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The Vision.*

PATRICK A. BARRY, '12.

PRIEST with a vision, you did see a day.

Set in the years, when there should rise tall towers
Where then the dead leaves of the autumn lay;

And bleak winds moaned between November showers

Come here undaunted from a sunny land;

You left the hearth to live upon the wild;

You sought the stranger, clasped his outstretched hand;

You saw God's image in him as he smiled.

No courtier he like those of cultured France

Where dignity and learning graced each hall,

Where want of charm and grace was ignorance,

Where to be elegant was sought of all.

The visionary sculptor takes the stone,

From the earth's heart where shapeless it has lain,

He dreams his dream of flesh and blood and bone

And gives to Time the vision of his brain.

So Sorin to the trackless forest bore

His wondrous vision of a day to come,

When learning's torch should shine as ne'er before

Beneath the shelter of a golden dome.

He saw his vision quicken with the hours,

Large with great beauty and a matchless name.

Behold his vision in these halls and towers,

Standing so high and fair—his Notre Dame!

To Columbus.*

RUSSEL G. FINN, '12.

SWEET words that lived but for a moment praised

Your nobleness. Then jealousy and scorn

Left you in silvered age, bowed and forlorn.

'Twas but the steel of prison chains that phrased

The thanks of Royalty. A wreath of rue

Adorned your prophet brow—a laurel due.

Led by a vision that was half-divine,

Your eye looked westward with undying trust

The enmities of puny men; your thrust

To currying winds. You scorned the world malign

What now your grief? What matter now your chains?

The continent you gave the world remains.

Injustice bowed your head, and earth unblest—

A small unhallowed grave—received your clay:

No stone to tell the world where greatness lay,

But that which mockery flung. Yet sweet the rest

In that low earth they aid you, which the tears

Of grateful thousands bless adown the years.

For time, remorseful, comes, and penitent,

Upon the ground which once you sanctified,

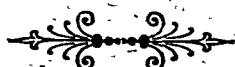
Scatters undying flowers. Fortified

Against forgetfulness, a lasting monument,

Hewn from the rock of deathless memory

Pays fitting tribute—Immortality.

*Read in Washington Hall on the eve of Founder's
Day, October 13, 1911.



This then is Samuel Johnson.

WILLIAM J. MILROY, '13.



THINK it was Thackeray who declared that he should like to have been Shakespeare's boot-black. I would rather have been the waiter in the Literary Club which proclaimed Burke, Boswell, Reynolds, Sheridan, Garrick, Goldsmith and Johnson as its members. I would take my wages in conversation and my tips in ideas.

Happy man! To have seen that magnificent company; to have served their luncheon and caught their eyes; and, mayhap, at rare intervals, received a word or two from them. Ha! you merry rogue, I think I can see you now, pouring the Great Doctor's tea and smiling in the face of his tremendous arguments, quite unterrified by "fulmina Jovis." What cared you for his earthquakes? He never called you down with "Sir, you mistake the point; you don't see your way."—You were a millionaire.

What a delightful evening you made of it! I can see them all:—Garrick convulsing the club with an irresistible caricature; Burke discoursing learnedly and gracefully on the day's politics; Boswell abasing himself like a Hindoo, or on his hind legs taking down notes. Yonder sits dear old Goldsmith completely agog, and wildly, but vainly, seeking to anchor a sentence in the general conversation. Ah, here comes Sheridan from Covent Garden where his "Rivals" has been applauded with enthusiasm. Surely I have been transported to Mount Olympus, and this is a convention of the gods!

But who, good waiter, is the vitalized volcano at the head of the table, rolling his enormous head, spilling streams of tea down his coat-front, sputtering anathemas, and glaring so ferociously at us all? Who is this big, unclean, loud-mouthed, absent-minded intruder? What! Oh! a thousand pardons! The Great Authority, the Redoubtable Dictator, the Alpha and the Omega of literary criticism; Samuel Johnson Ipsissimus! No, no, thank you, don't have me introduced; I fear to be repulsed. Let me sit here and observe him.

What a splendid monument is this man, and how neglected now at the schools. Who knows in this day anything about that biggest figure

in English literature? Many know that he lived after Shakespeare (let it be parenthesized, however, that the author of "To Celia" is often made to answer for the "Rambler" or the "Vanity of Human Wishes"); not a few have learned that he compiled a dictionary, and some, I expect, have even heard that he wrote essays and composed dramas. But how precious few know him (allow the coinage) handshakingly, intimately, personally.

No other person in English literature is so interesting and so bewildering as Samuel Johnson. He has great originality, tremendous vigor of thought and unyielding energy. His writings are pointed, though not always graceful, and his conversation is terse and idiomatic like proverbs. They say it was delightful if the company was small, or if he could, for a moment, be made to forget himself. Macaulay, it is reported, used always to monopolize the table talk; when he was present there was a lecture, not conversation. But Johnson was sprightly and entertaining. He loved the exchange of ideas; was ever interested in the manner of presenting a thought or an argument, and could draw, without notice, on his imagination for whole flocks of images and comparisons. He has been dubbed the world's greatest talker, and I believe he had a keener relish for a lively argument, or a repartee boxing match, than for a plate of his favorite ham. Few had the courage to engage with him, because, if vanquished, he would lash forth such torrents of abuse and sarcasm that the pleasure of victory was wholly spoiled.

How shall we describe him? Compound the fierceness of the tiger, the strength and surliness of the grizzly bear and the kind-heartedness of a hospital nun, and you have, pretty nearly, the person of Samuel Johnson. He was always reckoned as the heavy artillery by all who ever talked with him. One need not wonder then, that for twenty years or more, he was the dictator in English criticism; if he puffed a production it sold and was profitable; if he discountenanced a work, its author went begging. He was "Tyrannus tyrannorum," everyone knew it, and everyone submitted to it.

For all that exterior ruggedness he possessed a mountain heart; mountain, that is, in bigness, not in hardness. Though scarcely ever in happy circumstances, Johnson was exceedingly charitable. If he found a newsboy asleep on the curb, he would press a coin into

his hand, so that the child would have a joyful awakening. His house was really a community pest-house or a Bedlam; there the blind, the lame, and infirm were quartered at his expense, while he went without clean laundry.

The subject of his work is matter for another paper, and I shall leave it unexplored. It might be agreeable to attempt a criticism of his writings to show why they have ceased to be commonly admired, and to quote some of his most noted passages; but all this would simply amount to a weak echo of Boswell's strong voice. Besides, there are few who have not heard of his inflated style; a style which is more antithetical than Macaulay's, more blacksmith-like than Carlyle's or Brownson's, and more classical than Gibbon's; a style which, it is true, often fitted dwarf ideas with the clothing of giants; but which, more commonly, was that overflow caused by the clear and full perception of an idea, with the desire to communicate it unmistakably. A familiar instance of the ponderousness of his style I recall from Boswell. Some one asked Johnson for his opinion of a play then running in Drury Lane, and he at once answered, "It hasn't wit enough to keep it sweet." How exquisite! There you have solidified two columns of William Winter;—the substance of an ordinary two thousand word criticism. But because it was so easy and simple, Johnson caught his breath, gulped down a prodigious draught of tea, and repeated emphatically: "It hasn't sufficient vitality to preserve it from putrefaction," thus pounding the life out of the pretty creature with his sledge hammer of polysyllables. The same fault attends many of his essays. He ever delighted in mouth-filling sentences. For simplicity he had no appetite. A typical sentence of his is the graceful opener of "Rasselas": "Ye who listen with credulity to the whispers of fancy, and pursue with eagerness the phantoms of hope; who believe that old age will fulfil the promises of youth and that the deficiencies of today will be supplied by the morrow, attend with interest to the history of 'Rasselas.'" I do not wonder that his volumes gather dust in the Lemonnier and other libraries. Excepting his "Lives of the Poets" and certain essays struck off at white heat, his productions are mere wagonloads of heavy-sounding words under which some dainty ideas lie crushed and lifeless.

Here, then, the paradox presents itself.

Books are thought to be the expression of a man's better parts; yet with Johnson the books are unread, while he is studied. Put a secret note into one of his essay volumes in your library;—it will never be brought to light. But let *himself* ring the doorbell, and every servant in the house is on his feet. Your hat, sir, is removed from your head; the room shows excellent order; and the tea-kettle hums merrily on the stove. In he rumbles; welcome him, for his heart is as noble and as fearless as Sir Galahad's, his qualities no less valuable than his utterances were final, their only fault being their awkward bigness. This is he—the center of the Literary Solar System, feared by the satellites, respected by the other suns; the builder of his period of English literature, the inventor of an individual style, and the subject of the greatest biography ever written.

.....
We have tried simply to sketch him, to introduce him to you, so that should you chance to meet him in the main corridor or out on the campus, you may know him.

George Baxter, Inventor.

FRANK H. BOOS.

George Baxter, student, climbed onto one of the high stools of the college lunch counter, jammed his cap into his pocket, put his pile of books between his knees and glared at the bill-of-fare written in red chalk on a black-board overhead.

"Huh," he growled, "beans again! Well, I've got to eat. Bring on your worst with a cut of mince and a cup of coffee!"

"With or without cream?" asked the waiter slapping a plate of sickly looking beans on the sticky counter before him and drawing a cup of coffee from the steaming urn.

"With!" bawled Baxter reaching for the catsup bottle with one hand and steering a fork full of beans into his mouth with the other.

"Hello, Baxter."

George turned with a jerk at the imminent risk of spilling his coffee and saw his friend, Charles Allen, sitting a few stools from him.

"How are you, Chuck?" he said with his mouth full of beans. "Move your plate over here. I want to talk to you."

Allen did as he was requested and having given his order turned to his pal.

"Well, let's hear your tale of woe. I'm listening."

"Remember that little bet I took up with you that I could smoke in my room any time I wished and never get caught?" asked Baxter wiping his fingers with a paper napkin.

"Yes," grunted Allen busy with his beans.

"Well, I'm coming around to collect one of these days. I've just finished a little machine that will keep a room ventilated if there are twenty fellows smoking in it at once," said Baxter.

Allen turned with a look of interest on his face, which soon changed to disgust.

"Huh! Another of your fool inventions, I suppose," he grunted.

"Yes, another invention, but not a fool one if I do say so myself," answered Baxter.

"Suppose it will be about as practical as that electric frying-pan you made last year. Remember when it caught on fire and almost burned you out? You're getting old enough to know better than to fool with inventions. They don't pay," asserted Allen losing patience.

"This one will," assured Baxter, scolding his fingers trying to handle his heavy handleless cup of coffee. "I'm going to have it patented. It's a great thing."

"The president is certainly strict about smoking in rooms this year. He expelled four men only last week for their first offence. If your darned machine is any good, you ought to make money. What does it look like?" said Allen. Baxter swallowed a huge mouthful of pie, gulped down the remainder of his coffee and turned to his friend.

"It's simple enough. It's just a sheet iron cylinder with three electric fans, made extra large and strong, working in it. These fans are so arranged in the machine that they draw a continuous current of air through the cylinder and out the window and circulate the air in all parts of the room at once. This cylinder is about three feet in diameter and four feet long. Simple, isn't it? I have not tried it yet because the electricity has been turned off in our hall all day and I couldn't get any power to run the fans."

Allen stared at his friend with open-eyed amazement not unmixed with distrust.

"Well, of all the crazy lunatics! So you claim your machine will draw all the smoke

out of a room. It's impossible! You will have to show me, for I'm getting interested," he said.

"I figure," muttered Baxter assuming an air of deep meditation, "that it will take the fans about twenty seconds to air out the room. Of course I don't know just how strong it is yet. It may have more suction than I think."

Allen looked at his watch.

"It is seven o'clock. The lights must be turned on by now. Let's run over and take a look at it."

"Anything else, gents?" asked the waiter as he wrote out their checks.

"No, I guess not," said Baxter.

Having paid the cashier the two men sauntered from the lunch room, chewing their tooth-picks. It was just growing dark. The robins on the campus had begun their evening song and the bats had begun circling among the dark pines hunting for their evening meal. As the two walked up the steps of the dormitory building the windows became suddenly illuminated.

"There are the lights now! Let's hurry! Where is your room, anyhow?" inquired Allen, his tense voice betraying his excitement.

"On the second floor right at the head of the stairs," answered Baxter.

They had climbed to the first landing of the stairs when Baxter, fumbling in his pocket for his keys, dropped a letter. The letter never touched the floor! As if drawn by some irresistible power it flew up the stairs to the top landing; fluttered; shot through the hall doorway; leaped like a thing alive to Baxter's room door; rose in the air and disappeared over the open transom! Allen looked at Baxter and Baxter looked at Allen. There was an agonizing silence of a few seconds. Then Baxter, dropping his books, ran up the remaining flight of stairs and yelled:

"It's the machine! It's the machine!" Allen followed at his heels, and as they reached the hall a sight met their eyes that made them stop. Terry, the janitor, stood staring at Baxter's door with a look of terror on his face. Seeing the two men he approached trembling.

"May the saints help us, Mither Baxter, The auld Nick himself is in your room and it's dyin' of fear I am. Sure, I was walkin' past yer door with a basketful of waste paper, and may the devil take me if I'm lyin', but the

whole darned thing, basket and all, flew out of me arms and through yer transom!"

Baxter slapped his friend on the back and danced with glee.

"It's the suction of the fans! It's a success! It's a success!" he cried.

Terry looked at him in wonder.

"It's what?" he asked. The appearance of one of the professors prevented an answer. This gentleman attracted by the noise had emerged from his room and was looking angrily at the gleeful boys.

"Boys, boys, what is the matter? Don't you know that you should be in your rooms? This is study period and I feel it my duty to re—"

His words were cut short by an exclamation of surprise. His hat, rising majestically from his head, sailed swiftly and gracefully through the air in the direction of Baxter's room, wavered, turned a complete circle, rose, and popped over the transom. The professor's face turned pale. Terry's knees began to shake and he leaned against the wall for support. Baxter groaned. Cautiously he went to his door, inserted the key and turned the lock. The door flew inward as if by magic and the rush of air nearly threw the inventor to the floor. Allen advanced to the door and peeked in, clinging desperately to Baxter's arm. There in the window stood the machine, the fans revolving at a great rate, droning gently. The air whistled past their ears. Baxter's cap flew off and disappeared in the buzzing depths of the ventilator.

"Allen," cried Baxter in distress, "the darned thing has drawn all my books and stuff through the cylinder and dumped them out the window. Even the decorations are gone! Look! there goes my trunk cover," and as he spoke that article was lifted into the air and flounced out of sight. One lone pennant that had been dangling from its tack on the wall, suddenly whizzed past them and was gone.

"Great grief! what am I up against?" gasped Baxter.

In the meantime the professor had bravely approached the door and looked in, despite the piteous appeals of Terry, the janitor, not to do so. He frowned, looked hard at the two young men standing horror-stricken, then at the machine humming in the window and broke into a roar of laughter.

"And pray, what do you call that thing?"

he inquired when his mirth had subsided.

"That is—er—, is a little experimental invention of mine for ventilating my room," answered Baxter in a voice that sounded far away.

"Shut the thing off! Shut it off! It's pulling me to pieces!" yelled Allen. Baxter made a dive for the switch, stopped the current, and soon the fans, rattling gently, ceased to revolve.

The professor came in and looked out the window. On the ground beneath was a pile of books, papers, pennants, posters, bed-covers, in short every loose article that had been in the room, from the shaving mug to the clothes-brush. He turned to the inventor and, laughing, told him to take a look. Terry, being assured that it was safe, came in with a sheepish grin on his face.

"Sure, sir, a man wid the inventive genius this fellow's got shouldn't be let loose at all, at all. Faith an' he'll kill himself some day sure," he said examining the machine.

"That's exactly what I think myself," said the professor as severely as his sense of humor permitted him.

"Baxter, old boy, don't you think the suction of this ventilator is a little too strong?" inquired Allen winking at the professor.

Baxter looked at his friend for a moment, put his hand in his pocket and extracted a small roll of bills, counted out five dollars and handed it to his companion with a sigh.

"Chuck, old boy, you win the bet. My machine's a failure. Never again! If I want to smoke hereafter, I'll go out on the campus."

Choosing.

EDWARD A. ROACH, '13

THE seed that means our destiny is sown
In bursting, blooming youth; the roving will
Runs rampant like a reckless rill
Its course not certain, and its strength unknown
Weak, willing thralls before the clazzing th one
Of dawning life we stand, and hear the trill
Of tantalizing pleasure, good and ill;
Two roads are near, the choosing is our own.

The voice of pleasure settles the single strife
Where weak will is the traitor to the soul
Its virulence disturbs the shortening life,
Unvanquished in the dread gloom of the goal
A life to live, an end to meet—alone,
An endless Elysian—or world of moan.

Father Sorin and His Sons.*

EDMOND H. SAVORD, '12.

Every great achievement has its birth in a great ideal. When Peter and the other apostles went forth from the Eternal City to preach the Gospel, their aim was the salvation of men's souls. Courage, born of an ideal, enabled a small band of Spartans to stand at Thermopylæ and resist the attack of Xerxes and his ten thousand Immortals. As a silent tribute to an ideal, stands the tombstone of Emmet. Lincoln died that an ideal might live.

Such an ideal was Father Sorin's when, with six faithful brothers, he stood and surveyed the scenes of his future labors. Here he was to establish a great crucible, a crucible not for the testing of ore or metal but for the development of that highest work of God—a manly man. Here he was to establish a school for the youth of the land, a fountain-head whence should flow the wisdom necessary to advance the individual and the nation; a wisdom which recognized the moral as well as the physical and mental side of man; a wisdom wherein God was accorded His rightful place and adored as the Supreme Creator and Commander of the world. Father Sorin knew that any system or theory of education which ignored God must inevitably fail. Conscious was he that the soul meant all; that man's term on earth was only a moment preceding eternity; that love of God means life, and loss of God means death. To this theory he made his plan of education conform.

Trials and hardships came. But Sorin, fired by holy faith, certain of his final success, urged on by the very greatness of his effort, did not despair. Though the hour was one of trouble, he felt that a more peaceful time must follow. Assured was he that the darkest night was only the forerunner of a brighter day. Ideals had moved mountains, and his ideal must finally conquer. The eternal law was so written, however, that he lived to see his work only begun rather than completed.

Other brave souls took up his work. If Sorin had met difficulties, so did they. Their heritage was his loyalty, his devotion to this great enterprise; a heritage which strengthened

them for the conflict and was productive of an almost superhuman perseverance. Looking back over the years we read their record in their deeds and accomplishments. Every page is a page of sacrifice, every chapter one of self-denial. In days to come, when the history of Notre Dame shall be rightly penned, some gifted mind will record the deeds of sacrifice which seem ordinary to us of today. He will sing the song of heroic acts wrought by Sorin and his children, the priests and brothers and sisters, who lived and worked and died that Notre Dame might stand.

But why eulogy in words? If we wish to see Sorin's monument, we need only look about us. Here is his life-work, standing before the world as a bulwark of religion, a defender of all that is best in the citizenship and manhood of the nation, flying in glory the banner of ideals—Notre Dame.

The world sees and knows all this. To such a spot and institution the world looks for the fulfilment of her greatest need, a need which has been crying for satisfaction since the world began, the call

For mighty minds to take and solve perplexing problems,
Mighty hearts to dare and do,
And mighty souls both generous and true,
From every path that man has blazed into the wild,
From every highway where the feet of thousands
press.

From our counting houses, from our editorial rooms, from the pages of our literature and our drama, from our state and from our Church, the demand comes for men; men who, having seen the right, surrender not until the right prevails; men who place principle above power and right above riches.

Aware of the great motives which actuated Father Sorin, remembering that the University has remained true to its blessed founder, and mindful of the expectations of the world, it should be ours on this, Founder's Day, to vow anew our allegiance and constancy to Notre Dame. Encouraged by the example of Sorin, let us gird ourselves, and, like knights of old, go forth to the battle, confident that if at any time the cry goes out, "Watchman, how goes the night," we may be able to answer back in clear and certain voice, "All is well." So that on the Founder's Day of the future, the world may turn to Notre Dame with the message:

Sorin, thy Patriarch, is not dead,
His name through ages yet shall live,

* Delivered on the eve of Founder's day, Oct. 13, 1911.

In Quest of Experience.

ARTHUR HAYES, '15.

With his auburn hair ruffled into an angry crest, through the frequent passage of his hand over his puzzled pate, and a perplexed frown contracting his ordinarily placid brow, J. Percival Starkweather, man of letters and literary genius of Sorin hall, pondered wearily over the crucial point of his embryo novel.

"Of course a fellow proposing nowadays doesn't say 'Star of the firmament, light of my life, be mine!'" he observed to the pen-nanted and placarded walls of his domicile. "But he ought to broach the subject in a manner both noble and heroic."

The subject of how dashing Jack Staunton should propose to Evelyn Caruthers, the belle of Kalamazoo, had been engrossing his attention for three long weary hours. Jack Staunton and Evelyn Caruthers, let it be understood, were the hero and heroine of J. Percival's latest quest for elusive fame, otherwise a novel entitled "The Chauffeur's Revenge."

Edward Hearing, opposing suitor and dyed-in-the-wool villain, after agonizing thirty-six chapters with his dark machinations, had considerably ended the suspense by dying in his own trap, and the finale of his thrilling tale was to be Evelyn's coy assent to Jack's proposal.

"Robert W. Chambers never makes the hero get down on his knees either," added the pride of stately Sorin, "and I don't see where Robert W. has anything on me. Some fellow has said that actual experience is essential for a successful story," he soliloquized, "and unless I want to be hung up at this point indefinitely, I've simply got to acquire some kind of experience. I might just kind of—well—er—lead up to the question with some girl down at the Bend, and sort of gauge Evelyn's actions from her remarks." The brilliant idea thus evolved was speedily acted upon, and resplendent in a smart Tuxedo, he presented himself to the prefect for night permission.

"Why," ejaculated that astonished official, "I see by the books that you were down town only five weeks ago. What possible reason can you have for desiring to go down again so soon?"

Having explained a "reason" in a manner

calculated to turn Ananias green with envy, he boarded a car en route to the home of Olive Weston.

Miss Weston was seventeen and sentimental, with the conventional attributes of brunette beauty and charming manner. Her eyes (Percival would have termed them "lustrous orbs") lighted engagingly when she laughed, which she did very frequently, on the strength of some vapid admirer's assertion that her teeth were pretty. A maid in the Weston home, although nearly overcome by the apparition of regal splendor, mustered sufficient self-control to take Percival's card, and subsequently return and usher him into the drawing-room.

"Miss Weston will be down immediately, sir," and while the young lady in question carefully powdered her retrousse nose, the budding literary genius fidgeted around in a severely plain 'mission' chair. The awfulness of his own mission grew upon his numbed senses as the clock emitted nine silvery chimes. A nervous perspiration moistened his fiery locks, and clamped them tightly to his head, while his dampened palms gradually reduced his handkerchief to a condition of aquatic limpness. He reflected uneasily that he might have neglected to efface the shoe polish on his chin, received during the preparations for practical experience in the gentle art of love-making. Was his hair parted?—his tie on straight? Were his feet of becoming size in patents? What would he say? What if she should take it too seriously? Visions of breach of promise cases and stern-faced juries rose before his whirling brain, and the open window had just presented itself as a possible means of egress, when Miss Weston entered.

"Ah, Mr. Starkweather, how charming," and raising her right arm stiffly above her head, with her hand dangling from the wrist, she advanced beamingly upon the subject of her opening remarks.

Unhappily conscious of the clammy envelopment of his sadly wilted collar, J. Percival solemnly groped for her pink finger tips and grasped them feebly, while searching every crevice of his brain for an appropriate reply.

"As becomes a man of sincerity," he thought, "I will plunge right into my subject."

"Miss Weston—Olive—I—the occasion of my call this evening was a desire to ask you if I may tell you what it is my sincere desire to

ask you, and although I feel that my request may be considered presumptuous, nevertheless, I shall ask you, or rather I shall take great pleasure in informing you that what I am about to ask you—"Clearly Miss Weston was puzzled. The woe-begone seeker for the ecstatic thrills of a real suitor, mopped his face, now vying with his hair for luridity of hue, and courageously resumed.

"Miss Weston, you have probably been aware of an intangible something about my attitude—gratitude—no, attitude toward you, of recent months, and I trust that you have misinterpreted it correctly. It is my profound conviction that we are destined to go pathing through the stroll way of life, er—that is, lifeing through the pathway of strolls, hand in glove. Olive dearest, what I am endeavoring to say in my crude but nevertheless insincere way, is that we are fated to stroll through the golden pathway of life, hand in hand."

"Why really, Mr. Starkweather," and astonishment had robbed Miss Weston's voice of her usually "cultured" intonation, "I don't quite grasp your meaning."

J. Percival, in the moment of his extremity, hit upon a wonderful idea. He would smile reassuringly and speak firmly, forcefully. Women despised timid, vacillating men.

Miss Weston, while considering the advisability of shrieking for the butler, was amazed to see Percival's features wreathed in a fatuous grin of astounding proportions. The utter inanity of his expression, confirmed her darkest fears for his mental balance. He was obviously insane and she alone with a madman!

"Olive," he bellowed, in a praiseworthy emulation of firmness, "you must—you shall—you will—that is, I entreat you—" the open window was invitingly close. Through a seeming mist, he shot one final, fearful fitful, frightened, glance at Miss Weston. Alas, in spite of the hope which springs eternal, there was not the slightest indication of any desire on her part to hurl herself into his arms.

Buster, a canine of uncertain breed, but established strength of jaw, observed with surprised delight, a dark form hurtling from the casement out upon the lawn. It was presumably something that he could appropriate unto himself, being useless to others. He selected the nether portion of the coat, and J. Percival, making an ungraceful exit from the

Weston premises, was unpleasantly aware that forty pounds of appended cur is in nowise conducive to record-breaking sprints. An invisible clothes' line which caught our hero gently but firmly under the chin and deposited him upon the protesting dog, induced the latter to beat a hasty retreat with his cherished portion of Percival's Tuxedo.

"While my knowledge of applied proposals is not materially improved," ruminated Percival again in the security of his own room, "I have ruined my suit, bruised my throat, and destroyed my social standing in town. With but a little additional effort on my part, I might have been committed to an insane asylum, or the county jail."

The manuscript in its tantalizing incompleteness, was outspread before him.

"Practical experience," he thought bitterly, "is a lure for the unwary, and never again will I fall victim to such a snare and deception. I shall dispatch a query to Laura Jean Libby, and through the columns of her department ascertain the latest, most approved method by which Jack could intimate that his life would be a barren existence without the lady of his choice."

The Character of Guinevere.

DONALD P. McDONALD, '12.

In the greater number of Tennyson's poems we find that the theme is love. In fact the theme of love is the striking feature of this poet's work. It was love that prompted many of his lyrics and shorter poems; it was love and grief that caused the birth of "In Memoriam," and thus throughout his works we find the thread of love interwoven.

"The Idyls of the King" are not different in this respect from any of the other works of the poet. In these themes of love, Guinevere plays a very important part. As has been said, these stories are more than stories of love, for in them we have "sense at war with soul." As Guinevere plays such a direct part in these studies it will be my purpose to make a character study of her.

We sometimes hear that Shakespeare raised the standard of his women characters by describing little or nothing of their physical beauty, but rather showed us more of their virtues. Tennyson, however, shows

us both. We do not have the beauty of the queen faithfully set down alone, but we have added to it her virtues together with her vices. Many indeed are the quotations which could be employed to picture for us her beauty. "She was the fairest of all flesh on earth," or "They gazed on all earth's beauty in their queen," are two quotations which emphasize the beauty of Guinevere. Indeed, she was the favorite of the knights, the king and the people. But her beauty instead of being a blessing was a curse, for it was her beauty that caused the downfall of Arthur's kingdom.

Throughout the Idyls we find numerous passages relating to Guinevere, none of which portray her emotions or thoughts. When we arrive at the idyl "Guinevere," however, the poet brings his character into play, and it is here that she unconsciously describes herself as she really is.

The scandal of the love of the queen and Lancelot had long been smouldering, and both realized this. Womanlike she had often advised Lancelot to leave, as she once said before: "the smouldering scandal break and blaze." At these times Lancelot promised to do as he was told, yet he continued as before. Wedded to the king, that pure and faultless man, Guinevere could give him nought but herself. But her love was for Lancelot. Indeed, Guinevere shows her feeling toward the king when she says: "He is all fault who has no fault at all."

On the morning of her wedding day, Guinevere had told the king "she loved him to the death," yet at that time, Lancelot's love for Guinevere was no secret. Did Guinevere say those words to the king in good faith?

Lancelot and Guinevere finally agree to meet secretly and from then on part forever. "Passion pale they met and greeted." "It was their last hour, a madness of farewells." Modrid the traitor, with his creatures, watched, and thus the smoldering scandal broke.

After Modrid and his creatures leave the lovers together Guinevere says: "The end is come, and I am shamed forever." Lancelot replies: "Mine is the shame, mine was the sin," but Guinevere answers:

"Mine is the shame, for I was wife and thou unwedded."

The blame is not all Guinevere's nor all Lancelot's. Is not the king also at fault? Did he not leave Guinevere to her own resources?

He did not give her love, for we read that "the king was no lover, and that he was high, self-contained and passionless," thus leaving the queen to think that he cared nought for her.

When the "smouldering scandal breaks" the king takes none of the blame. He had left his wife defenseless and alone, unguarded against perils from which he alone could protect her, yet he blames not himself. Had Arthur been a truer husband, Guinevere might have been a more faithful wife.

Thus the lovers were parted, Lancelot returning to his own land and Guinevere retiring to a convent at Almesbury, where she suffers bitter anguish. She becomes aware of her guilt and grows repentant. Tears of sorrow course down her cheeks, and her grief is for her sin. What is more lovable, when repentance is sincere, than a beautiful woman in repentance.

While in this state, Guinevere is visited by Arthur who forgives her, but at the same time shows her what a tremendous sinful influence her and Lancelot's actions have brought about. He shows her that it is because she and Lancelot stood so high that such evil resulted.

The king at last tells Guinevere that his love for her remains and then says:

"But hither shall I never come again,
Never lie by thy side; see thee no more.
Farewell!"

These words are those of a faultless king who has loved one who does not return that love. Thus the king goes away to his unknown fate, and Guinevere, recognizing his love and mercy, contemplates suicide. This thought soon leaves her to be replaced by that strong, brave resolve to live and bless the king who both forgave the wickedness to him and left her hope.

Guinevere had sinned, but repentance cleared her of this sin. Her high position in life made her fault stand out more prominently. The developing of the falseness of the queen, the emotion of her "sense at war with soul," and finally her repentance are exquisitely worked out.

Thus it is that Guinevere lives. In the cloister she goes about doing good to all, and at the death of the abbess is chosen for her place. This is beautifully told:

Then she, for her good and her pure life, was
Chosen abbess, there an abbess lived.
For three brief years, and there an abbess past.
To where beyond these voices there is peace.

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—The annual students' mission which for many years has been one of the most beautiful customs of Notre Dame is soon to begin. Of vital interest to the student

The Annual Mission. and essential to his moral wellbeing, this mission must be entered upon with all the sincerity and earnestness of which he is capable. To make a retreat well and remain morally the same as before is impossible. One will of necessity be either better or worse, and for this reason does the retreat demand our thorough consideration. Though it is not with the greatest enthusiasm that some of us look forward to the exercises which inevitably accompany a mission, yet it is upon the disposition with which these are attended that the results depend. It is necessary that all of us, in fighting the battles of the world, retreat to spiritual instruction and meditation in order to recuperate and receive new strength for future struggles. To combat the many enemies of the soul is by no means as unimportant and easy as many of us believe. In the world today the enemies of the Church and of morality are so numerous and powerful and maintain such a prominence in society that unconsciously we grow lax in matters of faith and moral rectitude. Directed against such conditions, the custom of holding a mission annually has been instituted. It is to be hoped, therefore, that every student will enter into the spirit of the time and make a successful mission.

—The Intercollegiate Socialist Society in its annual statement gives the information that it was organized "to promote an intelligent interest in Socialism among college

Where Socialism Falls Short. men and women, graduate and undergraduate, through the formation of study clubs in colleges and universities," and assures us that "the society will only have reached its goal of effort when every college graduate and undergraduate in the country is thoroughly informed concerning the fundamentals of the socialist philosophy."

No one who has studied the subject will try to sidestep the praiseworthy features of socialism. But socialism in theory is quite different from socialism in practice. Under every system, whether political or economic, evils must almost of necessity exist; and the world is not prepared to admit that the evils under socialism will be noticeably less than they are under present conditions. Any purely humanitarian system that is solicitous only for what a man shall eat, and for what he shall drink and wherewith he shall be clothed, is bound to fall short and to leave unanswered a hundred problems that vex the anxious hearts of men. Any system of statecraft or economics that attempts to solve the problem of right human living and neglects God and the spiritual in man's nature will go down to failure.

—President Mackintosh of Wabash College has expressed his approval of the rule against cigarettes recently promulgated here. He is reported to have said: "I **Gone for Good.** certainly think it is a wise thing, if it can be enforced."

It seems that this expresses the general sentiment of thoughtful men towards the rule. Even those who thoroughly believe in abolishing the cigarette had some misgivings concerning the practicability of making any rule against it generally observed. And, indeed, it would be hard, if there were no co-operation on the part of the students themselves. No discipline, however vigilant, would be able to cope with a very widespread disposition to disobey.

Yet the cigarette has gone. We see it no more on the campus, and but seldom anywhere else. The necessity and fitness of the prohibition has been universally recognized, and there has been no need for more than ordinary

methods for enforcing it. We see plenty of pipes and cigars about, but even these seem fewer than formerly. It was only necessary to call attention to the pernicious effects of cigarette smoking, in this rather forcible manner, to insure its departure from amongst us.

—We notice that the South Bend papers report one of the ministers as having said at a meeting of the Men and Religion Forward Movement in the city that **Five Million Out.** there are eighteen millions Protestants in this country and ten millions Catholics. The editor of the *Christian Advocate* (Methodist) sets down the Catholic population for 1908 as 12,372,096, and the official count of the Catholic Directory for the same year is 14,347,027. Figuring up the annual increase since then it is safe to say the distinguished speaker is some five millions short, which seems too much, even if one is dealing with such a big sum in addition.

—Last Sunday at Baltimore, His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, that most distinguished American churchman, celebrated his golden jubilee as a priest and **A Great Churchman.** his silver jubilee as a Cardinal. Crowned with a record of splendid service for the advance of religion in the United States, the honor he received last Sunday was at best only a partial recognition of Cardinal Gibbons' fruitful work. Tactful, resourceful, eminently dignified, thoughtful in his public utterances, genial in his manner and beloved everywhere, His Eminence is strikingly worthy of the high position he holds in the Catholic Church here in America. He is a notable leader whose word is listened to with respect. He speaks out in unmistakable terms of condemnation when the evils of our modern life are in question. Always he shows the way to higher and nobler things. His manner is plain, his tastes few and very simple. He moves about with a minimum of that splendor which belongs to his office.

It was fitting, therefore, to celebrate with splendor of service these two notable anniversaries in the life of our Cardinal. It was a high tribute to him that so many from the hierarchy and clergy assembled from near and far to honor him. Yet it is pleasing to reflect the man is strikingly worthy of the tribute.

Founder's Day Program.

That we at Notre Dame are able to commemorate the Founder of our country on the same day with the Founder of the University is surely a graceful and pleasing coincidence. On this day one is doubly stirred. The long-passed, yet never-aging history of the Great Discovery thrills us with patriotism; the nearer in time and, for the moment, happier in thought, the achievements of Father Sorin fire our loyalty and our school-love. The exercises last Thursday, October 12, were simple but dignified, and in harmony with the temper of this holiday, which, though not the most enthusiastic, is the tenderest celebration of our school year.

The evening's program was opened by Hon. Timothy E. Howard of the Law school. His address was, as we all had hoped, full of reminiscences of Father Sorin and his labors. We are certain that the distinguished speaker was a close associate of our great founder. The Ode to Father Sorin, happily neither dull nor prolix, was spoken by Patrick A. Barry, Classics 1912. An oration, "Father Sorin and His Sons," marked by real feeling and right ideas was delivered by Edmond H. Savord, Law 1912.

A poem wonderfully sweet, like a love song or a lullaby, and familiar to thousands, "Chimes at Midnight," written by Timothy E. Howard, received elegant reading by William J. Hicks, Law 1913. Russel G. Finn, president of the senior class, read the annual ode "On Columbus," which showed careful phrasing. The songs, "Notre Dame, My Notre Dame," and "America," were sung by the audience. Then the President of the University introduced Mr. Quin O'Brien of Chicago who was in the city in connection with the K. of C. Discovery Day program. Mr. O'Brien proved himself to be a very pleasing speaker who goes from the grave to the gay with readiness and despatch.

Fred W. Wile Next Week.

Fred W. Wile, Berlin correspondent of the *London Times* and the *Chicago Tribune* will give us a talk covering some of his experiences, during the course of the next week. Fred was a student here in the early nineties and is a member of a family devoted to the University.

Father Martin To Give Students' Mission.

On next Friday evening the Rev. Charles A. Martin, St. Patrick's Church, Youngstown, Ohio, will open the students' annual mission in Sacred Heart Church. The exercises will consist of mass and a short instruction in the morning and a sermon in the evening. Father Martin has been until recently a member of the Diocesan Board of Missionaries in the Cleveland diocese and he has wide and varied experience in the work of retreats and missions. He has recently been appointed pastor of St. Patrick's Church, Youngstown, Ohio.

He is the author of a half dozen popular books, the last of which, a volume of apologetics, has been received with great enthusiasm by the critics. We may safely anticipate a pleasant and successful retreat.

Bishop Hurth's Visit.

Rt. Rev. Peter Hurth, C. S. C., D. D., arrived at Notre Dame on the 4th inst. from Cincinnati, where he had attended the Eucharistic Congress. Mgr. Hurth was formerly Bishop of Dacca, Bengal, India, where he labored for sixteen years. The trying climate of that country forced the bishop to hand in his resignation to Rome about a year ago. He will remain at Notre Dame some time to recuperate his shattered health. During his stay in Dacca, Bishop Hurth labored zealously to build chapels and schools, and worked wonders in the up-building of the diocese. Before his consecration, Bishop Hurth was successively president of St. Joseph's College, Cincinnati, and St. Edward's College, Austin, Texas. As an educator, he was remarkably successful. We hope the bishop will find occasion to speak to us of his missionary experiences some time in the near future.

First of the Newman Picture Series.

Thursday evening we set out on our first journey under the chaperonage of Mr. Newman, the widely-known traveler and lecturer. Our excursion carried us through rural England into many places dear to the memory. After seeing the lake country of England we visited the homes of Shakespeare, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Gladstone and other celebrated men.

Next we strolled about Eton, Oxford and Cambridge, and immediately before returning home, secured box seats for the Coronation ceremony. It was a lovely trip and we liked King George and Queen Mary and the peers and peeresses, and especially "our Mary" Anderson. We didn't give back thunders of applause, though, when at the end the distinguished guide quoted "Rule, Britannia, rule," etc., for us. The ancestors of most of us didn't come over on the Mayflower, and a few of them carried pikes in the Fenian days. So there you are.

T. A. Daly Last Thursday.

Our well-known, well-liked T. A. Daly of the *Catholic Standard and Times* of Philadelphia was given the glad hand with a gusto Thursday evening when he appeared in Washington hall. Mr. Daly writes well and reads well. He is a humorist, but there is a whole lot more than humor to his make-up. He can go down into the deeps also and quicken emotion. He read some of his own poems, all new and delightful. He read a number of clever pieces from 'Tobogganing on Parnassus' by Franklin P. Adams of the New York *Evening Mail*. Without qualification we spent a most enjoyable hour with this friend of the "Dago" man.

From the Chicago "Evening News."

We quote the following from a long and very readable article in a recent issue of the *Chicago Evening News*. It is to be hoped the reading of it will make the Rooters' Club live up to the high repute in which the Notre Dame student spirit is held:

Notre Dame's spirit is one of the most remarkable of any of the western schools. A Michigan alumnus, a former football player, who recently attended practice at the South Bend field and who was a visitor at the university for several days, declared that with the exception of Michigan, Notre Dame's school spirit was unexcelled in the West, and admitted that were he not a Michigan man himself he might believe the spirit of Notre Dame equal to that at Ann Arbor.

Mention of Notre Dame athletics heretofore has always been greeted with a sally regarding the professionalism of the men, but since the alumni of the school began their propaganda of educating the athletic public this practice has gradually ceased. Notre Dame has lost scores of star athletes in the last ten years to other schools, which must have offered inducements, yet these schools never have been accused of professional athletics.

To meet a disloyal Notre Dame alumnus is rare, and of the hundreds of alumni of the school who live in Chicago there are scarcely half a dozen who do not believe the sun of education rises and sets on the school. Notre Dame's athletics are as clean as those of any school in the country, they declare, and assertions to the contrary are made by persons with no knowledge of conditions.

Alumni Marriage Announcements.

The Marriage of Henry Anthony Burdick, (Short Electrical '08) to Josephine Elizabeth Eschbach is announced to occur on October 24, 1911. The ceremony will be performed at 8 o'clock in Our Lady of Sorrow's Church, Kansas City, Missouri. The SCHOLASTIC, on behalf of the faculty and students of Henry's time, extend to him and his bride wishes for a very happy married life.

Mr. Joseph Crosby (student '05-'06) was married on September 29, in St. Paul. Mr. Crosby is a very enthusiastic Notre Dame man and writes often to the rector of Brownson hall, wishing to be remembered to all of his former professors and prefects.

Charles Nies (Ph G. '00) was married to Miss Julia Murphy at Michigan City, Indiana, in the summer so quietly that the most intimate friends of himself and his bride alone knew of it. The SCHOLASTIC wishes the young couple joy and long life.

Society Notes.

BROWNSON LITERARY AND DEBATING.

The third regular meeting of the Brownson Literary and Debating Society was held last Sunday evening. Two new members, Messrs. Riley and Vaughan, gave short talks before the debate. The question for discussion was: Resolved, That women be granted the right of suffrage. The members composing the affirmative side of the subject were A. Clay, O. Murphy and R. Guppy. D. Hilgartner, F. Mulcahy and R. Gains upheld the negative. Several good arguments were advanced by both sides, but nearly all of the young debaters lacked ease in their delivery. It was this last mentioned fault that lost for the negative.

Father Carrico then criticised the method in which the debaters spoke, and impressed upon them the necessity of memorizing their compositions. He also suggested giving as

much time as possible to the preparation of arguments. G. Marshall, J. Robins, and M. Walters then addressed the society in order. Each gave a discussion of the debate and showed a thorough understanding of this weighty question of the day. After a subject of current importance was announced, the meeting adjourned.

Obituary.

We read with regret the death of Mr. Frank Kelly, student in the eighties, at Rock Island, Illinois, on Monday last. Death was the result of a street-car accident. Those who knew Frank when he was a student speak of him as among the most popular and best-loved boys in school. We bespeak for the departed the earnest prayers of all, and extend sincere sympathy to the mourning family. *R. I. P.*

Personals.

—Elmo A. Funk (C. E. '11) paid the University a short visit recently.

—Anton R. Hebenstreit (C. E. '11) is employed by the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad.

—The Rev. Patrick J. Crowley, an honored alumnus of the University, has been appointed pastor of Helmville, Montana.

—John F. Daly (Student '96-'98), now President of the Title and Trust Company of Portland, Oregon, was the guest of W. O. Daly of Sorin hall recently.

—Thomas F. Flynn (Student '79-'85) is engaged in the banking business in Des Moines, Iowa. Mr. Flynn looked in on old friends at Notre Dame last week during the course of a visit to his daughter at St. Mary's.

—Dr. Albert F. Zahm, a former professor here, has just published a book on Aerial Navigation. Dr. Zahm is an authority on air craft, and the very newest information on the subject of conquering the air may be looked for in his recent work.

—Thomas Cleary, well known to us, was down with the Kankakee boys for last Saturday's game. Tom still wears his smile and had a busy time receiving the glad hand from his friends. Tom used to write poetry, too, but at present is pastiming in theology.

—The Rev. Father A. B. O'Neill, C. S. C., was one of the principal speakers at the South Bend K. of C. formal celebration of the Discovery at the Oliver opera house last week. His address was the subject of very favorable comment on all sides.

—Mr. William Farrell for four years a member of the Faculty, left the University last Sunday, October 15, to take up the practice of law in Frankfort, N. Y. This efficient teacher leaves a long list of friends at Notre Dame who wish him every success in his new field of labor.

—Mr. Will O'Shea (Sophomore in Civil Engineering last year) is working with a surveying crew on the Interstate Fair Grounds in Fort Smith, Arkansas. He writes regularly to one of his old prefects, and says he can hardly wait till Christmas, when he expects to return to Notre Dame.

—The *Austin Statesman*, Austin, Texas, contains an elaborate account of the Columbus Day celebration in the capital city. A picture of the Rev. John O'Keeffe, C. S. C., pastor of St. Mary's church, appears on the front page. We congratulate the Austin Knights on having so efficient a worker for knighthood in the Lone Star as Father O'Keeffe.

—Mr. Thomas Hickey and Miss Kathryn Hiss were married in St. Joseph's Church, South Bend, Wednesday last. Tom was for a number of years a member of the SCHOLASTIC force, and his uncle Elmer is with us now. Miss Hiss has at present two brothers, Frank and Ulric, engaged in the office. Congratulations and long years of happiness to the newly wed!

Calendar.

Sunday, October 22—Brownson Society.

Brownson vs. Corby in football.

Wednesday, October 25—Newman in Travelogue—

Scotland and Wales, 7:30 p. m.

Thursday, October 26—Sorin vs. Walsh in football

Friday, October 27—Opening of Students' Mission

Saturday, Oct. 28—Loyola vs. Varsity, Cartier Field.

Local News.

—Dogma classes were resumed Friday afternoon.

—The Engineering society will hold its regular meeting tonight.

—Charles Henneberger of St. Joseph's hall

left Tuesday morning for Lafayette, Indiana, called there by the serious illness of his mother.

—The "actors and actresses" are busy rehearsing "A Retrieved Reformation," which is to be presented in a few weeks.

—Owing to some misunderstanding on the part of cheer leaders, the rooting at last Saturday's game lacked organization. It is hoped this afternoon will see some improvement.

—The address which Colonel Hoynes delivered September 27th at the Conservation Congress in Kansas City has been requested for publication in the report of the proceedings of the congress.

—FOUND—A rain-coat, a hat, a cap, cuff-links, tie-pins, text-books, fountain-pens, a ring, two safety razors and other articles. Some of these things were found last year. Owners may apply to Brother Alphonsus.

—Notice to Parents and Guardians:—Classes will continue without any interruption during the week of the students' mission. No permission, therefore, will be granted to students to be absent from the University during this time.

—At a meeting of the Rooters' association yesterday, John Devine was chosen permanent cheer-leader and James Nolan assistant-cheer-leader. The meeting was held in the assembly room of Walsh hall and perhaps one hundred and fifty members of the association were present. Russell Finn presided.

—George Dimmick did a good thing when he chased the bleacherites off the field and back to the bleachers at the St. Joseph-Walsh game last Thursday. Vacant lot football should be tabooed. It is to be hoped future officials of interhall games will see the field is cleared of spectators during the periods of play.

—The "Chicks" of Walsh lined up against the "Ducks" of St. Joseph hall during the week. It rained to beat old Harry which helped the Ducks to swim across the goal line. After ten minutes of play the rain forced the "Chicks" to the roost. They will meet those "Ducks" again with web-feet, and then they'll be right in the swim.

—Founder's Day, October 13, had especial significance for St. Edward's hall boys in that it was the date of their annual field meet. Ideal weather made it possible for the youngsters to appear in regulation track suits, and the presence of starters, judges and timers from

among the college students gave the meet all the impressiveness of a varsity contest. Walter McConnell of Fort Wayne, Indiana, won the premier honors, taking first place in the 40-yard dash, first in the half-mile bicycle race, open only to members of the first class, and first in the quarter mile bicycle race for the hall championship. The last victory carried with it a gold medal. Rev. Leonard Carrico, chaplain of St. Edward's hall, acted as field judge and distributed the awards. Brother Cajetan arranged the meeting.

Following is a summary of the events:

40-yard dash—1st class, won by McConnell, Fritch, second; 2nd class, won by McGuire, Dew, second; 3rd class, won by World, G. Viso, second.

100-yard dash—1st class, won by Volland, Boyle, second; 2nd class, won by Casson, Anderson, second; 3rd class, won by Hawley, Cannon, second; 4th class, won by Park, Valez, second.

Sack race—1st. class, won by Plokio, Huszack, second; 2nd class, won by W. Herbert, Railton, second; 3rd. class, won by Parry, L. Osborn, second; 4th class, won by Lillis, Laker, second.

Three-Legged race—1st class, won by Quorff and Hagerty, O'Brien and McCarren, second; 2nd class, won by Fletcher and G. Herbert, Nelson and Walsh, second; 3rd class, won by Clarke and Aube; 4th class, won by Reading and Cox.

Hurdle Race—1st class, won by Smith, Viso, second; 2nd. class, won by Fletcher, Kalb, second; 3rd. class, won by Muldoon, Mullaney, second; 4th class, won by Kalish, Long, second.

Bicycle Race—1st class (half mile), won by McConnell, McIntosh, second; 2nd class (quarter mile), won by G. Herbert, Johnson, second; 3rd class, (quarter mile), won by McGuire, Fletcher, second; Championship (quarter mile) won by W. McConnell.

Consolidation Race—1st class, won by Sullivan, Wittenberg, second; 2nd class, won by Ecklund, Nieuwland, second; 3rd class, won by McBride, Stall, second.

Athletic Notes.

BIG SCORE AGAINST ST. VIATEUR'S

Showing no mercy for his former pupils Coach Marks sent the gold and blue squad against St. Viateur's last Saturday with instructions to do their worst. The final score, Notre Dame, 43; St. Viateur's, 0, proves that the orders of the coach were not disregarded. Notre Dame was plainly the heavier of the two teams, but the spirit of gameness displayed by the visitors made the contest interesting throughout. The result indicates a superiority by the Varsity in football knowledge and general ability; but St. Viateur's proved stronger in

at least one feature of the sport, tackling. The speed of Bergman, Dorias, Berger and Pliska alone caused the one-sided score.

The showing of the team on defense was especially pleasing to Coach Marks. On only two occasions during the game were the losers able to secure the required ten yards without suffering the loss of the ball. Duffy managed to elude the ends on a clever shift formation, making the distance for the first time toward the end of the second quarter, and an onside kick netted a gain of twenty yards in the third period.

A noticeable improvement in the work of the eleven over the work of the preceding week was shown by the Varsity squad. Dorias displayed more of his real ability at quarter both in carrying the ball and in the accuracy of his passes. Poor luck was experienced by both teams in making passes, but the deliberate manner in which the Varsity quarter sized up the situation before losing the oval gave Notre Dame a wide margin in yards gained. Dorias made but one attempt at a drop kick, and that resulted in an easy tally, the trick being performed from the twenty-five yard line in the first quarter.

A series of line plunges by Berger and Eichenlaub brought the ball within striking distance shortly after play commenced. An attempted forward pass failed, and after Bergman had gained seven yards around right end, Dorias placed the oval between the goal posts in the first drop kick of the season, giving Notre Dame the start with a count of 3.

Eichenlaub kicked off to St. Viateur's, starting the next play, and Walsh made the longest run secured by the visitors, returning the ball thirty yards before he was tackled. An incompleting pass on the third down gave Notre Dame the ball on the thirty-five yard line. Bergman and Berger were used for ten yard gains around end, a touchdown in the case of the latter being avoided only by the tackling of Walsh. With but 15 yards to go, Bergman took the ball on a flying start and scored the touchdown on the next play. A successful kick of the goal by Dorias, who failed but twice in seven attempts, made the Notre Dame score 9 points.

Aside from a five-yard penalty meted out to Notre Dame, nothing of importance was done during the balance of the quarter.

The beginning of the second quarter saw

several changes in the Varsity line-up. Feeney replaced Larson at left guard, while Pliska, Keith Jones and "Art" Smith formed a new backfield. LeBlanc took Captain Kelley's place at right guard. Harrison was sent in at quarter for St. Viateur's and put up a good performance for the balance of the game. A comedy of errors gave Notre Dame its first touchdown after about two minutes of play. Pliska tore through the line for 12 yards on the first down, and after a fumble intercepted a forward pass, placing the ball on the ten-yard line, from where he gained a goal on the next play. Another successful boot by Dorias raised the score to 15. A fifty-yard penalty assessed by Referee Kittleman for side-line coaching, coupled with a reversal of form, enabled St. Viateur's to hold their own for the balance of the quarter. The third quarter saw a return of the first team to the field, and an increase of the score to 37. Berger secured the first of the four touchdowns, after a series of end runs had placed the ball on the twenty-yard line. St. Viateur's made their best showing at this stage, Lawlor recovering an onside kick which netted the visitors 25 yards. The ball went over a moment later, and Bergman was permitted to get away for 40 yards and another tally. Eichenlaub blocked a kick on the first down after the pigskin had been booted to St. Viateur's territory, permitting McGinnis to win a place on the roll of honor. Touchdowns were coming with such speed that the rooters commenced to clamor for a score of fifty before the end of the quarter, but further tallying for the period ended with the touchdown made by Bergman on a forward pass by Dorias over the line of scrimmage. Play was resumed in the last period with the ball in Notre Dame's possession on the 45-yard line. Eichenlaub proved his strength in several plunges through the lines, Dorias doing the final scoring on a quarterback play through centre. Butler college will be the opponents in the game to be staged this afternoon. The Indianapolis team is stronger this year than in several seasons, and an interesting contest is promised.

Notre Dame's Varsity line-up: St. Viateur's
Rockne, McGinnis, L. E. Shea, Lawlor
Oaas, L. T. Fisher
Larsen, Feeney, Dougan, L. G. Gordon

O'Neill, G. Smith, C. Dunn
Kelley (captain), R. G. Ryan, T. Cleary
LeBlanc, Yund, R. T. Canavan, Welsh
Crowley, Dolan, Vaughan,
Miller, K. E. Sammon, Sherman
Dorias, Finnigan, Q. B. Mugan, Harrison
Berger, Pliska, L. H. Cleary (captain)
Eichenlaub, K. Jones, F. B. Duffy,
Kelleher, R. H. Walsh
Bergman, A. Smith, Kelleher R. H.
Summary—Touchdowns—Bergman (3); Pliska,
Berger, McGinnis, Dorias. Goals from field—Dorias
(5). Drop kick—Dorias. Referee—Kittleman, North-
western. Umpire—Miller, Springfield (Mass.) Train-
ing School. Head linesman—Callahan, Michigan.
Time of quarters—10, 10, 8, 8.

BROWNSON 6; SORIN, 0.

In the first go of the interhall series, Brownson won the decision, 6-0, by outplaying their opponents, Sorin, in every stage of the game. It is true that Sorin put up game resistance at times, but showed lack of practice, and the score does not indicate Brownson's work. Only in the second quarter did Sorin show anything like aggressive playing, during which honors were about equally divided. Williams, who scored the only touchdown of the game in the last few minutes of play, was easily Brownson's star, and Granfield, who by his superior tackling prevented scores many times, was Sorin's brightest luminary. Knowers and Murphy of Brownson and Rubio of Sorin also put up good exhibitions of gridiron work. After William's touchdown, Murphy kicked goal for Brownson, making the score 6 to 0.

WALSH GOES DOWN BEFORE THE SAINTS.

St. Joseph and Walsh met in a stubbornly contested game Thursday on Cartier Field, the former winning 12-0.

In the early part of the game Walsh resorted to open play and thrilled the crowd with a series of shifts, delayed line bucks and forward passes, all of which were neatly executed. The St. Joseph men tried a line-smashing game and found themselves placed at a small disadvantage.

In the second half, after an exchange of punts, the Saints recovered the ball and began rushing to the goal. Miller was finally pushed over for the first touchdown. He also kicked goal. In the last quarter Bartel of St. Joseph blocked a punt, racing 50 yards for a touchdown. Miller rounded out the score by kicking goal.

For Walsh, McNichol, Baujan and Harry Newning starred, while O'Brien, Maloney, Miller and Hicks shone for the Saints.