

# The Notre Dame Scholastic

DISCE · QVASI · SEMPER · VICTVRVS · VIVE · QVASI · CRAS · MORITVRVS ·

VOL. XLV.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, NOVEMBER 4, 1911.

No. 7.

## Robin Redbreast.

MAURICE NORCKAUER, '11.

**H**APPY, happy, Robin Redbreast,  
How I miss thy cheerful singing!  
Hast thou flown with Master Red-crest  
South, to set the echoes ringing?  
Blessings on thy happy mission,—  
May thine efforts bring fruition!

If thy song forever blending  
With the gentle zephyr's sighing  
Keeps some saddened heart from rending,  
Keeps some tender soul from crying  
Out against unkind oppression,—  
Then, make song thy sole profession!

## The Mission of the Catholic College Man.

SIMON E. TWINING, '13.



**H**E nineteenth century was characterized by a mad passion for industrial wealth. That passion yet throbs in America's heart, but it is not the distinguishing characteristic of the age. Industrial unrest has given rise to social and political unrest, and the history of the twentieth century promises to be the history of a great social and political upheaval. Mighty moral and political problems confront the nation. Some of these problems are new, some are old as the Pharaohs; but their solution is the heritage of the twentieth century. Greece and Rome encountered like problems, failed to solve them, and withered away like the leaves of the frosted vine. Shall America also perish in their solution?

Shall the ideal of popular government be forever blasted?

Every American citizen must answer this question; the individual American must decide it. But for the college man, and, in particular, for the Catholic college man, the question has a special significance. Archbishop Spalding has said that educated men are the conscience of the state. We have but to glance at history to prove the truth of the assertion. Whenever the people of a nation have developed in education that nation's conscience has undergone a parallel development. Child-labor is no more inhuman now than it was centuries ago; war is no more terrible today than it was in the days of Alexander; drink is no greater curse today than it was a thousand years ago, yet today we look with horror on these things. Education has made us realize the evil of them. The conscience of the state has evolved.

Education makes for an enlightened public conscience. But conscience alone will not preserve a nation's ideals. History holds another lesson for us. The Rome of Cicero and Horace was not a Rome of ignorance and mental shadow, was not a Rome without a conscience, but it was a Rome which had lost its gods,—and Rome fell. The France of today is not a France which does not know that race suicide and social vice is wrong, but it is a France which has forgotten its God.

Conscience can only tell a man what course of conduct is right or wrong; often it happens that fear of punishment alone can prevent him from disobeying his conscience, and as many of those sins most destructive of the state are sins which the state can not punish, the state must look to the fear of a higher law than that made by man to save itself from destruction. Without religion, then, the state can not long exist. Education develops the

conscience of man; religion gives him the motive necessary to carry out the dictates of that conscience. To educated, religious men, therefore, the state must look for its preservation. To educated, religious men America must look for the solution of the great social and political problems which face her today. Two of these problems are particularly threatening.

Ever since the time when Henry the Eighth planted the seed, the divorce evil has been growing, until today that purity of home life once so characteristic of all Teutonic peoples is fast being lost. In no other country is the evil assuming more threatening proportions than in America. Over sixty thousand divorces were granted in our courts last year. The Catholic Church alone has had the courage through the centuries to brand divorce as the legalization of adultery. The Catholic college man, with his deeply-rooted conviction that divorce is a violation of God's law, should be God's instrument in stamping out the evil. If his countrymen will not hear the voice of God, they are nevertheless patriotic, and they will not be blind to the example of those from whom leadership is expected. Armed with the weapons given him by church and school, the college man may fulfil his mission by convincing his countrymen that whatever is destructive of the sacredness of the home is likewise destructive of the state which is builded upon the home as its foundation.

The abuse of wealth is another scourge not less inimical to the welfare of the state, and this scourge is the parent of a numerous offspring. The laborer, crushed by a soulless corporation between the millstones of wretched poverty and ceaseless toil, sends his children early to the factories and mills, blights their young lives, and blots America's escutcheon with a stain from which even ancient, vicious Rome was free. Does one wonder that ears like these drink in eagerly the words of the socialist, promising a new era of happiness and plenty with the overthrow of institutions as they exist? Blinded by bitterness, the laborer doffs his hat to the red flag of socialism, of anarchy, of bloodshed. This red flag threatens country, church, and home alike. Its followers in the United States alone already number over half a million. For the love he bears Church, and home, and country, the Catholic college man must arm for battle.

Socialism denies the existence of God and scoffs at the belief in the eternal truths of religion: "Nothing is eternal; everything changes—ideas, morals, religions, worlds—everything changes with time," say its doctrinaires. The platform of the socialist party, to be sure, says that socialism is primarily an economic and political movement, and that it is not concerned with matters of religious belief; but the records of the party convention which ratified this plank show that most of the delegates opposed it at first, because it was a lie. Later, they voted for it, because it was shown to be an expedient lie.

Socialism would destroy the state by abolishing the right of property and setting up a vast communism. And with the state would go the family, for the present family, too, is based on private property rights. "With socialism victorious," the leaders say, "a higher form of family will come into existence." This "higher form" is the communistic family, otherwise called free love. To be sure, the rank and file of the socialist party do not go to this extreme. They seek to find in socialism merely a solution of the great problem of capital and labor. They must be convinced that in socialism they will not find such solution, that two wrongs never make a right.\* And here is a mission for the Catholic college man. His Church traced out clearly the solution to the problem of capital and labor centuries ago, and, in the words of Pope Leo the Thirteenth, "Not only made it known to men's minds, but impressed it upon their lives." Quoting Pope Leo again: "That solution rests on the principle that it is one thing to have a right to the possession of property, and another to have the right to use such property as one wills. Private ownership is the natural right of man; and to exercise that right, especially as members of society, is not only lawful, but absolutely necessary. 'It is lawful,' says St. Thomas Aquinas, 'for a man to hold private property; and it is also necessary for the carrying on of human existence.' But if the question be asked, How must one's possessions be used, the Church replies without hesitation in the words of the same holy Doctor: 'Man should not consider his outward possessions as his own, but as common to all, so as to share them without hesitation when others are in need.'"

When the precepts of the Christian religion are obeyed by capitalist and laborer alike,

when the ears of employers are no longer deaf to the warning of St. James: "Behold, the hire of the laborers . . . which by fraud hath been kept back by you, crieth aloud; and the cry of them hath entered into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth;" when rich and poor remember that they are brothers in the eyes of God; then the propagandist of revolution will harangue in vain. It is for the Catholic college man to hasten this time. Firmly upholding the eternal law of Christ, let him bend all his powers to the spread of obedience to that law.

In the words of Archbishop Spalding, "America today needs *men* to meet her problems; men whose intellectual view embraces the history of the race, who are familiar with all literature, who have studied all social movements, who are acquainted with the development of philosophic thought, who are not blinded by physical miracles and industrial wonders, who know how to appreciate all truth, all beauty, all goodness. And to this wide culture they must join the earnestness, the charity, the purity of motive which the Christian faith inspires. America needs men of action who seek for light in the company of those who know; men of religion who understand that God reveals Himself in science, and works in nature, as in the soul of man, for the good of those who love Him; men of genius, who live for God and their country." In a word, America needs the Catholic college man to meet her problems, and his mission is the mission of service for God and country.

### The Rise of Romanticism in French Literature.

LEO C. MCELROY, '10.

The world at the close of the seventeenth century, saw France struggling in the throes of a great revolution. From the time when Louis XV. ascended the throne in 1715, until his death in 1774, the nation had been in a state of constant discontent. The king's extravagances and the disastrous wars he had waged, plunged France into a sea of debt with whose tides and currents his ministers were unable to cope successfully. Upon the accession of Louis XVI., Turgot, the most able economist of France, was installed in the office of controller general. His system of retrenchment was so distasteful to the young monarch and his

courtiers that within two years he was superseded by Neckér. The five or six years of his ministry were productive of no good results, and in 1783 he in turn gave way to Calonne. For three years the latter expended public funds with a blind recklessness that gave the lie to his official title, with the result that in 1786, finding himself in a position where it was impossible to procure any more money, either through loans or through taxes, he was obliged to acquaint the king with the fact that the country was on the verge of bankruptcy. This report may well be considered as marking the inception of the French Revolution, inasmuch as it was the first of a chain of incidents that led to the calling of a representative assembly which did away with the old order and gave France a written constitution.

For many years France had ranked as one of the most literary nations of the old world, but never had her men of letters shown those peculiarities of mind nor occupied that place which distinguished them in the eighteenth century. They held, as it were, a course intermediate to those pursued on the one hand by the English writers and on the other by those of Germany. In England, authors frequently held public offices and concerned themselves with the political questions of their times. In Germany they were completely absorbed in abstract, philosophical studies and belles-lettres to the exclusion of current politics. French authors, however, were, for the most part, well grounded in the principles of their government as it was, and in the principles of government as it ought to be. They discussed continually the rights of both the governed and the governing, the natural and sociological relations existing between men, the substantial qualities and the errors of prevalent customs and of the laws. In the dramatic field, the French writers were all exponents of Classicism. They clung tenaciously to the three unities of the ancient Greek drama. But the directness, the simplicity, the unconscious grace, which made the Greek drama so powerful and poetic, were utterly lacking. Indeed, being at such a total variance with the pomp and artificiality of the court of Louis Quatorze, they were neither wanted nor understood there. The rules of art laid down by the classic school had a curiously different effect upon the three greatest dramatists of pre-Romantic France. Corneille, vigorous, fiery and impetuous, found

it impossible to infuse into any of his work, the spirit of stately dignity which characterized that of the ancient masters. While subservient to these rules, he chafed under the restrictions imposed, and in his masterpiece, the 'Cid,' was compelled to violate the rules of nature in order to observe those of art. The calmer, more refined Racine, worked without difficulty under these same limitations. He devoted himself to his characters, was indifferent to action, and, consequently, did not feel the bonds which hampered his predecessor. Voltaire, the third member of the trio, was even more of a slave to Classicism than were either of the others, according to his pretensions, but in practice he was flexible enough to evade whatever was of hindrance to him. Nevertheless, in aiming at the stateliness which seemed so desirable, he lost all notion of the effectiveness of simplicity. Formal as was the language of the drama at that time, he departed even further from the natural, banishing all those colloquialisms and homely words which express so clearly and heartily the meaning desired, and confining himself to the most stilted terms.

The French Revolution was the outcome of the national dissatisfaction with political and social conditions. It was a reaction against the ideas of the old regime, not so much with the intention of gaining liberty, as of bringing about much-needed reforms. And the reaction had its parallel in the Romantic movement which aimed at the overthrow of the old established order in the realm of art.

The Classicists were stylists first and last. They could indeed be nothing else, since they were restricted in their choice of subjects and in their treatment. Conventionality was the keynote of seventeenth and eighteenth century society, and conventionality, perforce, became the keynote of the literature of that time. What chance was there for originality or sincerity of feeling when writers had to follow certain formulæ in every phase of dramatic treatment? For instance, one of the classic requirements for tragedy was that it be written in Alexandrine verse, consisting of lines of twelve syllables arranged in alternating couplets of masculine and feminine rhymes. Then, the three unities of time, place and action formed another fetter to harass the aspiring genius. And in addition to this, it was accepted as a rule that the subjects for tragedy should be

chosen from ancient history and mythology or from legend, and that the characters should represent only those in high places.

The Revolution, with its attendant confusion, gave rise to a corresponding chaos in dramatic literature; but with the renewal of social and political order, life in the world of art also resumed normal conditions. Now, however, new influences were creeping in. The emotional works in English, as represented by the writings of Fielding and Richardson, were eagerly read and imitated by the French; Shakespeare was little by little gaining vogue as his plays were translated, and German literature began to have a certain effect. Chausée, Sedaine and Mercier were the apostles of a new type of drama, the 'tragedie bourgeoise' or 'comédie larmoyante,' which gradually assumed as its mission the inculcation of some moral lesson. The members of the conservative school were greatly alarmed at this neglect of the classic models. Judging rightly that it was a foreign invasion, that an alien influence was at work in this reaction, they appealed to the patriotic instincts of the people to quell the rebellion and to save to France her own literature. The appeal was successful, and despite the new ideas prevalent regarding the state, society and the individual, the old ones remained in the literary world. The liberal element protested vehemently against this narrowness, this ill-advised attempt to preserve an exclusively national literature. The Classicists met all efforts toward a cosmopolitan spirit with the weapon of ridicule. The theatres, the papers, the public itself, all were under their control, and he who would dare lift his voice to favor, in a decisive manner, any new move, would indeed have to be a brave man. Finally, certain types of plays were allotted to each theatre for performance and a strict dramatic censorship was established. The ensuing period of listlessness and inactivity proved to be the forerunner of the real revolt—the calm before the storm.

It was about this time,—strictly speaking in the year 1802,—that the child was born in the village of Besançon who was destined to become the leader of the Romanticists and to cast off the yoke of the old school: Victor Hugo was the third son of Joseph and Sophie Trébuchet Hugo. Very shortly after his birth he was taken from Besançon to Elba, where his father, an officer in the French army,

had been placed in command of the garrison. His period of residence at this place was very limited, as in 1805, Major Hugo joined Joseph Bonaparte at Naples and sent the family to Paris. Here Victor received his first schooling in the Rue de Mont Blanc. But again his father's avocation interfered. In October, 1807, Major Hugo was made Governor of Avellino, and thither the family was summoned from Paris. Thrice again in the next six years they were compelled to move, going from Avellino to Paris in 1808, thence to Madrid in 1811 and back again to Paris in 1813. With the exception of two short years in school, one in Paris and one in Madrid, the three boys were educated almost wholly by their mother. Madame Hugo was supposed to be of the Catholic faith, but as she did not take the trouble to instil into her sons the doctrines of any special creed, their religious education was a negative factor. In his thirteenth year, Victor, together with his brother Eugene, was placed by his father in the College Cordier et Decotte. Contrary to their expectations, both boys found their days in this institution to be of the most pleasing nature. Besides pursuing the course mapped out for them at Cordier, they attended lectures in physics, philosophy and mathematics at the College Louis le Grand where Victor showed, even in the latter science, an inclination toward Romanticism. He refused to be guided by the rules set forth in the textbooks, but solved his problems by roundabout and devious methods of his own invention. During these years, though still a mere child, he gave many evidences of the genius which was soon to blossom forth in his original verses about Roland and the age of chivalry, for which he devised his own laws of rhythm; in his plays, mostly of a military character, written for production at school by himself and his playfellows, and in his translations of *Hecate* and *Virgil* into French verse. In 1818, he was then sixteen years old, he produced his first lengthy work, 'Bug-Jargal,' a romance based upon the incident of the negro revolt in San Domingo, twenty-seven years before. This romance was translated into English in 1826.

By this time, the name Hugo was a familiar one among the literary men of France, such writers as Dumas, Voltaire, Deschamps, Merimée and Devigny being quick to perceive and appreciate the new genius. The success achieved

by Alexandre Dumas' drama, "Henry III." spurred Hugo on. Casting about for a character around whom he might center the action of his play, he decided upon Marion de Lorme. He immediately set about the preparations for writing, and in half a year's time, "Marion de Lorme" was ready for presentation upon the stage. Hugo read the manuscript before an assemblage of some of the most brilliant writers of the day, and their enthusiasm over it was boundless. Before long, all Paris was talking of it and of its author. Stage managers quarreled with one another and fought stubbornly for the privilege of the premier production. Hugo made all necessary arrangements with one of these managers, and rehearsals were well under way when fate, in the form of the censors, intervened and placed a ban upon it. All protests against this action proved fruitless. The author had been guilty of *lese majeste* in portraying, though honestly enough, a ruler of France as a weakling. A personal appeal to the reigning monarch, Charles X., availed nothing. At length, Hugo, in order not to disappoint the manager to whom he had promised the play, determined to write a new one. On the first of October, 1830, "Hernani" was completed. The report of the censors was duly made, and their opinion, as summed up in the concluding paragraph, is a piece of monumental stupidity worthy of note:

"Our analysis has been extended to a considerable length. But it gives, after all, a very imperfect idea of the whimsical conception and the defective execution of 'Hernani.' To us it appears to be a tissue of extravagancies, generally trivial and often coarse, to which the author has failed to give anything of an elevated nature. It abounds in improprieties; it makes the king express himself like a bandit, and a bandit treat the king like a brigand. It represents the daughter of a Spanish Grandee as a mere licentious creature, deficient alike in dignity and modesty. But while we animadvert upon these flagrant faults, we are of the opinion that not only is there no harm in sanctioning the representation of the piece, but that it would be inadvisable to curtail it by a single word. It will be for the benefit of the public to see to what extremes the human mind will go when freed from all restraint."

A king is a creature of God's handiwork;

so is a bandit. Both are human and liable to err; both are capable of the same emotions, whether noble or base. That the mental equipment of the one might be on a par with that of the other is surely within the limits of the possible. Yet this was one of the whimsicalities discovered in "Hernani" by the censors. As for the impropriety of a bandit, 'treating the king-like a brigand,' history has furnished us with more than one instance in which kings have acted like brigands, and what is more natural than that one be treated in such a way by a man who is no respecter of persons? But the natural element was alien to the classic forms, and so Hugo's fault was unpardonable.

The initial performance of "Hernani" was set for February 25, 1830. The censorial prohibition of Hugo's earlier drama served to arouse even greater feeling over this one. All Paris and the surrounding country were agog. The upholders of Classicism were exerting their every influence to prevent the performance. They feared, and not without reason, that the innovation would supplant them in the affection of the fickle public, and expel them from the stage which they had come to regard as an institution peculiarly their own. A committee of seven Academicians presented a petition to the king, requesting that the 'theatre be closed against all performances of the new school and be reserved exclusively for writers who really apprehended the true and beautiful.' The petition was unheeded. As a last resort, the members of the old school set themselves to the task of insuring a hostile reception to "Hernani." With this end in view, they worked with the fever of those who see the destruction of their property threatened by the rising waters of a swollen river. In some manner, they obtained a slight knowledge of the plot and attempted, by ridiculing it, to forestall any favorable effect it might have on the audience. Several days previous to the time appointed for the production of "Hernani" the piece was burlesqued at one of the vaudeville houses. In the face of all discouragements, Hugo remained calm. It had come to be a generally accepted fact that the success or failure of this play meant the corresponding success or failure of the movement it represented. The old method of helping a new play through the applause of hired 'claqueurs' was rejected by the young author.

He would have none of them, but would rely upon his friends to support him. The night of the trial arrived. Artists, students, poets, men of all ages and of all descriptions, eager for the coming fray, assembled in the theatre after having waited in the street clamoring for admission since midday. But there was no altercation, no semblance of the expected struggle. The play began without any unusual demonstration either in favor of it or against it. As the action proceeded the interest of the audience increased. Scene by scene, act by act, the performance was carried on without a single incident to mar the harmony, and with the final curtain the applause was general and prolonged. Hugo had won. And with him, represented by him, Romanticism had triumphed over Classicism; had thrown off the shackles of a tyranny opposed to progress, and declared the independence of the drama from the long-extended dominion of the classic unities.

WHEN I consider with what magnificence religion and science are endowed in our Universities, when I call to mind their long streets of palaces, their trim gardens, their chapels with organs, altar pieces, and stained-glass windows; when I remember, too, all the solid comforts provided in those places both for instructors and pupils, the stately dwellings of the principals, the commodious apartments of the fellows and scholars; when I remember that the very sizers and servitors are lodged far better than you propose to lodge those priests who are to teach the whole people of Ireland; when I think of the halls, the common rooms, the bowling-greens, even the stabling of Oxford and Cambridge, the display of old plate on the tables, the good cheer of the kitchen, the oceans of excellent ale in the buttery, and when I remember from whom all this splendor and plenty are derived; when I remember the faith of Edward III. and Henry VI., of Margaret of Anjou, and Margaret of Richmond, of William of Wykeham, of Archbishop Chichele and Cardinal Wolsey; when I remember what we have taken from the Roman Catholic religion, Kings College, New College, my own Trinity College and Christ Church—and when I look at the miserable Dotheboys Hall we have given them in return—I ask myself if we, and if the Protestant religion, are not disgraced by the comparison.—*Macaulay.*

## Varsity Verse.

## LILY'S END.

THE perfumed roses grew  
On yonder hill,  
'Mong orchids sweet; and yet I know not why  
Their beauty, like the lilies o'er  
The shaded rill,  
Should wither down and die.

For all that we have seen  
Of human life,  
Foretells a nobler end, than nature's choice;  
For we, when death o'ershadows all  
Our earthly strife,  
Shall enter and rejoice.

R. J. S.

## POPPIES.

They seem wrought of gold,  
These rare little flowers,—  
As if some fairy mould  
Gave its form to their gold:  
What a dream they unfold  
In the day's balmy hours,—  
They seem wrought of gold,  
These rare little flowers.

T. A. D.

## TO ERATO.

Pray tell me, sweet Muse,  
What incurred your displeasure  
Since there's only abuse  
For my efforts, dear Muse,  
Do you see any use  
For my writing in measure?  
Pray tell me, sweet Muse,  
What has caused your displeasure?

T. A. D.

## An Animal's Revenge.

THOMAS J. O'SHAUGHNESSY.

The Arizona sun was fairly burning the sands of the desert. Even the broad-brimmed hat of the man riding slowly over the wide expanse afforded him little protection. He prodded his pack-mule and quickened his pace somewhat, as he desired to reach his destination before midday when the heat would make travel impossible. Soon he saw a distant ridge and recognized it as the place he was heading for. Once more he quickened his pace and in half an hour he had arrived at the elevation. An exclamation of satisfaction burst from his lips when he saw a brimming water hole, which gave promise of yielding sufficient liquid for himself and his two animals during his stay. He unsaddled his horse and relieved his mule of the heavy pack. This done he

stretched out in the shade of the ridge, and prepared to sleep through the next few hot hours.

Jim Long was a prospector. He had had several streaks of luck, but rarely had these amounted to anything. He had always dreamed of a "big strike," which would enable him to live in comfort the rest of his days. This had been long in coming, but now it seemed that at last his "big strike" was at hand.

During his stay in Tucson, after his return from one of his vain pursuits of gold, he met a Mexican, whose life he had saved three years before. This man now confided to Jim that he had "struck it rich," and wished to show his gratitude by giving Jim a half interest in the claim. He described the place where he had found the gold and showed Jim some of the specimens he had brought back.

Jim accepted the offer and the pair made ready to start. The night before they left, however, the Mexican disappeared. No trace could be found of him, although Jim spent a week in search of a clue. Fortunately Jim had a duplicate map of the district surrounding the Mexican's claim, and he made preparations to start alone. He suspected that Pedro, the Mexican, had, under the influence of whisky, been too free in discussing his strike, and that some ruffians had killed him in order to gain possession of the map. He hoped to reach the place, stake it out in his name, and come back to Tucson and register it. Pedro, although he had staked it out, had not registered it, and therefore it was a race between Jim and whoever had stolen the map to see who should possess the claim.

The day before he left Tucson, Jim was standing in front of the hotel, when he saw a half-breed cruelly beating his pack-mule. The poor animal was bleeding from cuts on his back and sides and still the fellow beat him incessantly for no apparent reason. Unable to restrain himself, Jim sprang out, wrenched the whip from the driver's hand, then throwing him ten dollars, he led the animal away. As he needed a pack-mule, Jim decided to take this one. He left the next morning, and after a journey of five days, arrived at his destination where we found him at the beginning of this story.

When he awoke, Jim at once began to prospect for gold. He saw the bed of a dried-up stream, and he decided that this must be the spot where Pedro had found his gold.

After a few hours' work he was discouraged, as nothing was to be found to indicate the presence of gold. He was about to give up in disgust, when something glittering in the river bed caught his eye. He stooped and picked up a nugget of gold. With a yell of joy he made for camp. There he cut some cloth out of his shirt and marked his location notice on it with a burnt match. He nailed this on a piece of wood, stuck it in the sand and began his homeward journey. After riding until nearly midnight, Jim decided to stop for a few hours to rest. Just as he dismounted the distant neigh of a horse came to his ears. He listened intently for a repetition but none came. Thinking his ears had deceived him he lay down and in a moment was lost in sleep.

Pete, the half-breed, spurred on his unwilling horse. It was nearly midnight, but the half-breed, with his goal only a few miles away, was unwilling to stop. Suddenly his horse threw up his head and gave vent to a long-drawn out whinny. Instantly Pete was on the alert. The whinny gave evidence of the nearness of other horses, and the only other horses likely to be in that vicinity belonged to the man whom Pete hated and feared. Cautiously, he went ahead. The moon came out from behind a cloud and flooded the desert with light. A few paces ahead was Jim's little lamp, and with an exultant grunt the half-breed saw that he was asleep. Drawing his knife from his belt he crept softly along over the sands. Now he stood over the prostrate man and drew his arm back to strike. His elbow struck against something behind him. The next instant something crashed against his side and threw him ten feet away.

Jim awoke at daybreak and prepared to resume his journey when he caught sight of the prostrate figure of the half-breed. Drawing his gun he cautiously approached him. He was a horrible sight. His whole side seemed to be crushed into a mass of pulp. Jim noticed the murderous knife, and in a flash the situation was clear to him. From Pete's pocket a piece of white paper protruded. Drawing it forth Jim recognized Pedro's map. This then was why the half-breed had been there.

Gazing down at the dead man, Jim said: "There's only one thing that could have smashed you up like that, and that's the hoofs of a mule. And he used to be your mule, too," added Jim reflectively.

### The "Logic" of Progress and Poverty.

CHARLES C. MILTNER, '11.

Considering private property in land historically, Mr. George says: "But while, were it true, that land had always and everywhere been treated as private property would not prove that it should always be so treated, this is not true. . . . On the contrary, the common, right to land has everywhere been primarily recognized, and private ownership has nowhere grown up save as the result of usurpation. . . . Historically, as ethically, private property in land is robbery." (Bk. VII., Ch. iv., pp. 367-8). This is surely a sweeping assertion, and, like his first great assumption, must be tested by the facts of history. The limits of this paper will not permit of any extensive consideration of land tenure, but since the authorities cited by Mr. George in support of his assertion, speak of "primitive societies" holding land in common, in the apparent sense of barbarous societies, it is well to observe that, in the matter of priority, civilized society takes precedence and that barbarism is a consequent of its decadence. Hence, if the history of the first civilization whose laws are definitely known gives evidence of the institution of private property in land,—such institution being now universally recognized,—it is only fair to assume that common ownership, in the absolute sense, is a distinctive work of barbarism. If individual ownership has been wholly or partially abandoned in barbarous states it is precisely because the basis of all property, namely, the right to life, was in a relative degree ignored, and *vice versa*, as the right to life was or came to be held more sacred, so were individual property rights. We know of no more ancient nor authentic document in the records of mankind than the Old Testament of the Bible. In Genesis (XXIII., 20) we read that Abraham bought a burying ground *for ever* from Ephron, and "the field was made sure to Abraham, and the cave that was in it, for a possession to bury in." So in 3 Kings XXI., 2, we learn that even King Achab could not compel Naboth to exchange, give or sell his vineyard which was the inheritance of his fathers. Many other texts of like content might be cited, but these two furnish ample proof to the impartial mind to confirm the point in question.



In a chapter headed "The Right of Property" (p. 77), DeCaulauges, in his "Ancient City," says: "On the other hand, the nations of Greece and Italy, from the *earliest antiquity*, always held to the idea of private property. We do not find an age when the soil was common among them." He further shows that among the Greeks, even though they were required to store their grain in a common granary, the individual "had absolute property in the soil."

In fact, "from the Scriptures, from profane history and from the writings of men who have given special study to the evolution of the right of property, we learn that among all tribes and peoples *sufficiently civilized to cultivate the lands* (the italics are ours) the right of individual ownership in property has been recognized. . . . Even in newly discovered countries where there is any evidence of civilization we find individual ownership of land either absolute, qualified, or restricted; but in those countries where there is no approach to civilization, where animal instincts still dominate the mind, the fields lie in a state of nature,—unploughed, uncultivated, unfruitful" (Gibbon "Tenure and Toil," Ch. X.). From the foregoing facts it is clear, that wherever society has attained to any degree of civilization, there individual ownership in land has been a recognized institution. In this sense land has always been "treated as private property."

As to its ethical aspect, still keeping in mind our basis of property, the right to life, it becomes merely a problem of social justification. When the population of a country has increased to such an extent that it begins to press against the means of subsistence, so that recourse must be had to inferior soils, the state is thereby obliged to see that land is put to the best possible use. If private property is more conducive to the end than any other mode of tenure, then its adoption is justifiable. Mr. George says it is not. Hence we must again resort to facts. He likens the idea of private property in land being necessary to its best use to the fictitious Chinaman in Charles Lamb's Essay, who, having accidentally discovered the savor of roast pig by the burning down of Ho-ti's hut, thereafter thought it necessary to burn down a house in order to cook a pig. To say the least, this analogy is far-fetched, and, being inserted instead of historical fact, is

senseless ridicule. His other argument, that a system of tenant cultivation and leased ground for building sites prevails for the most part in Great Britain and to some extent in the United States, while it may be true, does not warrant his inferential conclusion that the private ownership of this land by these tenants would be "Inconsistent with its best use. . . . What is necessary," he declares, "for the (best) use of land is not its private ownership, but security of improvements." (Progress and Poverty, p. 396). It is precisely for this reason that all civilized societies have adopted, in one degree or another, the system of private property. Because experience has taught that the added incentive to production and improvement consequent to proprietorship has everywhere resulted in the best use of land. Thus we find the Latin historians Cæsar (De Bello Gallico VI. Ch. 22) and Tacitus (Germania Ch. 26) attributing the wretched poverty of the ancient Gauls and Germans to the holding of land in common. To the same end we find quoted such authorities as Sismondi: "Wherever we find peasant proprietorship we also find comfort, security, confidence in the future, and independence, which assure at once happiness and virtue" (Tenure and Toil, Bk. III, Ch. II.). And so Professor Kay of Cambridge. With reference to the division of land in Germany, he says: "In Saxony it is a notorious fact that during the last thirty years, and since the peasants became the proprietors of land, there has been a rapid and continual improvement in the condition of the houses, in the manner of living, in the dress of the peasant, and particularly in the culture of the land" (Ibid). Mr. Howitt, another writer on German rural and domestic life, after stating the happy condition of the German peasant contrasts him with his English cousin by saying: "The English peasant is so cut off from the idea of property that he comes habitually to look upon it as a thing from which he is warned by the laws of the large proprietors, and becomes in consequence spiritless, purposeless" (Ibid). If ethics is the science of duty—and, as we have shown, the vital interests of the people make it a duty incumbent upon the state to sanction and maintain private property in land—we can not understand how Mr. George can say that "Ethically, private property in land is robbery."

(To be continued.)

# Notre Dame Scholastic

Entered as Second-Class Mail Matter

Published every Saturday during the School Term at the  
University of Notre Dame

Terms: \$1.50 per Annum. Postpaid

Address: The Editor Notre Dame Scholastic  
Notre Dame, Indiana

Vol. XLV. November 4, 1911. No. 7.

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—If no other good resulted from the excellent mission conducted by Father Martin than the organization of the Holy Name Society this would prove ample.

**The Holy Name Society among Us:** Much else, of course, has resulted because of this devoted priest's work among us. The crowning good, however, was the organization of the Holy Name.

There is no country in the world that needs some effective check on profanity more than our own. Cursing has come to be looked on as a merely forcible manner of speech between men, which may not be used in the presence of women. Not merely the man with the pick, whose face is to the ground all day, uses the low curse and blood-curdling oath, but the man with white hands and with no speck of soilure on his creased garments. Some of the well-dressed and the well-to-do among ourselves, whose clothes are of newest fashion, whose speech is soft and sweet before agreeable company, exchange vulgar Anglo-Saxon oaths among ourselves.

The Holy Name Society is doing a grand work everywhere. There is not much bombast and after-dinner oratory in connection with it. Nevertheless, it is doing a grand work. It will do a grand work here too. It will make us thoughtful in the expression of our feelings; it will raise the standard of reverence from that shallow slogan "women present" to the thought of the Great Name before Which every knee must bend.

—"It is exercise alone that supports the spirit and keeps the mind in vigor."—*Cicero*. Your body is, to a great extent, what you make it. Barring serious organic defect, there is just one person to blame if your body, or any part of it, is weak. And that is yourself. What daily work are you doing to make yourself strong? The commonest results of lack of muscular exercise are stooping posture, flat chest, protruding abdomen, weak, flabby muscles, inefficient heart action, shortness of breath, indigestion, constipation, headaches, lassitude and disinclination to exertion,—in short, a general lack of organic vigor. And all these can be remedied by regular, systematic physical training. Fifteen minutes daily of very vigorous work in the gymnasium will keep you in good condition, if breathing exercises and a little easy running are included.

—It is one thing to profess Catholicity and quite another to be a good Catholic. Though a man may profess the Catholic faith and attend strictly to his religious duties, "Intellectual Aristocracy." he can not be regarded as a good Catholic layman who is ignorant of the fundamental principles of his religion. Much less is he a good Catholic if he openly derides or repudiates those qualifications of the Church which have been her chief glories. Yet, there are men who, while considering themselves as good Catholics, adopt false principles, and inveigh against conditions and teachings which in the eyes of the Church are worthy of highest favor. It is by no means uncommon to hear "an aristocracy of intellect" assailed and impugned by men who even strengthen their words by a profession of Catholicity.

For one to combat the efficacy of an aristocracy of intellect is either deplorable ignorance or perversion. The hierarchy of the Catholic Church, for example, is essentially and pre-eminently an aristocracy of intellect. Distinct from every other institution, the Catholic Church has always made its own aristocracy. Its only qualification for recognition and honor among its aspirants has been moral excellence and devotion. Disregarding social rank and wealth it has sought the more genuine endowments of virtue and intellectual power. To

attack intellectual aristocracy, then, is to attack the Catholic Church, and the ignorant Catholic who is so full of his own opinion as to widely proclaim his "Catholic socialism" without first testing its validity is irritable if not dangerous. The pervert who derides the principles of the religion which he professes is more an object of scorn than consideration.

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—Isolated from the refining influence of the gentler sex, and limited, as we are, to the purely male society of this busy college life, we are prone to forget at times at least the finer points of gentlemanly conduct. Not that we mean anything unworthy at heart, for there is not one of us, we believe, who would wantonly display bad breeding. Constant association with just ourselves roughens us up a bit, perhaps. We are able to give and take many things that would grate hard in the smooth-running social machine of the outside world. But what's the use? Why not carry ourselves on the campus with that poise and consideration for others that will be a necessity for us in the years to come? We do not need to ape the dancing master. Just plain, healthy, every-day good manners is all that is expected of us.

It was this that Father Cavanaugh wished to bring home to the boys of Brownson hall in a recent informal talk he gave them. It were well if he could bring it home to us all. We mean well most of the time, but even the best of us make mistakes. A very little carelessness will place a man in an unfavorable light; for there are people, who will forgive every offense against the Decalogue, quite prepared to condemn one to eternal punishment for using a spoon when one should use a knife.

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#### First Communion at St. Edward's.

On the morning of All Saints' the impressive ceremony of First Communion was witnessed in St. Edward's hall chapel by the hall students and a number of visitors. Mass was sung by Father Carroll, assisted by Father Carrico and Father T. A. Burke. The celebrant spoke briefly to the First Communicants after the gospel on the meaning of the great ceremony

to them. The boys' choir rendered a very excellent musical program for which they received congratulations on all sides. After mass the boys who made their First Communion and their parents breakfasted together in the St. Edward's hall dining-room. The following received First Holy Communion:

Harold Cannon, Ironwood, Michigan; Harry Clark, Chicago; George Barry, Chicago; John Hawley, Chicago; Albert Harper, St. Louis, Mo.; Jerome Halmer, Chicago; Lawrence Hews, Chicago; Aube Hews, Chicago; Walter Hebert, Hot Springs, Arkansas; Gaston Hebert, Hot Springs, Arkansas; Robert Ridges, Chicago; John Lillis, Minneapolis, Minnesota; Charles Rothe, Chicago; David Lippeatt, Dugger, Indiana; John Clarke Mill, Racine, Wis.

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#### Closing of the Mission.

On Tuesday last the Catholic students went to confession after supper. Wednesday all approached Holy Communion and thereby completed the mission which they had been making from the Friday previous. Every night confessions were heard in the different confessionals, so that a number of boys went to Holy Communion several mornings during the week according to the instructions given by Father Martin.

Wednesday, the feast of All Saints', the closing day of the mission, solemn high mass was sung at 8 o'clock by the Rev. Father Schumacher, assisted by Rev. Father Hagerty and Rev. Father Farley as deacon and sub-deacon. In the afternoon at 2 o'clock, the Holy Name and Temperance societies were organized with a very large membership. The mission preached by Father Martin will rank among the most successful given at Notre Dame.

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#### Dr. Walsh Next Monday.

Dr. James J. Walsh has been placed on the lecture course and will appear next Monday morning at 10:15. The range of Dr. Walsh's scholarship is well known to all of us as he has lectured here a number of times. Everybody here who has heard Dr. Walsh came away with the impression that he is a very remarkable man.

### The President Addresses Brownson Hall.

Last Sunday evening Father Cavanaugh gave an excellent talk to the students of Brownson hall. He explained to them the principles that underlie politeness and correct behavior. The convenience and comfort of others is the aim of every rule of good manners. The tendency of men, when not in mixed society, to disregard the requirements of good breeding was shown by a number of typical examples. The various ways in which students are liable to offend against table etiquette were stated, and the young men were urged to refrain from such usage. The proper attitude that a student should have toward his parents, his pastor and his professors was brought home by a number of instances, which were indicative of a want of gratitude, appreciation and respect. The Rev. President told his audience that he was hardly telling them anything they did not already know, and that his purpose in addressing them was to recall to their attention the important matters that a gentleman should always remember. The students enjoyed Father Cavanaugh's talk, which will surely be helpful to all of them.

### Travelogue III.

Mr. Newman took us through Scotland and Wales last Wednesday evening. We saw the cities, and castles, and quaint houses, and mountain districts of bonnie Scotland to our hearts' content. We saw fishermen in the North sea hauling in prodigious fish, while a squall of wind made the water swish across the deck betimes. We witnessed a genuine storm when the waves leaped "mountain high," as they say, and more too. The wonder is that the good ship weathered the gale at all. We saw some more English royalty at the installation—or something such—of the young Prince of Wales. We saw the homes of "Bobbie" Burns and "Sir Walter"; the rivers and lakes and bridges which they made famous in song; we saw Tintern Abbey which called forth choice lines from Wordsworth; we saw some of the Welsh country, and liked the old-time costumes of the people very much. Next week we will visit Germany.

### Obituary.

#### HARRY T. RUTKOSKIE.

On Tuesday morning the mists hung low and not a shaft of sunlight broke through the clouds. As we went to our examinations all through the dark, drizzly day we thought of Harry Rutkoskie above whose grey coffin the requiem was sung in St. Joseph's Church, St. Joseph, Michigan. We thought of him and felt regret that we could not be present in larger numbers to pay our tribute of affection to our dead friend. But those who went took the last, tender farewells of us all.

The Rev. Father Esper, pastor of St. Joseph's Church, sang the solemn requiem mass, assisted by Rev. M. A. Schumacher, C. S. C., and Rev. Joseph Burke, C. S. C. The President of the University was present in the sanctuary. Father Schumacher preached the funeral sermon. It was an *ex corde* tribute of Harry's immediate superior for a period of three years. It must have been a rare consolation for the preacher to be able to say such tender and beautiful things about the life and character of his departed pupil. And those who heard the sermon feel proud of Father Schumacher for expressing so truly our feelings toward our departed friend and fellow student. We are grateful to Father Esper for his singular kindness in arranging so satisfactorily the details of the funeral and for the tender things he said about Harry.

The following students were active pall-bearers: Russell Finn, Joseph Huerkamp, Jas. O'Brien, Eugene Kane, Robert Fisher, John Plant. There were six honorary pall-bearers from the St. Joseph Council of the Knights of Columbus.

#### MEMORIAL.

Acting for the class of 1913, but voicing the unanimous sentiment of the Faculty and students of Notre-Dame University, we extend to the family of our friend and classmate, Harry Rutkoskie, this memorial as an expression of the loss we, too, feel in his death,—a loss which helps us to appreciate, in no small measure, their sorrow, and joins us to them in a bond of sympathy. It is hard that a life so bright and promising should have been taken, yet, bowing in submission to God's will, we thank Him that He took one of us who

by his manly and virtuous life was prepared to answer the call.

The class ordains that this memorial be published in the University paper, and that a copy be sent to the family of our friend.

WILLIAM MORAN.

THOMAS O'NEILL.

SIMON E. TWINING.

WILLIAM K. GARDINER (A. B. '04).

"This cold rain is falling on Bill Gardiner's newly made grave. Some of the boys were over." In these words Anthony J. Brogan (Litt. B. '01) announces the death of William K. Gardiner (A. B. '04). Those who had seen Bill within the past year were astonished at the failure that he had suffered in health, but even to them the announcement comes as a surprise. He was a favorite student. There will be many prayers for the repose of his soul. *R. I. P.*

### Personals.

—The Rev. Miles Whalen, who preached our retreat last year, was a welcome visitor to the University during the week.

—Paul Barsaloux and "Red" Kelly attended the Loyola game here last Saturday. Both were members of last year's graduating class.

—Mr. William I. Morrison (B. S. '90) is having great success as a specialist in the practice of naprapathy. His address is 509 Downer Place, Aurora, Illinois.

—Edward J. Lynch (LL. B. '10) writes a long article for the *Toledo Blade* on the present game of football. "Cop" is of opinion that brutality can never be eliminated from the game.

—Robert E. Payne (student '04-'09) will be married November 9th at Houston, Texas. The bride is Miss Frances Iris Eckhardt. Mr. and Mrs. Payne have the cordial good wishes of all at the University for a long and happy life.

—On Saturday, October 28, Rev. Wesley J. Donahue, C. S. C. (Litt. B. '04), was ordained a priest in Rome. Father Donahue was a Varsity debater in his day and helped to swell the grand total of our victories. Long and successful years in the holy ministry.

—Edward Ruehlback, our one-time twirler, now of the Chicago Cubs, visited the University Friday of last week. Ed received an ovation when his well-known figure was noticed in

the dining-room at noon. Mrs. Ruehlback and Edward, Jr., accompanied the pitcher.

—One of the most important celebrations of Columbus' Day in the United States this year was that directed by New Orleans Council No. 714 of the Knights of Columbus. An elaborate Souvenir program of the Fiesta lies before us. We note that P. E. Burke (LL. B. '88, A. B. '89) is Grand Knight, and that another splendid Notre Dame boy, Charley Caverock, of the late eighties, is lecturer of the council. So the old boys keep up the good old traditions wherever they are.

—The following letter has been received from Mr. Edward Barrett, State Geologist of Indiana:

MY DEAR FRIEND:—Last January I wrote you asking you to recommend to me one of your students for field work in the soil survey conducted by this Department. You selected Edward J. Quinn and said in your letter that you believed he was the very man for the place. Your prediction has proved true. Mr. Quinn has made good and I shall retain him again next year. I would now like to make a further draft on your friendship. I would like you to select for me another student of your University who would like to try field work next year during the college vacation. If you can find one as faithful, as capable and as industrious as Mr. Quinn, or nearly so, I shall be glad to engage him. Any time between this and January 1st that you make this recommendation will be agreeable to me.

Respectfully,

EDWARD BARRETT,  
State Geologist.

REV. PRESIDENT J. CAVANAUGH,  
Notre Dame, Indiana.

—A newspaper clipping from Tulsa, Oklahoma, brings the information that Joseph T. Lantry (C. E. '07) has been chosen president and general manager of the Atlas Construction Company recently organized in that place. It is the intention of the company to enter into the construction of waterworks and sewerage systems for the smaller towns and villages of the state. Mr. Lantry was a member of the University faculty for three years

### Calendar.

Sunday, November 5—Sorin vs. Corby in football  
Monday, November 6—Dr. Walsh—Lecture.  
Wednesday, Nov. 8—Newman Travelogue—Russia  
Thursday, Nov. 9—Walsh and Brownson in football  
Ross Crane, Cartoonist.  
Saturday, November 11—Varsity vs. St. Bonaventure's  
Cartier field.  
Dr. Edgar J. Banks,—Babylonia.

### Glee and—Gee!

The Cambrian National Glee Singers appeared Thursday afternoon in Washington Hall. The Welsh are a nation of singers and the gleemen represented them fitly so far as their singing went. They are good natural voices all of them, and all well developed as to range and color. Their selections were admirable in the first half of the concert and the audience settled down to enjoy the excellent music.

Then something broke. A man named Alf Thomas was suddenly obsessed with the delusion that he was on a vaudeville program, and he did everything except pare his corns in public. The Thomas-foolery continued a long, long time, while the groundlings roared and the judicious grieved.

It is a pity that a high-class and high-priced concert was spoiled by the Thom-asinine person on the stage and certain Jack-asinine persons in front of it.

### Local News.

—The rooters sent a cheering message to the team at Pittsburg this morning.

—Owing to the evening mission services no society meetings were held during the past week.

—The examination reports will be sent to the homes of the students during the coming week.

—Louis Kiley ('13) and Maurice Norckauer ('14) were added to the SCHOLASTIC staff this week.

—Examinations in preparatory Christian doctrine will be held Monday evening at 7:00 o'clock.

—Pitt is sanguine of beating us today. We hope Pitt will look at the matter differently this evening.

—Today the Walsh Chicks were to play the Niles high school at Niles, but the game has been postponed.

—What with the lectures and the mission exercises and the examinations, everybody had to hustle this week.

—Wednesday night the snow reached here by forced marches and Thursday morning found it encamped on our confines.

—This afternoon during the Brownson-St.

Joseph game detailed reports of the happenings at Pittsburg will be received at Cartier field.

—The rooters gathered at the car line last Thursday evening and gave a rousing send-off to the Varsity when leaving for Pittsburg.

—Solemn requiem high mass was sung by the President this morning for the repose of the soul of Rev. Timothy O'Sullivan, a well-known alumnus.

—Brownson rec room is the scene of nightly tournaments in checkers. Among the star players Brother Bonaventure and Bill Blackburn shine with special lustre.

—Last Thursday, All Souls' Day, solemn mass of requiem was sung at 7:45 by the Rev. Father French assisted by Rev. Father Irving and Rev. Father Doremus as deacon and subdeacon.

—The track men are out every afternoon getting into shape for the season of 1912. Assistant Manager Cotter has been working on the schedule for some time and reports a number of notable meets.

—The Rev. Father Provincial Morrissey said mass at St. Joseph's hall Wednesday morning at which all the students of the hall received Holy Communion for the repose of the soul of Harry Rutkoskie.

—Carroll hall campus is the scene of the Gaelic revival in football these days. "Tom," "Larry," "Jim," "Jack" and several Clan-gaels from other halls foregather every afternoon at 3:30 and make a big noise. "Foul!" and "Mind the gap!" are much-used phrases.

—The members of the battalion are at present busy studying the manual of arms. Captain Stogsdall is working wonders with the recruits, which makes one sorry more men do not go out for military drill.

—The following SCHOLASTIC reporters have been appointed to represent the halls: E. de Fries; Sorin; Arthur Carmody, Corby; Guy Marshall, Brownson; Frank Boos, Walsh; William Galvin, St. Joseph; Francis Logue, Carroll.

### Athletic Notes.

VARSAITY GIVES LOYOLA BAD BEATING.

Notre Dame annihilated the aspirations of a promising Chicago football team last Saturday when Loyola was forced to submit to the

most severe drubbing handed a visiting team in years. The final score was 80 to 0. The game, it does not merit the hackneyed term "contest," was one continual round of dashes up the field and down, and can only be credited with affording Coach Marks an opportunity to judge the ability of the various candidates in action against strangers.

Loyola did not look for victory and suffered no disappointment. They hoped, however, to hold the gold and blue to a score of fifteen or twenty and thus gain some credit by comparison with the teams which have been defeated by heavier scores. A cruel disregard of the feelings of their guests prompted the numerous band who were permitted at divers times to enter the fray, to exceed the bounds of decency; but for this they must be excused. A good crowd of Loyola rooters accompanied by their band came from Chicago to cheer their team. They made the welkin ring some during the brief periods when the Varsity was not making touchdowns.

Aside from the score the game was full of features. Bergman received a kickoff at the goal line in the third quarter, when the score hovered near the 50 mark, and sprinted through the crowded field for 105 yards, losing a touchdown only through the speed of Cahill, who brought our little hero to a stop five yards from the goal. Berger carried the ball over on the next down, but the carelessness of the said Cahill spoiled a nice headline for the Sunday papers. It has since been learned that the opposing party is a sprinter and hurdler of some renown in Chicago, which fact explains his thoughtless conduct in taking up the chase of an N. D. track star.

With the Pittsburg game in mind, Coach Marks made changes in the lineup during every quarter. Thirty men had performed when the end was announced, and the number would have been larger had more players occupied the choice positions offered by the bench.

Notre Dame gave a foretaste of what was to follow in the first two minutes of play, when as many touchdowns were secured on a mixture of line plunges, judiciously mixed with forward passes and end runs. Berger was given the honor of the first score after a 35-yard sprint, by which he placed the ball on the five-yard line.

It would be wearying to recount the manner

in which the numerous touchdowns were secured. The line did its work well both on offense and defense, while all of the candidates who played in the backfield conducted themselves in a manner worthy of honorable mention. "Art" Smith furnished a sensation by several long runs, and also earned a niche in the hall of fame by scoring seven of the fourteen touchdowns.

Miller kicked goal after the last touchdown by Smith, secured on a 75-yard sprint in which excellent dodging ability was displayed. Indeed yes. The lineup:

SUMMARY.

|                            |       |                   |
|----------------------------|-------|-------------------|
| Notre Dame.                |       | Loyola            |
| Crowley, Dolan, Elwood,    |       | Montfort,         |
| Morgan, Miller             | R. E. | Finkelberg        |
| Oaas, Lathrop,             | R. T. | Donovan           |
| Yund, R. Jones, Munger,    | R. G. | Metzger           |
| Feeney, O'Neill, G. Smith, | C.    | Fromm             |
| Marvat, Larson,            | L. G. | Keutts, McGinnis  |
|                            |       | Dall              |
| Kelley (captain) Duggan,   | L. T. | Ecwald            |
| Rockne, McGinnis,          |       |                   |
| McLaughlin,                | L. E. | Brophy, Monahan   |
| Dorias, Lee, Finnigan      | Q. B. | Daniels, Brundage |
| Bergman, Pliska, Salmon    | R. H. | Cahill            |
| Berger, A. Smith           | L. H. | Higgins           |
| Eichenlaub, Kelleher       | F. B. | Doyle (captain)   |

Summary—Touchdowns, Berger, Bergman (3), Eichenlaub, A. Smith (7), McGinnis, Pliska. Goals from touchdowns—Dorias (7), A. Smith (2), Miller. Officials—Haddon (Michigan) referee; Dunbar (Yale). Umpire; Williams (Fowler), head linesman. Time of quarters, 15, 15, 12, 12.

SCORE BY QUARTERS.

|                 |    |    |    |       |
|-----------------|----|----|----|-------|
| Notre Dame..... | 23 | 11 | 22 | 24—80 |
| Loyola .....    | 0  | 0  | 0  | 0—0   |

The first real contest of the season will take place in Pittsburg today, when Notre Dame and the University of Pittsburg meet to decide a score of two years' standing. A six to nothing victory won by the championship eleven of 1909, gives the gold and blue an advantage which Pitt is anxious to overcome, and as Captain Kelley and his band are equally anxious to strengthen the claim to the championship, a game worth while may be expected. Accompanied by Manager Murphy and Coach Bert Maris, who is overseeing the physical condition of the players, Coach Marks and twenty players departed for the scene of the conflict Thursday evening. The squad included the cream of the large field of candidates in the persons of K. Jones, Harvat, Oaas, Captain Kelley, Philbrook, Rockne, Crowley, Dorias,

Eichenlaub, Berger, Bergman, Feeney, Yund, Larson, McGinnis, Lee, Pliska, Kelleher, McGrath and Dolan.

A detailed wire report of the game will be transmitted to the waiting students on Cartier field by John Devine, the Varsity half-miler, who is representing the rooters' association in this first evidence of the value of that body.

#### INTERHALL OUTLOOK.

The surprising form displayed by Walsh against Sorin has shoved the Sorin men down in the League, and leaves the race now open practically to Corby, Brownson, St. Joseph and Walsh.

Walsh's confidence was somewhat shaken in the St. Joseph game, but now after defeating Sorin the boys are putting up a splendid game which will bother the leaders. Father Quinlan's team is scrappy as was evidenced all last season. McNichol's presence at quarterback is a big help to the team. His ability as a ground gainer makes him a dangerous man. Baujan and Newning are a fast developing pair of ends, proficient in handling forward passes and sure on tackling.

Mehlem has appeared on the Corby squad and will be a strong factor in the team. His punting and ground-gaining has saved the Corbys many games. Dolan will probably be kept on the Varsity, and Father Farley will have to develop a speedy end to work with Hebner. Next Sunday's game between Corby and Sorin, while not expected to furnish much excitement, should show the improvement made by the former as a result of hard scrimmages the past week.

St. Joseph's game with Brownson, scheduled for Thursday had to be postponed to a later date on account of examinations. McGough, Diener, Huerkamp and McSweeney have reported for practice, and from recent reports Coach McGrath is not worrying about the chances of his team. Several shifts have been made to develop speed and teamwork. New formations are being tried out with good results.

Coach Lee of Brownson is giving his men nightly signal drill and numerous scrimmages to bring them into shape. With McLaughlin, Elwood, Salmon and Lathrop, Brownson has visions of a championship which we hope are not illusions. St. Joseph and Walsh are yet to be played, with the possibility of Corby, because of the 3-3 game.

### Safety Valve.

#### EVENTS OF THE WEEK:

Exams,  
Lectures  
Church  
Snow  
80—0

\*\*\*

"First Semester ends at Notre Dame Today" touts the *S. B. News* of Monday last. Nine rahs for the Semester—whatever it is.

\*\*\*

Among the R. O. V. H. do not forget to include the "artistic R." of Sorin.

\*\*\*

We notice the *Chicago New World*, using a phamiliar phootball phrase, speaks of Loyola U. F. B. T. as "Coach Harmon's machine." Without intending any offense the m. was sadly in need of oil when we saw it perform (or operate) [or being operated on] last time.

\*\*\*

The final score in the Pitt game was, U. N. D. — Pitt. — Fill this coupon out before sending home your *Scholastic*. Pretty clever, eh? Trust us.

\*\*\*

#### PHAMILIAR PHRASES.

The procession moved around the quadrangle.  
The Senior Class in cap and gown.  
The E. S. B. assembled immediately after mass.

\*\*\*

#### A PAGE OUT OF HILL.

| OLD STYLE.          | NEW STYLE.            |
|---------------------|-----------------------|
| Sacred Heart Church | University Chapel.    |
| Brownson Refectory  | East Dining-Room.     |
| Washington Hall     | University Auditorium |

\*\*\*

Our genial professor of Latin has intimated his willingness to let These Columns have a number of star Latin essays done by star members of his class. We'll publish one first time anybody knocks our jokes. Come on if you dare!

\*\*\*

#### THE PASSING OF BABY.

BY E. L. (A Freshman)

The rain was softly falling  
As I stood near the door  
I heard the baby cralling  
On the old oak cabin floor.

When I stopped to watch him  
He was standing on the bed  
And when I quickly spoke to him  
He fell off on his head.

Swiftly I ran to pick him up  
Alas! poor babe was dead  
And now I know he'll ne'er again  
Stand on another bed.\*

\* You may well say so.