

The Notre Dame Scholastic

DISCE · QVASI · SEMPER · VICTURVS · VIVE · QVASI · CRAS · MORITURVS ·

VOL. XLV.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, NOVEMBER 11, 1911.

No. 8.

Whitecaps.

WHEN ghostly storm-winds come to lay
Earth's paling blooms to rest,
Like babes of fantasy we play.
Upon our mother's breast.

F. B.

The Singer of the Heart.

PATRICK A. BARRY, '12.



UST what the real value of John Boyle O'Reilly's poetry may be from an artistic standpoint only time can tell. Judged, however, from the viewpoint of entertainment and instruction it is of a high order. To those who love plain, simple and direct poetry, O'Reilly's verses make a strong appeal. Purists may prefer to call his productions verse, and critics may stamp them as only mediocre. But critics and poetic theorists, most of whom have never had a real, poetic inspiration have been unable to define poetry, and those whom superficial critics have overlooked still enjoy a wide circle of friends and admirers.

Poetry is an indefinable spirit which all men possess, but in varying degrees. Rhythm and emotion are requisites of poetical productions; creative insight is absolutely necessary. It is this creative insight that distinguishes the poet from other men. There is poetry in a flower just as there is honey in it; and unless the poet with his keen perception of beauty draw out that poetry it is unseen and unknown, just as the latent honey is worthless unless the bee draw out its sweetness from the flower's heart. The poet is the efficient cause; he is the mediator between the beautiful and its

verbal expression. Then, too, poetry is subjective; it is the mirror of the poet's thoughts and personality. Whether a poem be narrative, lyrical, or otherwise, the author's personality lies hidden beneath the lines. One can always see the irascible cripple in Pope's verses, and the wild, unbridled youth in Byron's. So too in O'Reilly's verses one can always discern the man, the patriot, the lover of humanity and the Christian.

To clearly see how prominently O'Reilly's character stands out in his poetry it is well to consider briefly the facts of his life. It is a romantic life, full of thrilling episodes and containing a mixture of the joyful and sorrowful. A soldier in the English army his patriotism and love for fatherland overcame his better sense, and he started the Fenian movement among the Irish soldiers. Arrested and convicted of high treason, O'Reilly, when only twenty-one years, was sentenced to twenty years imprisonment. He was taken to Australia, and from there, after an adventurous cruise in a rowboat, having been providentially picked up by an American whaler, he escaped to America.

This imprisonment made a lasting impression on O'Reilly. He experienced just enough of injustice and oppression to make him heartily detest both. For though he was a political prisoner, he was not treated as such, but rather as a felon capable of the most heinous crimes. He was thrown among criminals of all sorts and saw human nature at its worst. But though mingling with the most depraved, though suffering great injustice, he came away a man singularly upright and pure and with a spirit in nowise morose.

Three qualities mark O'Reilly's poetry—patriotism, love of humanity, and a religious spirit. Patriotism was the inspiration of his

life; humanity was the object of his love; religion was the solace of his existence. With him always God was first, country next, and then his neighbors.

The inequalities of social conditions were ever an object of dislike and displeasure to O'Reilly. Why one should possess so much wealth that it could not be counted over in a lifetime while others were in want and suffering was to him a source of trouble and vexation. Walk up a city street where are the gorgeous homes of the rich, and see the "upper set" with all the comforts that money can afford or that fancy can desire. That is the sunny side (apparently at least) of humanity's broad street. Then go down the alley and see the wretchedness of the poor and the misery of the unfortunate. That is the shady side of humanity's broad street. It is the presence of such conditions that moves the poet to impatiently ask:

If all this is righteous, then why prolong the pain
for a thing that must be endured?

We can never have palaces built without slaves, nor
luxuries served without ill-paid toil;

Society flourishes only on graves, the moral graves
in the lowly soil.

This dislike for the inequality of things found its bitterest expression in O'Reilly's most famous poem "In Bohemia." It is a masterly production, and needs only to be read to be admired. Bohemia is an ideal land where even failure is more desirable than success in another land, where all men are on equal footing; for

There are no titles inherited there,
No board or hope for the brainless heir;
No gilded dullard native born
To stare at his fellow with leaden scorn;
Bohemia has none but adopted sons;
Its limits, where Fancy's bright stream runs;
Its honors, not garnered for thrift or trade,
But for beauty and truth men's souls have made.
To the empty heart in a jeweled breast
There is value, maybe, in a purchased crest;
But the thirsty of soul soon learn to know
The moistureless froth of the social show;
The vulgar sham of the pompous feast
Where the heaviest purse is the highest priest;
The organized charity, scrimped and iced,
In the name of a cautious, statistical Christ;
The smile restrained, the respectable cant,
When a friend in need is a friend in want;
Where the only aim is to keep afloat,
And a brother may drown with a cry in his throat.

The thought of the poem is characteristic of the author. Reading this stanza one is swept along by its rapid movement, appalled at its

depth of hatred for show and sham, and amazed at its bold choice of words. One can almost picture the poet penning these lines, his emotion increasing with every word and his thoughts coming almost too fast for his pen.

A melancholy strain runs through O'Reilly's poetry; and in this respect it does not differ from the poetry of all Irishmen who loved their native land. Submission to tyranny for seven hundred years naturally would effect a tone of sadness and gloom in the poetry of a nation. On account of this doleful spirit some have called O'Reilly a pessimist; but he was neither a pessimist nor an optimist. For, as one biographer puts it, "he had supped too often with sorrow to be a pessimist; he had drunk too freely of pleasure to be an optimist."

To O'Reilly, who had been deprived of his liberty for several years, liberty, of course, was the sweetest thing in life; to him human liberty was the greatest of all blessings. Slavery under any disguise or any form was loathsome to him. Distinctions of race and creed were an abomination to him, as they are to all who love justice. What was written as a tribute to Wendell Phillips, who labored for the liberation of the slaves in this country, was as true of the author as of the liberator.

To be true to the Truth and faithful, though the
world be arrayed for the lie,

was as truly the guiding principle of O'Reilly's own life as it was of Phillip's.

Again, what he wrote of Daniel O'Connell could be as well applied to himself as to the great liberator.

Races and sects were to him a profanity:

Hindoo and Negro and Kelt were as one;
Large as mankind was his splendid humanity,
Large in its record the work he has done.

John Boyle O'Reilly was a real Christian, one who applied his religious beliefs to everyday affairs. One example, and a typical one, is found in his treatment of the question of racial distinctions. The negro is perhaps intellectually inferior to the white man, but for that reason no one has the power to deprive the negro of his natural rights. Color is only skin deep; in fact, some psychologists would fain have it understood that color exists only in the mind—a truly idealistic conception. If men would only change their minds questions of color would never arise. But O'Reilly solved the question for himself on Christian principles. He wrote:

What are these things to Heaven—
 Races or places of men?
 The world through one Christ was forgiven—
 No question of races then.

While for the most part O'Reilly's poems were patriotic, religious, and the like, one must not get the impression that he utterly ignored the purely lyrical poem. His lyrics are not numerous, but they possess the true poetic insight. They could not be called sublime, but their tone is elevating. "Unspoken Words" contains a pretty sentiment of more than ordinary merit:

Unspoken words, like treasures in the mine,
 Are valueless until we give them birth:
 Like unfound gold their hidden beauties shine,
 Which God has made to bless and gild the earth.
 How sad 'twould be to see a master's hand
 Strike glorious notes upon a voiceless lute!
 But oh! what pain when at God's own command,
 A heart-string thrills with kindness, but is mute!

Apart from the poems already mentioned O'Reilly wrote several descriptive poems of his life in Australia. He wrote a fairly good nautical poem called "The Last of the Nar-whale." "A Lost Friend" and "Three Graves" are to be mentioned as poems of particular merit because of their felicitous thought.

In summarizing the qualities of O'Reilly's character as seen in his poems kindness, religious fervor, and patriotism are predominant. His poems are remarkably well done, when allowance is made for the fact that they were written under the stress of necessity and when editorial work had almost overburdened the man. His poetry is marked by the true poetic instinct; and could he have devoted all his time to poetry, he would have undoubtedly produced poems of great merit. For, as an intimate friend said, "To him every leaf was a thing of beauty, every tree a pillar in Nature's temple; in every raindrop he saw a pearl from her jewel box, and their plashing was the music of her voice."

The poetry that affords intellectual pleasure by its harmony and beauteous word-pictures is undoubtedly the real poetry. But the poetry which, while it does not attain to the loftiest heights in the artistic sense, delights and teaches is of much more value from a materialistic point of view. That is what O'Reilly's poetry does; it makes pleasant reading, and imbues in the reader its lofty ideals and noble sentiments. Critics may judge other men greater poets; but no poet, a greater man.

George Baxter, Inventor.

FRANK H. BOOS.

Sitting alone on a bench in the locker room of the Notre Dame gymnasium was a young man clad in a track suit, spiked shoes, and muffled to his neck in a blanket. The air was hot and steamy and contained the old familiar odor of stale perspiration and dirt. A single electric bulb gleamed through the moist gloom. The young man, shifting uneasily, sighed and buried his head in his hands. Out on the track he could hear the sharp report of the starter's pistol, the echoing yells of the enthusiastic students, the sound of the runner's feet on the hard clay. What chance had Notre Dame? Here was he, "Spike" Mullen, former interhall star, scheduled to defend the gold and blue honors in the two-mile against Sterrit, the champion I. A. C. distance man. The Illinois men were ahead. Notre Dame had fought as she never fought before, but was losing. What was the use? He could never beat Sterrit, even if given two laps handicap. He might just as well not compete at all. If only Notre Dame had another two-miler besides himself! There was a sound of hasty steps, a door slammed and the coach confronted the despondent Mullen.

"What's the score?" asked the distance man in a cheerless voice.

"Thirty to twenty-eight, I. A. C., and the two mile's the next event. It's up to you to win this meet. It's up to you to keep the cup we've held for three years. You're not going to let that big bluff Sterrit cop it from us, are you?" the coach demanded.

"If only he *was* a bluff," groaned Mullen rising stiffly and running his fingers through his red hair.

"You've got to beat him, that's all there is to it!" answered the coach clenching his fists.

"Aw! what show have I got? This Sterrit is a nine-minute man, and the best I ever did was ten-two. I might as well drop out the first lap."

"Drop out! Drop out! Why, what are you talking about, man? Do you mean to say you're yellow? Going to lay down because some big stiff from Chicago has a better rep than you have? What's the matter with you anyhow? Drop out! Shucks!" Mullen quailed

before the fierce gestures and angry attitude of the coach.

"Well, I didn't exactly mean to drop out. I'll stick the twenty-four laps if it kills me, but you know how much chance I'll have." The door slammed and a figure advanced through the gloom. The coach and Mullen turned.

"Hello, Baxter," said he of the red hair in a hollow voice.

"Hello, Mullen," answered George Baxter, for it was none other than that inventive personage. "How's your chances beating this Chicago champ?" he asked looking questioningly at the coach.

"Not much. Don't bet on me," answered Mullen with a sickly attempt to laugh.

"Did you ever see such a yellow chunk of humanity in a track suit?" demanded the coach in disgust.

"Well," said Baxter, "I must confess that I. A. C. has most of the honors so far, and this Sterrit is a swell distance man all right." Mullen groaned and the coach glared.

"By the way, gents, I've something to say to you of great importance," said George hesitatingly.

"Well, go ahead and say it," said the coach full of impatience.

"You know I'm somewhat of a near chemist. The other day in the lab, I discovered a mixture which I believe is the strongest stimulant in the world. It took a long time to dope out the formula and it was just luck I discovered it. Of course the stuff is poison, but will not injure health if taken in small doses."

The coach's set jaw dropped and Mullen let the blanket slip from his thin shoulders in his surprise.

"What are you trying to hand us anyhow?" demanded the coach now very angry.

"I assure you, gents, it's the truth," said Baxter.

"What's the truth? What's all this line of bunk about stimulants and formulae got to do with the run?" bellowed the coach.

"That's just the point! That's just the point! See, I've got it here with me!" and George pulled a pint flask of pink liquid from his pocket and flourished it in triumph. The coach muttered and grew purple.

"Give it to Mullen!" shouted Baxter. "He hasn't the endurance this Sterrit's got, but this little stimulant of mine will give him wind

enough to run for an hour without stopping. Just a small dose, you know. N. D's got to win this meet, and I thought Mullen might have a chance if he took—"

"You crazy galoot, get out of here! Come around trying to dope our only two-miler before he goes out! Who are you anyhow? An I. A. C. spy hired to do this dirty work?" asked the infuriated coach advancing fiercely. Baxter retreated hastily.

"Aw! he's all right, coach," said Mullen. "I've known him for years."

"Never mind who he is! Just let me catch him sneaking around the gym trying to dope my men and I'll—I'll—" but the coach's voice failed him.

"Wont you let me give him just a little dose?" begged Baxter in a trembling voice. "Honest, coach, it ain't dope. It's a stimulant stronger than whiskey or morphine or opium or—"

"No!" shouted the coach opening the door to go out. "No! positively *no!*"

The door slammed and left the disconsolate Mullen facing the frightened Baxter.

"Honest, kid, is this straight dope your giving me?" asked the runner.

"Honest," answered the inventor.

"You say it will give me the juice to run for an hour?" asked the doubting Mullen.

"For two hours or three or four according to the amount taken," asserted Baxter with a sweeping gesture.

"All out for the two mile! All out for the two mile!" came a voice from within. Mullen groaned. The crowd was cheering madly and calling his name. He gave a swift glance toward the door to see if they were alone, snatched the pint flask of pink stuff from Baxter's hand, and, despite the inventor's frenzied appeals not to do so, drained it to the last drop and smashed the bottle on the floor. Baxter was speechless.

"Well, I can't no more than lose anyhow," exclaimed Mullen shuddering. "Gee! that stuff tastes rotten. Me for a drink of water," and he hurried out leaving George Baxter very pale and trembling and filled with terrible apprehensions.

Sterrit and Mullen, standing on the starting line on the track, were glaring at each other with scornful glances. The Notre Dame man impatiently pawed the earth with his spiked toes, his fingers repeatedly ran through his fiery hair, and as he held them aloft, could be

seen to tremble violently. The coach, observing this, stepped up to him and slapped him on the back.

"Quiet down, old man. You'll beat this big stiff yet," he whispered.

The starter, pistol poised in air, yelled the customary "On your marks! Get set!" A sharp report and the two runners started, Sterrit instantly springing to the lead. The gym was in a state of uproar. The two-mile race was on and here was Notre Dame's last chance. The I. A. C. man fell into his easy, rolling pace, but Mullen, much to the coach's disgust, stumbled along at his heels without trying to get into step. Something was obviously the matter with him. There was a wild gleam in his eyes and his fingers twitched. Suddenly a cry went up. Mullen, with a bound, passed Sterrit and started on a sprint. The stands cheered. The coach tore to the sidelines.

"Hey! what do you think you're running? The four-forty? Slow down! Slow down, you fool!" he bawled, but his words were lost to the fleet Mullen. He continued his killing pace. At the end of the third lap, Sterrit, half a lap behind, quickened his speed, but for every yard he advanced, Mullen went three. Never was there such a two-mile race before. The yelling and cheering became deafening, and faster and faster tore the drug-crazed Mullen. The coach paled with rage and swore deep, bitter oaths and still faster sprinted Mullen. The I. A. C. spectators predicted that he could not last six laps at that rate and the infuriated Mullen raced on. He tore around the curves at a terrific rate of speed. His spikes fairly ripped up the track and his arms rose and fell with the grace and ease of an experienced sprinter. The sneer faded from the face of Sterrit and he exerted every ounce of strength but in vain. Mullen, his mouth open and his eyes dilated, passed him as a hare would pass a snail in the fifth lap. Sterrit struggled on, and the N. D. man, his speed steadily increasing, passed him again in the seventh and again in the ninth and eleventh laps. The stands jumped and cheered and yelled and screamed. The I. A. C. men gazed blankly at the flying legs and swinging arms of the former interhall star. And Sterrit, poor Sterrit, the champion two-miler of the West, strained himself until he tottered and his knees wobbled beneath

him. The coach stood muttering fiercely in his excitement. Could that red-haired demon who was running the two mile in half-mile time be the weak, downhearted Mullen whom he had attempted to cheer up but a moment ago?

"Three more!" bawled the starter. Sterrit passed, gasping and stumbling. Mullen passed, his shock of red hair streaming behind him, his fists clenched, his jaws set.

"Two more!" yelled the starter as Mullen tore by with still more speed, leaving the weak I. A. C. man three-quarters of a lap behind.

Crack! It was the last lap! The students, abandoning the stands in their frenzy, lined the track screaming and yelling. Mullen, with the speed of a dash man came flying around, broke the tape, tore into the frenzied mob of admirers, fought his way through them tooth and nail, fell, scrambled to his feet and continued his lightning speed around the track. The race was over! Notre Dame had won, but Mullen, crazed with drugs did not know it.

"Grab him! stop him! he's crazy!" rang the coach's voice above the din. A dozen students sprang forward to catch the N. D. hero. He scattered them sprawling and resumed his pace as if nothing had happened. The coach, with a yell, dove at his legs, tackled him and threw him heavily to the ground. How he fought! How he plunged and struggled! Wrapped tightly in blankets and sweaters, he was dragged to the dressing-room by half the huskies in the gym. With the super-human strength of a maniac he struggled against fearful odds. His eyes rolled and he foamed at the mouth. The coach was nearly wild with anxiety. The mob of students pressed and fought cheering and screaming.

"Take him to the Infirmary, boys. He's crazy! Look out! Someone grab that loose arm! Throw water on him! Quick, hustle him to the Infirmary!" yelled the coach, dancing about in his excitement. Six brawny students half carried, half dragged the struggling, kicking Mullen out of the gym and the mob followed cheering.

.....
George Baxter, pale, hatless, his hair tumbled and hands trembling, stood before the door of a room in the Infirmary. Inside lay Mullen, dying perhaps, and all on account of his wretched discovery. Stimulant, bah! Nothing but rank poison. If poor Mullen should die! Outside the clock in the chapel tower struck seven

and the tones smote on Baxter's ears reminding him of a death knell. The thought sickened him; he shuddered and turned away. Suddenly the door opened and the coach and a doctor stepped into the hall. To Baxter's great relief the coach's face was wreathed in smiles and he was slapping the doctor on the back with great vigor.

"How's Mullen, doctor?" George asked in a weak voice.

"Very much better, sir. Very much better. In fact he is now sleeping peacefully, very peacefully, sir," replied that medical gentleman rubbing his hands together with an air of complacency and beaming through his glasses.

"Doc," said the coach with mock sternness, "there stands the villain who doped Mullen."

"Honest, coach, I didn't do it. He took the drug himself," said Baxter with an injured air.

"Well," said the doctor, "your compound will not permanently injure Mr. Mullen's health. Of course his nerves are at present in a state of coma, of coma, sir. He will, however, recover the use of his senses and awake, sir, awake—"

"To find himself the champion two-miler of the world and the track hero of old Notre Dame," shouted the coach in high glee.

"Thank the Lord!" sighed Baxter as he watched the two walk away laughing and joking. Mullen was all right! What a relief! His dope, his compound, his own invention, had caused the weak-kneed Mullen to win the world's championship! How proud he felt. He could hardly wait until the runner regained consciousness to have the story of his discovery come out. He would patent his invention and give it to all the N. D. runners! He would become famous. With a feeling of inexpressible joy he went to his room and dreamt that night of a world's championship and medals and honors, all of which were bestowed on him.

The next morning George Baxter received a letter from the doctor. It read:

"DEAR SIR:—I am exceedingly anxious to know what that compound, which you gave Mullen, contained. I perceived signs of strychnine and alcohol, but the other ingredients are mysteries to me. Please see me at the Infirmary at one p. m. and oblige.

"CHAS. BROWN, M. D."

George dropped the letter and ran to his room. At last he would be made famous!

He had the formula in his chemistry notebook. Confound it! where is the notebook! He left it right here on the desk. Someone had stolen it. Rushing to the door he yelled:

"Terry, O Terry! Where is that darned janitor anyhow! O there he is! Hey, Terry!" The janitor ambled down the hall toward him.

"Hey, where's that notebook I left on my desk? Have you been in my room?"

"Sure, I'm just afther sweepin' it. Do ye mane a little dirty, torn-up book what was lyin' on yer floor?"

"Yes! Yes! Where is it?" asked Baxter in a tense voice.

"Sure, I burnt it up with the rest of yer waste paper," said Terry smiling blandly. And for the first time in his life, George Baxter swore.

The "Logic" of Progress and Poverty.

CHARLES C. MILTNER '11.

Conclusion.

There remains but one more point to consider, namely, the appropriation by the state of all annual ground rent, or the single tax on land values. On putting forward this measure, Mr. George says: "What I therefore propose, as the simple yet sovereign remedy, which will raise wages, increase the earnings of capital, extirpate pauperism, abolish poverty, give remunerative employment to whoever wishes it, afford full scope to human powers, lessen crime, elevate morals, and taste, and intelligence, purify government and carry civilization to yet nobler heights, is—to appropriate rent by taxation" (p. 403). Surely a measure that assures such results as these merits our careful investigation. We have a presentiment, however, that the author is attempting to prove too much, and consequently may prove nothing. The question for us, then, is, Will a single tax upon land values bring about these results, and will this tax be just?

Let it be understood that we are dealing with this proposition as set forth in "Progress and Poverty" and not in any modified form. It will be readily seen that all, or most, of the supposed effects of this measure will depend upon the realization of the first two. "The rise of wages," he says, "the opening of opportunities for all to make an easy and comfort-

able living, would at once lessen and soon eliminate from society the thieves, swindlers, and other classes of criminals who spring from the unequal distribution of wealth. Thus the administration of criminal law, with all its paraphernalia of policemen, detectives, prisons and penitentiaries, would, like the administration of the civil law, cease to make such a drain upon the vital force and attention of society" (p. 423).

Now, Mr. George asserts, over and over again, that the primary cause of poverty, or of wages constantly tending to a "minimum which will give but a bare living, is that with increase of productive power, rent tends to even greater increase" (p. 280). . . . That, if the value of land increases proportionately, all the increased production will be swallowed up by rent, and wages and interest will remain as before" (p. 172). We have already shown from statistical facts that, with increase of productive power, wages have increased both relatively and absolutely. If we can now demonstrate that under a system wherein the state is the only landlord, rents will not diminish nor land be any easier to get, the guarantee of Mr. George's extravagant predictions will be removed and their ultimate realization proved futile. To prove this, let us bear in mind, that although present landowners would become tenants of the state, they would retain all the rights of practical ownership and would not be tenants at will. Now, Mr. George assures us that whether a man took a piece of land and "planted it as an orchard, sowed it as a field, or built on it a house or manufactory, no matter how costly, he would have no more to pay in taxes than if he kept so much land idle" (p. —). These improvements, however, as he rightly insists, would not only raise the value of the particular part improved, but of the whole field. "Let us suppose," says Mallock (*Property and Progress*, pp. 71-73) "that he builds on part of it, not a manufactory, but a town. He can not have his rents raised on what are practically his own improvements. Now though he pays for this pasture land (the remainder of the field) no more than he did originally, other people, he knows, would be willing to pay more to him; nor is there anything in the nature of the case to prevent his holding this land on speculation, and sub-letting it on exactly the same terms as he would do were he the owner

of the fee-simple." As to the value of land being determined by the highest bid made for it to the state, "A given piece of land is not in the market at any given moment" (*Ibid*), hence, until a buyer chose to part with his land, he could, by subletting it, still divert to himself the fruits of its increased value, and thus, so far from rents being diminished, they might actually be increased. We grant that for a time prices might fall, but only for a time, since, as living became cheaper, wages would inevitably fall until the old proportion would be again established.

It is equally difficult to conceive how the very poor,—and this is the class Mr. George especially intends to benefit,—could get land any easier, for, as Mr. Rae clearly points out, "putting up land to auction (by the state) will not secure cheap or nominally rented farms to an indefinite number of newcomers, unless there is an indefinite supply of land to divide into farms, but in the present world that is not so; and when the existing stock of agricultural land is exhausted, and every man has his farm, but there is none for any newcomer, what is Mr. George's remedy then?... The transfer of the power of letting to the state will not secure a tenant any faster." (*Contemporary Socialism*, p. 489). Mr. George refutes his own assertion, that every one could get land easy when he says: "This, (the increased production consequent to a single tax), in its turn, would lead to an increase in the value of land...."

But, disastrous as these observations are upon Mr. George's roseate prophecy, they are not the greatest obstacles from a practical standpoint. What, perhaps, offers the most serious difficulty is the impossibility of not only ascertaining pure ground values, but also who enjoys them. So many considerations enter into this problem, due to the constant mutations of social activity, its varying necessities and sentiments, the influence of legislation, the improvements in land indistinguishable from land itself, and the ever-shifting uses to which land is put, that no single, definite standard of measurement can be found by which they may be calculated. Add to this the variations of the margin of cultivation, and it is quite obvious that no degree of accuracy could be acquired or maintained by them. "For it (the government) to appropriate only the true economic rent would, in many cases, be impossible, as there is no way

of calculating exactly the amount of that rent." (Seager, Intro. to Econ. p. 523.)

It is true that such a tax might not be shifted, but it would come far from being an equal distribution. For as the greater value of the improvements upon certain pieces of land exceeds the value of the land itself, so will the tax which falls upon this land be unequal, proportionately, over against the tax on a piece of land whose value exceeds the value of the improvements thereon. It will thus be seen that he who possesses the less valuable improvements, if the tax is on the land alone, will be paying more, both in proportion to "social" benefits received and to ability to pay, than he who pays the same tax on land supporting more valuable improvements. This would be particularly true of the farmer. Although all other taxes, as on personal property, improvements, schools, etc., would be remitted, the increased tax on his land would far more than overbalance these.

But there is little use objecting to this measure on practical grounds when there is so little for its ethical justification. We might dismiss the whole proposition with the words of Professor Amassa Walker: "The attempted justification for this precious price of villainy is found in the mere bald assertion of Mr. Henry George, that the state never had the power to give a title to any parcel of land to any person, for any purpose; and that, therefore, all land titles are, from the beginning, void.... I will not insult my readers by discussing a project so steeped in infamy" (Pol. Econ. pp. 418-19.). The undoubted sincerity of Mr. George, however, prevents so blunt a dismissal. Nor is this necessary for he himself furnishes us with a proof of its injustice. He all along argues that what a man produces by his labor is his as against the whole world, and, therefore, can not *justly* be appropriated in taxation. Yet, when confronted with the fact that many improvements come to be indistinguishable from the land itself, he says: "Very well; then the title to the improvements become blended with the title to the land; the *individual right* is lost in the common right" (p. 341) [Italics our own]. Thus we see that he not only contradicts his basis of ownership, but grants that injustice must be done that his plan might be realized.

This doctrine of the appropriation of the "unearned increment" of land values might

seem more plausible if it did not apply likewise to many other objects of ownership; a fact which constitutes what Devas (Pol. Econ. p. 623) calls "The glaring injustice of the state taking only one kind of differential gains and leaving the others untouched."

Other objections might be adduced, such as the constitutional provision for compensation upon being deprived of property, the recency and legality of land titles and the law of estoppel, but enough has been said to show the impracticability of such a tax and its manifest injustice.

We began our criticism in an impartial spirit, willing to accept what could be verified, and to uphold—even at the cost of rejecting long-established theories—what would appear to be more practical and ethical conclusions. We found that the author really had no problem to solve, because of the ample evidence that poverty was not increasing with progress, nor were wages remaining stationary while rent alone increased. By disproving that his basis of all ownership was the true one, we undermined his objections to private property in land, and showed the untenableness of his theory of distribution as against the current school of economists. Taking up his remedy we saw, that, aside from there being very little, and, as some contended, absolutely no ground for its ethical justification, practical considerations opposed its adoption still more forcibly.

It has been some thirty years since "Progress and Poverty" made its appearance, and, though it has produced practically no direct changes in industrial organization and methods, nevertheless, much accidental good has resulted. The sanguine hopes of its author have not been realized, but the impetus which his doctrines gave to the study and investigation of social problems is still an active force, and eventually may bring about a beneficial tax reform.

In conclusion we might say with Mr. Luigi Cossa that Mr. George's "Evidently sincere conviction, his telling picture of the economic conditions of new countries, particularly of California, the vivacity of his style illuminated, as it often is, by the most felicitous imagery are quite enough to account for the phenomenal success of "Progress and Poverty," a book which nevertheless abounds in contradictions which take your breath away, and is crammed with errors of fact and false or inconclusive arguments that betray upon every page the utter absence of sound scientific training."

A Wanderer.

ALONE, alone on life's bleak sea
 I sail o'er waters rough and deep;
 But my great Pilot teaches me
 To steer my bark when storms sweep.

The surging sea of death and sin,
 At times may threaten my frail bark,
 But fortified by Christ within
 I'll sail on safely through the dark.

J. J. H.

The Little Martyr.*

F. H. USERA, '14.

I once found myself in Nagy Szeben. I had time to burn, so I decided to attend a meeting of Roumanians. One of these immediately attracted my attention. He was very dark and his face was seared by a great scar.

"Have you noticed that man?" asked my neighbor. "Look at him closely and you will see the scar."

"Is it a sword-cut?" I asked.

"No, it's a curse!"

I continued to walk with him through the garden and he told me the following story:

"In 1849 the Imperialists allied with the Roumanians were besieging a small city in Hungary. It was defended by the citizens and a handful of soldiers. The city finally surrendered. The fight had been furious, desperate. Between shouts of rage and vociferous acclamations the soldiers took the last house and expelled its defenders. Among these there was a man, not yet old, followed by his son, a child of thirteen. A few minutes afterwards father and son were standing against a wall—they were to be shot!

"An officer was passing by, and saw the child calm and smiling. 'Halt!' he shouted to the soldiers. 'Has this child been found fighting?' he asked.

"Yes," they answered.

"It is a pity," murmured the officer, looking at the boy, who was holding his father's hand.

"Then the father spoke: 'Sir, I see you have a kind heart. Grant me a favor. Permit me to send the money in this wallet to my wife.'

"At this moment the colonel of the regiment, followed by some officers and a Roumanian chief, approached the scene.

"By whom do you wish to send the money?" he asked of the man.

"By my son," he answered. The officer grumbled that the father wanted to save the son.

"You say I want to save my son," said the father. "Be assured, he will return."

"I will return," said the boy in a resolute tone. "Do not believe that I want to escape."

"Very well, take the money and carry it to your mother."

"The officers were half pleased to see the child run down the road and very soon disappear. Only the Roumanian chief remained brooding, as a bird of prey does, which sees its victim escape.

"The officers entered an inn, leaving the chief in command of the squad of soldiers. These loaded their pieces and at the command twenty shots were fired simultaneously that ended the life of the poor father.

"In a little while a runner was seen in the distance. 'See!' exclaimed a soldier, 'the child returns.' In fact, the child approached the group of soldiers, and after looking sadly at his father's corpse stood where his father had stood before him.

"The chief became thoughtful. Undoubtedly there was a struggle within him between dark hatred and a sentiment of admiration inspired by so much energy, so much moral strength in a child. Then his forehead clouded and he gave the command in a terrible voice.

"Fire!" Twenty bullets pierced the little body.

"Some little time afterwards the officers returned from the inn. The colonel, as if reminded of something, asked the chief if the child had returned.

"He returned, sir," answered the chief.

"And what have they done with him?"

"He has been shot."

"The colonel took a step backward as if he had trodden upon a viper; then with his riding whip struck the chief and exclaimed, 'Murderer!'

"A line of blood gradually became visible across the chief's face where the whip had fallen."

"Is this, then, that cruel chief?" I asked of my companion.

"No," he said, "this is his son, who is doomed to carry across his face the mark of the little child's innocent blood!"

* Translated from the Spanish of Vincent Blasco.

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 11, 1911. No. 8.

Board of Editors.

JOHN P. MURPHY, '12	EDWARD J. HOWARD, '12
PATRICK A. BARRY, '12	RUSSELL G. FINN, '12
CYRIL J. CURRAN, '12	WILLIAM J. MILROY, '13
SIMON E. TWINING, '13	JOHN F. O'CONNELL, '13
LOUIS J. KILEY, '13	MAURICE NORCKAUF, '14

—The football warriors gave their best at Pittsburg. Not their best in the absolute sense, but their best under the circumstances. When one considers that the team was practically a new one, that the most of the players were in their first big contest, that they were away from home and not cheered by familiar surroundings, one is very gratified at the showing.

As usual, the Pittsburg alumni were out in numbers with a big noise. They kept up their side of cheering against the more numerous gathering of Pittsburg. And when the battle was over they feted and feasted the players with characteristic hospitality and good cheer.

All told, the Pittsburg game was highly successful. We should like to have won for our own sakes—for our own here and our own in Pittsburg. But we didn't lose, and that's something. Everything taken into consideration, indeed it is a very great deal.

We hope the contest will continue to be an annual event. It will serve to bind faster the chords of memory between us of today who are here and those of yesterday who are in Pittsburg. It will serve to prove that the University has the secret of binding to her those sons whom time and calling have scattered far and wide. It will serve to show the present generation how strong is the affection of the sons for the mother.

—Certain vanity-choked students affect to despise the "plugger." Their treatment of him is scornful or it is patronizing. These individuals of the pyrotechnic intellect can discover no good in the plugger, and predict nothing but mediocrity as his life-portion. This view is very general and very old; it is likewise very silly. All maxims and examples urge steady work and rebuke fitful, firefly efforts. The student who is not ashamed to be seen mentally *drilling*, who can be respectable and rule-keeping without becoming whip-faced, may be derided as a *plugger*, but he perceives why he is at college, and he wisely is anticipating the "one, demd, horrid grind" which continues after school years are finished.

High-browed brilliancy will not burn away opposition as effectively as will continual fire. Pretty effervescent waters will not force the way so clearly as the headlong stream. Remember, we do not mean the foolish plugger who memorizes always and reflects never. He is a calculating machine without the accuracy. Everyone pities him and understands why he draws a blank in the lottery of life. He is consuming his years by ceaselessly polishing a brickbat, and trying to impart to it a lustre. But he is an extraordinary sort. The common kind are capable of immense development. Go to it. Let the superficially trained egotist poke fun at your labor. He, be sure, will return four or five mouldy and stunted talents. Let your one or two be thriving. Join the plugger band and what you study will stick to the ribs of your mind.

—Up to a recent date the news of affairs in Tripoli which has reached the outside world has, according to late information, been under the strictest censorship of the Italian government. The peril in which the Italian troops were placed and the losses they suffered remained unknown to the people on the peninsula, while false reports encouraged them with records of subjugation and victory. The reason for this unmitigated falsehood is apparent, not as a considerate measure to spare the anxiety of the Italian public, nor as a tactical method of preventing interference from other nations, but as a subtle trick to avert public indignation and murmurings which might arise from an unhappy con-

temptation of the moral injustice of the war. For, even though they be lecherous, success and profits palliate the public conscience as well as that of an individual, and an undertaking, even a war, becomes justifiable as soon as the results appear favorable. But for a people to bear up under a heavy war tax of life and blood, they must be convinced that their sacrifice is made for national honor and justice. In this day, when warfare is generally frowned upon, the Italians, or any other people, would properly resent the voluntary spilling of blood merely for the further acquisition of territory. To a popular disposition such as this, the Italian government found it necessary to accommodate its actions, so it attempted to accomplish its end through deception. The sympathy of a Christian is naturally with the Christian nation, yet when that nation undertakes a war, conceived in injustice and prosecuted by means of perversion and deceit unbecoming a Christian, then it lays itself open to disfavor and condemnation.

—If prohibition, as a movement to enforce temperance in the use of liquor, has been a failure, it seems that it has been such because

it makes no effort to conciliate that very considerable
Prohibition and portion of the population
The Individual. which believes in the use of
 intoxicants. It addresses itself always to those who are already enemies of the saloon, and if it can muster together a small majority, composed of these, when the question comes to a vote, it is satisfied. The result remains that there is a large part of the community, wherever prohibitive laws have been enacted, that is utterly unconvinced and undesirous of being denied the use of liquor. Naturally, the law is evaded and respect for it lessened.

If instead of putting so much energy into a hysterical and bombastic campaign to make the use of liquor illegal, these apostles of prohibition made a personal appeal to those who are addicted to alcohol, winning them over and not antagonizing them, the cause would be promoted much more rapidly. The question is one that may well stand upon its own merits. No reasonable man will deny that the moderate drinker is better fitted to meet the problems of life than the drunkard, or that the total abstainer is healthier and happier than either.

Father Martin presented this matter very forcibly at the close of our retreat. He appealed to reason rather than to sentiment. That is the only successful method of combating the vice of drunkenness. Whether or not a man is to be temperate depends upon himself as an individual. He decides for himself, and can not be forced to accept some one else's decision. If he can be convinced, well and good; but an attempt to compel him is bound to be a failure in the end.

Opie Reid in Happy Mood.

Mr. Reid returned to us last Saturday night after an absence of over two years. His lecture fully equalled the expectations of those who had had the pleasure of hearing him on previous occasions. He is the same good-natured, witty Mr. Reid who has delighted so many Notre Dame audiences in the past. His humor, however, was but a means of conveying some serious thought. The speaker lost no opportunity to hold up to scorn and ridicule employers who wish to pose as public benefactors and who nevertheless maintain sweat-shops which are a constant source of danger to the health and morals of those unfortunate enough to be in their employ. He called attention to many other phases of our present city life which need correction. Speakers who entertain and express such ideas as Mr. Reid can not fail to accomplish a vast deal towards eradicating many of the greatest evils of our day.

Five More Apostolates Formed.

The frequent publication in the SCHOLASTIC of the growth of the Apostolate of Religious Reading has drawn the attention of others to this good work and encouraged a number of priests and teachers to organize similar libraries in their respective schools or societies. Among those who have recently established Apostolates are: Rev. Michael Gillis, Antigonish, Nova Scotia; Rev. John C. McGinn, C.S.C., Columbia University, Portland, Oregon; Brother Maximus, director of the Young Men's Society of Holy Trinity Church, Chicago, Illinois; Brothers Alban and Raymond, teachers in the catechism classes of the Sacred Heart Church, Notre Dame, Indiana. Besides these a number of the students have begun of their own accord

to buy Catholic books and lend them at home to their neighbors, both Catholic and non-Catholic. The director of the Apostolate at Notre Dame has had the pleasure of sending lists of books to several persons who wrote to him for them, and he will find equal pleasure in doing the same for any others who may desire to organize free Catholic libraries.

Travelogue IV.

On Wednesday night we had the fourth of the Newman Travelogues, this time journeying through Russia, stopping over in the chief cities of the empire,—Warsaw, Moscow, and St. Petersburg,—and going the rounds of palaces, churches and public buildings. An especially interesting feature of this trip was the visit to Count Tolstoi's home, where we saw the Count and several members of his family at their country place. While we differ from many of Tolstoi's doctrines, we were, nevertheless, glad to see the home of so noted a writer, whose earnestness and desire to do good to others, particularly those not so well off as himself, we all admire. On the whole, Russia proved to be very agreeable sight-seeing, and our trip showed that there is much in the land of the "Little Father" besides suffering and tyranny.

"The Modern University Man."

"The Modern University Man" was the subject chosen by Dr. Walsh for his lecture Monday morning. As an example of what such a man should be, he selected the life of the late Dr. Dwight, Professor of anatomy at Harvard. He portrayed him as a man who knew, kept and practised his Catholic faith and at the same time was an eminent scientist; as a man whose most exhaustive studies and researches in the field of biology and anatomy served not to weaken but to strengthen his faith; as a man who believed in the necessity of doing good to others and who practised what he believed. This should be the standard of all university men. Professor Dwight's life is another instance of the fact that science and faith are not incompatible, and that those sciences which are most commonly blamed for loss of faith, namely, anatomy and biology, are, in reality, when studied by intelligent men, the best refutations of false doctrines.

Society Notes.

BROWNSON LITERARY AND DEBATING.

The fifth regular meeting of the Brownson Literary and Debating Society was held last Sunday evening. Mr. S. Burns was admitted into the society and showed himself to be promising material by the manner in which he delivered his entrance address. The question debated: "Resolved, That the laboring man has the right to demand a closed-shop," proved both interesting and instructive. The affirmative was composed of Messrs. E. Walter, J. Robins and M. Fahey. The negative was upheld by Messrs. J. Laird, R. Walsh, and A. Ryan. The fact that the question is one of the great industrial problems of the day guaranteed lengthy arguments on the part of the debaters. The fault of both sides, namely, not memorizing their papers, caused a few of the contestants to refer frequently to their notes. As this failing was more prominent on the part of the negative, the decision was given to the affirmative. Both sides, however, exhibited a good amount of knowledge on the subject judging from the spirited manner in which they gave their rebuttals. The question was also discussed by O. Murphy and V. Viso. After a short talk by the critic the meeting adjourned.

ARCHITECTURAL CLUB.

The third bi-weekly meeting of the Architectural Club was held Monday evening in Walsh hall assembly room. Mr. W. K. Phillips brought out some very interesting facts in his paper on "Heating Systems." He described the various methods of heating a building to the best advantage and in the most economical manner. Professor Adlesperger then gave a thorough criticism of Mr. Phillips' statements, pointing out the most efficient systems to be used. He also gave an account of an actual experience in the use of the "Dunham-Vacuo-Vapor System" which proved to be successful.

The second paper was one prepared and read by Mr. W. F. Dunphy on "Catholic Church Architecture in America." The reader based his discussion on these four points: (a) The church being the house of God, should naturally bring forth the best efforts of the architect; (b) There should be a gradual growth of interest from the vestibule to the altar; (c) The creation

of spiritual emotion by due consideration of decoration; (d) The arrangement of the plan should provide good acoustics for all present. Mr. Dunphy's paper showed careful study and was highly appreciated by all present.

Obituary.

Mr. Albert Kretschmer of Brownson Hall has the profound sympathy of all at the University in the death of his devoted mother who passed away at her home in Puebla, Colorado, October 4th. We request prayers for the repose of her soul. *R. I. P.*

The sympathy of the University goes out to Mr. Harry Hogan (LL. B. '04) and his brother Frank of Corby hall, in the death of their venerable mother at Fort Wayne, Indiana, November 5th. Needless to say many prayers will be offered for the repose of her soul. *R. I. P.*

Mr. Francisco Enaje of Sorin hall has the sincere sympathy of the University on the death of his sister, Sra. Rosario Enaje Delgado de Mata, who died in the city of Caragara, Leyte, Philippine Islands, September 2nd. The deceased was held in highest esteem by all who knew her. *R. I. P.*

George S. Madden (student '98-'00) died Friday evening, October 11, at Mendota, Illinois. George leaves a widow, his father, mother and two sisters to mourn for him. The SCHOLASTIC in behalf of the University extends to them sincere sympathy in their sorrow. "During his sickness," to quote the newspaper report, "he found much consolation in his religion and died a faithful Catholic." *R. I. P.*

Charles E. Cole (student '02-'04) died at Asheville, N. C., on October 28, as a result of an automobile accident in his home city Memphis, Tennessee, September 14. Charles and four other young men were viewing the city when the automobile left the road, turned turtle and buried the occupants beneath the debris. The University extends to the mourning family and relatives of this young man, with a future of such large promise, sincere sympathy.

Calendar.

Sunday, Nov. 12—Brownson Literary Society.
Monday, Nov. 13—Lecture, Dr. J. J. Walsh, 7:30 p. m.
Wednesday, Nov. 15—Travelogue V. "Germany."
Thursday, Nov. 16—Corby vs. Walsh in football.
Saturday, Nov. 18—Lecture, Dr. Banks—"Bismya."

Personals.

—Joseph D. Sinnott (E. E. '08) writes from a point near Medford, Oregon: "We are installing a fifteen-hundred horse-power sub-station for the Rogue River Electric Company."

—The marriage is announced of Mr. William P. Feeley (C. E. '06) and Miss Elsie O'Loane, in St. Joseph's Church of Stratford, Ontario, Tuesday, October 17th. The University sends greetings and best wishes.

—Daniel R. Foley (LL. B. '11) has opened an office for the practice of the law in Deerfield, Michigan. If Daniel shows the same zeal and success in rounding up clients as he showed in rounding up absentees last year, we prophesy a large measure of success for him.

—Mr. Charles V. Hilding (LL. B. '02) visited the University this week, the first time since his graduation. Mr. Hilding's address is 307-308 Fourth National Bank Building, Grand Rapids, Michigan. He has established an extensive law business in that city and is retained as an attorney for Bradstreets.

Local News.

—The Walsh clubs are planning to give a program in the near future for the pleasure of the Faculty.

—Somebody suggests that the Sorin "rec" room be called the "Notre Dame Conservatory of Rag-time Music."

—Many of the day-students have been assigned to Carroll hall this year, as Brownson is filled with boarders.

Lost—A gold chain with a medal and crucifix attached. Finder will please leave same with Brother Alphonsus.

—Corby hall is again working up enthusiasm for military work, and many new men are answering to roll call in Company B.

Found—A fountain pen, a watch, and a number of other unclaimed articles. Owners may obtain same from Brother Alphonsus.

—Sorin is turning its eyes away from the football gridiron and making plans to retain the "Trophy Cup" won in track events last year.

—Thursday morning a solemn requiem mass was sung by Rev. Father Walsh, assisted by Rev. Fathers Schumacher and Hagerty as

deacon and subdeacon, for the repose of the soul of Harry Rutkouskie, at which all the students assisted.

—Joseph Martin is giving instructions in the science and art of dancing every Wednesday and Saturday evening in Corby rec room. William Hicks furnishes the music.

—The Corby Wolves, captained by M. McGladigan were made glad again [Apologies to Safety Valve!] last Sunday morning by a 17-3 victory over the Walsh "Chicks."

—Walsh defeated Brownson last Thursday by a score of 10 to 0. A detailed account of the game will be given next week. A long run by McNichol from behind the Walsh goal posts was the shining performance of the game.

—The Sorin men are still "too busy" to take military, and the characterization of Co. A as one made up of "fourteen and a half men, fourteen of whom are from St. Joseph" is still true.

—Walsh men announce that they were not among the "groundlings" who "roared" at Mr. Alf Thomas' crude imitation of Harry Lauder November second. They reserved their applause for Mr. Lauder himself, when he appeared in South Bend Friday evening.

—The members of the Senior and Junior Monogram Clubs were entertained last Sunday by the Walsh Rooters' Club. E. Mee, as lord high director, presented an excellent program. The "Walsh hall Minstrels" appeared with McNichol and Byrne starring as black-faced artists. A mandolin trio, made up of Messrs. Rothwell, McLaughlin and Muehleback, furnished delightful music. W. Megaree, in his monologue "Zululand," displayed a great deal of talent. The Murphy brothers sang, and were vigorously applauded. The sketch "School Days," in which Messrs. Cox, McConnell, Gendron, Lucas, Langan and Youngerman took part, showed that the younger men, too, are not lacking in talent. "Prof." Chas. Mann mystified the audience by a display of remarkable hypnotic powers. Three subjects volunteered, and were transported painlessly to the "land of dreams." George McCoy presented "Bessie's" only original "Daffodil Dance." A sketch, "The Bugler," in two scenes, revealed the histrionic abilities of Messrs. Carroll, Farry, Lynch and Shaughnessy. Father Quinlan distributed intellectual refreshments, and refreshments not intellectual were served later.

Athletic Notes.

A SCORELESS TIE WITH PITTSBURG.

Notre Dame held the University of Pittsburg to a 0 to 0 score last Saturday in one of the fiercest gridiron struggles in which either team has participated this season. The contest took place on Forbes' field in Pittsburg and was witnessed by a crowd of several thousand spectators. Although Pitt held the advantage in weight, it became evident shortly after the opening of the game that the teams were well matched. The weather was ideal, but the soggiess of the field caused by the rains of the preceding week interfered with the playing of both elevens. Fumbles and blocked kicks were numerous, affording exciting moments during the entire game.

Without experience against a squad worthy of their steel, the team captained by Luke Kelly gave an exhibition which will long be remembered by the inhabitants of the Smoky City. Outweighed almost ten pounds to the man, and weakened toward the end of the struggle by injuries which made it impossible for several of the men to put forth their best efforts, Notre Dame proved itself a factor to be reckoned with this year as it has in the past.

To the uninitiated the result was a surprise. The showing of Pittsburg against Carlisle and Cornell afforded the dopesters ample opportunity of deciding that a victory would prove easy for the home team, while those who had witnessed Coach Marks' machine in action predicted that the gold and blue would have little difficulty in vanquishing their opponents. The players and coaches, however, knew they were going up against a hard proposition, hence the result was pleasing to both elevens.

Twice did Pitt cross Notre Dame's goal line, and on each occasion the ball was brought back. Rockne furnished the sensation of the game at the start of the second quarter, when he recovered Eichenlaub's kickoff and carried the ball forty yards for a touchdown. Referee Godcharles disallowed the count because the whistle had not formally opened the quarter.

Captain Kelly was easily the star of the game in the line, both on offense and defense. Pitt learned early in the contest the futility of directing plays at his position, and the impregnable defense afforded by the sturdy leader was seconded by his teammates in the battle-

front. Dorais played a heady game at quarter, while Berger, Eichenlaub, Pliska, Kelleher and McGrath handled themselves in such a way in the backfield as to make a selection of the best player a difficult matter. The muddy field prevented Bergman from doing his best, although the little halfback succeeded in making a number of good gains.

Pitt lost an opportunity to score at the outset, when an attempted kick by Eichenlaub on the first down was blocked, Pittsburg recovering the ball on the 13-yard line. The Notre Dame line held for downs, and the ball was punted out of dangerous territory. Again in the second quarter a fumble gave Pittsburg the ball on the 15-yard line. A forward pass netted ten yards, and three yards were gained through the line. With the goal two yards away Dewar essayed a quarterback play through center and was thrown for a loss. Kelleher was sent in at left half to replace Bergman at this stage, and booted the oval to the 40-yard mark, spoiling the second and last chance offered the home team. Galvin made two tries at the goal from placement, once from the 20-yard line and later from the 40-yard line, but failed on both attempts.

In the final period Coach Marks returned Berger, Eichenlaub and Bergman to the backfield, and the wisdom of his action was proved by the manner in which Notre Dame took the honors for the quarter. Pitt started with all the dash which marked their playing during the entire game, intercepting a forward pass for a touchdown, which was denied because the team was offside. The ball went over and Pitt was penalized. Kelly blocked the kick on the next play, and Eichenlaub recovered the ball on Notre Dame's 35-yard line. Philbrook displayed his versatility by receiving a forward pass for a 20-yard gain, and penalties to Pitt for objecting to the ruling of the officials brought the ball to the 15-yard mark.

Pitt braced for their last stand, and Bergman was thrown for an eight-yard loss. A forward pass failed, and on the third down Dorais fell back for a drop kick which missed the goal by about a yard. Both teams resorted to a kicking game for the balance of the quarter, each seeming to realize the impossibility of overcoming the other by straight football. The contest gave Coach Marks the chance he has been awaiting of finding the weak spots in his machine, and while they are few, practice

for the next week will be devoted preparatory to the Wabash and Marquette games.

All of the members of the party who made the journey returned filled with glowing accounts of the reception accorded them by the Notre Dame club of Pittsburg. The old graduates turned out in force to see their favorites, and their rooting made it hard to realize that the game was not being played on our own Cartier field. The committee headed by Ray Dashbach, president of the club, had arranged a series of entertainments for the players, making the trip one of the most enjoyable in recent years. The lineup:

Pittsburg—o		Notre Dame—o
Graves	L. E.	Rockne
Feightner	L. T.	Philbrook
Leahy	L. G.	Oaas
Galvin	C.	Jones
Smith	L. G.	Harvat
Stevenson	R. T.	Kelly
Wagner	R. E.	Crowley
Dewar	Q. B.	Dorais
Brown	L. H.	Bergman
Quailey	R. H.	Berger
Soles	F. B.	Eichenlaub

Substitutions: For Pitt—Connelly for Dewar, Kernohan for Soles, Soles for Kernohan. For Notre Dame—Lee for Dorais, Dorais for Lee, McGrath for Eichenlaub, Eichenlaub for McGrath, Pliska for Berger, Berger for Pliska, Kelleher for Bergman, Bergman for Kelleher, Yund for Oaas. Officials—Referee—Godcharles, Lafayette. Umpire—Smith Bucknell. Field Judge—Sigman, Lafayette. Head linesman—Kirkberger, Wash.-Jeff. Time—Four 15 minute periods.

St. Bonaventure will be the attraction on Cartier field this afternoon. Little is known concerning the ability of the visitors, except that Penn State defeated them last Saturday by the score of 46 to 0, but a victory for Notre Dame is expected.

INTERHALL OUTLOOK.

The heavy snow of last week put a temporary halt in the league race. Several cold days followed the storm and the expected thaw did not come soon enough to allow Corby and Sorin to play Saturday during the returns of the Varsity-Pittsburg game.

Sorin has now decided to withdraw from the league as her team failed to condition. Hard study kept the men from practice, and hence we may look to see Father Lavin's boys earning first place in the scholastic standings of the halls. This sudden move on the part of Manager McBride will necessitate the formation of a new schedule for the remaining

games. Walsh and Brownson played Thursday as per schedule, but the other dates are unsettled. Corby has played one game and St. Joseph is in the same predicament. Brownson and Walsh have each played three games, and it looks as if the next game will be between the two former halls. The long lay-off has softened the men, and gruelling practice is given to get them in shape.

With the season well under way, much comment is expressed as to who the winner will be. Corby by virtue of performances during the past three years is a favorite. The team is composed of several new men, but Father Farley has the faculty of turning out winning combinations from almost any material. The men are light but fast and adept at the open game. Walsh has the best developed teamwork which proves a big obstacle to her opponents. Not much of a line can be drawn on St. Joseph, as the game with Walsh showed up the weaknesses common in all opening games. These have been remedied, and the men are fighting hard to win. It will be remembered how the Saints came from behind in 1908 and beat Corby in the second half, thus earning the championship. This is the object for which the team has been striving since the opening of the season. Nearly all the Varsity scrubs are on the Brownson team and their experience will prove a factor in the play. The line is heavy with two good ends capable of following the ball. The backfield is not speedy, but it is powerful and dangerous at all times. Much attention has been given to signal drilling, and smooth playing has resulted. These are the possible winners. Take your choice.

Safety Valve.

An English student in the recent examination flood, now happily subsided, described a riming chronicle as "one who went from place to place singing songs about battles and telling everybody what was going on in those times." I know one riming chronicle. Bet you know him too.

PH³

Coach Stagg is perfecting a line of attack against Minnesota [line was later punctured in 30 places]. The gold and blue defense stiffened at this point.

Brown executed a forward pass.

The field was in a soggy condition and speed was impossible.

A local critic avers that *gruel* does not rime with

cruel. Neither, we may add, does it rime with potatoes or macaroni.

PH²

Gentlemen of the Faculty, Ladies and Gentlemen, Gentlemen of the University.

DON'T.

[Being hints on *politeness*.]

Don't say "Please pass the butter" for "shoot the butter."

Don't say, "Kindly be still a moment," for "shut up."

Don't say, "Be not so noisy" for "nix on the rough stuff."

Don't eat pie with a fork: you can dig in so much better with a soup spoon.

Don't forget that the world is your spittoon and take a shot at it any old time.

Don't fail to talk at a concert because the other fellows don't count worth a kick.

Don't miss any opportunity to act like a chump, if you feel you are one.

And at this late day some one wants to know how Father Farley got Whif Dolan across the lynx-eyed N. P. C.

Somebody suggests calling those exam. blanks the blue books. Let's think it over.

The U. of Pitt paper, having an eye for good goods, copped one of our jokes last week. And yet consider the big howl that goes up every Saturday p. m. if one of our pretty passes is intercepted!

DELINQUENT LIST.

Name of Class	Hall	Cause of De'linquency.
Football	Sorin	A passion for study.

"Ninety yards' penalty in one game is outrageous," declares Mgr. John Murphy.

Not so outrageous as ninety-one, however.

Glee and—Gee!

Gee and—Glee!

Don't shake those gory

Locks at me.

Well, it looks as if any old goose could trim the Chicks.

BULLETIN OF MR. ROSS CRANE.

Drawing.....	99
Elocution.....	34
Piano.....	46
Vocal Music.....	40

200 demerits for trying to be funny in Washington hall.

Brownson expected to use a number of subs against Walsh at the end of the first period. However, comma, the Walsh fellows punctuated the game with so many dashes it was thought best to leave the—all right, all right, but don't step all over a person.