon.

Point of Information: Was it Kansas City, Mo., or Kansas City of the same name? We wish to put *the* one on the map.

Is it not possible to have a wire from Milwaukee to provide against possible lulls in discussions of the Conference?

It has been demonstrated beyond doubt that a lighted match applied to a celluloid eye-shade will start a blaze. After all, that no-smoking-in-room rule isn't half bad.

Sorin protests Corby's win on the ground that one of the officials had no whistle. We suggest that a number of whistles be bought and one handed out at the gate to each ticket purchaser. This will lessen the chance of a like occurrence.

Dear Valve: U. of M. protests Ditmick and Philbrook of U. N. D. on the strength of Conference rules. U. of M. sends on names of Cole and Clarke as eligible to play against U. N. D. according to Conference rules. U. of M. later decides not to play Cole and Clarke against Minnesota because of Conference rules. Can you explain?—Tom Havican.

No. It's a Michigan mystery. But Waldo can. Write him.

Corby, 12; Sorin, 6. The rest is silence. Good night, sweet prince, and flights of angels wing thee to thy rest.

Side by side with you now dear old Leland S! We'll shake you again, Ibetshu.

Obituary.

—James E. Brogan, formerly a teacher in the University, died suddenly in New York, November 4th, at the age of sixty-six years.

Personals.

—Frank Hollearn (Litt B. '10) is a city reporter for the *Chicago Record-Herald*.

—Gail Reed (student in '02 and '03) is now sales manager for the Woods Electric at St. Louis, Mo.

—L. C. M. Reed (student 1896-'99) is representing the Oliver Chilled Plow Works at Constantinople, Turkey.

—Heine Burdick (football star in '07 and '08) is holding an important position with the Muelbach Brewing Co., Kansas City, Mo.

—W. P. Feeley, '06, is with the Great Lakes Dredge and Dock Co, 2513 Miami St., Toledo, Ohio. Will sends greetings to all his friends here.

—J. M. Gutierrez, C. E. '10, is now employed in the branch Designing and Detail Department of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad in Chicago.

—Lucian C. Wheeler (student in the years '94 and '95) is in Washington, D. C. He is a member of the Secret Service and now has charge of the White House detail. While at Notre Dame, Mr. Wheeler was a member of the track and football teams and a member of the crew and the University Band.

—It is a pleasure to announce that Harry L. Ferneding (student in the early '90's) has been elected Judge of the Circuit Court in a district made up of eleven counties of Ohio. His plurality was 5000, and he led Governor Harmon by 800 votes. We prophesy a brilliant and honorable career for Judge Ferneding. His address is Dayton, Ohio.

—Captain Francis O'Neill, formerly Chief of Police of the city of Chicago, has donated to the library the following volumes: *Irish Folk Music*, by Captain O'Neill; *Works of Priscianus Dominicus Germanus de Silesia on the Structure of the Arabic Language*. These are very precious volumes and the SCHOLASTIC, on the part of the University, offers many thanks.

Calendar.

Sunday, Nov. 20—Band practice after mass.
 “ Brownson Literary Society.
 “ St. Joseph Literary Society.
 Monday, Nov. 21—Band practice at 3 o'clock.
 “ Orchestra practice 7:30 p. m.
 “ Thelma Rose Concert Co. 1:50 p. m.
 Tuesday, 22—Team leaves for Marquette.
 Wednesday, Nov. 23—K. of C. meeting.
 “ Civil Engineering Society.
 “ Philopatrian Society.
 Thursday, Nov. 24—Thanksgiving. Solemn high mass.
 “ Marquette vs. Notre Dame at Milwaukee.
 Friday, Nov. 25—State Oratorical Board meets.
 Saturday, Nov. 26—Preliminaries in oratory.

Local Items.

—On December 3rd our football number will include Varsity write-up and the all-hall team.

—The path of the early morning chapel “miser” is a narrow one and leads but to the executive “carpet.”

—If practice makes perfect, great hopes are held out for the penmanship of the Brownsonites. It is stated that young men are found daily in the study-hall practising this art.

—The preliminaries in the oratorical contest will take place Nov. 26. The preliminaries are open to all collegiate students. The class contests in oratory will be held later on in the year.

—Mass was celebrated by Rev. Father Walsh for the repose of the soul of Edward Quin's mother Monday morning. The senior class attended in a body, many receiving Holy Communion.

—It has just come to notice, that Lee Mathews is working on a book called, “The Gridiron Season of 1910 at N. D.,” which will be ready Dec. 4th. May the sales demand your getting out a 2d edition, Mat.

—Judging from the showing made by N. D. against Rose Poly, Michigan is shown to have acted wisely, by canceling the game the previous Saturday, when Notre Dame was found a little off color by M. A. C.

—Preparations are now in progress for the sophomore dance. Invitations are already out, all college men being invited. The members of the committee on arrangements state that neither time nor money will be spared to make

this the social success of the season. The grand affair comes off Wednesday evening, November the 30th.

—At the Oliver Hotel on Saturday evening twenty-three Walsh gridiron warriors decorated the festive board. Rev. Father Quinlan was the guest of honor. The dinner was tendered by the members of the hall as a mark of their appreciation for the men's work. SCHOLASTIC staff was invited, but had bought a farm and couldn't go.

Athletic Notes.

ROSE POLY SWAMPED.

The Varsity proved conclusively that it still could come back last Saturday afternoon at Terre Haute by the decisive victory earned over the team representing the Rose Poly institution. The engineers were no match for the Varsity when it came to a matter of weight and went into the contest with this handicap; but though they lacked weight they took advantage of the boosts which the new rules give a lighter aggregation, and at times put up a wonderful game. The last period of the last half illustrated well the effect of Heze Clark's tutorship, for in this period the little engineers made a spectacular effort to regain the ground lost earlier in the day. In the first half they worked the ball to the Varsity's five-yard line, using every trick of the game in the accomplishment, and for a time it looked as though a touchdown would be scored, but the heavier Notre Dame men held, and the ball was lost on downs. At another time Gillum, the Rose end, came within a hair's breadth of regaining a fumble with a clear field, but a bad bound delayed him sufficiently to allow Dorias to get the ball and ward off the score. Some blame for the down state's low score may be placed on Nehf who was substituted at quarter at the last moment in order to give Capt. Bradford a chance to use his speed at half. Nehf continued sending his men against the Varsity's line after it was plain that it was impossible to gain in this manner. The game did not start until well after three o'clock, and it was quite dark before the contest ended. For that reason had Nehf sent his men for end runs and tried forward passes he would undoubtedly have gotten away a great deal better.

| | | |
|-----------------------|-------|-----------------------|
| Notre Dame (41) | | Rose Poly (3) |
| Collins, Crowley | L. E. | Wyeth, Gillum, Dem'ng |
| Philbrook | L. T. | Gray |
| Oaas, Kelly | L. G. | Childs, Volker, Black |
| Foley | C. | Offut |
| Stansford, Fenney | R. G. | Poggensee |
| Dimmick, Kelley | R. T. | Moore |
| Martin | R. E. | Lammers |
| Dorias | Q. | Nehf |
| Matthews, Bergman | L. H. | Stoms |
| Shook, Ryan, McGinnis | R. H. | Bradford |
| Clippinger, McGrath | F. | Stoms, Baker, Hoffner |

Touchdowns—Dimmick, 3; Crawley, McGinnis, 2; Matthews. Goals from touchdowns—Dorias, 3. Goals from field—Stoms, Dorias. Referee—Holderness, Lehigh. Umpire—McKinney, Wabash. Head linesman—McCarthy, Indiana.

THE AFTERMATH.

The treatment handed the Notre Dame football team and Athletic Association by Michigan two weeks ago has brought the attention of the sporting writers of the West to the Notre Dame team and their showing.

The Indianapolis News:—

The Whirlwind attack of Captain Dimmick and his brawny backs utterly crushed the light Rose Poly football team this afternoon and the great Notre Dame eleven walked off the field with another scalp. Seven times the goal line of the engineers was crossed by the savage onslaught of the Gold and Blue fighter, and the clever little Dorias rang up a field goal to offset one made by Stoms of Rose Poly. This made the final count 41 to 3. Tom Longman, the old Michigan hero who has charge of the football fortunes of Notre Dame, has collected one of the most powerful machines in the United States. This was proved this afternoon when it was realized that the engineers had not a ghost of a chance to win; the fans turned their entire attention to admiring the superb team from up-state.

The Terre Haute Star:—

Michigan did well to cancel.

The Notre Dame team which Coach Longman brought to battle Poly yesterday was pronounced by many local experts who saw them in action to be the champion eleven of the west. It was not the team that lost to Michigan Aggies. It was the team that Longman had prepared for Michigan, and Poly was forced to take the place of Michigan. The Irish won 41-3, and it was only by the most desperate kind of fighting that the engineers were able to hold the score around the forty mark.

Detroit News:—

MICHIGAN IS SUBJECT OF SEVERE CRITICISM.

Cancellation of Notre Dame contest meets with disfavor from maize and blue alumni and outside institutions: matter could have been more easily settled.

Michigan's cancellation of the game with Notre

Dame on the eve of the first whistle for a contest toward which both had been looking for exactly a year, is the topic among all rooters in town since the news came in from Ann Arbor. There are partisans pro and con the decision, but the "pro's" are most insistent in their argument which starts from this point. The Wolverines did more damage to themselves than to the Catholics. For, say these dissenters, from the opinion of the board in control of Michigan athletics, the cancellation of the game deprived Michigan of a contest that would do more to point the men of Yost for the battles with Pennsylvania and Minnesota than any other means possibly can; it reduces the receipts of the Athletic Association some \$5000.00 at least; it denies the men who suffered defeat at the hands of Notre Dame in 1909 a chance to even things up; and, worst of all, it gives Notre Dame leverage for a boast that Michigan is afraid of the big eleven from South Bend.

THE CONVENTIONAL CRAPE FOR BROWNSON.

Brownson's aspirations for interhall honors were laid to rest on Cartier field at 1:30 p. m. Thursday afternoon. A severe attack of Corbyitis was the cause of the sudden demise. Thirty-five to nothing were the last words spoken. It was simply a case of "off again, on again, gone again, Corby." No hard words were spoken, but everybody thought some. Brownson played well and really should have won,—and in fact did win the sympathy, respect and admiration of all who saw the game. It was an uphill fight well fought. The boys from Brownson played well, but it seems that Corby had her busy sign out, and nothing but a winchester could stop her sturdy sons on their march in quest of the coveted touchdowns. The Sorin bookmen were present—mere passive spectators, however.

THE BOOKMEN IN RARE FORM.

Outplayed, but not crushed in spirit, the boys from Walsh were forced to take count Thursday afternoon when they tried conclusions with their elder brothers from Sorin. The high punts which Campbell sent to mingle with the gathering clouds, together with the lightning-like speed of the smooth Fish, were too much for the kiddoes to handle at one meeting. True to their reputation the lighter aggregation handed out the usual supply of air-line dope, but not with the same regularity as in previous contests. The Sorin team had a little football strategy of their own and they did not pull off any "dear Gaston" stunts while using it. The final shout was 21 to 3, the bookmen having the large end. The Corby braves were mute but interested spectators.