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The Grand Canyon.

A VAST and depthless wound in nature's breast,
Where silence broods and glooms in sleepless rest:
Some ancient conflict rent the world apart,
Upheaved the earth and cleft its mighty heart.

'Twas here that gods and Titans must have warred
In frightful clash and awful strife, to lord
The infinite skies and boundless virgin world.
Jove's thund'rous, all-destroying bolts were hurled
With such tremendous impact that the shock
Tore wide this monstrous chasm in the rock.
And lo! the blood that drenched the battle-plain
Ensanguined all a dark, eternal stain.

Here, too, the Cyclops dwelt in mammoth cave,
Whose painted gates perennial waters lave.
They wrought with giant hands the massive walls,
And chiseled age on age the sculptured halls.
They reared a fane that reached celestial realms,
A temple wondrous formed that awes, o'erwhelms—
Great, monolithic shafts colossal rise,
Supporting pillars for Olympian skies.

The graven splendors of ten thousand years,
Worn here by time and heaven's erosive tears,
The dying glory of a million suns,
Are caught within the granite cliff that runs
For countless miles in stately palisades,
Arrayed in purple, bronze and cobalt shades.

The muffled tumult of torrential wave
Reverberates along the temple's nave;
Low minor chords that blend with twilight mood
At whispered close of vesper interlude.
And when the dusk-clad spirit of the night
Invites the soul away in starry flight,
'Tis then the solemn, epic grandeur fills
The gloom with mystic music, moves and thrills
The heart and chastens into silence all
The world, as darkness drapes it with her pall.

In vain does inspiration guide the mind
To compass all this scene in terms defined.
Not all the fancy of the poet's heart,
Nor all the genius of the painter's art
Could ever reproduce this gorge sublime,
Upheaved by God, coeval with all time! G. H. S.

The Crito—Its Moral Beauty.

CYRIL J. CURRAN, '12.

PLATO had two purposes in writing the "Crito;" the first of these and the primary one in his own mind was to idealize the beautiful character of Socrates, to picture him as the righteous, even-minded, simple-hearted philosopher, and thus to counteract the growing belief that he was corrupting the Athenian youths over whom he had apparently gained great influence. The other purpose was to make it plain that, regardless of personal interest, loyalty to friends and relatives, or any extenuating circumstances whatever, it is always the duty of the good citizen to submit himself to the mandates of the state, and unquestioningly to obey the laws. The first of these motives was directed to the time in which Socrates had lived. The philosophy of the two teachers, particularly of Socrates, was severely in question. Old systems of thought, the mysticism of mythology, sophistical dialectics, the democratic and aristocratic parties, all saw peril to themselves, and united in opposing the new era which the doctrines of the new philosophers presaged, and combined to destroy the men who taught them. Contrivance and prejudice served to indict Socrates. Few believed in him, save his own immediate followers, and his condemnation to death branded him as truly that of which he had been accused. With Plato it was somewhat different. There was no chance to convict him of conspiracy against the laws of the state, however his enemies might have wished it, so he could afford to take up arms publicly in favor of his old friend and monitor. However, when there was no longer hope of saving

him, when the old philosopher had already gone to a grave, glorious because it was in martyrdom to truth, and ignominious because it was the death of a criminal, Plato wrote the "Crito" to justify that life which had ever been devoted to the cause of true philosophy. But the message which has more direct value for ourselves, though it was secondary in the mind of Plato, is that which describes the morality of the true citizen, his duty to the state, and the obligation which rests upon him never to do wrong, not even when it is but the return of evil for evil. Socrates is made the prototype of the good citizen. His pronouncements are the finished judgments of one who has thought deeply upon the duties of man, and the dignity of his position is that of the most perfect creature in all the world.

With the opening of the dialogue we see Socrates lying in peaceful slumber in his prison. Crito enters and awaits the awakening of his friend. At last Socrates awakes, and startled at seeing Crito so early in the morning, asks him why he has come. Crito responds gently, and apprises him of the early coming of the sacred ship, on the arrival of which he was to die. Then he begs the philosopher to take advantage of the means at his disposal, and to escape prison and death while there is yet time. Socrates thereupon tells him of a singular dream in which a fair lady came to him, clothed in a white garment, who told him: "The third day hence to Phthya shalt thou go." Sweet imagining of a mind close to Heaven! Full of confidence in the justice of the God Whom he had found for himself, careless of the attractions of a venal world, he was ready to say farewell to time, and to sail far out into the boundless sea of eternity, whence he might never come back. Yet, if it were right for him to live, if it were just for him to evade the expressed will of the Laws, he was willing to do so. This he told Crito, and begged him to show him if by any chance it were right.

Crito tells him that the many, knowing that he had the means to secure Socrates' liberation, would be persuaded that he valued his money more than the life of a friend, if Socrates were to go to his death. The philosopher responds that the opinion of the many should not be regarded, for good men only, and their opinions, are worth considering. "But the many can work the greatest evil,"

Crito responds, "and therefore we must consider them."

"I only wish, Crito, that they could, for then they would also do the greatest good, and that would be well. But the truth is, that they can neither do good nor evil; they can not make a man wise or make him foolish; and whatever they do is the result of chance."

The opinions only of the good are to be regarded, and only the wise are good. Socrates gives an analogy. The man training for gymnastics is advised by one man only, his trainer, who understands what he should do. If he were to place himself at the disposal of the multitude, follow the advice of everyone, his training would not be worth anything. Similarly, and *a fortiori*, when a man is called upon to decide between the just and fair and the unjust and unfair, the good and evil, he should seek and follow the guidance of the one wise man who knows what is right. If he were to depend upon the multitude for his morality, he would have a very poor sort of morality, indeed. We have a principle in us which is improved by justice and which is deteriorated by injustice. Life would not be worth living if we destroyed our bodily welfare by foolish faith in the advice of the ignorant many. So much the more would death be preferable to life if the higher moral principle of man's life is depraved. So even if the many are able to kill us, we should not care, for to live evilly is worse than not to live at all. Far better indeed to die for the sake of justice than to live in crime.

In this way, Socrates disposes of the question involved in "the opinion of the many." He declares that there are principles of justice, forever true, regardless of the opinion of any or all men, but that it is the good and wise man who is to be trusted in their interpretation. The doctrine is so like the Christian teaching that if we did not know that it was given to the world centuries before the Catholic Church, as a body of Christian believers, began to exist, we might think that it had been propounded by one of the Doctors. How thoroughly our everyday experience bears it out. It is true when applied to the functions of government, when applied to the regulation of the household, in the ramifications of modern business,—in every field of the world's activity. The many are always striving to assert their power; but when it is finally necessary to determine

the right, it is the one wise man who must do it.

Socrates goes on with his consideration of the moral motives involved in an attempt to escape from the penalty of the law. "Are we going to say that we are never intentionally to do wrong, or that in one way we ought and in another way we ought not to do wrong, or is the doing of wrong always wrong and dishonorable?" The issue is thus presented more clearly than it would be in a dozen paragraphs. "Can we ever do wrong rightfully?" That is the question that has been agitating men ever since they first began to think on matters relating to morality. Socrates answers with an emphatic, "No"; and the honest Crito, though he readily sees that his answer will prevent him from winning his purpose, the freedom of Socrates, can not but agree. "Then we must not, when injured, injure in return, for we must injure no one at all," says Socrates. Crito assents, but Socrates, wishing him to see the force of his admission, repeats the issue in these beautiful words, emphasizing it, and preparing the argument for his treatment of the Laws, by far the most charming part of the dialogue:

"Then we ought not to retaliate, or return evil for evil to any one, whatever evil we have suffered from him. But I would have you consider, Crito, if you really mean what you are saying. For this opinion has never been held, and never will be held by any considerable number of persons; and those who are agreed upon this point, and those who are not agreed, can never have any common ground, and can only despise one another when they see how widely they differ. Tell me, then, whether you agree with and assent to my first proposition, that neither injury, retaliation, nor warding off evil by evil is ever right."

This simple statement, admitted to be true by Crito, is certainly Christian in its sense and in its application. We must remember that this doctrine was arrived at by the unaided reason of Socrates. It was as natural for men to return evil for evil in those early days as it is now. It seemed right and proper. They had no Saviour to tell them to love their enemies. They loved those who loved them and hated those from whom they received hate or injury. But Socrates, with his far-seeing vision, discerned the truth that what is wrong can never be right, even though the end subserved were the most admirable. It

is worth noticing that Socrates says that not returning evil for evil will never be held by any considerable number of men. He could not know of the Messiah who was to come centuries later and teach with divine authority the very truths which he had found to exist only by the aid of his natural reason.

Crito having admitted that it is never right to perform a wrong action, Socrates goes on to consider the duties of the citizen toward the state. A man ought to do those things which he admits to be right. How about leaving the prison against the will of the Athenians? Are not those wronged,—the Laws—who ought least to be wronged? Imagine an interview with the Laws. They would say: "What are you about? Are you going by an act of yours to overturn us? Do you imagine that a state can subsist and not be overturned, in which the decisions of law have no power, but are set aside and are overthrown by individuals?" Then suppose it is answered that the state has injured us and given us an unjust sentence. "Was not the agreement that you abide by the decision of the state? Have we not protected you from earliest childhood, and have you not both tacitly and expressly approved of us over and over again? Of all Athenians you have been the most constant resident in the city, which, as you never leave, you may be supposed to love. You have had no curiosity as to other states and their laws. This is the state in which you begat your children, which is proof of your satisfaction. If you seek to escape now you will wrong us, and a wrong can never be right, as you have yourself admitted. As for the opinions of men, what of your friends who aid in your escape? Will they not be disgraced and run the risk of losing their property? Will you not confirm the judgment of your guilt in the minds of your judges?—for a subverter of the laws is more than likely a corrupter of youth. Will you not be forced to seek safety among peoples whose habits of life are distasteful to you, for what decent people would welcome you? There will be no one to remind you that in your old age you violated the most sacred laws from a miserable desire for a little more life. Where then will be your fine sentiments regarding justice and virtue? You say that you wish to live for the sake of your little children, that you may bring them up and educate them. Would you take them to

Thessaly and deprive them of Athenian citizenship? Is that the benefit you would confer upon them? Or would you leave them to the care of your friends here in Athens? If so, do you think that your friends would take better care of them here, you being in Thessaly, than they would if you were dead? Nay, if they are true friends, they surely will."

This is a summary of the argument of the Laws. Mercilessly it pursues every word which Crito has said, and confutes every argument he has made to induce Socrates to live. The concluding paragraph is so pregnant with fine sentiment, so Christlike in its demand that all be suffered for virtue's sake, so beautifully compact in meaning and structure, that it must be quoted in full. It gives in a very few words the moral motives of Socrates, and summarizes all that he said before concerning the just and the unjust.

"Listen, then, Socrates, to us who have brought you up. Think not of life and children first, and of justice afterwards, but of justice first, that you may be justified before the princes below. For neither will you nor any that belong to you, be happier or holier or more just in this life, or happier in another, if you do as Crito bids. Now depart in innocence, a sufferer and not a doer of evil; a victim not of Laws but of men. But if you go forth, returning evil for evil and injury for injury, breaking the covenants and agreements which you made with us, and wronging those whom you ought least to wrong, that is to say yourself, your friends, your country and us, we shall be angry with you while you live, and our brothers, the Laws in Hades below, will receive you as an enemy; for they will know that you have done your best to destroy us. Listen then to us, and not to Crito."

It seems as though we were listening to God Himself in these few lines. The Laws seem to represent the eternal principles of righteousness,—God,—and Crito seems to be the voice of the world. Socrates listens to the alluring voice of the world, and though the flesh and all his natural cravings would impel him to assent to its demands, he sets it aside, is true to the principles for which he had lived, and responds to that inner voice that bids him take the hard, stony path that nevertheless leads to what is just.

"This is the voice I seem to hear in my ears," he says musingly, "like the sound of the flute

in the ears of the mystic; that voice, I say, is humming in my ears, and prevents me from hearing any other."

Then he addresses Crito, the voice of the world, directly, anxious to hear if there is yet another argument that might convince him otherwise, but sure that there can be none.

"And I know that anything more you may say will be vain. Yet speak, if you have any thing to say."

"I have nothing to say, Socrates." The voice of the world is stilled.

"Then let me follow the intimations of the will of God." Socrates is resigned. He knows what is right. The world can offer no sufficient reason for his seeking to prolong his life, and he is ready to give it up.

That is the end of the "Crito." Certainly it is very beautiful. Attention has been called repeatedly to the Christian atmosphere which seems to pervade its utterances. Here it could hardly be more evident. How wonderful it is that this old Pagan, whose thoughts had every reason to be stultified by that licentious system, should have arrived at so magnificent a concept of duty, should have come so close to what Christ brought to the world long after.

The Fool Killer.

ARTHUR J. HAYES, '15.

Fools, like the poor, we have always with us. The number and variety of idiots and imbeciles run into infinity, but they may be roughly divided into two classes—the occasional, and the chronic fool. We may tolerate the futile caviling, the hollow sophistry, the near wisdom of the occasional fool; but upon the approach of the chronic fool, who does not gaze frantically about in search of a cleaver? Some one is authority for the statement that there is a fool born every minute. What, then, does nature do to counteract this superabundance of idiots? She employs various devices known as Fool Killers.

Not infrequently we long for the advent of a material fool killer, but no such mythical personage puts in his appearance. However, he manifests himself in various means adapted to exterminating imbeciles. Among these, the more effective are, racing cars, aeroplanes, boat rockers, and unloaded gun flourishers.

The fool that rocks the boat is really the best

exterminator of his kind. In this respect he resembles the rabid hares of Australia who spread destruction among their own species when infected with hydrophobia. It is a remarkable fact that the boat rocker, who causes the death of several other occupants of a boat, frequently escapes. This is subtle Nature's own way of using him again as a Fool Killer, as he can be confidently counted on to kill as many more fools as are foolish enough to go out with him. Similarly, the idiot that discharges the always unloaded gun is generally behind it. Drivers of racing machines have a wonderful penchant for killing their mechanic, or a few dozen spectators, while escaping serious injury themselves.

All things considered, a literal Fool Killer would be a superfluity. Why feel grieved that nurse should feed baby the rat biscuit while giving the rodents graham crackers? She was making amends for her own foolish existence by killing off a prospective successor. The percentage of chronic fools must be kept down, and since a Fool Killer is not a part in the order of things, the elimination contest continuously going on among themselves, serves the purpose.

When you see a sceptic disseminating his cynical fallacies, when you are appalled at the grossness of his irreverence, and angered at his disrespect for all things good and great, cheer up. Some day his counterpart and fellow-imbecile, the gentleman of boat-rocking propensities, will invite him out for a ride. When you perceive a budding F. K. guiding a lurching car filled with joy riders through a crowded park, give the undertaker a tip; he will have accounted for several of his kind before some obtrusive tree obstructs his passage. When you observe another of the species flourishing a gun in a crowded room, try to conceal your eager anticipation, for the party in the far corner may be the chump that does the soap-box orating in your district.

After the Battle.

When a ballot has been taken
From the voters of the land
And the people have forsaken
"Bill" and "Ted," on every hand,
We shall hear a Bull Moose bellow
In his cage at Oyster Bay,
As he gazes from his window
At a Donkey eating hay. A DEMOCRAT.

Review of Spearman's "Robert Kimberley."

JOHN T. BURNS, '13.

God's unfailing finger points the way of love. Here we have the substance of Spearman's latest novel, "Robert Kimberley." Everywhere and at all times the Catholic Church has stood alone against all the sects in holding that the marriage tie is something sacred and inviolable, since it was endowed by God Himself with all the force and dignity of a sacrament. The Church has battled on, but while she has been often the victor there have been many who, not hearkening to the way of reason, or unwilling to submit to authority because the reasoning was not quite plain to them, broke away from the mandates of their teacher, and by a process of spurious reasoning set up false ideas as their guide when love was the stake for which they played. They have always—and by "always" we admit exceptions—paid the penalty; but even apparent exceptions have been forced to live enmeshed in their shame, hiding from the world, as far as they were able, their regret for the rash actions which doomed them to at least a temporal hell.

Spearman's novel is built around this point, but differs from all other attempts to treat this vital problem, in this particular: while there has been an unlimited amount of matter written on the subject by the laity and clergy of the Catholic Church, there has been too little stress laid upon the realistic working out of the problem. Spearman grasps this realistic setting and then proceeds to show the intolerable conditions which must exist whenever mankind ceases to adhere to the unalterable rules of Divine Authority.

The author acquaints us with two characters, in the personages of Mr. and Mrs. McBirney, who had indiscreetly entered into a mixed marriage. Too soon they are confronted with their impossible situation and recognize their lack of mutual relations. Mrs. McBirney, though believing in the Catholic faith, is not allowed to practise her religion; nor is she permitted to bear children. Her husband seeks happiness not from the sources of religion but from sensual pleasures. He also desires money and influence. To accomplish his desires he is willing to sacrifice his wife; or, at least, he so far makes a tool of her that

it amounts to the same thing. There is just one man who can give him what he wants. That man is Robert Kimberley. He, to outward appearances, is a cold, shrewd, calculating business man whose God is his money, and his religion, the worship of that god. McBirney makes his wife the go-between in his transactions with this reputed devil, in order that he—McBirney—may sell his interests to Kimberley and thus become a factor in the great Kimberley combination. He succeeds, but through the success loses whatever love his wife still retained for him. This love, so easily cast aside in his zest for gold, is given to Kimberley, who, in turn, hopes to create a new and better life for this unhappy woman. This he feels can and must be done, for how could failure come to a Kimberly above all others—a Kimberly, especially, who never failed to get whatever he desired. He seeks out the bishop, who, after hearing him, tells him there is no freedom for the woman while her husband lives.

Kimberley, being a Protestant, naturally takes the Protestant viewpoint. The woman is now close to his heart. Viewing the individual case, he is impervious to conviction. Just here is where Spearman's skill is employed, and employed to the greatest advantage. Knowing that the average Protestant, or, for that matter, the Catholic who enters into a mixed marriage, is unable to grasp the Catholic reasoning, he seeks to move not the mind but the heart, knowing that if he succeeds in the latter undertaking, success in the former is but a matter of time. Thus he introduces the good old bishop, so skilfully portraying his character that we feel that nothing but truth and goodness can emanate from such a source.

Kimberley argues that a law is unjust which allows a woman to suffer at the hands of a beastly husband. He says: "Why not give her the right to live. Free her from this man who forces her from her religion, and allow her to marry me. I'll give her all she has lost and more besides. I'll give her love." But the old bishop, knowing the hearts of men, is confronted with a problem and its solution, neither of which is new to him. He does not attempt to state the law and make it mandatory. Instead he works upon Kimberley's sentiments when he is dealing directly with the single problem of Mrs. McBirney's release. It is only when he is dealing with the divorce of other people far differently situated from

Kimberley that he resorts to reason, setting up the proposition that the law must be so if society is to exist. The one method tends to soften the heart of the man, thus putting him in a position to unlearn the things which he calls justice. Every argument that Kimberley advances—arguments based on false premises, but nevertheless arguments so often used such as the divorce of Napoleon by a Catholic hierarchy—is turned upon the man himself.

Kimberley, though, is unconvinced of the righteousness of the Church's decree, and decides to marry Mrs. McBirney in spite of the obstacles. She consents, reluctantly.

The time of the marriage approaches, but she is suddenly taken ill. She sinks rapidly, but before dying becomes reconciled to the Church. In the end Kimberley is made to see the truth of the bishop's words, and to look at the Church in the right light. After her death he awakens to the full realization of the truth. The world changes for him; money no longer means the same; power becomes a negative quantity. There's but one thing to do,—save his immortal soul. This he resolves to do at all costs. And thus, we see him in the gray dawn of morning forsaking the habitations of a lifetime, bidding adieu to friends and relatives, and setting out on his journey to Molokai, where he is to spend a year in meditation and instruction before he outwardly espouses the Catholic faith.

It is in this conversion and departure for Molokai that we have romanticism in the truest sense of the word. And it is well that it is so; for there must be some surcease for this man's sorrow; some ideal toward which he must strive, if we are to appreciate the great lesson conveyed to us. We can not leave him alone and disconsolate, denying the existence of the God Who even now is punishing him with his present misery, for this must surely be the outcome if he is to return to the old life. But this conversion is so delicately dealt with, that we feel only admiration for the man who renounces his allegiance to the life into which he was born and toward which all his inclinations tend.

The introductory pages of this splendid novel are somewhat marred by the erratic vagaries of the author. But before proceeding further, let us forestall any false conclusions. We do not mean by this that this vagueness at all predominates; quite the contrary. Taking the novel in its completion, we find a fixity of

purpose combined with a treatment both wise in plan and execution. But as a house splendidly built often has defects, the elimination of which would have made it a more perfect work of a master-builder, so, too, with Spearman's novel. The first ten or fifteen pages leave us in a maze from which it seems almost impossible to extricate ourselves. We are introduced to personages, vital characters in the novel, but no sooner do we become acquainted with them than they are lost to view. The reason is that these personages are introduced first under one name, then another, and another, without our being in any way forewarned. And thus it requires several patient readings to enable us to understand fully the characters and their relations. However, as soon as we once become disentangled, we proceed smoothly to the end. Brilliant scenes are presented to the mind; "society" is quite truly reflected. We find there the bad, and we find also the good who, though they at first find this new sphere almost nauseating, gradually become hardened to the customs which prevail; and soon they enter into the spirit with all the zest of which they are capable. Here, too, we find those who are dragged down to this level,—through fate, it seems,—struggling to free themselves from the bonds which are every day more tightly binding them. We read and understand, and we lay the book down with an utter dislike for "society" and all that it holds sacred. Instead, we are brought to realize that true happiness is of the heart, and that money is more often a hindrance than a help in enabling us to work out our salvation.

The characters are in keeping with the story itself; each is a living, sentient being, each is endowed with love and hatred, anger and jealousy, joy and sorrow, and those other qualities which go to make man what he is. Spearman shows himself to be an acute observer. Every action is viewed in its individuality and in its relation to other actions. These actions tell him the workings of the minds in which they have their source. He is thus able to reproduce, or rather construct, types as familiar to us as is the multiplication table.

His style is at once simple and direct. Spearman feels that he has a message for us; a message so needed that there must be no misunderstanding. He addresses himself to us, the common people, and he talks to us as

man to man. He is sincere and he wants us to gain that realization. There is no striving for elocutionary effect, no florid passages, but on the other hand there is an abundance of the pure, simple diction of an apostle preaching the gospel to erring mankind.

Personally we believe that Spearman has produced one of the greatest popular novels of the day. Surely in his theme he far surpasses the American novelists, such as Phillips, Fox, Beach, and Chambers. His style, we venture to say, is the equal of that of any of them. His society scenes are not quite so picturesque as those of Chambers, yet this is in no degree due to his lack of ability; for where, may we ask, is there a more beautiful picture by a modern novelist than that of Kimberley kneeling in the bishop's chapel, the great awakening or transformation being wrought in his heart and soul? It is because of his unacquaintance with "society" that we attribute his failure to accurately portray this phase of life. Neither in his character analysis is he so penetrating as Phillips. The latter gives us the character in a line or two; the former wastes space in trying to build up the being as he wishes us to see him. Phillips gets at the essence of what constitutes character, while Spearman fails, or does not succeed wholly. But with his deficiencies overshadowed by so many good qualities which these other men lack, he is assured of a place equal at least to theirs, and may surpass them in his hold upon the American public.

Delights of Leisure.

O HOW in the world can a student work,
And his day with duties filled?
When the friends in town
And the toys all 'roun'
Are constantly urging a man to shirk,
Not knowing the time that's killed.

O some things are fair in the hamlet near,
And life should not be a dirge.
But a care-free song
Helps the day along
Much better than work and one's studies drear
With never a painful scourge.

L'ENVOI.

'Tis not, indeed, the speakings of the mind
That prompt such verse; but passing thoughts which
give
Themselves to metre. For myself I find
No comfort greater than at rest to live. R. S. F.

George Eliot as a Realist.

JESSE J. HERR, '13.

Mary Ann Evans, novelist, poet and social philosopher, was born at South Farm, Warwickshire, England, on November 22, 1819.

Shortly after her birth the family moved to Griff Parish, near Nuneaton. Her father was a man of high social position. He was a land agent and had conducted a very successful business. To his office came the great landowners, his own tenants, and even farm laborers,—men of all positions—to visit him and to ask for commercial advice.

All this gave Mary Evans—known better to us by her pen-name as "George Eliot," an excellent opportunity of gaining considerable insight into the lives, the peculiarities and the characteristics of practically every class in the country. Nor did she allow this opportunity to escape. She learned and realized what were the habits, aspirations, sufferings and needs of her own country-folk.

Her wonderful memory, stimulated by a highly developed habit of close observation, stored away great treasures of available knowledge for this young girl, which, when the time was ripe, were called upon freely to the embellishment of scores of papers, books, and magazines, and the entertainment of countless readers.

At first she devoted herself to translating foreign works. This, undoubtedly, contributed much to the many strong and expressive phrases afterwards found in her works.

Later she dealt with scientific and religious questions, following this by her essays and editorials which mark the transition from scientific writing to story telling. It is probably worthy of note that George Eliot was about, if not quite, the first to bring religion into everyday life, and it was she who showed its complex importance to each individual and to society.

To describe characters and scenes, especially those of rural and domestic life, in a truthful manner was of supreme importance to her. No one has pictured English provincial life better than George Eliot. Her descriptions of it are the best we have, and, hence, we may conclude that she contributed much to English history. She has done for the simple village

folk of England what Scott did for the Scottish peasantry.

George Lewes, George Eliot's husband, succeeded in persuading her to try to write a novel. She felt she could not invent a new plot or story, but thought perhaps some comedy or tragedy might present itself to her, if she looked for it among the recollections of her experience at Nuneaton.

Her marvelous memory enabled her to recall almost every man, woman, child, scene and incident concerned with a particular occurrence. Nothing was lacking, one might say, except confidence in her own ability, and this was assured her by her husband.

The story that resulted—her first—was called "The Sad Fortunes of the Reverend Amos Barton." Its simplicity of construction and the naturalness of its origin will sufficiently explain its popularity. It is full of kindness and human sympathy, and is notably vivid in its portrayal of real life.

George Eliot is both a realist and an idealist, though many deny the realism of her work. If we read the novels: "Adam Bede," "The Mill on the Floss," "Silas Marner," and those included in the "Scenes of Clerical Life," we will readily find sufficient proof to confirm the opinion that she was a realist as well as an idealist.

"Amos Barton" was followed by "Mr. Gilfil's Love Story," and soon after by another, "Janet's Repentance"—these three forming the "Scenes of Clerical Life."

These stories were based on past experience, on the happenings of the people who lived in and near Nuneaton where George Eliot passed the first twenty-one years of her life. Everybody there knew everything about everybody else. The gossiping center was at the bar of the village inn.

The "Scenes of Clerical Life" are considered by many as the most attractive because of the realistic descriptions contained in them. When the stories were published many of the characters in them were residents of Nuneaton, and everyone asked, "Who is this George Eliot? He must have been one of the crowd." There is a conversation in this work which many of the inhabitants remembered almost word for word, for it had taken place in the village inn a few years before the book was published. "It was undoubtedly," they declared, "written by some one who had heard it."

There was an amateur poet among those who used to gather at the inn, by the name of Liggins, and to him was given the honor of the authorship. At first he denied it, as was natural, but finally, after the whole community had believed him to be the author, he accepted their suspicion rather than his own knowledge and even began to believe it himself, and said later on that he had to admit that he had written it.

The author was to receive a sum of money for the work, and this was to be distributed among the poor. George Eliot, fearing it would not be honestly apportioned, was compelled to reveal her identity and to admit the authorship.

This work gained immediate popularity, due principally to its realistic tone. The reason the conversations were so real is that Robert Evans, George Eliot's father, who practised at the bar, related what he had heard there to his wife, not realizing that his little daughter, who was listening, would remember the stories or ever be able to transform these simple tales into a complex novel.

"Felix Holt" is said to have originated in this way: in the town where George Eliot was raised, a man named Colonel Newdegate read the Riot Act to an election mob whose insurrection necessitated the calling out of soldiers. Colonel Newdegate and a few others were wounded in the fight. George Eliot, then a girl of thirteen, witnessed this exciting scene, and thirty-three years later presented in "Felix Holt" a most vivid description of it.

The story of "Amos Barton" is real. Many of the characters were inhabitants of the place where George Eliot was born, and many of the incidents actually occurred to her as a young girl.

The practice of portraying with such preciseness and detail the characters of real people as found in the "Scenes of Clerical Life," was continued in the composition of "Adam Bede." Many of the friends, neighbors, and relatives of George Eliot found their portraits in "Adam Bede." Her father was described in the character of Adam Bede.

A writer acquainted with the Evans family said that "in dress, manner and labor, Elizabeth Evans—George Eliot's mother—was exactly like Dinah Morris in 'Adam Bede.'" So much in this novel is true that one feels like believing it all, and perhaps would not be wrong in

doing so. It is true that in "Adam Bede," she idealizes her father, her mother, and aunt, but any writer loving his parents as much as George Eliot loved hers could not possibly do otherwise.

In "The Mill on the Floss," another realistic novel, we find descriptions of a stone bridge, a mill, several rivers, a canal, and houses which a visitor might see even today were he traveling in that portion of England. Again, it is said that nearly all the houses, rivers, roads and natural scenery are today almost exactly as they were when George Eliot described them in "Mr. Gilfil's Love Story."

Anyone reading "Silas Marner" will realize the great truth with which she had painted the characters in it. There is, however, little realism in George Eliot's poems; they are nearly all didactic. There is also little humor in her works. All her novels are rather depressing, especially "Silas Marner."

This novel is considered the most perfect of George Eliot's novels. In it we find her to be a realist, psychologist, and moralist. She explains the motives of her characters, and the incidents of life are viewed in their relation to society as a whole, to social ideals, and to these she adds much of her imagination; so we may say that George Eliot is an ethical, idealistic and realistic novelist.

The principal charm, however, of all her works, and especially her earlier novels, is the fact that she wrote of life and things as she saw them. The characters she described were not the conventional, ordinary people, but people with whom she was well acquainted, whose characteristics were as familiar to her as her own.

George Eliot's novels are by some not believed to be realistic novels, for the reason that she has denied that the characters of many of her novels were those of people with whom she was acquainted. It is natural, in a way, for her to do so, and perhaps, if possible, to convince the public that she had genius enough to create most of her characters. So complete a delineation, however, indicates that they were her relatives, friends and neighbors.

We must not be of the opinion that George Eliot was only a realist, but we must hold that she was an idealist as well, for her artistic delineation of many characters is sufficient to remove them from the real to the ideal, and after all that is the purpose of fiction.

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—Public speaking is a necessity. The world requires it of a college man, for ultimately he is looked to as a leader. And the man who is a leader must be

Literary Societies. trained, the same as a mathematician or a chemist.

A man may have aptitude, but aptitude unexercised is latent possibility—and latent possibility remains at zero so long as it is latent. To bring out the latent possibility in the field of expression is the work of the literary society.

At Notre Dame the student has the opportunity to acquire this necessary and useful art. Every hall has its societies. Our industrious men belong to them. They realize that our University has a country-wide reputation in oratory and debating. They intend to uphold that reputation. To do so means hard work; the theory of spontaneous outbursts of oratory is foreign to them. Are you willing to follow the example of our best, our honor men? If so, join your hall literary society, work hard, and our school will one day have cause to be proud of you.

—Reforms are often most stubbornly resisted by those whom the reforms were intended to benefit. Men can not see the value of any training which is not

Military Drill. immediately easy or pleasant.

Left unaided they would often kick against spikes. Last year's enrollment in the military company proves the point. This year drill is compulsory for some, advised for others.

Drill has begun. The company is large, but we want it larger—Join! Perhaps some Tommy Atkins is no friend of yours; perhaps you take sufficient exercise; perhaps you would have gone to a military school if you cared for military training. Very well. Talk your grievance to some Job, but then enlist.

You think this drill is like a puzzle, interesting but of no real value; you are far wrong. Eight months' military drill under an able instructor will give you an ease and gracefulness of carriage; it will cut away the mollycoddle scum of your mental and physical fibre; it will discipline your faculties into respectable form.

This will require work. Look to the results, smile, and enlist. Forget the "What's-the-use" sophistry. Desert the Indifference Club. Be a self-starter. Stir some original energy. Don't be always empty except when some outsider is filling you. Dig into your finer clay and produce real character. Postpone hours of lounging to the Greek Calends. Come out and show a measure of Rooseveltian vim, and increase the military enrollment. Do it now!

—In an address lately delivered before the freshman class of Harvard, Doctor Eliot, president emeritus of that university, advised his young and inexperienced

Misplaced Advice. hearers to marry early.

However much respectful attention we may have given in times past to the opinions of this noted man, we can not agree with him when he ventures such startling advice to freshmen. Of course any freshman believes himself to be a man both in prudence and wisdom, but an educator of the caliber of Dr. Eliot, or any one of like reputation and age, should not have faith enough in the brands of these two qualities as possessed by the average high-school graduate to trust him with such dangerous advice.

Action without due deliberation in such an important matter as marriage is dangerous; and young men of the age of college freshmen, by nature inclined toward the rash, will hardly foresee enough of the evils of hasty marriage to save themselves from its almost certain disastrous consequences. But with such a man as Dr. Eliot advising them, their actions would not be accompanied by even the average freshman grade of deliberation, when really

the question should merit the serious thought of the deliberate senior. Doctor Eliot's word will be taken as sanction for action which only regrets will follow. Upon him will fall the blame for many elopements of romantic young couples who will perhaps not be of legal marriageable age, and he will also in later years feel resting upon him not only the curses of many an ill-advised freshman, but also those of the parents, and those of a wife—perhaps a divorced one. Let us trust that the freshmen of Harvard possess more than their share of common-sense; and if they do not,—may they be re-instructed.

—Human nature, be it never so degenerate, is attracted by truth, provided only the magnet be brought close enough. This applies to

religious as well as to scientific truth, and Catholics will do well to bear the fact in mind, recalling at the same

time, the answer made to Cain when he asked if he were his brother's keeper. For five centuries parasitical growths have been sapping the strength of the Church of Christ. Now these growths are decaying, and with their dead branches thousands are falling away from religion. Human nature yearns, however, for truth, and that longing can win these souls to the Church, to be purified and ennobled by the religion which is one with truth. History is so weary of repeatedly demonstrating that religion is the only motive force adequate to impel men to live according to reason rather than appetite, that she calls to the dunces' row all those to whose intelligences the fact has not yet penetrated.

The important thing to be noted, however, is that religious truth must be presented before it can be accepted. Here is opened a mission for the militant Catholic. Most non-Catholics are not accessible from the pulpit, and the press and the lecture platform must be made the instruments for planting the seeds of truth. Catholics have been slow to use these means. The Catholic press is yet an infant, and the lecture platform is almost wholly in the possession of those hostile or indifferent to the Church. This is a damning indictment of Catholic inertia. We have scores of brilliant Catholics eager and ready to engage in the spread of the Catholic ideas and ideals which are the world's only hope of salvation from

the cesspools of socialism and animalism. The message of these Catholic lecturers is vital, if they are worthy their calling. Such lecturers should be supported in their work so enthusiastically that other brilliant Catholic laymen may be attracted to the work. The Church of God is a missionary church, established for all men of all nations. If we by God's grace have been granted to know that Church and her message, dare we then sit back in smug satisfaction while other men grope blindly for the truth and share not in a blessing quite as much intended for them as for us? God forbid that such a one should bear the name Catholic and call himself a soldier of Christ! The true soldiers, the militant Catholics, must rally to the support of press and platform for the dissemination of truth. Human nature will do the rest, for the magnet of truth is irresistible within its limits.

Every parish should furnish its full quota of subscribers to the diocesan Catholic paper, and with quite as much loyalty every parish and Catholic organization should be interested in furnishing audiences for Catholic lecturers, even supporting, if possible, a Catholic lecture course. As the *Providence Visitor* remarks: "Catholic lecturers are needed in this age of popular instruction. In no other way than by word of mouth will thousands of Americans ever learn anything of the important questions of the day. The public is willing to listen to educated laymen, and there can be no doubt but that trained minds will render signal service to Catholic interests generally."

Obituary.

The tragic death of Francis A. Barclay of Carroll hall in a wreck on the Burlington Railroad near LaGrange, Illinois, July, 14th, caused great pain to those who knew him well, and cast an atmosphere of gloom over the entire University. Francis had just left his mother the day before in boyish light-heartedness, and was on his way to New York when the accident occurred. Francis was a gentle soul and a great favorite with students and professors. He will be sadly missed. It must be a great consolation to his bereaved mother, however, to know that he was devoted to the Holy Eucharist and was well prepared for death. R. I. P.

Appreciation and Encouragement.

The following words from a letter recently received from the Most Reverend P. J. Riordan, Archbishop of San Francisco, are characteristic of the great heart from which they came:

I am glad to hear that the school promises a great registration for this year. What pleasure it would give me to be with you on the 22nd, and breathe once more the fragrance of the past. It is a pleasure to look back to the poor beginnings of 1856 and see the magnificent development since then. What a blessing the old Alma Mater has been to thousands of students in every walk of life. God has evidently blessed the work of the Founders of Notre Dame.

As I look at the picture on the head of the letter paper, I think of those who, with me, surveyed that very road which leads up to the magnificent buildings on either side, from the corporate limits of South Bend to the College. That road had never been surveyed until our class of, I think, three or four students, under the professorship of Mr. Moriarty, measured it and laid it out as it is to the present day. No doubt most of the work was done by Mr. Moriarty, who was an expert in matters of this kind, but as a little fellow I at least was able to hold the chain and put down the flag markers, and so can claim, in some measure at least, that I helped to do the work. However, enough of this. I hope next year to go back again and say a few words of encouragement to the young men who will be found within those walls.

The assurance that Archbishop Riordan, Notre Dame's most distinguished alumnus, is to visit us again, is a great joy. There is no phase of our University life more enjoyable or inspiring than the talks we get from time to time from this venerable alumnus.

 Class of '14 Reorganized.

Monday evening, 7:30, the men of '14 assembled in Corby "rec" room to reorganize their class and to elect officers. Harry Newning was the choice for president. In his "speech" he assured his mates he would go to heroic lengths to further the interests of the class. The other officers are: Arthur Carmody, vice-president; William Galvin, secretary; John Plant, treasurer; Clarence Derrick, historian; and Eugene Aloysius ("Nig") Kane, cheer leader and sergeant-at-arms. The last-named was elected to both offices by an uproarious outburst (as we learn to call it in English IV).

After the elections were finished the chair appointed the committees necessary at the present time, then, after a short general business discussion, the motion to adjourn was carried.

Society Notes.

BROWNSON LITERARY AND DEBATING.

A preliminary meeting of the society was held last Sunday evening and the following were enrolled: Messrs. P. Savage, W. Donovan, R. Walsh, F. Prolotowski, L. Muckle, T. Galvin, C. Somers, J. Lawler, R. Byrnes, A. Clay, R. Downey, A. McDonough, S. Meers, A. Wright, D. McDonald, W. Carroll, G. Schuster, S. Cagney, F. Mulcahy, J. Dundon. Prof. Koehler has consented to be critic for the present year. Brother Alphonsus occupied the chair and gave an outline of the work that the society is expected to accomplish. He then introduced Professor Koehler who addressed the new members on the great advantages to be obtained by belonging to a literary and debating society. After his remarks each member was called on to speak on the subject, "How I Spent Summer." When everyone had spoken, the critic was asked to make some observations on the efforts of the members. He said the majority spoke with naturalness, and that the matter of the speeches was very edifying. The meeting was concluded by the announcement of the election of officers in special meeting on Wednesday evening.

The following were elected to office for a term of four months: William Carroll, president; John Dundon, vice-president; Charles Somers, secretary; Andrew McDonough, treasurer; James Lawler, sergeant-at-arms; Fred Prolotowski, chaplain; Russell Downey, reporter.

CIVIL ENGINEERING.

To the civil engineer the greatest source of waste is the time spent in idleness. The blunders of the inexperienced may be traced to this very cause. From the above sentences a word or two might be said to the student just beginning in the Civil Engineering Department.

The young student of civil engineering, starting in his first year of college work, often neglects the vast opportunities afforded by not attending the meetings which are held by the Civil Engineering Society every Wednesday evening. Perhaps this negligence is due to the fact that they think that the matter discussed by its members is too advanced for them to comprehend. The society wishes to state that such is not the case. The subjects

discussed are such as can be easily understood by anyone interested in the science of engineering. Therefore let us see a large number of new students in civil engineering present and take part at each meeting. The students doing this will not idle away their time on recreation nights, but reap knowledge which will aid them in their class work and give them a practical insight into engineering. We know this from letters received from our graduates in which they state how much the pleasant moments spent in the society aids them now in their present work.

Personals.

—Henry I. Dockweiler, A. B., '12, of Los Angeles, California, called at the University last Sunday on his way to Washington, D. C. Henry is taking post-graduate work at the Catholic University.

—Old Students will recall the Van Sant brothers, Doctors Ralph and Leport, of Peoria, Illinois. Both are prominent in the business life of Peoria. They are planning an early visit to the University.

—Another Peorian who claims our interest is Norwood Gibson, Ph. S. '05—the famous "Gibby" of the Varsity and of the Boston Red Sox. He is engaged in analytic chemistry work in his home town.

—Robert Bowen of Denver, Colorado, a student here in '08-'09, was a visitor at the University last Sunday.

—Arthur and Albert Keys (E. E. '12) are with the Artesia Light and Power Co. of Artesia, New Mexico.

—Clarence J. Kennedy (M. S. B. '07) has been reappointed to the principalship of the Doyle (Indiana) High School.

—Members of the Faculty were treated to an auto ride last Sunday afternoon by Vitus Jones, LL. B. '03, of South Bend.

—Hugh Langdon (student '10-'11) is to be married in the Cathedral of Sioux City, Iowa, October 10th. Good wishes!

—Rafael Estrada a former student, is now employed with the United Gas and Electric Corporation, New York. His address is 40 Wall Street.

—"Art" Funk (B. S. '06) of LaCrosse, Wis., was a caller on friends at the University last

Tuesday. "Art" was a famous football player while at Notre Dame and has a high opinion of this year's squad.

—It will be good news to the "old boys" to learn that Dr. Leo J. Kelly, of Joliet, Ill., an old student, is gradually recovering from a severe stroke of paralysis.

—The marriage is announced of Miss Emma King to Mr. Clemens Leo Staudt at Canton, Ohio, November 24th. Mr. and Mrs. Staudt will be at home after October 1st at Calbert Apartments, Dayton, Ohio. Clemens will be remembered by old students as a star on the Varsity football team in '02. Congratulations and best wishes.

—Announcement is made of the marriage of Miss Edith Tremel to Mr. James W. Kelly at Mishawaka, September 24th. Mr. and Mrs. Kelly will be at home after November 23rd at 248 South Main Street, Fon du Lac, Wis. The bride has been for some time a resident of Mishawaka. The groom is a well-known student of recent years.

Local News.

—At a recent election held in Corby, Basil Soisson was elected captain of the football team, and Peter Meersman, manager. With these two able men at the helm, Corby has a right to expect a successful year.

—Attention Freshman Law! Meeting in Walsh, this evening, Saturday, October 5th, at 7:30 o'clock.

—Rooms for late-comers are at a premium. Sorin and Corby are completely filled, and the last suite in Walsh went Thursday.

—The South Bend High School will play Walsh on Tuesday, October 8th. In view of this fact over twenty-five candidates reported for practice Monday.

—The following are the officers of the Senior class: J. Burns, president; James Wasson, vice-president; E. Roach, secretary; R. Lahey, treasurer; F. O'Neil, historian; V. LeBlanc, sergeant-at-arms.

—The Corby Wolves, of last year's fame, are again on the field under the guidance of Captain Hassett. The renowned Walsh Chicks have also appeared, and, under the management of Manager Langan, claim the right to represent the Preps. We are waiting to hear

from the Brownson Owls and the St. Joe Ducks, and are also hoping that Sorin might hatch something.

—A frequent Communion band is on foot in Walsh. Confessions will be heard every evening at 7:40 by an outside priest and Communion given at the 6:20 mass.

—Corby boasts of seven accomplished musicians. And then they say Corby is the hall of athletes!

—The Wilson Progressives will hold a rally next Monday evening in Sorin law room at 8 o'clock. Speeches will be given by the campaigners. All are invited.

—K. of C. meeting Tuesday evening at 8:00 o'clock for election of officers. The meeting will be held in the K. of C. room in Walsh hall. All members of the society are earnestly requested to be present.

—Mr. Wai Kai Woo, lately from Shanghai, China, and winner of the Inter-scholastic hurdles and two-twenty at the University of Canton, has announced his intention of joining the Cross Country Club. Being so well recommended, we expect to hear from Mr. Woo.

—At the last meeting of the Athletic Board Mr. Joseph Byrne of Walsh hall was appointed head cheer-leader for the coming year.

—In point of numbers and martial zeal, Sorin's embryo company is sadly akin to the Central American "armies" that the musical comedy has made famous.

—The Sophomore class will meet in the Sorin hall law room at 7:30 o'clock Saturday evening. Officers will be elected and plans for the ensuing year discussed. All sophomores are urgently requested to attend.

—A large squad of Sorinites have donned the moleskins and are practising diligently. The rigorous daily workouts are well calculated to put the team in perfect trim for the opening of the football season. Knute Rochne is coaching, and with the promising material at hand, should develop an excellent eleven.

—The first number of the lecture course this year will be a reading of "The Music Master" by Mr. Arthur B. Kachel of the Leland Powers School of Expression, Boston, Mass. Mr. Kachel is not unknown at the University and his art is fine and high. The recital will be given this Saturday evening at 7:30, and a most enjoyable evening is anticipated.

—It is a pleasure to announce that Mr. E. M. Newman, whose illustrated travel-talks have been so popular at the University the last two years, is engaged for another series of five lectures beginning Wednesday evening, October 8th, at 8:00 p. m. Mr. Newman always has a crowded house. This year his subjects are entirely new and his pictures fresh and original.

—The promoters of the Apostolate Library in the different halls are the following: Sorin hall, Vincent Ryan; Corby hall, Daniel Shouplin, Walsh hall, Frank Boos; St. Joseph hall, James O'Brien; Brownson hall, Joseph Ciprian; Holy Cross hall, Joseph Miner. Books may be obtained from the promoters, and contributions to the library will be received by them.

—The SCHOLASTIC staff was called to order during the week and assignments were given out. John Burns, Frank Stanford and William Burke were given positions in the line-up. Others will be selected later on. S. E. Twining, T. F. O'Neill, W. J. Milroy and J. T. Burns will hand out wisdom in the editorial columns. Joseph Walsh will conduct the Personal column, than whom there is no more efficient man for this work. John O'Connell, assisted by William Galvin, will do justice to Varsity athletics. William Burke will report ecclesiastical doings, including Sunday sermons. Louis J. Kiley will conduct the department of interhall athletics in leisurely fashion, no matter what protests and contests may arise. Frank Stanford and Maurice Norckauer will court the muses in the Varsity Verse columns. We are waiting for a good Lecture and Concert editor, also a man with a curious, questioning habit to conduct the News columns. Yes, we will let you know when we have captured the right men.

Athletic Notes.

The football season of 1912 made its formal entry at Notre Dame today when St. Viator's college was taken on in a contest expected to provide the Varsity with a stiff practice struggle. In past years the Bourbonnais team has inspired respect by the energy of its fight against odds, and reports from the St. Viator camp indicate that the same spirit animates the 1912 eleven.

An interesting feature of the meeting is

the fact that the present Notre Dame coach, "Jack" Marks, was director of the St. Viator's 1910 team, while this year's St. Viator's coach is Albert ("Red") Kelly, captain of the Notre Dame 1910 baseball team and coach of the 1911 nine. Kelly is an alumnus of St. Viator's College as well as a graduate of the Notre Dame college of law.

The heavy work of the Varsity squad in preparation for the opening game practically ended with Thursday's scrimmage. Marked improvement in the work of all the men has been a noticeable feature of the try-outs of the past week. The line has strengthened materially under the constant hammering of the coach, and the ends and backfield have also come in for a big share of betterment. Willingness to enter upon the heavy conditioning work necessary in the forepart of the season is evident in the players, and smooth sailing has been the result.

Three full teams were available against St. Viator's today. Feeney, Heyl and McLaughlin, centers; Yund, Harvat, Munger, Hicks, Keefe, Shaughnessy and Hicht, guards; Jones, Fitzgerald, Cook, Madden, Dunphy and Stevenson, tackles; McGinnis, Rockne, Dolan, Miller, Nowers, and Metzger, ends; Captain Dorais, Finnegan and Gargen, quarterbacks; and Eichenlaub, Kelleher, Berger, Pliska, Larkin, Dougherty, Lower and Duggan, halfbacks, are the men who have been out long enough to be able to bear the brunt of the contest.

Kelleher and Rockne are the only men injured seriously enough to cause doubt as to their ability to play. Kelleher sustained a severe cut in the left arm late last week and the member is not yet healed sufficiently to warrant its use, and an old knee trouble is keeping Rockne on the retired list. Dougherty, Shaughnessy and Metzger suffered minor injuries in the scrimmages of the first few days but were able to take part in today's game.

Captain Dorais has been going well at quarterback and will be a big factor in the scoring of the team this fall. Finnegan's improvement in the position this year will make him a valuable substitute, and the coach will not hesitate about using him in the big games if the occasion demands. With Rockne, McGinnis, Dolan and Miller of last year's team trying for the end positions, and the veteran backfield, Eichenlaub, Kelleher, Berger and Pliska, doing splendid

work, prospects for a strong team are growing brighter daily. The work of Jones and Fitzgerald at the tackles, and Harvat and Yund in the guard posts has effectively banished early fears of weakness in the line.

About forty men now comprise the squad, in spite of a cut made last Tuesday, and the number will be retained for the balance of the season.

TRACK WORK BEGINS.

Fall training of the track candidates was inaugurated last Monday when about fifteen men reported to Coach Gormley for instructions concerning the daily workouts. Plant, Hogan, Wasson and Henahan of the Varsity squad are among the most active of the men getting into shape for the handicap track meet to be held on Cartier Field next Saturday, October 12. Pritchard, Gibson, Redden, Meehan, and Lecquerica are working out under Gormley's direction. With the exception of Pritchard, who is a hurdler and sprinter, all of the men are distance runners. Interest in the Cross Country Club work has been displayed by over a dozen distance men, and it is probable that a team capable of making a good showing in the annual Conference field run can be recruited.

Thursday, October 10, has been nominated as the closing date for the filing of entries for the handicap meet. The arrangement of handicaps and settlement of other details of the affair make it necessary to have all of the names in by that date. The meet is open to the school. Coach Gormley is anxious to draw out a big field in order to get a line on the material available for the Varsity squad next spring.

INTERHALL FOOTBALL.

With the approach of the actual playing season, interest in interhall football shows a marked increase. Each year the championship has been decided only after a long, hard fight, and the race this year promises to be no exception to the rule. In fact, indications are that the contest will be even sharper than that of last year, if we are to judge from the size of the various squads at work and from the serious manner in which they go about it. Sorin will be a strong factor this season and will cause much trouble for the other halls. Two large squads from Sorin are at work every afternoon. Corby is sure to make a strong bid for the banner with such a nucleus as

Soisson, Gushurst, Hebner, Bensberg, and other veterans, around which to build a team. Walsh, Brownson and St. Joe men have all responded well to the call for candidates. Walsh suffers severely in the loss of McNichol and of the coaching of Don Hamilton, but they have a good-sized squad of last year's men on hand. Brownson has probably the largest number of new men. St. Joe is well supplied with veterans. The schedule has not yet been drafted, but the managers will soon have it prepared.

Safety Valve.

In Senior English we have a gent as uses pants. We suggest that the gentleman try trousers.

As for the grizzly dance, it probably emphasizes bears and all the hoofed woollies.

St. Viateur's expects to put one across this p. m. Corpulent opportunity!

With a Director

An Honorary Director

An Assistant Honorary Director

An Honorary President

A President

and

A Critic,

the Civil Engineering Society should be able to struggle along till Xmas.

TIP TOPS.

Howard Joseph Rohan was eighteen and $\frac{1}{2}$ last year. This year he is more of course. Mr. Rohan was a resident of Walsh in '11-'12, but as Corby needed a first-baseman this popular athlete has joined the Braves, as the *News* will begin calling 'em pretty soon. We mention this not for the purpose of giving an upper cut to the "good old Corby fighting spirit" of which we have heard, but just to gratify the curious, questioning spirit of our many distinguished gentle readers.

Our topnotcher bears the title "Beauty" Rohan for the same reason that the big person at Rhode's was called Colossus. He is also called "Plain Eggs," which same is not self-explanatory and will bear narrating.

It is the dining-car at the lunch hour. Mr. Rohan, like most humans, feels the void that clamors for replenishment. So he betakes himself to the diner with a friend—a student friend of this University, let it be understood. The waiter says:

"Whatchu have?"

"Eggs," says Rohan.

"Eggs," says he; "and how?"

"Just plain eggs," retorts Howard Joseph with a fine flourish. Thus he is "Plain Eggs" Rohan, and again "Beauty" Rohan according as the fancy takes people. What's in a name after all? Call him

"Plain Eggs" or "Beauty," the same Rohan stands large and distinguished wherever men are gathered together. We expect to hear from and of Mr. Rohan right along the line, and we hope he will fill with satisfaction the first turn at Corby.

We notice our Wise Weekly furnishes the information that Logic Class boasts of seventy-five students. And still they gazed and still the wonder grew That one good bean could carry all they knew.

We beg to correct a statement that appeared in the "Local News" last week. Pennants in the rec room of "dear old" St. Joe are not so numerous as "leaves on the trees," "sands on the seashore." As a matter of simple truth there are only 487, counting the three advertising pennants contributed by the Haberdashery Dept. We trust this will set right a rumor that has gone abroad to the effect that St. Joe f. b. team is out after the interhall pennant this year. The St. Joe boys have no such hope,—and neither have We.

It is estimated there are 40 men out for Varsity, but from the declarations in the Athletic Notes last week it would seem as if every position were already "cinched."

Might one say that those men standing on the dome scaffolding are having gilt-edge support?

And where is the Prep Athletic Association which began with such a big beating of bass drums last year? Alas poor Yorick! I knew him, Horatio.

As for the porous-headed youth that climbed to the top of the dome to view the landscape, he'll probably fall on his brains some fine day. Then see the kindling wood fly!

The Entire Student Body here and also the Entire Student Body of the Forbidden Palace were moving-pictured during the recent Big Doings. We suggest running a few reels off every day and get as close as we may to Co-Education.

Major Board

Military Board

Minor Board—R. I. P.

Either Art Carmody or Harry Newning is worthy the highest honors of the Junior class. Which only illustrates the truth that a fellow needs only be right to be popular.

Fall styles of "poetry" are beginning to make their appearance. They range all the way from the "melancholy-days" brand to "the golden-fruits are-garnered" variety.

A SAMPLE.

The leaves are falling, wild ducks calling,

Chrisanthemums are all the go.

Football's coming, steam pipes humming,

Gee! Ain't it great how the wild winds blow!