

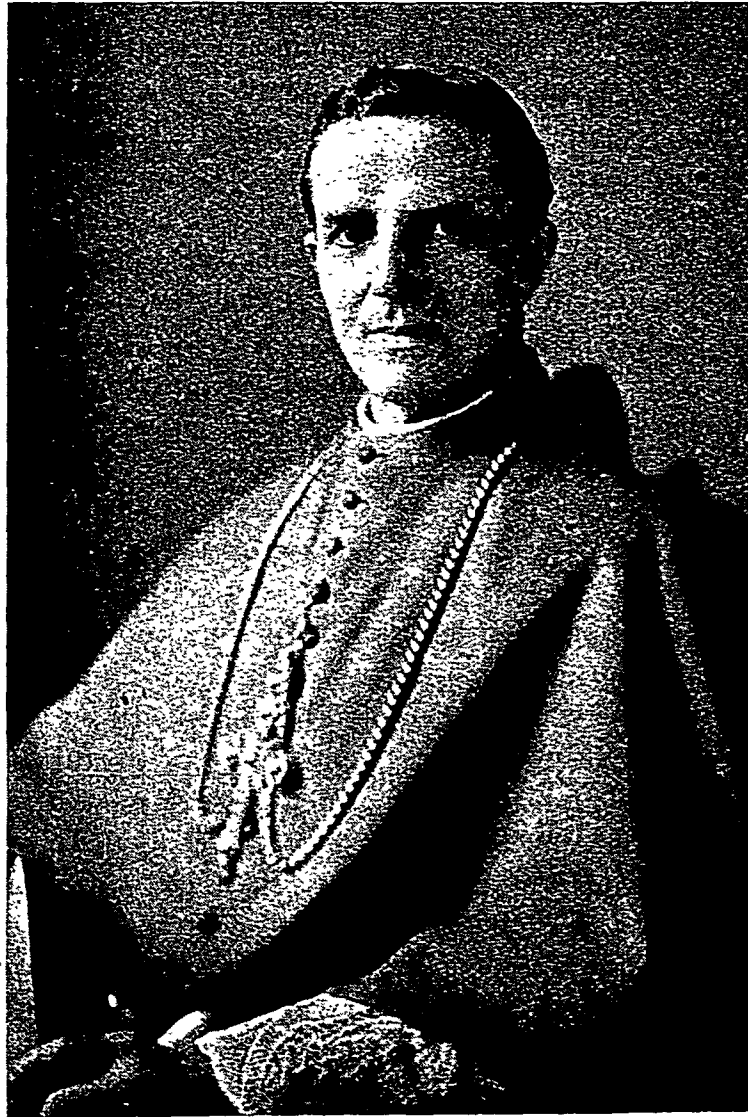
The Notre Dame Scholastic

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

VOL. XLVI.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, SEPTEMBER 21, 1912.

NO. I



TO
HIS EXCELLENCY
THE MOST REVEREND JOHN BONZANO, D. D.,
APOSTOLIC DELEGATE,
THE PRESIDENT, FACULTY AND STUDENTS
EXTEND
A MOST CORDIAL WELCOME

Jane Austen.

THOMAS A. J. DOCKWEILER, '12.



THE English novel, in the course of its evolution from Richardson's "Pamela" to Scott's "Waverly," presents some very curious and very interesting stages of development. We are told that society and manners—presumably of England—passed through a rapid and complete transformation during the eighteenth century; that from the coarseness and brutality of the days of Defoe and Swift there had been an oscillation to the other extreme of excessive refinement, delicacy and observance of the proprieties. It would be strange if this potent change had not reacted in some fashion on the novel; for, generally speaking, the pulse of a people is their popular literature through which we are brought into contact with the spirit of their age, come to an intimate knowledge of their life, and, indeed, feel their very heart-throbs. As might be expected, there was a reaction; and its result was the so-called novel of domestic satire, which has been so fittingly styled "the romance of the tea-table" because the name suggests something of the personnel of the authors of the fiction to which it is applied, their plot settings, and the depth, breadth, and character of their outlook on life. Appearing towards the end of the eighteenth century it flourished in the opening decades of the next, and its rise marks an eventful step in the progress of the novel towards perfection. Professor Walter Raleigh has well said of the thirty years or so preceding the appearance of "Waverly" in 1814, that they "were the years of the triumph of woman, creator and created, in the novel." For the three great writers in the school of domestic satire were women,—more evidence that art is no respecter of sex. This remarkable trio was composed of Frances Burney (later Madame D'Arblay), Marie Edgeworth, and Jane Austen. The first two, who lived from 1752 to 1840, and from 1767 to 1849, respectively, have left novels that are of more than mere historical interest and have merits entitling them to be long read by many generations to come. The last of the three is not only the literary superior of her two sister contemporaries and the leader and best expo-

nent of her school, but is acknowledged to be one of the greatest workers who have ever labored in the field of fiction. So admirably conceived and executed are her several masterpieces that practical immortality is assured them. At her pen the novel of domestic satire assumed that singular perfection of finish which distinguishes this talented woman as a consummate artist in letters.

Jane Austen's writings betray but little of herself. Contemporary records and tradition are also to a great extent silent concerning her, probably because her genius did not receive the proper recognition it deserved during her lifetime. Hence, though we are filled with a justifiable curiosity to know more about the life and personality of the authoress than we now do, we have to content ourselves with a few facts. The little village of Steventon among the chalk hills of north Hampshire in southern England acquired a dignity all out of proportion to its size and importance when in 1775 it became the birthplace of Jane Austen. There in the retirement of the rural parsonage where she was born, this well-bred clergyman's daughter passed the first twenty-six years of her life. Then followed a residence of about eight years in Bath and Southampton, and for about an equal period in the small village of Chawton. She died at Winchester in 1847, and was buried in the cathedral. Her life, as far as we know, was uneventful. She lived and died a spinster. Her writing she seems to have looked upon merely as a useful pastime and refused to take it seriously. While the talents of Miss Burney were recognized and she received the attentions of admiring society, Miss Austen was quietly producing works which will be read and re-read when the labors of the other are forgotten.* Her retired mode of life stands in striking contrast to that of the authoress of today, who strives so hard to obtain publicity and sees to it that whenever she sits down to write, a newspaper reporter is at hand to chronicle and photograph her actions.

Jane Austen's high place in literature is due to six novels, "the best and best known," "Sense and Sensibility," "Pride and Prejudice," "Mansfield Park," "Emma," "Northanger Abbey," and "Persuasion." There is a big discrepancy between the dates of their composition and publication. "Sense and Sensibility," written about 1798, was the first to be published; it came out in 1811. "Pride

and Prejudice" appeared in 1813. Though produced about 1797 it was refused by the publisher, Cadwell,—probably because he found it hard to persuade himself that a girl twenty-one years old, a minister's daughter residing in such a small community as Steventon could write a novel worth his attention. "Mansfield Park" was published in 1814, and "Emma" in 1816. "Northanger Abbey," said to be the first written of Miss Austen's stories, was disposed of to a publisher when the writer was only twenty-three years old, but was not printed until the year after her death. "Persuasion" was also given to the public posthumously. It is interesting to note that the first three of the novels mentioned were issued anonymously. An earlier draught of "Sense and Sensibility," like the unpublished story "Susan" from the same pen, was written in the form of letters.

To the possession of two supremely important qualities, Jane Austen owes much, if not most, of her extraordinary success as a writer of fiction. These qualities, only too often lacking in writers of inferior merit, are a thorough knowledge of one's own limitations, and a faculty of honest, well-directed self-criticism. Miss Austen did not attempt to write a wonderful, new romance with a plot as complicated as a Chinese puzzle, with a heart-gripping situation at every turn; nor to present types of men and women who live only in the mind of the author who created them. She clearly realized that in the search for subjects a writer of fiction need not leave his or her own doorstep. As a sympathetic spectator she observed and analyzed the life and manners of the aristocracy and upper middle class of an English village and its vicinity in the days of George the Third. These people, with their various traits of character, their likes and dislikes, their foibles and petty bickerings, their views of life and their modes of action, she made her subjects. The range of her literary activity was limited by restrictions of time and place, for it was only a "little cross-section of life" that engaged her attention.

Miss Austen's plots have been called "mere tempests in tea-pots." They are such in fact. Yet her work is drawn so finely to scale that that which in itself is really something of a trivial nature, assumes proportions of great moment. Her novels all have a lesson to teach, but the moral is never obtrusive. We get the story first, and the moral follows. In "Sense

and Sensibility" there is the picture of two sisters who stand for the characteristics contrasted in the title. Here sentimentalism is subjected to criticism by subdued irony. "Pride and Prejudice," that "serene classic," thought by many, and with good reason, to be Miss Austen's masterpiece, shows the folly of pride arising from the self-consciousness of superior birth, and what it means to be blind to the good qualities of another through a spirit of extreme sensitiveness. "Mansfield Park" points its moral of what it is to be poor and brought up among wealthy relatives. "Emma" is the story of the rich young woman "whose character is exposed to the adulation and shams incident on her position." "Northanger Abbey" satirizes the utter ridiculousness of girlish sentimentality of the kind originating in too intensive reading of such books as "The Mysteries of Adolpho." The idea illustrated by "Persuasion" is "the uncertainty of all human events and calculations."

Somebody has said that she "came nearer to showing life as it is,—the life she knew and chose to depict,—than any other novelist of the English race." She was singularly felicitous in the portrayal of characters. These are probably drawn from types which were familiar to her. Though she is often in sympathy with her characters she seems never to identify herself with them. Walter Scott thus praises her: "That young lady had a talent for describing the movements and feelings of characters of ordinary life, which is to me the most wonderful I have ever met with." Miss Austen's view of life was satirical. Hence in depicting characters she faced the danger of falling into caricature.

Jane Austen's style is a splendid example of adaptation of means to end. There is a remarkable evenness of tone throughout all her works, and her first novel is "as completely modelled and as perfectly lifelike as her last." The story is told for the most part in dialogue, narration and description being but sparingly used. The language, easy-flowing, without self-consciousness, and strangely modern in idiom, does not distract from the matter of the story. Then there is a vein of gentlest humor. Above all Miss Austen, observing life as a woman, wrote as a woman. Finally, to again quote Professor Raleigh, "in Miss Austen's works the analytic novel, with its interest depending almost entirely on the delineation of character, reached its highest polish."

Baxter Turns Chemist.

SIMON E. TWINING, '13.

We were smoking, and conversation lagged. Smoking is like singing, in that half the pleasure is lost without an accompaniment, and it is much more agreeable if this accompaniment be furnished by some one else; so when Leo Condon strolled into the "rec" room Burns gave him a "leader" at once. Condon has been aptly compared to a Roman candle: it takes only a fuse to set him going, and he lasts a long time.

"How did you like the lecture this afternoon, general?" flung out Burns. Condon cleared his throat and looked pedantic.

"Well, I'll tell you, fellows," he began, "Dr. Walsh is a good scout and all that, but this here Leonardo da Vinci stuff doesn't go down."

"Why, look here,"—put in Burns.

Condon refused to yield the floor.

"It may have been all right in the middle ages for a man to have half a dozen professions, but you can't get away with it nowadays."

Burns again sought to reply, but Condon squelched him with one of those looks which military officers acquire for use against presumptuous privates.

"Not on your life," he continued. "There's Baxter,—got sent home this afternoon."

"Baxter sent home?" Boos in excitement almost lost his cigar. He had been writing short stories about Baxter's inventions, with much favorable editorial comment from the *Chimes*, and now he saw his star of fame setting.

Burns, however, was cool and—no, not refined (though he is, of course)—and logical. "What has Bussy Baxter to do with Leonardo da Vinci?" he cross-examined.

"Bussy Baxter proves my point," shouted Condon, warming up to debating pitch. "A man can't be a painter and an engineer and half-a-dozen other things today."

"Why not?" asked Burns, innocently.

"Why not!" sizzled Condon. "You fellows listen. This here Baxter is an inventor, as you know. A couple of days ago he just escaped being expelled for using that new skeleton key he invented. Of course he was sore at the prefect who reported him. Well, Baxter has

been going out of his line, following the lead of this Da Vinci, and he will have to leave school for it. You know they burn gas all the time in the Brownson study-hall in case the electricity should desert them. Baxter, dabbling with some compounds over at Chemistry Hall, discovered one which smelled like artificial gas, and took a bottle of it over to the hall to get even with the prefect. At "rec" hour, when the hall was empty, he got in with that new key of his and smeared the pipes with the compound, which, by the way, was Na_2S , sodium sulphide."

"There isn't any such compound," said Burns.

Condon was irritated. "Well, isn't Baxter an inventor? Couldn't he *invent* such a thing?"

Burns' logic failed him—or his readiness of tongue—and Condon went on triumphantly. "Of course, when the prefect came back he scented a leaking pipe, and sent for the plumbers. Five o'clock came, but the smell was bad as ever and the plumbers had made no progress. No study-hall bell was rung. Then came the denouement. (Condon had taken English III.) Bussy's desk began smoking. No flames appeared, however, and holding a fire extinguisher in readiness the prefect opened the desk. He found a bottle marked Na_2S , containing some burning sodium. Baxter had forgotten to stop up the bottle, and all the sulphur had passed off. *That's* what comes of trying to be a master of all knowledge nowadays. I guess Bussy will pass off, too."

"No, he won't," said Boos. "Baxter will invent a new electric gong for getting the fellows up in the morning, or something like that, and melt the prefect's heart." And he did, but that is for Boos himself to tell.

Coming.

C. D. F.

A moaning wind and a cloudy day,
And the leaves are turning gold;
From the ice-ribbed North, o'er a snowy way,
Rides Winter gray and old.

We'll welcome Winter, though he come
With a still and icy face;
His heart is true, though his hands be numb;
Then yield to him his place.

Robert Louis Stevenson.

RUSSELL G. FINN, '12.

Perhaps the first consideration in the indention of an author is contingent upon the determination as to what school he belongs, whether he be a Romanticist or a Realist. In the novel this simple division is quite sufficient since, though it is extensive and the lines of demarcation are more or less obscure, it recalls with apt severity the characteristics of both schools. The Realist presents to the reader life as he sees it. He directs attention to the common, unobtrusive characters and things of nature, ennobling them without the artifices of imagination, and employing only such embellishments as are necessary to artful attractiveness. The Romanticist, on the other hand, is the writer of adventure. He seeks the extraordinary, exaggerating, if needs be, yet always presenting life in its more perfect form. He is a beautifier, making all things radiant under his touch.

By nature Stevenson is a Romanticist, an adventurer, a nervous, passionate, boyish traveller in the land of dreams, of battles and piracies. His romantic nature carried him to the South Seas; it led him as a vagabond on aimless saunterings; it warded off the meditative sensuousness of age and kept his soul rife with the happy imaginings of a boy. He is called a Romanticist, yet because we know him well, this designation does not bring with it all the conclusiveness with which it was shaped. Because his nature is romantic his art is realistic. Paradoxical surely, yet entitled to a thought. Stevenson presented the grim, the fanciful in life because he saw naught else but the grim and fanciful. Johnson, as he lay abed, could see quite well legions and cohorts marching, charging, enfilading across his great toe. In the same manner Stevenson saw storms in the murmurings of the waves. He saw pirates in the cargoed ships that passed before him. He detected strange men and grotesque figures in the mobs that moved in cities. In the idle lad who crooned beside a brook he beheld the kindapped Balfour or the speculative Will o' the Mill. These things he presented because he saw them. For him no conscious laborings of the mind created them. They really existed; he could not close his eyes upon them. In this sense he was a Realist. He photographed

life just as he saw it, retouching the picture only to make it suit the subtle taste of the artist.

Once the name of this author—this Englishman who was distinctly an American—was a byword in the household of the middle class. To some extent it is still a byword, for he has written such stories and impregnated them with such morals as are peculiarly congruous with the life of the homely household. He has written for the people, the free, unspoiled people of the middle class. Just as a boy he has written for boys, yet his works breathe forth such a generous, genuine spirit that they hold and delight the elders—even the master. In his dedication of "Kidnapped" he expressed the opinion that he to whom the book was dedicated could scarcely be expected to enjoy it, even to read it, but that his son might find pleasure in its pages. This was a sentiment which was impressed in his every production. He wrote for the boy, for he saw in the boy the ready appreciation which the truest things in life deserve. Yet it is a worthy conjecture that the father both read and enjoyed "Kidnapped." Who having read it, would not enjoy it, with its immediate humor, its quaint and unshackled style, its terrors and thrills which never grow irksome? He must have written this and "Balfour" in one of those passionate moments when he most desired to be a lad in his teens that he might without the indignation of a withered reason place himself in some delightful peril. Whether or not his father-in-law ever experienced such uncommon adventures as befell Davie Balfour, I do not know. I would never care to ascertain, for I am glad to look upon them as the fashionings of Stevenson's own fancy, as the adventures through which his own boyish unrest would lead him. "Treasure Island" too is a fine picture, a grand array of adventures which he so much desired. Of this book he expressed the regret that some one else had not written it. Because it was his own he could not read it, and because he could not read it he was deprived of a pleasure which than him no one could more thoroughly enjoy. I can easily see him deep in the pages of this tale, with every thought engrossed, smiling in the mad pleasure of adventure, his eyes flashing and his cheeks lit with the thrills which passed over them, as he followed and foiled John Silver and shouted at the hideousness of the sin-scarred companions. It is regrettable that some one else

did not write it—but no one else could, no one other than Stevenson.

It was in his early youth that Stevenson first discovered his propensities for writing. His fine romantic nature urged him, and though he could not feel within himself the power to write, yet he was impelled by a strong desire to learn. He read much, spending practically all of his time with books. This was his childhood. The reality of life for him, the happy adventures of boyhood, his friendships, his quarrels, the endeavors of his imagination, all these he found in books. Not once did he lose sight of his dominant wish to become a writer. It was with him in every moment of his early days. While he walked he attempted verbal expression to every thought, and found his greatest pleasure in formulating sentences for the thoughts he experienced as he looked upon nature. After he felt that he had succeeded in some degree, looking back over his struggles and achievements he attributed his ability to the reading he had done and the imitation he had employed of the authors read. In this regard, he says of himself, "I have thus played sedulous ape to Hazlitt, to Lamb, to Wordsworth, to Sir Thomas Browne, to DeFoe, to Hawthorne, to Montaigne, to Beaudelaire and to Obermann." No doubt he was sincere in this belief that his final mastery of the power of expression was ascribable in a great degree to the fact that he had read much and imitated. No doubt to these agencies a measure of his attainment is ascribable, yet the scope of this credit is limited. Stevenson became a writer primarily because he was by nature a child of art, possessed of the sharp sensitivities of the romancer, of the active mind and patient will of a writer. No manner of imitation, no amount of reading will make a noteworthy author. True, it may develop to a certain extent a mechanical efficiency in a man and awaken the latent powers of a genius, but it can never infuse into one's soul the exquisite taste of an artist or the restless imagination of a romancer.

Stevenson was a conscious artificer of words. He may not have loved beautiful words more than the grim action of his plots, yet his love of words was one of his strong passions. He delighted in onomatopoeia, and noted particularly the poetical richness and picturesqueness of many names. They seemed to enchant him with their sweetneses, and a happy combination,

or what he was pleased to call a harmony, aroused all the music of his soul and set him to composing. It is this passion that has characterized his style and has led him to be called a stylist. Without style he could see nothing in writing, and bent his best efforts to an attempt to cultivate a style that would please him—he cared little indeed if it pleased others. Whether or not it was consistent or the reverse with his family and friends, "he must gang his own gait." He loved a story, but, unlike Scott, he loved the telling of it more. When he wrote he felt it his most urgent duty to express his thoughts exactly, and the main question with himself was: "Have I achieved artistically the result that I had in mind?" He has been accused, and frequently, of entertaining the same attitude toward composition as did John Lyly. Though indeed there is a generous amount of euphuism to be found in his works, he was never insincere, he never trifled as did Lyly. But he did delight in performing dexterous tricks with language, to display the fine feathers of his verbiage and send his words fairly tumbling over one another in extraordinary, though graceful contortions, to such an extent that he is charged with being a mere stylist.

One of the most notable features in Stevenson's work is the unusual absence of sex-interest. Perhaps it is his adventuresome spirit that leads him to neglect this highly difficult character—his marriage was as great an adventure as he ever experienced. Perhaps it was because he was a boy, thoroughly a boy, that he abandoned woman and, boylike, thought that she could serve no other purpose than to derange the play which he had jealously selected as his own. In his "Vailima Letters" he speaks of his peculiar distrust for the feminine character, not deploring his inability to present it, but rejoicing rather in the grim and terrible tales which such a character would reveal. His own gift, he realized, lay in the grim, sword-clashing incidents of a gruesome adventure, and for what lay outside this he had no concern. In "Prince Otto" he attempted to draw the character of a woman, but was sadly ineffective. He introduced also a love of David Balfour, but this, though he was somewhat more successful, was beyond him, as he acknowledged in his letters. "I am afraid," he says, "my touch is a little broad in a love story; I can't mean one thing and write another.

As for women, I am no more in any fear of them; I can do a sort all right; age makes me less afraid of a petticoat, but I am a little in fear of grossness. However, this David Balfour's love affair, that's all right—might be read out to a mother's meeting—or a daughter's meeting. The difficulty in a love yarn which dwells at all on love, is the dwelling on one string; it is manifold, I grant, but the root fact is there unchanged, and the sentiment being very intense, and already very much handled in letters, positively calls for a little pawing and gracing." Only in his great unfinished work, "Weir of Hermiston" did he show any great skill in the handling of the noblest passion. In this, the delicacy with which he wrought his earlier works had vanished, and his powers seemed to consent to the vivid portrayal of an animal impulse. In the depicting of feminine characters Scott was far the superior of Stevenson, but the latter did not regret this, he rather gloried in his supremacy in other departments, which more aptly suited his style.

After giving a new life to the story of adventure, Stevenson seems in his later works to have employed a higher, a subtler purpose. He sought in his later fiction for character and the analysis of mind and soul. But in this he did not progress to any great degree, and it may be considered part of his great unfinished work. The touch of moral philosophy was not at any time deeply concealed in his fiction. From the first to the last he made "God's moral his moral," and placed it conspicuously before the reader. He believed above all in "an ultimate decency of things." "And," he says, "if I woke in Hell I should still believe it." The profound power of his introspection Stevenson made apparent in his essays, also in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," though most of his novels are of a far different type.

It is hard to pass criticism upon Stevenson without mention of his famous letter in defense of the martyr of Molokai. That grand, fiery invective was delivered in the strong, determined method of the master who would break down and dash to bits the gilded battlements of a trembling antagonist. It was severe, relentless; it was grand and majestic; it was sharp and piercing, showing the high disdain of the author for the poisoned contumely of a foe fairly beaten, and the greatest esteem for genuine masculine heroism. Here indeed was the author attired in the most flashing armour

of his art, here was the man impelled by the keenest sense of justice and the courage to defend righteousness.

Stevenson may never be regarded as prominent in literature, though his letters will always live as a splendid monument to his art. Surely he had his limitations, yet it must be borne in mind that his work was struck down in the moment of its triumph. His life is analogous with the great unfinished "Weir of Hermiston." Just at that moment when it was flashing in the most dazzling radiance it was suddenly snatched away and hurled beyond the realm of our knowledge. His labors had been adjusted to a long career, and had that course been run, Robert Louis Stevenson never would have died.

Cordelia and Imogen: A Comparison.

BERNARD A. LANGE, '12.

Shakespeare is great,—not so much because of the greatness of his plays, but because of the mastery with which he presents his characters. It has been said, after having seen one of Shakespeare's plays or having read one, that we remember some particular character or characters in the play rather than the plot of that play.

Concerning Shakespeare's own life there seems to be much doubt at times as to just what kind of man he really was, and whether he wrote the masterpieces of literature attributed to him or not. Still, as every statement must have some grounds for its origin and as the consensus of literary opinion grants Shakespeare the credit, it is safe enough to state that Shakespeare did write the plays with which he is credited. Shakespeare, despite all previous doubts regarding his character, was greatly influenced in the portrayal of his various characters by the different happenings entering or occurring during his own lifetime.

At the beginning of Shakespeare's career he applied himself chiefly to the writing of his comedies and works of a lighter nature. As he grew older, he gradually softened this spirit of levity until at the time of his death he had blended his pictures of human men and women into the great characters which have placed him at the top of literary geniuses. Each character that is depicted in the various

Shakesperian plays is an exact portrayal of human men and women as they are, not as they should be. Shakespeare's men and women are ideal, not that they are, the concepts of the great writer's brain, presented as ideals usually are, namely visionary; but they are ideal because they are the typical representations of men and women as men and women. From the most insignificant character to the most important, this quality of realistic idealism, so to speak, is found.

Shakespeare experienced those great natural sensations common to all persons, joy and sorrow. He lived in an atmosphere of levity, and he also knew death. Being a man of sensitive intellectual abilities, he weighed well his thoughts. It was during those days of light-heartedness that he produced his comedies; only later, after the death of his father, mother, and son, did he give to the world the greatest of his works, his tragedies. Shakespeare knew human nature because he knew himself. He portrayed men and women so that the reader of any of his plays immediately recognizes the person pictured. His characters are real, living ones. They love and hate as only human characters love and hate.

After merely reading one or two of the Bard of Avon's plays, the reader readily sees that it is chiefly through the perfect portrayal of human character that Shakespeare has become an everlasting memory. All of his characters are different, no matter how much alike they may appear to be. There is just a little more villainess in one villain than in another, just a stronger show of bravery in one hero than in another, and just a deeper shade of love in one heroine than in another. All the villains in Shakespeare are different, as are all his heroes and heroines. Some are stronger in their loves and hates than others. In the two plays, "King Lear" and "Cymbeline," Shakespeare pictures two feminine characters that represent all that is beautiful in woman. It is impossible to find two more perfect womanly characters outside of the supernatural.

In the tragedy of "King Lear," Shakespeare has produced in the character of Cordelia, Lear's youngest daughter, the heroine who, as an example of true filial love and womanly devotion, shall live as long as the English language shall be spoken and read. Yet in the historical romance, "Cymbeline," Shakespeare pictures a heroine in the character of Imogen,

who is even stronger than Cordelia. Both women are remarkably alike in their characters, and yet they are different. They are similar chiefly in that their greatest charm lies in that greatest of all human passions, pure, honest love. They are different in that one's love is greater than the other's. The love of Imogen is greater than the love of Cordelia. Cordelia is portrayed as the ideal daughter, and Imogen as the loving and ideal wife whose love is sorely beset by the machinations of a scheming step-mother.

Observation has always shown that actions speak louder than words; although, in many instances, well-chosen words together with a little dramatic effort may convey the semblance of reality. Ultimately, however, the veneer is gradually thinned and at last completely obliterated, showing the true and, at the same time, the false structure that lies beneath it. Persons are appreciated more for what they do than for what they say. The true man is always willing to fulfil his assertions by immediate action. The man or woman capable of returning love for hatred is indeed in possession of the true qualities of manhood or womanhood. Where such a relation exists between father and daughter, as in the case of Lear and Cordelia, it is less surprising than where it is found existing between husband and wife; for the reason, that in the former case it is natural, while in the latter it is acquired. In order to demonstrate, and at the same time illustrate, in a comprehensive manner, just how the love of Imogen is greater than the love of Cordelia it is necessary to compare the two characters. In saying that Imogen's love is greater than that of Cordelia it is not necessarily asserted that Cordelia's was less meritorious. Like the color red, love has its various shades.

It will have been observed that Cordelia is obliged to contend against not only her father's displeasure but also the hatred of her two sisters. Lear, grown old, is greatly flattered by the flowery speeches of his two daughters, and when Cordelia, his favorite child, so plainly and humbly asserts her love, he is severely taken aback. Cordelia, after listening to the fulsome declarations of love that her two sisters ventured, with a childlike innocence in turn makes answer:

Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave
My heart into my mouth: I love your majesty
According to my bond; no more nor less.

Lear is dumfounded at her plain-spoken answer, and Cordelia, by way of explanation, tells him her reasons for speaking as she did:

Good, my lord,
You have begot me, bred me, love'd me: I
Return those duties back as are right fit,
Obey you, love you, and most honor you.
Why have my sisters husbands, if they say
They love you all? Haply, when I shall wed,
That lord whose hand must take my plight shall carry
Half my love with him, half my care and duty:
Sure I shall never marry like my sisters,
To love my father all.

Cordelia shows to her father in just what relation her affection towards him consists, and likewise, in what the love of her sisters towards him consists. She tries to make her father understand that when she weds it is only proper that the husband she takes should have half her love at least. The other half she leaves with her father. But until she weds, Cordelia declares her father shall possess all her love. This she does because he has brought her into existence, because he has reared her and loved her. Lear is unjustly prejudiced against his youngest daughter by reason of her true but unflattering declaration of love for him. He presumes that she does not love him—his reason being blurred by the highly flattering tributes of love that his two other daughters have given him. It is seen that Lear, despite his unjust treatment of his youngest daughter is still ever present in her thoughts, for as she departs with her affianced husband, the king of France, she says to her sisters:

The jewels of our father, with washed eyes
Cordelia leaves you; I know you what you are;
And like a sister am most loath to call
Your faults as they are named. Use well our father:
To your professed bosoms I commit him:
But yet, alas! stood I within his grace,
I would prefer him to a better place.
So farewell to you both.

As Cordelia has surmised, her father would not receive true filial treatment at the hands of Goneril and Regan. These two daughters took turns, it seems, in making the poor, old king miserable by opposing his every little whim. Cordelia again proves the steadfastness of her love for him by inducing her husband to lead an army against her traitorous sisters. She had learned of the ill-treatment her father was receiving from his undutiful daughters, through a messenger sent by the faithful Kent. In telling Kent of the results of his message,

the messenger says that Cordelia spoke or rather heaved the word "father" once or twice; that being all she spoke. Yet in that simple word "father" there must have been all the love poured forth from a heart that beat truly, as only the heart of a daughter filled with love can beat in its generous endeavor to render assistance. When she hears of her father's madness she exclaims:

What can man's wisdom
In the restoring his bereaved sense?
He that helps him take all my outward worth.

She further shows the nobleness of her character in these lines:

All bless'd secrets,
All you unpublished virtues of the earth,
Spring with my tears! be aidant and remediate
In the good man's distress! seek, seek for him,
Lest his ungovern'd rage dissolve the life
That wants the means to lead it.

Again in the following:
'Tis known before: our preparation stands
In expectation of them. O dear father
It is thy business that I go about;
Therefore great France
My mourning and important tears hath pitied,
No blown ambition doth our arms incite,
But love, dear love, and our aged father's right
Soon may I see and hear him!

Cordelia continues in her lovable conduct upon finding that Kent has brought her father to her. O my dear father! Restoration hang
Thy medicine on my lips, and let this kiss
Repair those violent harms that my two sisters
Have in thy reverence made!

She is almost heartbroken upon learning of the wretched attention that her sisters have given their father. She shows the nobleness that lies in her breast when, after hearing of Lear's treatment, she cries:

Mine enemy's dog,
Though he had bit me, should have stood that night.
Against my fire. And wast thou fain, poor father,
To hovel thee with swine and rogues forlorn,
In short and musty straw? Alack, alack!

In scene three of the last act Cordelia makes to her father her last demonstration of love. The old king's heart is deeply touched by the filial devotedness shown him by the daughter he had so greatly wronged. He does not seem to care that they are being taken to prison, his uppermost thought is that of joy upon finding that his favorite child truly loves him.

(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. XLVI. SEPTEMBER 21, 1912. No. 1.

—His Excellency, the Most Reverend John Bonzano, D. D., Apostolic Delegate to the United States, pays his first official visit to the University this evening, and opens with solemn Apostolic Delegate service the college year Our Guest. tomorrow morning. The distinguished churchman is no stranger to us. No representative of the Sovereign Pontiff could be such at Notre Dame. But apart from the honor we pay to his exalted position, Mgr. Bonzano merits our deep esteem for ripe scholarship and for personal charm of manner. In a sense, we have known him intimately before he came. His reputation is here before him—a reputation for kindness, for large sympathy, for easy dignity which suit so admirably his large responsibilities.

Every delegate to the United States has placed our University among the first of the institutions of learning to be visited. The honor is not lightly received. That the representative of the Sovereign Pontiff to this country should select ours as the first, where so many great schools have arisen and flourish, fills us with a pardonable enthusiasm. We are proud of our school; we cling to her sterling Catholic principles; we love her for what she has done in the face of obstacles and limiting circumstances. She has grown great, and in her growth has never stepped aside from what she has deemed her life a mission. Her eyes have always been turned to the light, nor has she ever followed a meteoric illusion. Truth has been her portion, and always she has followed in the wake of Truth.

Therefore, we of the present year, who are now enrolled as students, thank His Excellency, the Apostolic Delegate, for the high honor he pays our University. His presence will prove an inspiration for the school term that is just begun. While he remains here we will feel that we have with us one interested in our

work, one in deep sympathy with our strivings, one to whom we are bound by ties of singular affection. When he leaves—and we hope it will not be soon—we will keep his memory among the most precious of all the years.

—The class of nineteen twelve demanded a high toll from the SCHOLASTIC staff, and as a result we find a number of positions vacant for the ambitious scribe, Editorial Vacancies. who has ability and is willing to work. Curran, Howard, Finn, Barry, Murphy are familiar names that for the past year or more kept the SCHOLASTIC high in the ranks of college publications. Now they are gone, and their places must be filled. In addition, one or two other vacancies will be found in the list.

Merit and a readiness to work are essential to the student desiring to enter the staff of the editors. In other words, the would-be editor must be able to write a fluent English style and he must show himself willing to turn in a reasonably large amount of copy from week to week. Considering the splendid practical training in English composition and journalism which the SCHOLASTIC affords, the student who is desirous to learn will put forth every effort to win a place in the editorial staff of his college paper.

—The big army is already on the march. The double-quick to Fort Knowledge is heard upon the plains. There are no stragglers thus far—it is too soon.

Don't Lag; Keep Up. But as the days come upon us, this one will miss step, halt a little, and lo, he is behind amid the risen dust of the marching feet! That one will grow weary, will argue with himself that he may rest a little and catch up later. He drops back and accepts the portion of the sluggard. Are you one of them? Are you beginning to shirk the written exercise? Are you already entering the class-room with the slovenly prepared lesson? Are you even now coining counterfeit excuses which you hope the professor will take for the true coin of honesty? No, certainly not! Well, then, these reminders are not meant for you. Be sure, however, that you are honest with yourself, for self-deception is very subtle and not easy to detect. Be sure that you are working during study periods, and not visiting your

neighbor. Be sure that you are not reading the insipid fiction of the magazine when you should be working out that problem, or translating that exercise for tomorrow's class. Be sure that you are not planning an excuse for a permission when you should be planning the foundations for your English theme. Be sure you are working, not trying to force yourself into the belief that you are working. Are you up with the army? Is your class stealing away from you? Are you getting hazy about your problems? Do you understand the principles on which you have been working? These questions are important just now; more so than at any other time. By putting them honestly, and letting the answer be a resolve not to lag behind in the march to Knowledge, the prospects are bright for a profitable year.

—One notes with pleasure the large number of hard-working old students that return to resume their studies at the close of vacation.

Usually, the boy or young man who has been successful in his work has no desire for change. He realizes that failure to advance is due to the individual, not to the institution. This is general enough to be almost axiomatic. The man who has fallen by the wayside during the year looks for a reason to explain away his failure. Of course, he goes beyond himself to find this reason. He assures us his teachers were not capable, the text-books were too difficult, the number of students in the class too many or too few, the periods of study too brief, the distractions too insistent. It were a long litany to enumerate them all. There does not seem much necessity anyhow, for the man with the wanderlust for schools, calling out his litany of woes, is sufficiently advertised to be recognized when he casts a shadow on the landscape.

"Three removes are as bad as a fire," "A rolling stone gathers no moss," or any other such pertinent saw, sufficiently suggests the harm of the change-school-every-year system. Knowledge-getting is a matter of co-ordinated work, of patient striving to gather in a little every day, of energy that does not stop at difficulties.

Get the working habit therefore; the habit of doing each day the task assigned, not wasting time with idle dreaming for the past nor with futile hoping for the future. Get the working

habit; the staying habit follows therefrom, as a matter of course. Thus the years of school will be years of solid advance, not of the seven-mile-boot kind, very probably; but none the less real and permanent.

Obituary.

BROTHER URBAN, C. S. C.

With profound regret we record the death of Brother Urban, C. S. C., who passed away at the Community Infirmary, Notre Dame, on July 5th. For years his health had been so frail as to require him to give up active duties, and for a considerable time he had been confined to his bed. The cause of his death was general break-down—the infirmity of old age.

Brother Urban was born seventy-seven years ago in County Armagh, Ireland, his family name being Andrew McKeown. In his early youth he entered the University of Notre Dame as a student and afterwards he embraced the religious life. He has had a long and distinguished career as teacher and superior, and for years towards the end of his life he served as guest-master in the University.

No man who ever met Brother Urban could ever forget him. Nature and grace combined to create in him a subtle and unusual charm. Invested with a natural dignity of attractive personal appearance, of gentle manners and refined breeding, he went his quiet way through the world offending none, serving all, and leaving golden memories in the hearts of those who met him.

And these were a great multitude. Many hundreds of visitors passed daily through the gates of Notre Dame, and to them this gentle religious dispensed hospitality and above all a kindness that was more refreshing and strengthening than any mere hospitality could be. Few men were more widely known and esteemed. *R. I. P.*

MRS. R. CURRAN.

The sad news of the death of Mrs. R. Curran, mother of Cyril Curran (A. B. '12), will cause grief to all who had the pleasure of meeting her during her visit to Notre Dame. Mrs. Curran was an ideal Christian matron whose influence for good extended far beyond the bounds of her own home. The loss to her own family is irreparable, and to them the University sends condolence and assurance of fervent prayers. *R. I. P.*

THOMAS B. McAVOY.

"It is my sad duty," writes Paul McGannon, "to announce the death on Tuesday last of Thomas 'Barlow' McAvoy in Pittsburg. At the time of his death he was air-brake inspector for the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad and was considered an authority in this line of work. You will undoubtedly remember him as one of the greatest half-backs N. D. ever produced. For two seasons he made the All-Indiana Eleven and was mentioned for the All-Western.

"From all reports he died a beautiful death surrounded by the Sisters of Mercy and priests." May his soul rest in peace!

ARCHIBALD C. UNSWORTH.

A letter from Mr. William H. McCarthy brings the melancholy intelligence of the death of Professor Archibald C. Unsworth, a well-remembered teacher of the olden days. For a quarter of a century Professor Unsworth had been living in San Francisco where he was identified with several important newspapers. All our readers will echo the words with which Mr. McCarthy concludes his letter: "May he rest in peace and may those who knew him in life not forget to pray for the eternal repose of his soul."

Important Notice.

The United States Civil Service Commission desires teachers of High School science, mathematics and English and also supervisors of school districts. Graduates and old students interested in the matter may apply to the Bureau of Insular Affairs, Washington, D. C. The salary of the majority of male teachers in the Philippines, to which these teachers would go, is \$1200 per annum and expenses to the Island with the possibility of promotion, with \$2,000 as teacher and \$3,000 as superintendent.

The Class of Twelve.

P. A. Barry has entered the Grand Seminary at Montreal, Canada, to begin his studies for the holy priesthood. Perseverance and success to Pat.

Cyril J. Curran, the painstaking editor of the *Dome* and valedictorian of his class, is now preparing for the study of law in New York.

Bernard Lange is in St. Bonaventure's

Seminary preparing himself for a life of usefulness in the priesthood. All at Notre Dame are confident that Ben will make a useful worker in the vineyard of the Lord.

Russell G. Finn, president of the class, is about to take up the study of medicine in Detroit, Mich. Russell should make a keen surgeon.

Another one of the boys to enter the Seminary is E. J. Howard of "Torso" fame. He is with his friend Barry in Montreal. We always felt "Del" would.

Joseph Huerkamp is assistant in the laboratory of the Cincinnati Hospital preparatory to the study of medicine.

What shall I Read.

"What shall I read?" is a question that every serious student asks himself at the beginning of his college course. "Shall I continue in the old rut of reading the most useless and most ephemeral reading-matter,—not worthy to be dignified by the name of literature,—or shall I make an effort to acquire a taste for books that are wholesome and well written—in a word for good literature?" Much will depend on the way this important question is answered. If the student sternly resolve to break with the habit of reading "yellow" newspapers and trashy magazines, he will feel like an emancipated slave, now free to roam the world of truth and beauty, hitherto shut out from his vision by base ideals. How sad to know that some of those to whom the opportunity of a college education has been given still stay on the lowest level of mental activity by continuing to read what will eventually prove a deadly narcotic, even a poison to mind and to morals.

The educational value of reading will, of course, depend largely on what is read. The most difficult part is to know what to choose for reading. In the first place, the reader should find out in what particular direction he should do most of his reading. Some will have a decided taste for history, biography, books of travel, or one of the other branches of literature. When his bent is discovered, he should confine himself chiefly to his own department.

Since fiction is nowadays the kind of reading that is most widely used, it is well to ask ourselves whether we read such books only

for recreation or for both recreation and improvement. A novel that is of a high order is both interesting and instructive, and may teach us many things that will be of use in real life. We should read leisurely, noting the beautiful passages, which should be reread. Little bits of information are often scattered through the pages of a good novel, which one may not learn elsewhere. But the most beneficial feature of the novel is the picture of life that the author is portraying, which when wholesome must leave a lasting impression for good. For this reason, only the best fiction should be read.

The average reader depends upon popular opinions in selecting his reading, but such a criterion should not satisfy a Catholic, for what is popular is not necessarily praiseworthy. Lists of books by good authors may be obtained readily, and a book not included in such a list, should not be read without inquiry as to its merits.

There is a class of reading for which Catholics should have a predilection. I mean the works of Catholic authors. The writer has found that most of the students that come to Notre Dame are but little acquainted with Catholic authors, so in order to facilitate an acquaintance with such authors, he has organized a *free library* which has been called "The Apostolate Library."

Some of the authors whose works are represented in the library are the following: Maturin, Hedley, Manning, Gibbons, Newman, Vaughan, Ward, Stoddard, Benson, Camm, Hull, Kane, Mannix, Spalding, Walsh, Daly, Ryan, Tabb, Ayscough, Crowley, Crawford, Egan, Griffin, Hobbes, Harland, Mulholland, Parr, Reid, Smith, Sienkiewicz, Sheehan, Saddler, Spearman, Waggaman, Tynan, Malet.

The Apostolate Library is under the direction of Brother Alphonsus, and is located in Brownson hall. Books may be obtained from him at recreation periods, and may be kept for an indefinite time. Representatives of the library are to be found in each hall of the University, whose pleasure it will be to obtain any particular book that any student may desire. The names of these promoters will be published later in the local columns of the SCHOLASTIC.

Although the library is entirely free to any person living at Notre Dame, still the director will be grateful for voluntary contributions, no matter how small. Considerable of the

money that was received in past years for the library came from the students, but more was secured from outside sources. Nearly \$300 was the sum obtained during the first three years that the library has been in existence. There are many running expenses connected with every library, such as the re-binding of old books, the purchase of new publications; and unless the library is endowed, the director must beg for the means to keep it up. No money is paid to any persons who act as promoters, each one doing all he can for the good of the cause. Now, since the director and promoters of the Apostolate Library have the courage of their cause, let the patrons show equal generosity in contributing to that cause.

Personals.

—Richard O'Connor (Student 1873) called August 27. He is now in the brokerage business in St. Paul, Minnesota. Address: Minnesota Club, St. Paul.

—The marriage is announced of Miss Mary Iren Christian to Fred Herman Herring at Los Angeles, Cal., June 26th. The groom is Sergeant Herring who was assistant instructor in Military Science at the University last year.

—Fred L. Steers (LL. B. '11) visited the University during the summer. He holds a responsible position in the great firm of Sonnenschein, Berkson & Fishell, Attorneys and Counsellors at Law, Stock Exchange Bldg., Chicago.

—We have pleasure in announcing the ordination on July 7th of the Rev. Pamphile Cyril Depew (Student '05-'08) in Detroit, Michigan. Father Depew said his first mass in the Church of Our Lady of Sorrows, Detroit, July 14th. Congratulations and best wishes.

—It is a pleasure to announce that Color Sergeant George A. Campbell, U. S. A., Retired, has been appointed as assistant instructor of military science and tactics in the University. The appointment was made by General Leonard Wood of the United States Army under date of August 8th.

—Mr. James E. Deery (LL. B. '11) and Miss Mabel Smith were united in holy matrimony in the Cathedral at Indianapolis September 11th. Bishop Chartrand performed the ceremony. The SCHOLASTIC wishes this popular graduate and his charming and accomplished wife every blessing.

—Hugh A. O'Donnell (Litt. B. '94), Business Manager of the *Philadelphia Press*, delivered an address on the "Goodness of Journalism" before the Catholic Educational Convention in Pittsburg, June 26th. The address, needless to say, was an able effort and elicited high praise from the Convention.

—"Anthony J. Brogan, President," is the style and title that appears on the editorial page of the *Irish-American*, published at 35 Warren Street, New York City. But all the dignity of the title does not serve to conceal the fact that the man behind the *Irish-American* is our own "Tony" Brogan (Litt. B. '01).

—Paul McGannon writes a friend as follows: "This is my first week back to my office, and while I am a little wobbly and nervous I am on the road to better health than ever before. I wish to thank you and all my other friends at Notre Dame for the masses and prayers. It was this devotion to our Blessed Mother, the patroness of Notre Dame, that pulled me through. For an entire week after the operation my condition was serious."

—As there were many requests for an explanation of the absence of James P. Fogarty (LL. B. 1900) from the alumni reunion last Commencement, it has been thought well to publish the following telegram which explains the mystery.

PHILADELPHIA, June 18, 1912.

REV. JOHN CAVANAUGH, C. S. C.,
Notre Dame, Ind.

Arrived yesterday. Regret that I prevented my old man attending Commencement.

JAMES P. FOGARTY, JR.

Very well, James, you are excused this time, but don't let it happen again.

Local News.

—The Walsh alleys are being improved for the fall and winter evenings.

—Conditioned students in the colleges were examined Tuesday and Wednesday.

—Carroll Hall reports an increase of forty students over last year's total registration.

—Freshman English has three sections which are larger even than those of last year.

—Four or five positions are open for ambitious young writers in the editorial staff.

—Owing to Bro. Philip's good taste and patient work the lawns never looked better.

—The chapel in the Main Building is enlarged for the accommodation of the Carroll hall boys.

—New machinery and apparatus are being added to the equipment of the school of electricity.

—The lakes are exceptionally high this fall. Not in many years has the water reached so near the walks.

—Tubby is dead and laid away. But Tubby II. is serenely reigning. The King is dead. Long live the King!

—Carroll hall play-room will boast of a new floor when the carpenters have sent home the last nail.

—Rochester and Indianapolis are close rivals for highest registration this year—Chicago always excepted, of course.

—St. Edward's Park still preserves its mid-summer splendor. The serpentine and the "Ave Maria" designs are especially rich.

—Students should not fail to have their mail addressed to the hall in which they reside. This will mean more ready delivery.

—For the benefit of the students it has been arranged that confessions will be heard in the basement chapel every evening at 6:30.

—A very excellent lecture and concert course will be presented this year. We expect to publish the completed list in the near future.

—Students desiring to read books of a wholesome, improving character should not fail to visit the Apostolate library in Brownson hall.

—Walsh beat Brownson in a baseball game Sunday. Canty pitched for Walsh and "Barney" McQuaid sent home the benders for Brownson.

—An unusual number of long-trousered Carrollites have moved across to Brownson. St. Edward hall students have crowded into Carroll by scores.

—Crowded conditions are reported in all the halls. Rooms are at a premium, and late arrivals, who failed to reserve rooms, are having their own troubles.

—The sanctuary of Sacred Heart Church has been enriched with a green velvet carpet. It adds much to the general effect of the space before the high altar.

—Considerable improvements have been made in Cartier field during the summer. The new football field will probably be ready for the opening of the season.

—Father Quinlan has purchased two new billiard tables for Sorin. Thus Walsh will not be the only place where the click of the balls will be heard this year.

—Moving pictures of the Total Abstinence Convention processions, taken during convention week at the University this summer, were presented in one of the Science class rooms during the week.

—Don Hamilton called in during the week on his way to Delafield, where he will coach St. John's Military Academy football team. Don is full of "pep" and loyalty for Alma Mater. We wish him all kinds of luck.

—Tomorrow morning at 8 o'clock solemn pontifical mass will be sung by His Excellency, the Apostolic Delegate, the occasion being the annual opening of the school year. The Rev. President will deliver the opening sermon.

—Prospects are bright—even brilliant—for a most successful school year. The corp of professors has received notable additions, the halls and grounds have been much improved during the summer, and the registration list is a record breaker. The only anxiety is lack of accommodations for the unusually large number of applicants.

—Mr. Charlemagne Koehler of Cincinnati, actor and dramatic exponent, is a most welcome addition to Notre Dame's teaching staff. Mr. Koehler's coming will be enthusiastically hailed by all those students who had the pleasure of listening to the excellent program that he presented in Washington hall during the lecture course of last year. Mr. Koehler is an actor and teacher of considerable reputation, having been for some time a prominent member of the Booth and Barrett companies and a teacher of dramatic action in Washington and Cincinnati. The course in public speaking will doubtless be much improved through the talents and ability of Professor Koehler. Students this year will find this course more than ever worth while.

Athletic Notes.

Now that the football season is here, the question, what are our prospects? is again confronting us. But this year the question may be answered more easily than last, for, according to indications, Notre Dame will be

represented on the gridiron by a team superior, in many respects, to previous teams. Of course some of last year's men will not be back, but those that do return, together with the many new candidates, will no doubt constitute a banner line-up.

Coach Marks is again at the helm, and, judging from the manner in which he piloted last year's crew, we feel certain that he will again prove himself a worthy and capable helmsman. Mr. Gormley, the new trainer, who has taken "Doc" Maris' place, comes to us highly recommended from New Orleans. There is no doubt he will show himself well able to keep our athletes in prime condition.

Of last year's monogram men, those that will be out again are Feeney, Harvat, Crowley, Rochne, Dorias, Kelleher, Eichenlaub, Pliska, Berger, Yund and K. Jones. Besides these, McGinnis and Dolan will be here. Letters from most of these men have been received by Manager Cotter, telling him that they are in the best of form.

Dorias will captain the team from the quarterback position. This little player has a head full of "gray matter" and a foot with which he can punt from forty-five to fifty yards. He is a good, conscientious worker, and we may be sure he will give the best that there is in him. Feeney, who played center last year, will again make a strong bid for that position. He will be pushed hard by K. Jones and several newcomers who also want to do the snapping-back. Among the contenders for guard will be Yund, Harvat and O'Neill. These men are all experienced and are ready to put up a hard fight.

The tackle positions are the only ones that demand more than ordinary attention. For these, however, Coach Marks will have some very likely new material from which to pick, and no doubt he will be able to put on the field two men as good as those of last year. It is not at all unlikely that W. Dolan may be tried at this position, as he is a very fast man, good at both defensive and aggressive playing.

Rochne and Crowley, two of the best ends in the country, will both be back. Last year Crowley was chosen for the All-State team; this year, if he continues to improve, he stands a good chance of being chosen for the All-Western. McGinnis and Elwood, two other men who have played very creditable games

at end, will also be out, filled to the brim with fight.

The backfield will be exceptionally strong. Eichenlaub will be tried at full-back, and Berger, Pliska and Kelleher at the half-back positions. All of these are fast and will battle hard for a place on the team. Eichenlaub and Berger, too, are punters of more than average ability.

Many of the inter-hall stars of last year will report for practice, and, no doubt, will give the old-timers a hard race for the different positions.

This year's schedule will be one of the most difficult that Notre Dame has had in some years. It is not quite completed, as there are yet one or two open dates to be filled. Manager Cotter is now trying to get games for those dates. The Thanksgiving game as usual will be played with Marquette, and on November second Pittsburg will be played at Pittsburg. Wabash will be played on Cartier field on October twenty-sixth. Schedule:

Oct. 5—St. Viator's at Notre Dame.

" 12—De Paul at Notre Dame.

" 19—Open.

" 26—Wabash at Notre Dame.

Nov. 2—U. of Pittsburg at Pittsburg.

" 9—St. Louis Univ. at St. Louis.

" 16—Transylvania at Notre Dame.

Safety Valve.

All aboard! The Walsh car has only sleepers.

Next station is Christmas. Positively no stop at Thanksgiving.

The presence of Mr. William Cotter links us with the past.

Hill car runs on the quarter and runs off on the hour.

The Minor Board is mentioned again in connection with the affair of having resigned.

PH₂

Glad to see you back

Have a good time?

You're looking fine.

Where did you spend the vacation?

It is reported that Father Davis will foster athletics in Brownson. To our thinking, Brownson can stand some fostering.

No doubt our beloved weekly is short on copy

this issue. Let us be cheerful, however: the Engineering Society is scheduled to begin soon.

There is talk of hatching out another flock of Chicks. Last year's brood died in the bud—mixing the figure as it were.

I have written some elegant rimes,

I was thinking I'd send to the *Chimes*.

But the *Chimes* got so sore

When I did this before,

That I'd best pack 'em down to the *Times*.

That the thought may be gathered in its fulness, we are constrained to state that the *Times* is the S. B. daily found *in toto* at the news stand and *e pluribus unum* at the Habb. Dept. window.

School is now on. We hear the German class next door.

Faculty, please take stairs to the side.

Students, please take stairs to the rear.

Walsh hall—well, we haven't figured that out yet.

PERSONALS.

Mr. Pete Yearns is once more with us.

Mr. Terry O'Neill is with us once more.

We have not seen Flip and Nemo.

Harry and Dee Newning are in the city and will run out to the U. soon, as Frank Boos would say.

PRIZE ESSAY.

AUTUMN.

In autumn the leaves are brown and all the earth is sad. Nature is striped of her beautiful green garments and weeps tears of sorrow. The carol kids play soccer and yell like old Ned. Around the lake the waves are wailing on the shore and the birds are singing their last song before they go down south. We are all feeling the sadness of the fall because summer is gone and winter is coming. But let us be cheerful. Every cloud has a silver lining and the boke of lines will be out soon.

Then there is the case of Joseph Kobryzinski.

When you get trimmed at Jim's or skinned at the haberdashery, please mention These Columns.

The corn never looked better.

Erich reported for the Davenport *Weekly Circle* this summer, and "I bet you I can write a fine English symposium now, or a triolet or a sonnet on—on Miss Jane Austen."

Lady (at office window): So many of your teachers are young.

Director of Studies (with his usual smile): Time will cure that, Madam.

Found.—A ten-dollar bill. Call and receive same. Fat chance!