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Sacerdotes.

THEY were but weaklings of the earth
Until the great God spoke,
And kissed them with His lips of flame
And laid on them His yoke.

Now mighty of the millions, they
Bid sin's wild wave be calm,
They call the everlasting God
Who answers: "Here I am."

T. B.

A Study of Shylock and Harpagon.

EMILE V. MOLLE, '10.



IN this study of two misers by the greatest writers of comedy, Shakespeare and Molière, the point I wish to make will be made more clear by a few general remarks on the style and object of each writer. Believing that my object will become the more intelligible as I proceed, I do not think there is need of a long introduction.

An English gentleman traveling in France was one day conversing with a French actor, when the latter, with something of national pride, remarked, that if the English had their Shakespeare, the French had their Molière. I forget the name of the English gentleman and his exact words, but in substance his answer was: "Molière is not a French poet, but a world poet. A kind Providence, wishing to give the world a great comic poet, created Molière, and granted that he should be born in France." Yes, Molière is a world poet, the greatest within the sphere of social, as Shakespeare is the greatest within the sphere of romantic comedy. According to French critics, Molière ranks among the great world poets. Matthew Arnold asserts that he is

by far the greatest name in French poetry, one of the greatest in all literature. Nevertheless, there are some critics, among them Saintesbury, who maintain that Molière is no poet at all. If we accept Matthew Arnold's definition of poetry as "a higher criticism of life," we may say that Molière must be ranked among the very greatest poets. But if we accept the definition of romantic critics, that poetry is "the exquisite expression of exquisite impressions," then we must admit that Molière is no poet at all.

In the first place, Molière is no singer. The lyric chord is entirely wanting. We find no trace of that subtle idealization, which finds "Sermons in stones, books in the running brook." He is not the poet as described by Shakespeare, "whose eye, in a fine frenzy rolling, doth glance from heaven to earth and from earth to heaven."

A primrose by a river's brim,
A yellow primrose was to him,
— And it was nothing more.

Something more it may have been to him, but how much more he never tells us.

Molière was fully aware of the lack of these poetic elements in his work. I believe he purposely avoids the romantic. The romantic element does at times enter, but is always dim and kept in the background. Molière was too keen a critic of himself not to know that satiric comedy was his proper field, and to adhere to it. He was a moralist and a teacher as well as a wit, and it is in this light we must regard him, if we would judge him rightly. He undertook to purify the social atmosphere. This was his prime object; satire was the instrument he employed as the most congenial to himself and the most effective to attain his end. He has transferred the whole of contemporary society to his pages, showing man not only in his grandeur, but also in his smallness and

weakness and vices. There is no virtue, no vice, no passion, that he has not depicted. There is no class of society, high or low, that he has not ridiculed. There is no profession that has escaped his satire. He ridiculed medical charlatanism, hypocrisy and legal chicanery; he ridiculed the nobility for their frivolity, the peasants for their upstart airs; the learned for their pedantry, and the writers of lower standing for their affectation; he ridiculed old women for their affectation of youth, and young women for reasons without number. He scourged not with the "*sæva indignatione*" of Swift, but with a serene and beneficial irony. He had that consideration and tenderness for human feeling, which prevented him from ever being, or pretending to be, in a real rage. Flowers, songs, laughter, the music of maidens' voices, the sighs and hopes of lovers, the atmosphere of life and the world, surround his satire. He is never embittered, never pessimistic, never morbid; yet suffering no illusion, he converted the whole of life as he saw it, even suffering itself, into laughter, but into a laughter fundamentally sound and profoundly philosophical.

But if satire is a powerful scourge, can we say that it is an effective remedy? There is a kind of satire, which tends to embitter and arouse defiance in the heart of the victim rather than to estrange him from his foibles. But there is a kind of satire that shames vice out of existence without leaving grounds for resentment; such is the satire of Molière. "*Il n'y a pas des Tartuffes parmi nous*," is to this day the boast of the French. What must have been the confusion of the hypocrites, the pedant, the rogue, the miser, the *bourgeois gentilhomme*, when he saw himself depicted in all his hideousness or folly, and made the target of Molière's shaming laughter! He attracted them with his inimitable wit, and with wit chastised them in order to better them. Thus is Molière amusing, for he is the greatest wit in all literature; and instructive, for he is a stern and healthy realist. In comedy, as he understood it, he is unsurpassed.

"Every year," says Goethe, "I read some plays of Molière, for we petty beings can not retain in ourselves the greatness of such works, and we must therefore return to them from time to time to refresh our impressions."

Turning from Molière to Shakespeare, we find ourselves in a world of fancy and idealism.

There we find the expression of wit, of common sense, and of the observation of the everyday world of humanity; here we are transferred from the land of actuality to a region of dreams and poetry. In comedy Shakespeare's poetry finds an outlet in the fantastical. All comes from his soul and genius, external circumstances contributing but lightly to the development. The ideal world that he has formed within his brain he expresses in a profusion of metaphors, images, and paintings. He lays open the land of dreams, and his dreams deceive us. He appeals to the imagination and never taxes the intellect. He aims at pleasing the hearer; he seems to have no further object.

"When we enter upon his comedies," says Taine, "it is as if we met him upon the threshold, like an actor to whom the prologue is committed to prevent misunderstanding on the part of the public, and to tell them: Do not take too seriously what you are about to hear. I am joking. My brain, being full of fancies, desired to make place for them, and here they are. Do not look for precise composition, harmonious and increased interest, skilful management of well-ordered plot. I have novels and romances in my mind, which I am cutting up into scenes. Never mind the end, I am amusing myself on the road. It is not the end of the journey which pleases me, but the journey itself. I do not try to deceive you and make you believe in the world where I take you. One must disbelieve in order to enjoy it. In the very moment when sympathy is too lively we remind ourselves that it was all a fancy. Your true comedy is an opera. We listen to sentiment without thinking too much of plot. We follow the tender or gay melody without reflecting that they interrupt the action. We dream elsewhere on hearing music. Here I bid you dream on hearing verse."

In a study of these two parallel characters, Shylock the Jew, and Harpagon the miser, we must make the same distinction. Not that Shylock is depicted in less vivid colors, but because we feel that he is nothing more than a creation of fancy. In spirit we see the Jew in his unscrupulous striving after money; we see the workings of his cruel mind toward Antonio, his hostile attitude toward the Church; and lastly, we see him frustrated in his designs and retiring from the court in confusion. Here is found passion, genuine, intense, and profoundly moving. Now we

experience a feeling of loathing, now of indignation, resentment, or horror; but even in moments when the mind is most stirred by emotion, and while the scene is enacted before our eyes, we feel incredulous. The presentation looks real, but we feel it is only a fiction. When our emotions have been aroused, and we are awaiting the outcome in fearful anxiety, and it seems that a tragical ending is inevitable, a happy incident turns the course of events and relieves us. We experience a sensation as on awaking from a bad dream; yet, somehow, we felt all the while that we were only dreaming.

Let us turn to Harpagon. The impression made on us is as lively as that made by the Jew, and more lasting. Here we have a breathing, grasping, hoarding, clinging miser. In the presentation, Molière both pleases and instructs. We must laugh from the beginning to the end of the play; but amid the general laughter Molière suggests a hundred thoughts for future reflection, thoughts which tend to awaken disgust for avarice in self and others.

In presenting this study I do not pretend to draw a comparison, strictly so called, between the two characters. Circumstances of time, place, nationality, and others, present so many difficulties as to leave little basis for true comparison. In the one greed is the predominant passion, which leads him into a labyrinth of absurd or even tragic implications. In the other avarice is so great, that, being thwarted in his schemes of money-making, he is driven into a state of frenzy and revenge, which, to speak paradoxically, no love of money can allay. In this essay I am endeavoring to translate the impressions made on me by the study of analagous characters by two master comic writers, the one within the sphere of romanticism, the other within the sphere of realism.

STUDY OF HARPAGON.

"L'Avare" is, on the surface, one of the liveliest and most amusing of Molière's comedies. Yet the final impression it leaves is by no means one of unimixed gayety. It is the manner, not the substance, that is amusing. It is a character study, in which certain of the uglier sights of human nature are somewhat deeply and mercilessly probed. The avarice of Harpagon, born in the midst of riches, contrasted by the conveniences of an honorable state, is a passion both hateful and ridiculous. He lives in a state of warfare with son, daughter,

servants and society; so that the ordinary laws of social relation are suspended; and ruse, dishonesty, and even theft, must be resorted to in order to live. He has at the same time the absolute unscrupulousness and intellectual cunning of Shylock, and that—I do not know what—hankering after gold, which reminds one of Caliban's morbid craving after the bottle. He is amusing but disquieting. His plans are plots and provoke counterplots. He implicates himself in such a network of difficulties that it is no easy task to resolve the plot. We shall follow him as best we can.

Harpagon has concealed in his garden his beloved money box, containing ten thousand francs. In his frequent visits to his *chère cassette*, in the extreme carefulness and attendant suspiciousness with which he guards his treasure we see him in his worst aspect. His worry over the money box makes him peevish. His valet approaches him; he orders him out of his sight forever. He would not forever have before him "a spy of his affairs, a traitor, whose cursed eyes are ever spying out his actions, devouring all his possessions, and hunting in all corners for something to steal." The valet is about to leave when a new thought occurs to Harpagon. Perhaps the valet knows something about his treasure. Having assured himself to the contrary, he nevertheless suspicions, that he may have about him some stolen goods, and immediately proceeds to search him. Finding nothing, he dismisses him, speeding him to the furies; yet with the remark that he puts it as a burden on his conscience. The valet thinks of the pleasure it would give him to be able to rob his master.

This wish of the valet makes us curious to know how Harpagon would behave if actually robbed of his money box. The valet, finally discovers the hiding-place of the treasure, and digging it up, brings it to Cléante, the miser's son. A moment later Harpagon discovers the theft. The discovery drives him into frenzy. He breaks out with pitiful lamentations and ridiculous threats: "Robber! robber! murder! assassin! justice! just heaven! I am lost, I am killed; they have cut my throat; they have robbed my money. Is it not there? Is it not here? Stop (seizing himself by the arm), give back my money, villain. Alas! my poor, poor, money, my dear friend! They have deprived me of you; and since you have been taken from me, I have lost my support, my

consolation, my joy; it is all over. I have nothing else to do on earth; without you I can not live. I am falling, fainting, dying, dead, buried." He declares he will employ every means to recover his money; he will have everybody searched and brought before justice; his servants, son, daughter, and even himself, and ends his threat, "I will have everybody hung, and if I do not recover my money, I will hang myself afterwards."

I may here consider the serious accusation, especially in connection with this passage, that Molière often oversteps the limits of comedy and drifts into farce. Harpagon takes hold of his own arm and cries, "Stop!" In another passage he exclaims, "I am dying, I am dead, I am buried!" This, critics say, is unnatural and against the art of true comedy. But I have mentioned it before—we must consider Molière not only as an artist but also as a teacher. The more absurd the miser is made to appear, the more effective will be the instruction. But does Molière really sin against art in the passage just quoted? I think not. When we consider the miser's intense love for his money box, we do not wonder at his utter distraction at its loss. His speech is the true expression of his feelings. Far from finding fault with the passages quoted, I am inclined to look upon them as examples of that true *vis comica* which Menander also had, and at the lack of which in Terence, Caesar complained.

Harpagon's greed also brings him into conflict with his son. Cléante has contracted a debt, which he must pay within a certain time or suffer imprisonment. He has repeatedly appealed to his father for help, but without success. This unjust privation of his father reduces him to the necessity of a most burdensome loan; and it is Harpagon himself who unknowingly practices toward his son the most pitiless usury. Cléante, discovering the disgraceful conduct of his father, despises and outrages him. What an example and what a lesson! One of the most fundamental and deeply rooted of human instincts, love of parents for their offspring, is here set at naught by a base love of lucre. The disgraceful conduct of the father destroys respect and filial devotion in a son naturally sensitive and loving. The manner of treatment does, indeed, provoke laughter, but the substance saddens and affords food for reflection. The son, driven to extremity, receives the money box, which the

valet has robbed, and blackmails the father. The theft of the treasure drives the miser into the piteous and ridiculous outbreak of lamentation which has been quoted above.

Harpagon's avarice brings him into a still more ridiculous position. His son loves Mariane, and his daughter is in love with Valère. Both young couples have already exchanged mutual vows, but Harpagon has conceived a more profitable arrangement. For his son he has found a rich old widow. His daughter he has promised to a rich widower, only fifty years old, because he would take her without any dowry. When one offers to take a girl without dowry, one needs look no further. "Without dowry" more than makes up for beauty, youth, birth, wisdom, and uprightness. Harpagon himself will take Mariane for wife, provided she bring him some profit. He discloses his plans to Cléante, who with difficulty conceals his astonishment and chagrin. In the sequence he makes his father the butt of the most pitiful ridicule. Cléante acts as interlocutor between his father and Mariane. Toward the end of the scene he takes a diamond ring from Harpagon's hand and slips it on the finger of Mariane. The remonstrances and angry gesticulations of the miser are interpreted by Cléante as earnest appeals to the girl that she keep the ring as a token of esteem.

Once Harpagon enters unexpectedly upon Cléante and Mariane, and detects his son kissing the hand of his intended mother-in-law. Harpagon's suspicions are aroused, and by a clever ruse discovers the mystery. He commands Cléante to cease his attentions to the girl. The son openly defies his father. The father threatens him with disinheritance and his curse, but the son remains firm. Later Cléante secures the stolen money box, and uses it as an effective means to obtain Mariane.

In the meantime a happy scene takes place in which the rich merchant Anselme recovers, in Valère and Mariane, his long-lost children. Harpagon enters upon the scene of reunion, and accuses Valère of having stolen his treasure. Cléante here interrupts his father with the assurance that he will again see his money box, if he will permit him to marry Mariane. Anselme consents to the double wedding of his son and daughter to Cléante and Elise, the miser's children. Harpagon consents provided Anselme will defray the expenses of both weddings and buy him a new coat for

the occasion. While Anselme and his happy children depart to surprise and gladden the wife and mother, Harpagon hastens home again to see his beloved money box.

The action of the play remains in the domain of comedy, but at every moment we feel that it is on the very frontier of tragedy. Yet the tragic is only hinted at and foreshadowed; it never once finds expression, because here it would be merely horrible. The play is a good example of the facility with which Molière blends the light and serious, and of his felicity in inculcating moral lessons while he keeps his hearers in continual merriment.

STUDY OF SHYLOCK.

Avarice and the unscrupulous practice of usury, have for ages attached to the Jewish name as a reproach. During the Middle Ages, especially, were they hated. In many instances the people, goaded on by oppression, revolted and in turn persecuted and massacred their tormentors. In Spain, Jewish unscrupulousness was a remote cause of the introduction of the Inquisition. We read at that time of the establishment of guilds or pious associations, with the purpose of counteracting the evil practices of the Jews by lending out money without interest. It may be that Antonio belonged to such a guild, for the chief motive that led Shylock to revenge was that "He was wont to lend money for Christian courtesy"; and Antonio tells why Shylock seeks his life: "I oft delivered from his forfeiture many that have at times made moan to me; therefore he hates me."

The story of Shylock begins with the incident that affords him the opportunity for revenge. The miser's striving after money is not the chief topic, as in Molière's "Miser." But, though revenge is the theme of the story, avarice is the source from which hate springs. We can judge of Shylock's love for gold by his grief at its loss. When robbed by Jessica, he runs up and down the street crying: "My daughter! O my daughter! O my daughter! Fled with a Christian? O my Christian ducats! Justice! find the girl! She hath the stones upon her, and the ducats!" And to Tubal he complains: "The curse never fell upon our nation till now; I never felt it till now. I would my daughter were dead at my feet, and the jewels in her ear! would she were hearsed at my feet; and the ducats in her coffin!"

Throughout the play Shylock's sin of judicial murder is perpetually crying out for retribution,

and the retribution is delayed only that it may descend with accumulated force. Portia's happy thought is a turning-point in the Trial Scene, where we have the Jew's triumph and the Jew's retribution. To begin with, Antonio's bond having become forfeited, Shylock appeals to the Charter of the City. Where the letter of the law involves a wrong, however great, it must nevertheless be exactly enforced. Shylock takes his stand on the written law.

As plaintiff in the cause, Shylock would, in the natural course of justice, leave the court when judgment had been given against him, with no further mortification than the loss of his suit. He is about to go, when he is recalled: "It is enacted in the laws of Venice, etc." An old statute law made a mere attempt upon a citizen's life punishable to the same extent as murder. Shylock had chosen the letter of the law, and by the letter of the law he is to be punished. The plea on which Portia upsets the bond is really the merest quibble. No court of justice would seriously consider it. A bond that could justify the cutting of human flesh must also necessarily imply the shedding of blood. But to balance this we have Shylock in the beginning of the scene refusing to listen to arguments of justice, and taking his stand upon his humor. The suitor, who rests his cause upon a whim can not complain if it is upset by a quibble. Similarly throughout the scene, Shylock's justice of malice finds its answer in the justice of retribution. At the end of the scene, Shylock's life and all lie at the mercy of the victim to whom he had refused mercy, and the judge to whose appeal for mercy he would not listen. (This passage chiefly from Moulton's "Shakespeare as a Dramatic Artist.")

It is a much-disputed question whether Shakespeare intended to present Shylock as an object of ridicule or pity, I am inclined to think with Taine, who makes Shakespeare say: "Never mind the end, I am amusing myself on the way." I believe Shakespeare aimed at nothing more than passingly to awake emotional interest by a union of the light and serious. He would not burden the mind with weighty thoughts, but only please the fancy by the presentation of strange things. We read the story of Shylock with the same feeling of pleasure, or wonder, or awe, but also of incredulity, as we would read a novel. "We dream elsewhere on hearing music, here we dream on hearing verse."

How It Was Done.

REMEGIUS F. CAVANAUGH, '14.

Two men stood before a blacksmith shop in the little village of Hanover. One of these, the younger, wore the leathern apron which betokened his trade, while the other had the appearance of a prosperous farmer. The latter was talking and using a blue print map to enforce his remarks.

"Now, John, I leave this job to you. You can manage better than I can, because I never could hit it right with Bill Hepburn. You ought to bring him around easy. Seems to me I've heard you spend considerable time at his place. Thinking of going into the son-in-law business, are you?"

"Yes, I do go over there once in a while," the younger man replied.

"All right, you can begin on the ditching next Monday. As soon as you get your gang together let me know—and here, you take this," handing him the map. John took the paper, and as the speaker drove off went into his shop and sat down to consider the matter.

The trouble was this: He had a contract to run a few miles of sewer pipe line from a neighboring town, but was held up by one man who refused to grant him the right of way. Having confidence in John Ramsey, who had often helped him before, he sought his aid now. John was to run the line through. After it was done Wright promised that it would stay down. So we leave Ramsey sitting on a stool pondering over the map spread out on his knees. After much contemplation he arose, locked up the shop and left.

Within a few hours he was at the Hepburn home. Seated on the veranda he tried to make hard-headed old Bill see that he should grant them the right of way. He did not succeed.

"No, I wont sell any right of way. You think I want my cattle breakin' their legs in Howard Wright's worm-eaten pipe-lines? I wont allow him, or anything of his, on my land. That's all about it. And see here, since you are so consarned bull-headed about it, you wont marry Betty till that sewer goes through, and you know how soon that'll be." The old man arose to leave.

"Well, dad, if you wont let us go through

your land at least give me boarding here while we're working on the rest. This place is just about half way between the ends. Maybe after a while we can arrange matters."

"You can board here any time, Jack, and welcome, but you wont make no arrangements with me."

Early next Monday thirty teams and a gang of men began work on the city end of the line. By Wednesday another gang began to lay pipe. That evening "Beccy" Hepburn and John Ramsey were talking in the parlor.

"I don't think pap was himself when he said we wouldn't be married, do you, John?"

"He never said anything like that to me."

"Oh, well, he said not till you finished this work, and he wont let you go through the farm after once refusing the right of way. Pap never goes back on his word."

"Maybe he wont go back on his word; but you just wait and see if we wont have a wedding in June, Betty."

"O John, I believe you could do it if anyone could, but pap is not easily moved when he once makes up his mind."

At the close of the day about two weeks later the ditch was cut up to the edge of the Hepburn farm on both sides, while the pipe was laid and covered nearly as far. About a hundred joints lay at the edge of the farm. According to the general opinion they were to lie there for many more weeks before they would be put in the ground.

That night before quitting time, Ramsey took his overseers into his confidence. Everyone was given charge of a few men and ordered to promise them double pay and assemble them in the woods near the farm at 9:30 that night. These overseers passed the word to the men, cautioning them to say nothing to any one. Then they called it a day and all went home.

John went cheerfully up to the house where he met old man Hepburn. The latter was in a good humor. John affected to be downcast.

"Hello, son, you've done mighty fine with that work so far, but you haven't finished yet. How do you 'low to do it, lay an air line?" The old man laughed at his joke. "I 'low you'll have to wait till they get these here flyin' machines first." John smiled a little, and mentioned that he had had a hard day and would go to bed early.

At 8:30 everything was silent around the

house. About 9:00 John dropped out of the window of his room on a rope. By ten the men were tearing holes in the Hepburn farm along the line of the ditch. As there was a little moonlight they were able to do all the work but the cementing without lanterns. With every man of the gang working hard the line was joined and covered by half-past two. All the men gathered in the woods again and went through a mysterious ceremony with a large brown jug. Each man drew a long breath, lifted the jug to his mouth and held it in this position for a short time, then lowered it with a sound between a grunt and a sigh. After this ceremony, everybody went home.

A couple of hours later John was awakened by a rough hand and a voice that ordered him to get up. He opened his eyes and saw Bill Hepburn dancing near the window.

"Look out there and see that ditch,—covered and all. Look out, I say. What does that mean?" John looked out.

"What does what mean?" he asked.

"You know! You did it."

"The ditch, sure enough; what does it mean? Who could have done it?"

"Who could have done it?" Bill was on the verge of apoplexy. "I'll show you," and he started toward the younger man.

"O now come, dad, you don't want to kill me in this room, it would muss things up so. Let's go down and look at the ditch." They went over the ground together and came back peacefully.

"Here, Betty," called the old man, "you get some breakfast for this young scamp. He sure needs some after fooling old Bill Hepburn that way. Why, young fellow, if it wasn't so—funny I'd give you a thrashing yet."

A Plea For Me.

The apple so red
That hung o'erhead
Gave dares to me
To set him free.

And so I went,
Because he sent
And set him free—
For me, for me.

"Thy liberty
I've gained for thee,"
To him I said,—
And then I fed.

R. W. T.

The Trilogy of Sienkiewicz.

ANTHONY J. ROZEWICZ. '11.

CONCLUSION.

We come now to the question of characterization. Sienkiewicz, as we have already intimated, has created a score of characters. His success in this line is very well expressed by the Rev. George McDermot, who has made a study of Sienkiewicz's works including the Trilogy. He says: "The merit of Sienkiewicz essentially is that he creates real men and women; he does this with a certainty of touch that never loses power, never blurs the image in the mind, never pours one into another's mould."

Some are wont to call Zagloba a unique or incomparable creation; yet he is neither unique nor incomparable; Falstaff is his predecessor. In fact, it may seem more appropriate to call Zagloba an imitation rather than a creation. Mr. Phelps is decidedly emphatic on this point; he writes: "The last word for this character is the word 'original.' The real triumph of Sienkiewicz in the portrayal of the jester is in the fact that he could imitate Falstaff without spoiling him, for no other living writer could have done it." But we may continue an imitation which is so well executed that not only can it brook the presence of the original and lose nothing in the contrast, but even the question may reasonably be asked which is better, the original or the imitation? Such an imitation does appear to have an intrinsic worth of its own, and is not merely an imitation. The truth is that Zagloba is not altogether like Falstaff; there are differences, and the amount of originality in the imitation is to be measured by the amount of difference. The point, however, to be kept in mind here is that Sienkiewicz, in depicting Zagloba, has, at least as far as this one character is concerned, given proof of genius which is barely, if at all, surpassed by that of Shakespeare.

But Zagloba is only one of the many characters in the Trilogy. There is Podbipieta worthy of special mention. We would again quote Rev. McDermot: "One of the most interesting of the creations of Sienkiewicz is Podbipieta in 'With Fire and Sword.' He is not one of the leading characters, but he is cast upon the stage with such power of conception

and execution that wherever he goes his tall figure and gentle face, his two-handed sword and his vow of chastity till he smite three infidel heads at one stroke, draw our eyes to him." In truth, all the characters are depicted masterly; they are above all human. Some of them are swayed by passion or emotion; some are sensitive to duty, and then it is rather deliberation than emotion or passion that sways them. Nevertheless, they all have their virtues and their failures. We are made to feel the presence of each character as he or she is put upon the scene; each one is different; each one is distinct. Those that figure prominently in the novels are placed in multifarious situations. We view them from many aspects, and the inevitable result is that we know them to their inmost heart. In the portrayal of women Sienkiewicz is less powerful than in his treatment of men; yet one would not venture to deny that either or both Anusia Borzobohata and Basia are real women. The former is the cause of much innocent mirth in "With Fire and Sword" and in the "Deluge," while the latter is the heroine in "Pan Michael," and figures prominently in many an interesting chapter. One favorite sport of Anusia, whom the Rev. McDermot very properly styles "a notorious flirt" is to entice knights into blind love; she invariably succeeds in captivating them; but as soon as they become so thoroughly love-sick as to sigh for a kind word or a propitious glance, then it is her part to put on a semblance of total unconcern as to their welfare, and even of disregard for them. Now and then she herself is slighted, or a courtesy is denied her; she feels the sting keenly, but suppresses all outward emotion, and only awaits an opportunity to retaliate. The frolicsome demeanor of this character has its origin in the womanly levity inborn in her, and renders her, on that account, all the more interesting.

Basia, like Anusia, is given to gaiety and mirth. She has a good heart, but she is wild and bold; yet with all her wildness and boldness she is lovable, since arrogance and affectation are altogether foreign to her. When things go against her or some sport is turned upon her, she becomes pouty and even mean, and if she can find no way out of the difficulty, she has recourse to crying; her poutiness and meanness vanish with the tears. Having married Pan Michael, Basia gradually grows out of her wildness; her fickleness and whims

greatly subside, and the good qualities, which she never lacked, now gain a fuller sway.

This is but a sketch of the two characters, and is far from doing full justice to them. To appreciate the vividness with which they are depicted, and to enjoy the entertainment they afford, the Trilogy itself must be examined. We have selected those two as examples of clever portrayal of women; yet there are other feminine characters delineated with no little skill.

Enough has been said thus far to suggest, in some faint way, the intellectual beauty inherent in the Trilogy. This beauty shines forth in the splendid conception of the plots, in the variety of incidents and in their presentation, in the power of description, and lastly, in the superb characterization. All this is as it should be, for true art aims at beauty. But higher than intellectual beauty is moral beauty. Indeed, it is the highest kind of beauty, and a work of art which does not possess it lacks one of the important elements that make for greatness. It is not the purpose of art to teach anything directly; it can not be its purpose to teach evil either directly or indirectly, and the only alternative is that true art must show a leaning towards the good.

The Trilogy teaches nothing directly. It has, nevertheless, a wholesome moral atmosphere; it concerns itself with the truth and not the facts in life. Whatever facts are taken from life are estimated at their precise value, and their significance is discerned in the light of truth. If the facts are deplorable they are presented as such; if they are commendable we are made conscious of their virtue. Sienkiewicz stands firmly by that salutary principle which asserts that the novelist is not to take anything and everything from life, but that he should choose his material. Not everything in life is fit to become an object of art. Hence it is that Sienkiewicz looks with contempt on the dullness of extreme realism, while towards idealism his attitude is more congenial. Mr. Phelps states emphatically that there is nothing decadent in Sienkiewicz's nature. He is true to the Christian principles of right and wrong, and he does not attempt to pervert these principles merely because there are facts in life which do not conform to them. He has no new theories of life; he remembers that, as novelist, it is his office to depict life as it is without overstepping the bounds of propriety which his profession imposes upon him.

No one, of course, would maintain that Sienkiewicz adheres to this rule in all its details; for there are in his works unsavory elements which could be omitted with advantage. In the Trilogy there is, perhaps, too much profanity of language; then also, for the sake of effect, Sienkiewicz at times stoops down to mere sensationalism, and occasionally he gives free rein to what Mr. Phelps calls "animalism." Of these faults mention will be made in the proper place. At present it is sufficient to observe that, on the whole, the Trilogy has a high moral standard. Though not a teacher, Sienkiewicz is an artist in the full sense of the word; and since he understands well the relation between his craft and the world about him, he does, what all novelists should do, when he purposely undertakes to adjust life to art and art to life; and by following this principle he generally steers clear of the insipid realities which, though found in life, are yet altogether out of place in art.

Such are the more important characteristics of the Trilogy. There are other features equally artistic. Craftsmanship of a high order is to be found in the analysis of character, in the use of contrast in its various forms, in the preparation for strong situations, in the ease and precision of style, in the use of humor, in the objective yet sympathetic way of viewing the world, etc. So much for the good points; now a word about the faults.

No artist is perfect in every respect. The Trilogy has its defects. Objections are made chiefly against the length of some episodes; the ideality of some characters; the number of characters; the occasional deeds of superhuman valor, the miraculous deliverances, and lastly, what we have above alluded to, namely, the attempt, at times, to be merely sensational; likewise against the "animalism" apparent in several chapters. Most of these defects, however, have a redeeming feature. If the episodes are long, they are not in themselves tedious; if the characters are many and sometimes ideal, they are, nevertheless, interesting; moreover, the comment which De Soissons makes on the episodes and characters of the "Deluge" may be applied with equal force to the other two novels. De Soissons excuses Sienkiewicz for the same reason that Sir Walter Scott is excused. He says: "Critics objected to Sir Walter Scott's romances on the ground

that they were too crowded with secondary characters, and that they contained too many secondary episodes. It does not matter whether this was done purposely, or only through the habit of talkativeness, his books did not lose anything by it, for very frequently shepherds, watchmen, blackguards, pickpockets, and old women give life to his romances."

De Soissons then states that "the same objection and excuse can be brought forward with regard to Sienkiewicz in his "Deluge;" and we have intimated above that the same observation is applicable to "With Fire and Sword" and "Pan Michael" as well. Indeed, there is no particular reason why it should apply to the latter two novels, unless it be that the secondary episodes and characters in these books are not so numerous, and hence no justification is necessary.

With regard to superhuman deeds and miraculous deliverances this is to be said: if there are such deeds and such deliverances, they are made to appear credible, and only upon reflection do we question their probability. Sienkiewicz's sensationalism, according to Mr. Phelps, consists principally in his going to the extreme when describing cruelty; also in the use of loathsome details, while his "animalism" manifests itself in the exploitation of love even to its "basest sensual desire." The fact that he is at times sensational, and gives way to "animalism" can not be defended, and does to some extent mar the work.

These are the chief merits and demerits of the Trilogy. The merits by far outweigh the faults, so that, with the exception of a few slips into sensationalism or "animalism" the other faults are trivial. It seems that Sienkiewicz grasped the significance of life better than other novelists. He is not a realist, not an idealist, not a romanticist, not a humanitarian; he is not exclusive. He views not any particular phase, but the whole of life. His outlook is broad. He has the instinct to see the truth, and the manly fearlessness to give artistic expression to the truth he sees; and since truth goes hand in hand with beauty, he has neglected neither one nor the other. This it is that gives to the Trilogy its excellence and power, and justifies its claim for a worldwide recognition; and this it is that overshadows other works of fiction which do not seem to perceive the truth so well and do not give to beauty so perfect an expression.

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—This year again the Founder of the University and the Discoverer of this Western continent were honored in the school calendar on the evening of October twelfth. It may seem strange that two lives so separated by time and by achievement should be honored on the same day. But the accident of time and position makes no separation. While the fact that both the priest and the sailor had each a vast work to do and did that work with a notable degree of success serves to unite them. Add to this that both labored in this Western world for the uplift of the Indian, for the glory of their common faith, and the bond of union becomes closer. The fact that Columbus discovered a new world does not make the achievements of the courageous Sorin dim by comparison. For above the trackless wastes of snow and ice he saw a vision of dome and spire and a cluster of buildings housing the young men of the coming years. Nor, despite much poverty and privation, did that first vision ever fade. With the dawn of each day it rose out of the mists that the sun shattered, and with the descent of each night it stood out clear under the stars. Human life is measured by purpose and achievement. Both the priest in the near past and the great layman in the remote past, were high-purposed, and accomplished much for their own generation, and more especially for the future. It seems not unfitting, therefore, to link their names together.

—There is probably no finer collection of modern Catholic literature anywhere than that in the Apostolate of Religious Reading, of which

Brother Alphonsus is the Director. With splendid judgment, aided by the

voluntary contributions of students who were interested, this devoted religious has built up a library of large scope and value. The books touch almost every subject—history, biography, religion, matters of controversy, and the like, and always from the most approved Catholic standpoint. Besides, there is a very complete list of fiction by the best Catholic writers. It embraces such men as Canon Sheehan, Marion Crawford, Maurice Francis Egan, Christian Reid, and many others of equal fame. So far the library has been used only for the individual amusement and instruction of students who might wish to avail themselves of its privileges. The books are free and may be had for the asking from the director, or from his representatives in the various halls. This year the senior English class has been assigned for the first essay of the year some work of Catholic fiction, which is to be analyzed and then made a subject for appreciation or criticism. The Apostolate library was recommended as a source of reference. It is without doubt invaluable for this purpose, for although some fifty books will be required for some little time, they can be very easily obtained. The library is thus to be put to a very practical use, and one for which it is especially suited.

—At a time when the dogmas of the Catholic Church stand out in such sharp contrast to the pandering traditions of society and the transient tenets of ephemeral denominations, the press is most heavily burdened with the rant of iconoclasts. In accordance with this regrettable disharmony, a Chicago house has placed upon the market a startling new novel, "Rebellion," by John Medill Patterson. The purpose of this travesty is to lay bare the great problem of society, and to prove that the opposition of the Catholic Church to absolute divorce is wrong. Naturally, we would expect that such a vital and difficult question, if it were to be answered, would be represented by an author who understood at least the rudiments of theology and social

science. This writer has not only established his weakness on these points and failed utterly to attain his purpose in the miserable attempt to vindicate the great crime of American society, but has actually displayed a deplorable ignorance of the simple rules of grammar. As an example of amateurish, stupid taste, we quote one of his numerous abominations: "It is because the average man can not and does not live without women which causes him to regard a priest with a species of awe." Errors like these are a distinctive quality in this aspiring young author who ventures to pull down the pillars of a very big institution. The "Rebellion" contains its share of vulgarisms and bad grammar.

—The cheering at last Saturday's game should encourage those who have the movement so much at heart and who have worked so faithfully to make **Root, Preps!** systematic rooting a reality.

Much has been done, but much more still remains to be done before the task of organization is completed. There is the army of the preparatory boys who have not yet been heard at our games. With the college men on the one side of the field it remains for the younger portion of the school to line up on the opposite side and to give back cheer for cheer to their elder brothers. Be on hand today, young men of the preparatory school, and do not permit all expressions of loyalty to come from the college men.

—Various pronunciations of the name of the University are afloat. Some say *Notre Dame* so as to rime it with **Mispronouncing** *am* or *ham*; others say *Notre* **Our Name.** *Dawme* so as approximately to rime it with *calm* or *psalm*; still others, who have a passion for airing their meagre knowledge of the French language pronounce it after a manner that has neither rime nor reason. Some say *No-tre*, others say *No-ther*. The simple, unaffected English pronunciation of the word is *No-ter Dame*, the *a* long to rime with *fame* or *came*. Let us all get together on this and pronounce the great name in a chorus of uniformity. Let us try out our French on some other word, and make the University plain *No-ter Dame* with a good long *a*.

Also, before we forget it, the *Brown* in *Brown-*

son should not be pronounced *Bron* to rime with *con*, but *Brown* to rime with *town*. The word *town* is a frequently used and a well-loved word. Remember that the initial consonant of the east wing of the Main Building rimes with it. Of course, certain purists will make a hubbub about this and say we're all wrong. Let's get together and be unified meantime. Following which the hubbubs may hubbub.

T. A. Daly to Lecture.

It is a pleasure to announce that Mr. T. A. Daly of the *Catholic Standard and Times*, Philadelphia, will give a reading in Washington Hall next Tuesday. Mr. Daly is one of the best-known poets of our day, and has won admiration especially for his verse in Italian-American dialect. Those who have heard him on previous occasions know what a treat is in store for us next Tuesday.

Newman Next Wednesday.

Students who were present at Mr. Newman's illustrated lectures last year will make it a point to be present again this year. The splendid collection of moving pictures with which he illustrated his talks could hardly have been surpassed. Add to this the pleasing personal touch that enters into whatever he has to say and you have the explanation of his notable series of successes last year. Do not under any circumstances miss the Newman Travelogues.

Bokoo Hospitality.

Col. William J. Hoynes, Dean of Notre Dame University, Notre Dame, Ind., and head of the Law Department there, returned today from an extended Southern trip through the historic battle grounds of Virginia.

Colonel Hoynes was accompanied by Dr. Burns, President of Holy Cross College, Washington, D. C. The two noted educators are delighted with their trip and speak of the proverbial hospitality of the Virginians with glowing terms.

Their visit to Chancellorsville was especially interesting. Here they slept in the old Chancellorsville Tavern on the site of the battle, and occupied General Hooker's headquarters. Dr. Burns and Col. Hoynes were much pleased with Fredericksburg and its people, and were entertained by the Mayor and shown every courtesy. The visitors highly praised the unstinted hospitality of the Southern people and especially the hospitality of the Virginians.—*Annapolis News*.

Apostolate of Religious Reading.

The students in the class of English III. are studying the novel during the present month and the professor has assigned to each one a novel by some Catholic author to be read and criticised. The ten best criticisms will be published in the SCHOLASTIC. The following works have been selected for this purpose: "Mezzogiorno" by Ayscough; "The Queen's Tragedy," "The King's Achievement," "By What Authority," "None Other Gods," "The Sentimentalists," "The Dawn of All," by Benson; "A Daughter of New France," "Love Thrives in War," "The Heroine of the Strait" by Crowley; "Saracinesca," "Sant' Ilario," "Don Orsino" by Crawford; "The Success of Patrick Desmond" by Egan; "The Secret of Fougereuse" by Guiney; "The School for Saints," "Robert Orange" by Hobbes; "Rosemary" by Huntington; "Her Father's Daughter" by Hinkson; "Dion and the Sibyls" by Keon; "Callista" by Newman; "A Daughter of the Sierra," "The Man of the Family," by Reid; "My New Curate," "The Blindness of Dr. Gray," "Luke Delmege," "Lisheen" by Sheehan; "Espiritu Santo," "Heart and Soul" by Skinner; "Whispering Smith," "Robert Kimberly" by Spearman; "Great Possessions" by Ward; "Fabiola" by Wiseman.

Alumni Marriage Announcements.

The marriage of Miss Yano Marie Golley to Mr. Gallitzen A. Farabaugh will take place at St. Rose's Church, Lima, Ohio, on the morning of Tuesday, October twenty-fourth. On behalf of the University the SCHOLASTIC extends warmest felicitations. The bride is one of the most cultured and beautiful of St. Mary's graduates, and the groom is one of the most distinguished alumni of Notre Dame in recent years.

On October 25th in St. Alphonsus' Church, Chicago, will occur the marriage of Miss Alma Louise Zangerle to Mr. Oscar A. Fox. The groom is a graduate of the law class of 1907. Congratulations and all good wishes.

The marriage is announced of Miss Josephine Blackburn to Mr. Oliver L. Gehant, a student well remembered by the men of modern times. The ceremony took place Wednesday, October

4th, in Harmon, Illinois. We note with special pleasure that the ceremony was performed in the parish church. We extend very cordial congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Gehant.

Society Notes.

CIVIL ENGINEERING.

The first regular literary meeting of the Civil Engineering Society of the University was held on Thursday evening. A program, consisting of three papers upon various topics, and a general discussion of a scientific problem, was carried out.

Mr. Duque's paper dealt with "Some Engineering Problems and Their Solution." Particular reference was made to the problems connected with the construction of the Panama Canal, the greatest engineering problem of the present age. Mr. Duque explained how these problems were met and solved. Mr. Sanchez treated of the "Future and Its Uncertainties" in a manner which would have done credit to a philosopher. We all have pleasant dreams of the future some of which come true, but we should not be discouraged if they all do not. Mr. Derrick told in his paper about "A Civil Engineering Student's Vacation." The engineering student who has a genuine interest in his work spends his summers in the school of experience rather than in idling away his time. The formation of rainfall was the topic for general discussion. Mr. Cortazar stated his views of the matter, and answered all questions concerning it in a satisfactory manner.

HOLY CROSS LITERARY.

The Holy Cross Senior Literary Society held its first meeting for the school year on Sunday, October first. The following officers were installed: George Strassner, president; Christopher Brooks, vice-president; Charles Flynn, secretary; Alfred Brown, treasurer; John Kelly, critic; Walter Coffeen, reporter; Wm. Burke, J. Stack, and J. P. O'Reilly, executive committee.

BROWNSON LITERARY AND DEBATING.

The second regular meeting of the Society was held last Sunday evening. No debate was scheduled, but a well-delivered oration on "Socialism" by E. Walter took the place of the debate. Father Carrico then explained in a short discourse the beneficial and also

the many weak points of socialism. Jeremiah McCarthy, a prominent member for the last two years, addressed the society on the advantages to be derived from being a member of such an organization. Brother Alphonsus, C. S. C., closed the program with an interesting talk, in which he cited a few examples that showed the priceless worth of being able to speak naturally and fluently before an audience.

Class Affairs.

JUNIORS.

The members of the Junior class met at Corby Tuesday evening and elected the following officers to manage the affairs of the class for the year: John Burns, president; James F. O'Brien, vice-president; Charles Lahey, secretary; William Moran, treasurer; Simon E. Twining, historian.

JUNIOR LAW.

The Junior Lawyers met Wednesday, October 4, in the law room for the purpose of organization. Leo Schumacher acted as chairman. The following officers were elected: president, Leo Schumacher; vice-president, Terence O'Neill; secretary, George Gilbough; treasurer, Edward Cleary; legal adviser, Lester A. Livingston; sergeant-at-arms, K. Murphy.

FRESHMAN LAW.

Wednesday morning a meeting of the freshman lawyers was called in the Walsh hall assembly room for the purpose of electing officers for the year. The men chosen to represent the class are: William Poynt Downing, president; James Cahill, vice-president; James Robins, secretary; Daniel Skelly, treasurer; Luke Kelley, sergeant-at-arms.

Personals.

—Albert Kelly (LL. B. '11) visited the University this week.

—F. E. Quish (Com'l '11) is employed by the Drueke-Lynch Company at Grand Rapids, Michigan.

—Edward J. Story, '11, is temporarily in business with his father in Elk City, Oklahoma. Later on he will seek a year's experience as a practical pharmacist and then set up a pharmacy of his own.

—Walter H. Joyce (LL. B. '07), Minneapolis,

Minnesota, visited the University shortly after the opening of school and entered his brother Howard as a student. Walter is in the lumber business, and, needless to add, doing very well.

—Charles Miltner (Ph. B. '11) and Charles Marshall (Litt. B. '11) left Tuesday for New York city. From there they will sail for Rome where they will pursue their theological studies. According to present plans both will stay at Rome for five years.

—Students of about the time of the middle nineties will remember William R. Miller, then of Texas. Will has since moved to Kansas City where for some years he was a leading official in the principal banking establishment of the city. In conjunction with his cousin he has now purchased the largest furniture company in the western middle states.

Calendar.

Sunday, October 15—Brownson vs. Sorin in football.
Monday, October 16—Meeting of Senior Class after supper.

Tuesday, October 17—Lecture by T. A. Daly.

Wednesday, October 18—Newman in Travelogue, 7:30 p. m.

Thursday, October 19—St. Joseph vs. Walsh in football.

Saturday, October 21—Varsity vs. Loyola, Cartier field.

Local News.

—Next week we will publish a complete account of Founder's Day exercises.

—A new Brussels carpet was laid last week in the rec-room of St. Joseph hall.

—English D students are reading *Hamlet* and find the story of the melancholy Dame very entertaining.

—Brother Philip is having the cacti transferred from the lawns to winter quarters in the greenhouse.

—The Juniors in four-year courses, in co-ordination with the Junior law men, elected Basil Soisson assistant cheer leader, Wednesday.

—Mr. H. T. Bickley, representing the M. C. Lilley Co. of Columbus, Ohio, came Tuesday to measure the cadets of the Notre Dame battalion for their military suits and equipment.

—The Junior and Senior English classes are to make a critical study of Catholic fiction. It is surprising to note the number of Catholic novelists who have been successful of late years

in spite of the lamentable indifference of their co-religionists. To mention only a few, there is Marion Crawford, Catherine Crowley, Frank Spearman, Renè Bazin, Christian Reid, Katharine Tynan Hinkson and Anna T. Sadlier.

—Sorin hall is the proud possessor of a two-hundred dollar piano. Needless to say, the instrument will make a noise from now till June, if it survives till then.

—Last Wednesday evening the Notre Dame council of the Knights of Columbus held a most successful dance in Place Hall. Over sixty couples were present all of whom report a most enjoyable time.

—On the feast of St. Edward, solemn high mass was sung in St. Edward's hall chapel by Rev. Father Carroll, assisted by Rev. Father Carrico as deacon and by Rev. Father McNamara as subdeacon. Father Carroll preached a sermon on the day and its meaning, dwelling especially on the faith and self-sacrifice of the venerable Founder, Father Sorin. The boys' choir rendered a very pleasing musical program.

—Yestedray morning the Walsh hall "chicks" got away from the "Foxes" of Carroll hall with the choice end of 27 to 0, in football. The Carroll boys were outweighed and outplayed. Still, it must be said the youngsters fought to the finish. Sullivan at quarterback *sure* did some fast work for the Walshes. Birder was very much in evidence also. The "Chicks" are without question a fast, aggressive team. We hope to chronicle many more victories for them before the end of the season.

—A new feature which promises to have an important bearing upon the physical condition of students at the University, has been introduced by Bertram G. Maris, director of athletics. It amounts to a thorough examination of each of the students, and the compilation of charts showing the present stage of development of the boys. From a supply of data gathered during an experience extending over twelve years, Mr. Maris is in a position to determine the form of exercise which will prove most beneficial to each of the subjects. Rules to govern the exercise of each of the boys will be given, and at the end of the school year another examination will be made and the effect of the year's work noted. Mr. Maris is conducting examinations of the boys in Carroll hall at the present time, and intends calling the students in the other halls later on.

Athletic Notes.

VARSITY WINS OPENER.

The football season opened last Saturday with one of the most spectacular games seen on the local gridiron in several years. Ohio Northern went down to defeat by the score of 32 to 6. The count tells little about the game except that the advantage was clearly in favor of the Varsity during the entire contest. The interesting feature was furnished in the acquisition of the total. End runs of forty yards and upwards and forward passes worked successfully for long gains and shift formations, which netted more than the required distance through the line were of such frequent occurrence as to make the squad appear one of the best turned out in several years. The showing was all the more pleasing in that it was unexpected. The early practice proved that many of the recruits possessed speed and dodging ability, but the work of Berger, Eichenlaub, Pliska, Lee, Kelleher, and in fact all of the first year men was better by far than even the most ardent rooter had hoped to witness. Bergman, Rockne, McGrath, and Dolan of last year's squad were also very much in evidence. These were of the backfield. To name those who distinguished themselves in the line would require the printing of the list which concludes this account. It is enough to mention that the lone touchdown secured by the invading team was obtained through a fluke near the end of the last quarter. Stump succeeded in breaking through the line and blocked a pass, the ball rolling on the ground. Ordinarily this would have made the pass incomplete and would count for a down, but the referee evidently failed to see the oval strike the earth, and allowed the touchdown which the fortunate Buckeye had secured.

Ohio Northern won the toss and the north goal. Smith kicked off for the Buckeyes, and Bergman started with the first of his numerous long runs, returning the ball forty yards before he was downed. Honors seemed about evenly divided during the first period, neither side making many attempts to secure gains through straight football. Dorias booted to Smith after the first down, and the hardy little quarterback, plainly the star of the Buckeye eleven, advanced ten yards before he was tackled. An incomplete pass blocked by Berger counted for a

down, and a moment later Smith kicked to Dorias. The Ohio line held well, and again the pigskin was booted into the invaders' territory. Peters, the husky captain of the Ohio team, tore through for ten yards in two downs, and a quarterback play around right end netted five more. Inspired by the rooting of the new association the line held, and another kick gave Bergman an opportunity to get away for forty yards. A score seemed certain when Smith nailed the sprinter on the thirty-five yard line. Peters intercepted a forward pass, and Eichenlaub booted to his opponents' twenty yard line, Rockne following the ball and stopping Smith as soon as he received the oval. A fake punt resulted in a loss, and with the goal ten yards away Captain Kelly broke through the Ohio Northern line blocking Smith's kick, and permitting Smith of the Varsity to retrieve the oval and tally the first touchdown. Dorias kicked goal.

The second touchdown was secured at the start of the second quarter. Eichenlaub returned the kickoff thirty yards, and line plunging was good for a further gain of about twenty yards. Bergman was next entrusted with the pigskin and placed it fifteen yards nearer the goal. A quarterback play netted a few yards more, and with but two yards to go, Eichenlaub hurled himself through for the second touchdown. Dorias failed to kick the goal. Score, Notre Dame, 11; Ohio Northern, 0.

Pliska relieved Bergman at this stage, and on the second down got away for a thirty-yard gain. Notre Dame was given its first penalty for holding in the line on the next play. The Varsity seemed to be warming up to the contest about this time, Dorias and Berger getting away with dandy runs for about forty-five yards, Smith stopping the runner in both instances. Pliska was used twice and responded nobly, placing the oval over the line for another touchdown on his third attempt.

The beginning of the third quarter saw a practically new team in the field, and that the change was profitable to Ohio Northern is plain from the fact that the new men were unable to add to the score of the first half. The first team was returned to the front in the final session, and after the short rest walked away with the game, scoring three touchdowns on a mixture of straight football and forward passes in six minutes of play. Berger started the slaughter with a sprint which netted twenty

yards, and passes from Eichenlaub to Dorias and Dorias to Rockne worked perfectly for a further gain of forty yards. Berger was shoved through the weakening Ohio Northern line for the fourth touchdown, and the next tally was secured on a repetition of the performance, Bergman going around left end for twenty yards in order to cross the line. The speed with which the scoring had been done startled the crowd, and when Lee, who replaced Bergman, got away a moment later with a clear field ahead, the limit of the expected score was removed. Lee made the longest run of the day, showing surprising speed, but weakened after he had covered sixty yards, being tackled from the rear by Smith. Kelleher was put in to take Salmon's place at right halfback, and on the first down placed the ball between the goal posts. The try for goal failed, making the score, Notre Dame, 32; Ohio Northern, 6.

Notre Dame (32)		Ohio Northern (6)	
McGrath, Dolan, Vaughan	R. E.	Spruhan, Grisbaugh	
Kelley (capt.), Larsen	R. T.	Karlbaum	
Harvat, LeBlanc	R. G.	Wilson	
Smith, O'Neill, White	C.	Young	
Feeney, Egan	L. G.	Neiswander	
Oaas,	L. T.	Haight.	
Rockne, McGinnis, Morgan	L. E.	Gardner	
Dorias, Finnigan	Q.	Smith	
Bergman, Pliska, Salmon	R. H.	McGannon, Pierce	
Kelleher, Eichenlaub, Jones	F. B.	Peters (captain)	
Berger, A. Smith, Lee	L. H.	Stump, Brown	

Summary—Touchdowns; Stump, Smith, Eichenlaub, Pliska, Berger, Bergman, Kelleher. Goal kicks—Dorias (2), Smith. Officials—Kittleman, Northwestern, referee; Hadden, Michigan, umpire; Callahan Michigan, head linesman; Hunt and Stokely, time-keepers. Time of quarters—10 minutes.

ST. VIATEUR'S TODAY.

St. Viateur's will assume the rôle of invaders this afternoon, and while another victory seems assured, an interesting game is promised. Coach Marks coached at St. Viateur's last year, and speaks highly of the spirit displayed by his former pupils.

INTERHALL SCHEDULE.

The first meeting of the interhall athletic managers was held Friday afternoon, October 6, but no definite schedule could be arranged, on account of interhall games conflicting with out-of-town games in a few instances. The second meeting was held Sunday morning, October 9, with Father Walsh as chairman. The following schedule was agreed upon by Managers Barry of St. Joseph, McBride of

Sorin, Nolan of Corby, Marshall of Brownson and Mee of Walsh:

October 15—Brownson vs. Sorin.

October 19—St. Joseph vs. Walsh.

October 22—Brownson vs. Corby

October 26—Sorin vs. Walsh.

November 2—St. Joseph vs. Brownson.

November 5—Sorin vs. Corby.

November 9—Walsh vs. Brownson.

November 12—St. Joseph vs. Sorin.

November 16—Corby vs. Walsh.

November 23—St. Joseph vs. Corby.

In order to avoid the wrangling of last year a non-partisan athletic board was elected, consisting of Father Hagerty, Prof. Callahan and Prof. Farrell. This board is to pass upon the eligibility of players and like matters pertaining to the games. It was also agreed that each manager of the contesting teams pass into the Board three days before the game a list of the players in order that their eligibility may be determined. The Board's decision is final.

Scrimmaging is now the word of all the coaches. In preparation for the opening game Sorin, under the captaincy of William Granfield of last year's Varsity basketball and baseball teams made its first appearance and created a favorable impression. Regan, Devine and O'Connell are among the men whom Sorin hopes will help to win the flag.

Walsh hall held a scrimmage with South Bend high school Thursday, October 5, and the results were encouraging to Coach Hamilton. The men showed much improvement in the smashing of trick plays and formations.

Corby, Brownson and St. Joseph held scrimmages Sunday to test out the green material, and each promises some surprises in the coming games.

Safety Valve.

And those kids roosting on the flag tower during f. b. games are no addition to the landscape either.

Interhall football begins tomorrow. Get in your protests soon and give the "non-partisan committee" some preliminary adjudication.

We read in last week's *Scholastic* that somebody "was called upon for a word and spoke on the necessity of keeping on after the movement is once started else it would die out again [yet]."

Walsh hall has a monogram club to which all mono-

gram possibilities are eligible. Robert Case will read one of his poems at each meeting. This is expected to boost or bust the club. It doesn't matter much either way.

FAMOUS DEPARTURES.

Passing of Arthur.

Passing of the Third Floor Back.

Passing the Exams.

Passing the hat around.

Sorin has fifteen men in the battalion and twelve men out for hall football. However, we don't propose to let anybody knock Sorin. *De mortuis nil nisi bonum.*

POEMS YOU SHOULD KNOW.

The Little Things Do Then.

FIRST STANZA.

The little things that each should do
Will often make us great.
And if we do them earnestly
Then great will be our fate.

LAST STANZA.

The gentle touch when all looked well
Has made the best of men.
And if you wish for endless fame
The little things do then.

Our professor of philosophy defends "Chickens wallowing lazily in the dirt." Just the same decent chickens would never be found in any such ugly mix-up.

TO THE PRINTER.

You spoiled our little herbarium joke last week. We wrote John Plant, and you put it John Plants. You might just as well have made it John Pants, you big goup.

Well, you write like a Turk. Besides, I don't like to be called a goup. And besides, I am little.

Several highbrows don't like our jokes. Very well then, turn back and read about the Bruno Steingel Concert Co.

FOOTBALL FAVORITES WITH THE SCRIBES.

The plucky little quarterback.

A sure tackler.

Fast on his feet.

A fine set of backs but a weak line.

The team ran through the signals with vim and snap.

Secret practice behind closed gates is being instituted.

Owing to Brown's sudden death it is doubtful if he will appear in Saturday's line-up.

If the Latin for Ode is not Odium it ought to be.

Two odes were read Thursday. These were selected from some thirty odiums.