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Cured.

WILLIAM M. GALVIN, '14.

BRIGHT clusters of the eyes of night
Came out to cheer the dark, drear earth.
But all the beauty of the sight
Could not induce my heart to mirth,
Nor call my vagrant thoughts from flight.

Dim clusters of the eyes of night
Went out as rose the eye of day.
Then deep, sad yearnings taking flight,
My thoughts returned, refreshed and gay.
The earth's sweet sunshine set me right.

The Life and Works of Samuel Johnson.

ERICH HANS DE FRIES, '13.



THE eighteenth century of English literature is dominated by two great men of letters, Alexander Pope and Samuel Johnson. The former profoundly influenced the generation of the first half, and the latter ruled like a literary monarch and leader in the second half. Samuel Johnson was born at Litchfield, England, in 1709, the same year that Pope began his active career as a man of letters with the publication of his "Pastorals." Samuel received his elementary education in the grammar school of his home town which was the literary center of a large district. His father, Michael Johnson, a prominent and respected bookseller, supplied scholars with their folios, as well as less severe readers with romances, poems, essays and pamphlets. Young Samuel was much attracted by the books in his father's shop, which he read ravenously, as if he would devour them, and his powerful

memory retained what he read. In this way he early and with ease acquired an unusual amount of knowledge, but his studies were without plan, unsystematic and desultory. As Macaulay expresses it, "by dipping into a multitude of books on his father's shelves," he irregularly educated himself.

The mental development of young Samuel was greatly impeded by an inherited scrofulous taint in his constitution. Grievous disease, which stood by his cradle, had scarred his cheeks and neck, disfigured his features, injured his eyes and entirely destroyed one of them. He could not distinguish a friend's face at a distance of six feet. He was frequently seized with queer convulsions, likely cause by his constitutional ailment. Nevertheless, Samuel grew up a youth of massive stature, of great height, and of strong muscles. In boxing and wrestling he had no superior among his acquaintances; he knew of no fear; he would swim in the most dangerous pools, run races, jump gates, and beat huge dogs into peace. By these feats he commanded the respect of his companions.

In school he was alert, attentive, grasped things easily, and retained them with a strong memory. Although he showed early in school work a morbid inclination to sloth and putting off, he was always the foremost scholar. Samuel left school at the age of sixteen and spent two years in his father's shop, where he vailed himself of the opportunity to accumulate more knowledge. "He knew more books," said Adam Smith, "han any man alive."

At nineteen years of age he began his residence at Pembroke college, Oxford, the best qualified for the university that his tutor had ever known. We do not know much about his progress in his studies; it is only said he was the finest Latin scholar in the university.

He translated Pope's "Messiah" into Latin verses which Pope esteemed very highly. His life in Oxford was wretched, his troubles increased by the failure of his father in business. He says, "I was miserably poor and I thought to fight my way by literature and my wit, so I disregarded all power and authority." On account of inherited defects he was frequently suffering from attacks of saddening melancholy and a haunting fear of insanity. The clumsy figure in ragged gown, dirty linen, and worn-out shoes excited hilarity and pity with some. This was unbearable to Johnson's proud and independent spirit. One morning when he found at his door a pair of new shoes, he took them, examined them, and with indignation pitched them through the window. This pitching away of the shoes, so Carlyle declares, was very characteristic of Johnson's inmost nature. He was poor but not a beggar; he would rather suffer wet feet, mud, and hunger than sacrifice his pride and independence; he preferred to stand on his own basis, on such shoes as he himself could get. His powerful mind and the deep religious bent of his soul sustained him in all of his calamities. But Samuel had to yield to poverty and leave Oxford before his course was completed, in the same year that his father died.

Johnson tried now to earn his bread by teaching, but his appearance and infirmities excited the boys to ridicule, and he could never afterwards think of the school-room but with disgust and horror. Some trifling literary work for a local paper saved him from starvation. Being without ways and means of self-support, he married, at the age of twenty-six, a widow of forty-six, and according to his own notion it was a love match on both sides. With the modest means of his wife he opened a boarding school at Litchfield, in which young gentlemen were taught the Greek and Latin languages. However, Johnson had not the least qualifications for an educator or for a teacher, and so the "Academy" failed after a year and a half. He could boast of only one eminent pupil in David Garrick, who later became a great actor. Johnson now resolved to seek his fortune in London. Accompanied by Garrick, and with a half-finished tragedy in his pocket, he moved to the metropolis. There for twenty-five years he lived the hard life of a poor scholar, and tasted all the miseries of the literary career,—want, toil, envy, jealousy,

and intrigue. His wife died after a short illness. His health, clouded by a deep melancholy, seldom afforded him a single day of ease, and yet most of his work was done during this period. He wrote the "Debates of Parliament," the great "Dictionary," his two poems, "London" and "The Vanity of Human Wishes," the "Rambler," the "Idler," and "Rasselas," and began his edition of Shakespeare.

The next period of Johnson's life is marked by two events which relieved him from the pressure of poverty and enabled him to pass the rest of his life in modest comfort. Through some of his writings he had won a considerable reputation, and persons of all ranks took great interest in him. In 1762, in his 53rd year, through the mediation of Lord Bute, King George III. granted Johnson a pension of three hundred pounds. A little later he formed a friendship with Mr. Thrale, a brewer of great wealth. Mrs. Thrale, a well-educated lady of lively talents, flattered by the friendship of so great a man and by the society which he drew around her table, cared for him like a good and devoted daughter. Her kindness soothed twenty years of a wretched and painful life. He generally gave half of the week to the Thrales, and stayed the other half in his own house, where sometimes as many as five humble literary friends found constant shelter. His pen rested now for a long while. Only under pressure from the booksellers was he aroused from his inborn indolence to write that work of his life by which he is best known, "The Lives of the English Poets." He wrote it with great pains, he declares, unwilling to work dilatorily or hastily. His fame spread. He was a kind of public oracle whom everybody thought he had a right to visit and consult. His house became an academy, and so did the taverns which he frequented, whose chairs he looked upon as so many thrones of human felicity. Free conversation, interchange of discourse, and contradictions of opinions were his delights. In the home of the Thrales, also, he met the witty and the eminent, and they in every way elicited his wonderful powers. Among his friends were Joshua Reynolds, Burke, Goldsmith, Garrick, and Boswell. In this famous club Johnson was the source of light. Here he corrected judgments, defended principles, formed the mind and, as Reynolds puts it, brushed from it a great deal of rubbish. The world of letters eagerly awaited his opinion.

"What does Johnson say of such a book?" was the daily question. He stood in the zenith of his power and ruled like a monarch. But it was the eve of his life. The death of Mr. Thrale ended this happiest time of Johnson's career. Sad hours followed, his own health broke down completely, and after a long and painful struggle he died peacefully, in 1784.

Few men whose lives have been devoted to letters for fifty years have left such a limited amount of original writings as Johnson did. However, this is easily explained by his constitutional condition and by what he called his reigning era, waste of time, and general sluggishness. His great powers as a writer were first manifested in his two imitations of Juvenal's third and tenth satire, "London" and the "Vanity of Human Wishes." Pope at once discovered in these masterpieces the genius of the unknown author. Sir Walter Scott had more pleasure in them than any other poetical composition ever afforded him. In his prose, Johnson is seen at his worst in his "Rambles," and at his best in the "Lives of the English Poets." His style is simple, clear, and direct; at times terse and rigorous, and in "Rasselas" rises to beauty and nobleness.

Johnson's greatest reputation rests on his talks and conversations in his club and at the round table of the tavern at Litchfield. Here he was in his glory, unrivaled in keen argument, rapid slashes of wit and humor, and scornful retorts. Eccentricities, and affectations, and the false pride of ambition crumbled to nothingness under the knowledge of his powerful intellect. His acknowledged power of conversation, combined with the strictness of his veracity, commanded the respect of all. In his writings as well as his conversations he always stands on the side of truthfulness, righteousness, and humanity, and against the bottom and boundless abysses of doubt and unbelief.

In studying the life of Johnson one can not fail to perceive that he was a very religious man. Religion was the governing principle of his life. He abhorred infidelity to such a degree that he could not sit in company with an infidel. His prayers and meditations give evidence in plain and simple language of a heart that was humble, contrite, penitent, and full of gratitude for divine mercies. The fear of God was ever before him. His Christianity bore fruit. His large heart, glowing with Christian love, made him charitable and

benevolent. He was always ready, within his means, to relieve the poor, to comfort the afflicted, to lift contaminated misery out of the mire and from the jaws of starvation and death. Think of the rescue of Goldsmith! Though a firm member of the Church of England Johnson was very favorably inclined to the Roman Catholic Church. "A man," he says, "who is converted from Protestantism to Catholicism parts from nothing, he is only superadding to what he already has; but a convert from Catholicism to Protestantism gives up so much of what he has held sacred, that there must be so much laceration of mind that it can hardly be sincere and lasting." Remarkable is his defense of the main parts of Catholic faith in his conversation with Boswell.

So stands Samuel Johnson before us, externally repulsive, an uncouth figure, unpolished in his manners; negligent in his garb, his face distorted, his eyesight and hearing impaired, and in this strange casing the largest soul that was in all England, a giant, invincible soul. Of the "bear," as he was called, he had nothing but the skin; beneath the rugged strength was a great, tender heart, beating for honesty, benevolence and truth for which he worked, fought and lived. It is no wonder that a character like Johnson's made a profound impression by virtue of his manliness, his intellectual and moral weight, and his authority. Hurt calls him a born leader, and indeed he was a leader of the men of letters in England. When he died they were like a swarm of bees without a queen. Who should take his place? The sceptre which Dryden had handed to Pope and Pope to Johnson fell to the ground. The last monarch was gathered to his fathers,—the monarchy became a republic.

The Three Fates.

FRANK C. STANFORD, '13.

FRAIL cord of life, a silken thread
Of airy fineness spun,
A throb of joy; the first one said:
"Another life's begun!"

Through tender hands the skein runs slow,
And o'er a golden rod;
The second scans, and whispers low:
"He lives,—all praise to God!"

The third with angel light is clad.
She breaks the thread at last,
And murmurs soft, half pleased, half sad:
"Another life has passed!"

The Mysterious Weapon.

FRANK W. HAFEY, '12.

The sewer pipe of the prison had sprung a leak and the workmen opening the trench were drawing closer and closer to the source of the trouble. The system had been constructed eighteen years before. On the very day that it had been completed, a warden of the prison had been killed, and his murderer, who was then serving a life sentence for a similar crime, had escaped. This convict was a sullen, morose fellow, given to melancholy brooding, and always devising means of escape.

The night warden who guarded the part of the prison where this man was kept, happened to be a new employee, and therefore unaccustomed to handle the convicts. About eleven o'clock as he was going his rounds, he heard a low, stifled cry. Thinking a man was sick, he went in the direction of the sound. He found it coming from cell number forty-three, where the life prisoner was kept. Looking through the bars of the door, he saw the convict lying face down on the stone floor, and thinking the man sick, he unlocked the door and stepped in.

It was an old trick, but the warden was green. As he stooped over to see what the matter was, the convict turned quickly and struck him full in the face. He was knocked off his feet, and before he could recover himself the prisoner was upon him. A bright object flashed as it descended repeatedly upon the warden's body. The limp form soon settled on the floor.

The whole affair happened so quickly and so quietly that it was nearly a half hour before the dead warden was found. The coroner's inquest showed that he had been stabbed to death by a jagged instrument. The cuts indicated that the weapon was crescent shaped. Nothing was found, and the weapon remained a mystery. The alarm was spread and shortly afterward a posse was formed. In a heavy downpour of rain they started in search of the escaped murderer. The state offered a reward of fifteen hundred dollars for the capture of the man dead or alive, and many people, tempted by the money, hunted him day and night.

The day after the murder the workers filled

in the trench. The rainwater was about half a foot deep in the bottom, but the men did not stop to drain it out. No one found any trace of the criminal, and after about three years of futile searching, interest gradually died out.

As was said before, the re-opening of the trench was well under way. The men had dug to within ten feet from the prison wall and had not yet found the exact spot of the leak. The digger nearest the wall of the prison struck his spade into the ground, and felt something hard, but yielding. On turning over the spadeful of dirt, he saw a small bone. Further digging revealed more bones, and finally a skeleton was uncovered. The skull was slightly dented, and the fingers of one hand were clenched. They held a sharpened spoon, which had corroded with age, but file marks and jagged edges were visible.

A few days later the statement came from the prison authorities that the skeleton found in the trench was that of the convict who had killed the warden and escaped eighteen years before. In jumping from the window he had fallen into the trench, and must have fractured his skull on the heavy sewer pipe. The rain had covered his body, and the muddy water had hidden him effectually from the eyes of the workmen who had filled up the trench.

Marion Crawford's Greatest Novel.

JAMES STACK, '13.

In the opening chapter of "Saracenesca," Marion Crawford draws a striking picture of Rome. Surely only one who has seen it and whose keen sense of observation has been deeply impressed could describe the Eternal City with such precision. The story has an historical background. It begins with the struggle between the Liberals and Royalists, which happened about the year eighteen hundred and sixty. Through the entire work the spirit of this political struggle prevails.

After finishing the necessary explanations concerning the period and place about which he is to write, Crawford introduces the principal characters of his story. Corona d'Astrordente is the society queen of Rome. She is young and rich and beautiful, a woman of strong convictions, unlike the fickle-minded

society "belle" we are apt to think of. Though Corona is quite young, she has married "a broken-down and worn-out dandy of sixty." The sacrifice, however, was made for her father's sake. A sacrifice indeed it was, but the duchessa bore her misfortune with a brave heart.

Duca d'Astrordente was kind to the duchessa and loved her sincerely, but it is not surprising that this girl of twenty should not bestow a great deal of affection on her aged husband. It was indeed a shame, said society, that this beautiful lady should be compelled to pass her life in company with a "worn-out dandy." Corona tried every possible means to conceal the fact that she did not love her husband, and succeeded quite well. For the old fop believed her a true wife, and often said she was beyond suspicion. Indeed he was not mistaken. Many were the society men with whom the duchessa associated, but her conduct and conversation always remained within the proper bounds.

Giovanni Saracenesca, Del Ferice and Vol-darno were some of the society youths of Rome who found delight in Corona's company. Saracenesca, a young Italian, had just reached the legal age, and was urged by his father to think seriously of an immediate marriage. The young man was rather slow to act, and Prince Saracenesca believed it would be necessary to choose a wife for him. Madame Mayer, or Donna Tullia, as she was more familiarly known, was the Prince's choice. Giovanni by no means favored his father's choice, but in obedience to his wishes consented to consider the matter. Donna Tullia was delighted with Giovanni's company, and after a few visits fell in love with him. But how different it was with the young Saracenesca! Each hour spent with the young lady, who was indeed rich and beautiful, made him think less and less of his father's choice. And finally, in utter disgust, he gave up the idea of ever marrying Madame Mayer. Prince Saracenesca was intent upon his resolution that his son should marry immediately, and was angry when informed that his choice had been in vain.

The more, however, the disgust which Giovanni had for Donna Tullia increased, the greater grew his love for the Duchessa d'Astrordente. The Duchessa, however, was a married woman, and it would, of course, not be wise to profess this love to anyone. Corona, too, felt drawn

toward Giovanni by some special attraction, and finally realized that she loved the noble youth.

As Corona was a married lady it was her duty to stifle this love as far as human nature would permit. She knew that some guidance was needed in this dangerous position, and so sought the advice of Padre Filippo. The valuable counsel which this priest of God gave, and the Duchessa's own strong character were sufficient to calm her wild passion of love.

The smallest trifle gives society people an opportunity for gossip. No one had ever heard Corona and young Saracenesca speak a word of love to each other. They were often seen together, but this was not considered of any serious moment. The Duca d'Astrordente never suspected his wife of the slightest unloyalty, and always maintained that she was beyond suspicion.

Envious eyes, however, see many peculiar traits in those upon whom they fix their gaze. Donna Tullia felt greatly slighted when Don Giovanni Saracenesca remained cold and had no regard for her affection. Being very much grieved at Giovanni she sought revenge. Del Ferice, who was now her suitor, knew that Madame Mayer was a proud woman, and likewise that her good will could best be won by flattery. His first remark of this kind was that Saracenesca was foolish to spurn one so beautiful. Donna Tullia's proud spirit is soothed by his sugar-coated phrases, and she determines to make Del Ferice her accomplice in avenging herself for Giovanni's action. Their first plot is to spread the report that Don Giovanni Saracenesca and the Duchessa d'Astrordente are in love.

As I have said before, the Duca d'Astrordente was a man of sixty years. He was affected with heart trouble, and the doctor had told him that any great emotion, if not checked immediately, would prove fatal. When the report of his wife's love for Giovanni reached him he did not believe it, but the violent anger he felt against the originator of this gossip caused his death.

The Duchessa truly mourned her husband's death, and spent a year in the quiet solitude of her country home to honor his memory. It was but natural, however, that the feeling of love for the young Saracenesca which she had stifled during her husband's life should again arise. Indeed it did arise. Her heart throbbed once more for Don Giovanni, and

here was now no reason to check it.

Donna Tullia and Del Ferice saw that the marriage of the Duchessa d'Astrordente and Don Giovanni Saracenesca was inevitable unless some plot could be devised. Del Ferice had concocted many schemes during his life, and was not at a disadvantage when this opportunity presented itself. Corona and Giovanni were both characters beyond reproach, however, and Del Ferice had no easy task. He tried to prove that Giovanni was already married, and for a time his plan looked plausible. Fortunately, however, Giovanni Saracenesca of Aquilla was still alive, and it did not take long to show that he was a different person from his namesake, the society man of Rome.

Del Ferice had played his highest card, and had lost his last chance. This, however, was not the clever schemer's greatest misfortune. For a long time he had played an important part in the Federalist movement, and was finally detected. To escape arrest he withdrew from the country and left Donna Tullia, the desired of his heart, behind him.

Corona d'Astrordente and Don Giovanni Saracenesca have overcome all obstacles, and when the story closes they are enjoying all the happiness of married life.

The purpose of every story is either to please or teach a lesson. "Saracenesca" does both. No one could help admiring the beautiful type of womanhood which Corona represents, and especially her great regard for the marriage tie. Her position is a trying one, but never does she swerve from the righteous path. The character of Giovanni as a man of conviction and one who can keep his word, is also well drawn.

The Boston *Times*, in speaking of this story, of Marion Crawford's calls it: "His highest achievement as yet in the realms of fiction. The work has two distinct merits either of which would serve to make it great,—that of telling a perfect story in a perfect way, and of giving a graphic picture of Roman society in the last days of the Pope's temporal power."

WHATEVER the world may opine, he who hath not much meditated upon God; the human mind, and the *summum bonum* may possibly make a thriving earthworm, but will most indubitably make a blundering patriot and a sorry Statesman—*Berkeley*.

Varsity Verse.

WANDERLUST.

I want to roam around
From place to place, until
I've reached the farthest bound,
And seen all things, and still
Find something yet unfound.

COMFORT.

I want to stay at home
Where comfort reigns supreme.
I do not care to roam
Where Venice waters gleam,
Or rear the mosque or dome.

E. S., Jr.

LONGING.

The falseness of this word I hate,
That makes my spirit ill at ease.
The wail of Lazarus at the gate,
And striving Genius on his knees
To petty men: then crowned too late.

All these things make my spirit long
To leave the hedged-in haunts of men;
To waken with the robin's song,
And spend the day free from the ken
Of minds that see but human wrong.

R. V. B.

THE LAST SKIVE.

We were crowded in the street car,
Not a soul would dare to speak,
For we'd heard the timely warning,
"There's a prefect on the peek."

And the leader coldly whispered,
As he shook his icy hand,
"If that prefect ever gets us,
To be sure, we shall be canned."

Lo, the prefect has espied us,
There he stands and at us stares.
"We are lost!" the leader whispered,
As we left the car in pairs.

A. B.

FALSE.

In times long past when life to me
Was filled with naught but visions bright,
I met a youth, who swore to be
A friend. My heart with great delight
Enlarged; my soul sang happily.

We parted, this good friend and I,
But all my words he answered not;
And as the years rolled slowly by
I judged that he had quite forgot.

His pledge to me had proved a lie. V. A. R.

The Paradox.

SIMON E. TWINING, '13.

The press? Yes, I think it is frightfully decadent,—syndicated editorials and all that, don't you know.—*The Bostonian*

Read Chesterton's editorial in the *News* yet? Say, it's ripping! Y'know, I think.—*The Englishman*.

The contrast between the American and the English estimates of the thought-food value of the newspaper editorial is violent; but the contrast between the effects of a breakfast dish of American, and a breakfast dish of English, editorials is paralyzing: the American looks bored, and talks like the conventional Englishman; the Englishman beams with enthusiasm, and talks like the conventional American college man.

It is undeniably true that American journalism is infested with commercialism. The editor is more often a panderer to public opinion than a molder of it, and the editorials are too often written out of deference to advertisers, rather than because of conviction, becoming merely paid advertisements in disguise. What American journalism principally lacks, however, is a Gilbert Keith Chesterton. On second thought, it might be well if we had more than one.

Chesterton is an English journalist whose copy is so good that it is made into books and sold on four continents. These books are on the seven-day list at the public libraries, and act either as an exasperant or a stimulant. The man who is exasperated quarrels with Chesterton, and the man who is stimulated recommends him; and both are good advertising mediums, as the lawyer recognized who said to an editor, "I don't care what you say about me, but d—n it, don't ignore me."

Something must be commercialized, and to the average newspaper man it seems easiest to commercialize journalism. Chesterton commercializes, instead, his knowledge of human nature. The psychology of the Chestertonian method is this: all men like to have thoughts, and thoughts are good for them; but men don't like the process of getting thoughts by the expenditure of mental effort. Simple, isn't it? The paradox is the solution. A paradox is a method of giving a man a thought painlessly, by thickly coating it with explosive

humor. The mind absorbs the paradox, thinking it a joke, whereupon the coating explodes in a laugh and the thought is left behind. Allopaths use the same principle in administering medicine.

It may be demonstrated by logic that the odds are two to one in favor of the paradoxer; for only four alternatives lie open to the thought recipient: He may either

like the *thought itself*, or
dislike the *thought itself*, or
like *having* the thought, or
dislike *having* the thought.

We saw from our psychology above, however, that all men like to *have* thoughts; wherefore, the fourth alternative thus eliminated, but three are left, and two of these are favorable. Therefore, many people don't like Chesterton's thoughts,—George Bernard Shaw, for instance. Chesterton's thoughts about Shaw would fill a volume, and Shaw doesn't like any of them. Others who don't like Chesterton's thoughts are socialists, suffragists, hypocrites, and bigots. Chesterton is not a Catholic, yet it is said that his paradoxes have done as much to make clear Protestant inconsistency and draw men to the Church as has the eloquence of Father Vaughan.

A recent magazine writer says: "One can either begin or end with Mr. Chesterton, though one can seldom do both." Another critic says that one of Chesterton's books is "practically analagous to one of the boxes of samples offered for sale by some biscuit manufacturer," and warns us that "it should be carefully borne in mind that to munch one's way through the whole assortment at one sitting is merely to court dyspepsia." We began with journalism; let us end with Mr. Chesterton, and "munch" a few of the "samples"—

"The Christian ideal has not been tried and found wanting; it has been found difficult and left untried."

"There is no such thing as fighting on the winning side; one fights to find out which is the winning side."

"There are two main moral necessities for the work of a great man: the first is that he should believe in the truth of his message; the second is that he should believe in the acceptability of his message. It was the whole tragedy of Carlyle's life that he had the first and not the second."

"Scott enjoyed narrative as a sensation;

he did not wish to swallow a story like a pill, that it might do him good afterwards. He desired to taste it like a glass of port, that it might do him good at the time."

"He died with a thousand stories in his heart" (of Stevenson).

"The great error consists in supposing that poetry is an unnatural form of language. We should all like to speak poetry at the moment when we truly live, and if we do not speak, it is because we have an impediment in our speech. It is not song that is the narrow or artificial thing; it is conversation that is a broken and stammering attempt at song."

"While it is very rare indeed in the world to find a thoroughly good man, it is rarer still—rare to the point of monstrosity—to find a man who does not either desire to be one, or imagine that he is one already."

"Romance, indeed, does not consist by any means so much in experiencing adventures as in being ready for them. How little the actual boy cares for incident in comparison to tools and weapons may be tested by the fact that the most popular story of adventure is concerned with a man who lived for years on a desert island, with two guns and a sword which he never had to use on an enemy."

"Monarchy in its healthiest days had the same basis as democracy: the belief in human nature when entrusted with power. A king was only the first citizen who received the franchise."

"Exactly the whole difficulty in our public problems is that some men are aiming at cures which other men would regard as worse maladies.... Dr. Saleeby would honestly like to have eugenics; but I would rather have rheumatics."

"Espiritu Santo"—An Appreciation.

JACOB GEIGER, '14.

The Catholic novel holds a distinct place in the literary world. It differs from the other forms of the novel in this, that while it gives pleasure it also teaches Catholic doctrines and shows the beauties of Catholic life. The number of Catholic novels is constantly on the increase, and, as must be the case in all forms of fiction, there are some poor ones in the output. Even these, however, have one

good quality. They teach the principles of the Catholic religion; they bring it before the eyes of the people in a new way. The ideal Catholic family, especially, is shown to the public. But if the plot, or the development of it, is poor, the effect of the novel is lessened if not destroyed. Some of these novels are given over almost entirely to the discussion of Christian doctrine and dogma, or to fervent religious teaching. This is all very good and, no doubt, accomplishes much, but many persons tire of being lectured, and impatiently throw such novels aside. The novel which has true-to-life and interesting characters together with a good plot, and which still brings in Catholic principles in an unobtrusive yet forcible way, does the most good, for it instructs without appearing to do so. It shows the beauty of our religion and the glory of a religious life, in a way which produces a lasting effect upon the reader.

The novel "Espiritu Santo," by Henrietta Dona Skinner, belongs to this latter class. The story is most interesting and keeps the reader wondering how it will end. And, it may be said, the ending is different from what most readers would expect.

The characters are, of course, religious; yet they are true to life. We must expect to find in these novels idealism rather than realism. But, when we consider that realism generally exaggerates the bad side of life, we can find no fault here, for it is better to read of exceptionally virtuous lives than of exceptionally bad lives. The characters in "Espiritu Santo," however, are more real than those in many Catholic novels. We do not find a villain running amuck throughout the novel, as is too often the case in fiction. The only villainous character in the novel is treated but briefly, though in this short time he does considerable damage. This fact, that the characters are not so extreme, makes the novel all the more interesting.

It is hard to determine just which character is the most important. Espiritu Santo and Theodoro Daretti hold very important places, while Adriano, the elder brother of Theodoro, and Catilina Disder are equally important. The interest seems to centre about Adriano more than any other, yet each of these characters holds the readers' attention. The four characters mentioned above hold almost equal places. They are introduced in the first chapter

and are the last mentioned in the book.

Adriano is represented as a high-minded, cultured youth, a favorite opera singer in Paris. Adriano appeals to the reader as a typical young man of the world. In his youth he is innocent and noble; later he suffers a fall from grace, but finally is gathered safely into the fold and becomes once more a good, true man. Adriano represents in many ways the average young man. Altogether he is to a great extent an ideal character. He is a young man with exceptional talents and a charming personality, and capable of winning many friends. Young men of this type very often suffer a fall similar to Adriano's, but owing to the fact that it is overlooked by the world, do not always rise again.

Theodoro, the younger brother of Adriano, is a noble-minded youth and a very spiritual one. He is, like his brother, an opera singer, but he lacks the charming personality of his brother. He makes up for this, however, by his more religious mind. Theodoro is in love with Espiritu Santo, and about this love motif most of the novel is built up.

Espiritu Santo is the daughter of Romom Disder. Her mother is dead but Madame Valorge takes care of her and her sister, Catilina. Catilina is also an opera singer, and her teacher, Hortense Delepaue, plays an important part in the novel. Espiritu Santo is a sweet and lovable girl. She is deeply religious and is a perfect example of Christian maidenhood. She loves Theodoro greatly, yet she is willing to give him up for her father's sake.

Adriano loves Catilina and has asked her father for her hand, but her father has refused. In reading the book we are naturally hopeful that they will eventually find happiness together, but such is not to be the case.

But too much time has already been spent on the characters themselves. The purpose of this novel is perhaps of greater interest. This novel was written, as nearly all Catholic novels are, to instruct. But this instruction is not delivered explicitly—it is the example afforded by the records of good Catholic lives that instructs. Somehow, one gets the impression in the reading that the instruction was made secondary to the development of the plot.

This novel is, in the first place, a story of a "love faithful unto death." It is secondly, a touching story of the love of Theodoro for

Espiritu Santo. They love each other dearly, but Espiritu Santo sacrifices her love for the sake of her father. This spirit of Christian self-sacrifice is shown again when Catilina, although she loves Adriano, tells him to marry Margare as she will make him the better wife.

Another lesson brought forcibly before the mind is a danger common to young men: that of "sowing wild oats," as it is called. Adriano for four years does not approach the sacraments. Because of his personal charm he is not rebuked, or at least not sufficiently. However, he is brought to his senses by the death of his groom and returns to the fold.

There is only one villainous character in the novel—Aeglaire. He works against Catilina until Adriano, unable to bear it any longer, punishes him severely. Aeglaire swears vengeance, and when it falls the reader never suspects it. Adriano is called to minister to a dying man, and, as was foreseen, he catches diphtheria. He does not die from the disease, but loses his voice. But as this is the cause of his winning Margare for a wife, it seems a blessing rather than an evil.

Another example of Catholic spirit is shown when Theodoro finds Aeglaire, whom he has determined to be avenged upon for his attempt to kill Adriano; mortally wounded, he listens to Aeglaire's confession of how he tried to kill Adriano. Theodoro then reveals his identity and forgives his enemy. The example of beautiful Catholic lives spiritualized by forgiveness and self-sacrifice runs all through the novel.

The book is well worth reading. The plot is good, the characters well chosen. It lacks both the extremely good and the extremely bad characters so prevalent in modern fiction. It teaches Catholic truths and sets a good example before us in a quiet, unobtrusive way. One can not help but be deeply impressed by this novel. It has a very pathetic and rather abrupt ending. The book is written in an interesting style. It contains enough pathos to make one take a deep interest in it. It may seem tiresome in comparison to some other novels, but, as a Catholic novel, "Espiritu Santo" is satisfying, instructive, and uplifting.

"KEEP thyself alive by throwing day by day fresh currents of thought and emotion into the things thou hast come to do from habit."

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—Emerson says that simplicity is greatness. In this month, here at Notre Dame, we have the words of the great essayist and teacher well exemplified. In the celebration of Columbus and Founder's Days we honor two great, yet simple, men. Both had ideals, and both set forth to accomplish them with noblest simplicity.

This University, with its numerous colleges and its excellent corps of teachers, was the end for which Father Sorin labored—and he saw his efforts successful. A new land, with heathen hordes awaiting Christianity was the vision of Columbus—and he lived to see the beginning of their conversion. Among the means at hand for the accomplishment of their respective ambitions, we can not say that these two great men found extraordinary talents. The only sort of genius to which they owed success was that one talent—given by God, but most jealously preserved by their own care—devotion to noble ideals and pursuit of them with persistence and self-sacrifice. This is the sort of genius that brought America into the known world, and it was also through the working of this same power that Notre Dame was founded.

This one talent, at least, is offered to all. Too many, alas! bury it like the slothful servant in the Gospel. Many more put their hands behind their back and refuse to accept it—

afraid of the responsibility, too small-souled to face the sacrifice demanded. The faithful few joyfully accept the opportunity to work for their Lord and for the betterment of their race, and so live lives worthy of remembrance.

—Everyone that visits Notre Dame can not help but remark the beauty of the golden dome, as high above all the other structures, magnificent in proportion and splendid in adornment, it surmounts the Administration Building. It is an admirable bit of workmanship, the most decorative and conspicuous piece of architecture upon the grounds. The visitor beholds it with wonder. But to the community and the students, it is dearest for its associations and memories. To some of these it recalls the heroism of Sorin in striving for and attaining an ideal; to others it recalls the reconstruction of a grander, nobler institution after the fire of 1879, when it seemed the University would forever remain in ashes; and to others still, as they go back in day-dreams "to their yesterdays," it brings memories of the tranquil, happy calm of school life at Notre Dame.

But the dome, crowned as it is with the statue of the Mother of God, is, above all, symbolical of the exalted ideal cherished by the founder of the institution, symbolical of the spirit of Catholic education. Religion and education must proceed together, with religion lighting the way. The statue of the Mother of God, clothed in the splendor of the sun and crowned with stars, is the cynosure of every visitor and every student that crosses the grounds. And the Mother of God in heaven looks down with sweet, benignant gaze upon the University dedicated to her honor and upon its students, and obtains by her mighty prayers prosperity for the institution, and for its sons, deeply religious hearts and cultured minds.

—Good manners are always an asset. But forms of courtesy and good manners are in a degree relative things, and while argument is out of place, a simple statement of facts concerning local standards is made necessary by the obtuseness of certain small intellects. Far be it from us to carp at the sweet solace the student may find in his pipe. The pipe in its place is a

useful thing,—generally more useful than ornamental—and probably serves its purpose in life; but it sometimes falls into the hands of the uncouth and the unsophisticated, and this change of habitat often brings the pipe into disrepute. For instance, it does not grow in our esteem when we see it through a mist of smoke before the steps of the Main Building. Yet we must in justice add it is not the institution of the pipe as such that we blame for this loss of respect, but the beardless youth with whom it must perforce keep company. One does not notice this abuse among the elder students; it comes either from the yokel who hails from the village that stands apart above the plains, or from the unripe mushroom of Carroll hall who is prematurely oppressed by the dignity of a room in Walsh or Corby. He shrouds his face in a continual fog; he looks at you in big fashion to impress you with the idea that he is not small. You can detect his presence at a distance by the odor of the noxious gases that radiate from his censer, and when he goes he leaves the door-mat strewn with clinkers. He can not possibly enjoy a quiet smoke where he will not be thrown before your tired vision. He must perforce hang the cap on one ear, push both hands into his pockets *a la mode*, and from one corner of his mouth exude blue vapor as he crosses the campus. He is a vision of large concert, your beardless youth, pipe-fed, weak-kneed and short on brains. Possibly he will outgrow himself and learn to show some measure of respect to the pipe. Meantime the pipe is in very small company and here and now receives our abiding sympathy.

—The dreaded scroll reappears, ominous with Mane-Thecel-Phares. On public bulletins it places its damaging testimony. Calmly and unfeelingly it exposes the delinquencies of our invertebrates.

The Delinquent List. The Delinquent List! O mighty theme! How can we keep to dull prose! Come, O Muse, let us away on the wings of poesy. But no—we may not swell—pity 'tis, but we are editorially encaged.

Joshua made the sun stand still; weather-prophets disturb the seasons; Roosevelt impedes the G. O. P.; the "lid" restricts emigration;—but what can suppress the Delinquent List! There it stands, boldly speaking of faults and failures; the unsecret confessional, un-

holy and without the power of absolution. How can we lessen its record?

It will be difficult, since we are dealing with "don't-care" persons. It is not hard to reason with good haters, but it is a punishment to attempt the conversion of an indifferentist. With many of them, there isn't sufficient character or mentality to understand an appeal. Not all, however, are careless beyond redemption. Some are young in their practice of heedlessness. Others are being led astray and can yet return. To them we speak:

Consider it a piece of personal pride and determine that you will not be placed on the Roll of Dishonor. Let the ignorant and the shiftless boy, or the wealthy one who needs not to worry about the future, permit their names to be blacklisted. But you who understand why you are here, who foresee the intense seriousness of life, and perceive how needful is the development of all your better faculties, screw up your courage and make up stream. The future is heavy with responsibility. Men of action and abiding energy are in demand. What are you to answer when you are called? The boy whose habits are negligent, whose inner self fails to rebuke indolence, whose nature is spoiled by slipshod methods, can not be received. The *Now* is a miniature of the *Future*. Keep off the Delinquent List, and you will not be pointed at ten years from now as a man who excels in disgraceful practices, and whose failures are ignoble. Learn to measure the worth of self-applause; get well what you attempt, and scorn to be advertised a Failure.

—The words *poetical* and *figurative* are synonymous. A poet is a maker of figures of speech, a man who sees analogies. The perfect poet, therefore, is
The Perfect Poet. God Himself, since to His Being all created things are but analogies. Hence it is that the nearer one approaches to knowledge of God, the better he will perceive the analogies of creation, and the truer poet he will become. Poetry springs not from doubt, but from faith. Perhaps in this fact may be found an answer for those who inquire why in our day the field of emotional and religious poetry has been practically given over to the monopoly of Catholic writers, and why, with the possible exception of a Father Tabb, this age has produced no really great poets.

"The Music Master."

The annual Concert and Lecture course was formally opened last Saturday evening in Washington hall, with Mr. Arthur Kachel's excellent interpretation of Charles Klein's great drama, "The Music Master." This remarkable play, whose immediate success may be largely attributed to the inimitable genius of David Warfield, revolves about a simple hearted German musician and a marriage vow that failed to bind. From the opening scene in the great concert hall of Leipsic, until the culmination, in a New York mansion, of the music master's long search for his daughter, it is a theme of absorbing interest; and Mr. Kachel, with rare technique, never permitted the interest to lag.

Mr. Kachel has studied under Leland T. Powers, and possesses, to a marked degree, the graceful presence and exceptional talent of his renowned instructor. He was accorded an enthusiastic reception by the old students, who retain pleasant memories of his reading of the previous year. Characterized by unstudied ease and versatility, his rendition of "The Music Master" was of the highest order of excellence.

Newman on the Netherlands.

That his illustrated travel-talks had lost none of their popularity, was well attested by the prolonged applause that greeted Mr. Newman's appearance on the stage Wednesday evening. His first lecture treated the beautiful and picturesque country of the Netherlands. The remarkable dikes, ancient towns and quaint costumes of this thrifty little European nation were portrayed by slides and films, and elaborated with explanations and amusing anecdotes of the narrator's own experiences. Mr. Newman's illustrations and motion pictures represent the highest development of the photographer's art, and the remainder of his series is eagerly awaited by all who were present at Wednesday's lecture.

Class Elections.

At a rip-snorting, fire-eating, precedent-breaking meeting of the Freshman lawyers last Saturday evening, the legal section of the soon-to-be-renowned class of '15 was

ushered, amid furious applause, to its place among the upper classes. From the start, the meeting exhibited every sign of the fiery and progressive spirit which, if we are to judge by Saturday night's demonstration, will make the class famous. There were campaign speeches, impromptu and otherwise, boosting and knocking, which, had he heard them, would have made Mr. Ananias instantly resign his chair as president of the Prevaricator's Union. But the stately ship of '15 sailed sublimely out of the maelstrom of factional dissension with Mr. Emmet Linehan, in his newly created rôle of president, at the helm. The other officers were elected the following morning at a meeting equally animated and interesting, but marked by better order. Election results were as follows: Emmett Linehan, president; Frank Boos, vice-president and historian; D. S. Moran, secretary; Ernest Lajoie, treasurer; H. D. Madden, sergeant-at-arms and cheer-leader.

At a late meeting of the Sophomore class in the Sorin law room, the following officers were elected: James Sanford, president; Albert Kuhle, vice-president; Robert Roach, secretary; Joseph Pliska, treasurer; William Kelleher, sergeant-at-arms; Chas. Sheehan, cheer-leader. With such an able executive body, we are certain of the success of the class of '14.

Last Saturday evening the Junior Lawyers assembled in Sorin, and the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Wm. Downing, president; Jas. Cahil, vice-president; C. Birder, secretary; Fred Gushurst, treasurer; and T. Downey, sergeant-at-arms.

We mustn't forget our Senior lawyers. The men who have been elected to lead the law class of '13 are as follows: Basil Soisson, president; Byron Hayes, vice-president; W. Granfield, treasurer; F. Gilbough secretary; K. Murphy, sergeant-at-arms.

Society Notes.

BROWNSON LITERARY AND DEBATING.

The first regular meeting of the society was held last Sunday evening. Four new members were admitted: Messrs. G. Clements, W. Purcell, E. Mulholland and J. Denny. The question for debate was: Resolved, That all the states of the Union should emulate the example of California and grant women the right of suffrage. The affirmative speakers

were: Messrs. P. Savage and G. Schuster; the negative, Messrs. F. Prolatowski and T. Galvin. Both sides battled hard for victory, some of the speakers talking for twenty minutes in their main speech. The rebuttals were limited to five minutes so as to finish the debate in an hour and a half. Little time was left for the critic to make any observations on the speaking, and he was obliged to see the debaters in private. A motion was passed to limit the set speeches to ten minutes in future. The outcome of the debate was a victory for the affirmative, Mr. G. Schuster perhaps being the strongest speaker of the evening. This first debate was very successful, and will be, it is to be hoped, a standard for all future debates of the year.

Personals.

—Paul Murphy, of Minneapolis (student '10-'11), visited at the University last week.

—Attorney Hugh J. Daly (LL. B. '12), of Chicago, called on friends at the University last Saturday.

—The members of the Pittsburg National League baseball team were interested visitors at the University last Friday.

—Ray Skelly of Pittsburg (student '06-'11) called at the University last Tuesday on his way to Chicago where he is to engage in engineering work.

—Mr. Theodore Susen (student at the University for several years prior to '11) is now in Germany pursuing technical studies in the cloth-dyeing industry.

—George W. Philbrook (B. S. B. '12), one of our monogram men at the Olympiad, returned to the University last Saturday. George will assist Coach Marks in developing the Varsity eleven, prior to continuing his medical studies.

—Notre Dame colors are flying high in Illinois since October 4, when Hugh J. Daly and John F. Devine, of Chicago; Fremont Arnfield, of Elgin, and Robert J. Milroy, of Aurora, all LL. B. '12, successfully passed the Illinois State Bar examinations. Congratulations and best wishes for success to the young attorneys!

—The marriage is announced of Miss Louise Alden Brotherton to Mr. William Richard Ryan, Jr., in Cleveland, October 3rd. The

groom is no other than the redoubtable "Billy" Ryan, athlete, actor, practical humorist and all-around good fellow. No Notre Dame man ever went away from the University with more friends than Billy. Salutations and cordial good wishes to Mr. and Mrs. William Richard Ryan, Jr.!

—Two loyal Notre Dame boys who are sticking together in the practice of the law are Paul J. Ragan (A. B. '97, LL. B. '00) and Edwin J. Lynch (LL. B. '10). They occupy a suite of offices in the Spitzer Building, Toledo, Ohio. Mr. Lynch is the genial "Copper" of the '09 football champions.

Another Notre Dame booster in Toledo is John B. McMahon (A. B. '09) who also has his office in the Spitzer Building.

Local News.

—Students who wish to have beads blessed may apply to Father Maguire.

—Will the student who borrowed a claw hammer from the pressman at the printing office please return it, or replace it with a new one?

—Determined not to be outdone by Corby, the organization of an orchestra is on foot in Walsh with Cecil Birder as director. We offer encouragement.

—On the grounds that neither team had had sufficient practice, the game between South Bend High School and Walsh Hall has been indefinitely postponed.

—The Civil Engineering Society will hold their meeting on Saturday evenings instead of Wednesday evenings during Mr. Newman's course of illustrated travel lectures.

—The Walsh Hall "Chicks" have disorganized, only to reform again under the name of the Walsh Hall "Preps." Possibly our feathered friends took offence to the name given them, since, as tradition will have it, it originated in the *Safety Valve*.

—The political dopesters of the University have been active the past week. A straw ballot taken in the different halls shows Wilson decidedly in the lead.

	Corby	Sorin	Brownson	St. J.	Total.
Wilson	66	40	75	47	228
Taft	35	14	29	5	83
Bull Moose	13	5	13	5	36

—The "old boys" of Walsh, with Father

McNamara at their head, have fixed a date for a vaudeville and smoker. The spirit of last year, which made the men of Walsh foremost in entertainment, is to be formally inoculated into the new fellows, among whom, no doubt, there will be a few Billy Ryans and Dan McNichols.

—Mr. Walter Eckersall, erstwhile gridiron hero and present sport dopester for the *Chicago Examiner*, extended praise of the highest quality to John O'Connell, Sporting Editor of the SCHOLASTIC and Notre Dame correspondent for the South Bend *Tribune*. Mr. Eckersall asserts that, as a collegiate sporting reporter John has very few equals. Nine rahs for the SCHOLASTIC!

—On the evening of Oct. 8, Notre Dame Council of the Knights of Columbus met in their council chamber for the purpose of electing new officers. Election results were as follows: Earl S. Dickens, Grand Knight; Peter Meersman, Deputy Grand Knight; Arthur Hughes, Chancellor; James Sanford, Financial Secretary; William Milroy, Recording Secretary; Eugene Kane, Inside Guard; Poynt Downing, Outside Guard.

—After a conference between the athletic managers of the various halls Wednesday evening, October 9, the following schedule was announced:

- October 17—Brownson vs. Sorin
- October 20—St. Joseph vs. Walsh
- October 24—Corby vs. Brownson
- October 27—Sorin vs. Walsh
- October 31—St. Joseph vs. Corby
- November 3—Walsh vs. Brownson.
- November 7—Corby vs. Sorin
- November 10—St. Joseph vs. Brownson.
- November 14—Walsh vs. Corby
- November 17—St. Joseph vs. Sorin.

—Mr. Chas. Crowley, Varsity end, has consented to pilot the Walsh team this season. The absence of Don Hamilton's inimitable coaching methods and "pep" has been felt sorely; and, it seems, there has been a slight hesitancy among the Varsity men in taking his job, fearing that they could not come up to the standard set by last year's coach. However, we predict success for Mr. Crowley and his braves.

—Next Saturday evening, Oct. 12, there will be a joint celebration of Founder's day and Columbus' Day in Washington Hall. Through the coöperation of a committee of the Knights

of Columbus and the Faculty, the two holidays, one national, the other local, will be celebrated together. The following is the program to be rendered:

University Orchestra

- "Onward, Christian Soldiers".....Audience
- Tosti's "Good-Bye".....James Wasson
- "Father Sorin".....Frank C. Stanford
- "Notre Dame, My Notre Dame".....Audience
- "Columbus".....W. J. Milroy
- "The Rag-Time Soldier Man".....G. A. Lynch
- "Lasca".....Prof. Koehler

Kinodrome

- "America".....Audience

University Orchertra

—Solemn high mass was sung Sunday, October 6, the first Sunday in the month of the Holy Rosary. Father Cavanaugh officiated and Fathers Davis and Lennartz were deacon and subdeacon. Father Carroll delivered the sermon, and in a few preliminary remarks explained the nature of the October devotions. He exhorted the students to attend these religious exercises, and especially take advantage of the Portiuncula indulgence granted for every visit to the church during the day.

And now there remain faith, hope, and charity, these three: but the greatest of these is charity. These words of St. Paul were chosen as the preacher's text. He discoursed on the virtue of charity and compared it to the divine virtues of faith and hope, which, he said, ceased with life, while charity was a virtue of eternity. The sermon was practical in all respects, and had a relevant bearing on our daily life. Charity loves truth and truth is a mold of character. Destroy character and you commit an irreparable wrong. Become a lover of truth and you will see in your neighbor only his virtues. Such were the thoughts presented to us for our consideration, and surely they are truths of much practical application in college life.

Athletic Notes.

Varsity Athletics.

Last Saturday Notre Dame opened the football season of 1912 in a game (so called) against St. Viator's College. The team from Kanikakee was lighter, slower, and showed less training than the Varsity, and as a result the visitors were steam rolled, sat upon, and subjected to miscellaneous ill-treatment more appropriate in political conventions than in a football game. The St. Viator's line could not

withstand the gold and blue backfield, and the St. Viator's backfield could not pierce the gold and blue line. Hence we have the score: Notre Dame, 116; St. Viator's, 7.

The visitors' score was made in the second quarter against the Varsity second string. Sherman recovered a punt on his own forty-yard line and raced away without opposition to the goal.

Although the game was too one-sided to be interesting as a contest, it proved so from other reasons. Every man on the squad was given an opportunity to display his ability, and the excellent work of the scrubs delighted not only the coach but the students as well. Besides this, the score of 116 sets a new mark for high football scores, superseding the 86 to 0 mark set in the Loyola game last year.

The fighting strength of Captain Dorais' men could not be adequately judged from Saturday's performance, but the terrific onslaughts of Eichenlaub and the fast work of Berger, Duggan and Larkin bid fair to pierce stronger and heavier lines.

Summary:

McGinnis, Metzger, Miller	L. E.	Magee.
Fitzgerald, Stevenson	L. T.	Dunn, Hicks.
Yund, Keefe, Munger	L. G.	Murray.
Feeney, McLaughlin	C.	Robeneau.
Harvat, Hicks, Cook	R. G.	Longer, Donnelly.
Jones, Duaphy	R. T.	Fisher.
Dolan, Nowers, Morgan	R. E.	Sherman.
Dorias, Finnegan	Q. B.	Harrison.
Larkin, Gargen	R. H.	Welch.
Eichenlaub, Dougherty	F. B.	Shafer.
Berger, Duggan	L. H.	Shea, Sullivan.

Touchdowns—Berger 5, Nowers 4, Eichenlaub 3, Duggan 3, Larkin, Finnegan, McLaughlin, Sherman. Goals from touchdowns—Dorias 3, Nowers, Metzger, McLaughlin, Harrison. Safety—Notre Dame. Referee—Dunbar (Yale). Umpire—Callihan (Michigan). Head Lineman—Philbrook (Notre Dame). Time of quarters, ten minutes.

INTERHALL ATHLETICS.

Organization has been the keynote in interhall circles during the past week. All the halls have chosen managers, and the members of last year's teams have selected captains for the present season. Unusually large squads have been out every day and are fast rounding into shape. A noticeable feature of the teams is that they are all well balanced, combining speed with plenty of the weight necessary for the present style of play. Despite the hot weather last Sunday, Walsh and Sorin engaged each other in a long scrimmage which tested

to the utmost the staying powers of the men.

Crowley, the Varsity end, who lately returned to school, has taken charge of the Walsh squad, of which the most likely candidates are Capt. H. Newning, Baujan, Harvat, Carroll, Jones, Shaughnessy, Mathews, Byrne, D. Newning, Stack, Hick, Farry, Boyle, Hayes, Mooney, O'Donnell, Joyce, McSweeney, Langan, Hopkins, and McCamic.

Dougherty was elected manager for Sorin and Martin Heyl, captain. The squad consists of Heyl, Morgan, LeBlanc, Devitt, O'Connell, Ryan, Granfield, Keefe, Furlong, Arias, Ayala, Alderete, Condon, Donahue, Devereus, Hammond, Madden, McGovern, O'Donnell Rubio, Rebillot, Sweeney and Voelkers.

Brownson has probably the largest squad, many of whom are new men. The following are the candidates: Murphy, McQuade, Rose, Carmody, O'Rourke, Wright, Linehan, Smith, Stack, Lynch, Reidman, Dundon, Eck, Kinsella, Lathrop, Dew, Meehan, Moralis, Lathrop, Anchonda, McGrath, Kinsella, Kline, Burns, Baujan, Burke, Curry, Gorgan, Cagney and Lawler.

These men have reported to Capt. Soisson for practice: Gushurst, Mills, Murray, Bensberg, Nigro, Carmody, Roach, Hood, King, Downing, Rendolf, Havin, McAdams, Hines, Soisson, Peurrung, Kennedy, Brennigan, Tipton, Herron, Healy, Madden, Hebner and McShane.

Manager Kane has a good squad of St. Joseph men out daily, including Theil, Dyer, O'Donnell, Delph, Peppin, Cook, Bartel, Kirke, Reilly, Sylvester, Cassidy, Traynor, Siebert, Smith, Bohannon, Maloney, Yerns, O'Hara, Kane, Young and Sanford.

INTERHALL TRACK MEET.

An interhall handicap track meet will be held today under the auspices of the Notre Dame Athletic Association. The meet is open to all students of the University, whether of previous Varsity experience or not. There are ten regular entries, in which liberal handicaps have been given. Besides these ten, there are four novelty entries which will furnish the most funereally inclined with a laugh. Prizes have been liberally donated by downtown merchants, and one will be given to the winners of first and second place in each event. The purpose of this meet is principally to give the coach a working knowledge of the material he will use during the coming track season.

Safety Valve.

Let us admit for the sake of argument that Corby has 7 musicians. Doesn't that uphold our athletic statement about Corby's playing power?

As for the guy that spoke about "uproarious outburst," as learned in English IV., we can turn loose a bunch of mad pomes coralled therefrom that will set the E. S. B. into pandemonium.

OUR WEAKLY THEME.

It is night, and belo me is the lake. The stars are shining, but the Mone is behind a cloud. The dome is butiful, but I can not see the crasey fule who climed to the top of it to ruber. When they catched him they should have gilded his dome also.

A large squad of 10 men and our Erich are practising daily and diligently for the glory of mother Sorin.

Besides Chaplain Prolatowski should be able to proceed properly with the prayers for the Prownson Literary and Debating Society.

"To the civil engineer the greatest source of waste is the time spent in idleness."

Add to this: The greatest source of enjoyment is the time spent in hilarity.

And: The greatest source of making full the void is the time spent in consuming hot buns. *Quod Erat Demonstrandum.*

DEAR VALVE:—I lamp from the distance that the first Oct. issue has got (or gotten) by without any class oders having arisen. That used to be considered quite a joke when the Valve was in its swaddling clothes. V P.

We would welcome the suggestion that somebody start a Museum for the Forty Original Pests. We have often thought of this Ourself, but We have proved Ourself so clever on many occasions already that we don't desire to show Us on the dome just now. So we pass it along.

TIP-TOPS.

There are two Roaches, Edward and Robert. Edward is 20; Robert 17. It is of Edward we speak Last year at the solemn opening of the University year—ut aijunt—Edward entered the Junior class that harvested such other big corn-stalks as Frank-Stanford of Fourth of July, called also Independence, and Frank Jerome Breslin who beat our Erch to the assistant postmastership of studious Sorin. Since the day Edward Roach entered good old fighting Corby he has sailed clear of demerits, though he comes close to the rocks now and then you may be sure. Occasionally he takes a quiet day skive with our friend Mike Carmody, but one must vary the time a little, else one must die of ennui.

Edward writes poetry and some of it has been printed in our staid *Scholastic*: but then J. Allen Heiser's efforts have appeared there too, so you see it works both ways. His prose is very much admired by the queens who conduct our other esteemed contemporary back at the Forbidden Palace. We mention this *en passant*, as those who don't know French usually say.

We will miss Edward when he departs with his diploma. We hope he will get it to depart with in June, like other Caps and Gowns. In case he doesn't, then we shall meet again. If he does, then this parting were well made.

There will be one Odium this 13th. One's nuf.

After the freshman elections shall have come to pass we will settle down till the three-cornered affair of November 4th. Meantime our only living expresident will stand at Armageddon and battle for T. R.

We notice that Cy Curran goes after Crito—Its Moral Beauty—at some length. We certainly think more of old Crito now than ever thanks to Mr. Curran.

No, we have not heard of Germania, Lange's friend (before he went to the Seminary) in some time.

Then there is the boob that knocks the refuse from his pipe on the steps of the church.

Not to mention the Gent who sticks his hands in his pantpockets during mass.

We again warn parents of students to state hall in which addressé resides. For example: Mr. Jake Geiger, Old College, Notre Dame, Ind. This will save our beloved postmaster unnecessary annoyance, Sir!

Nor is it necessary to kick Harper *every* time he goes by.

Why, yes, come over some time, but turn round and go back right off.

A FINE CATCH.

A great writer [in Eng. IV.] says: "She loved him at first when she first met him." We presume she sat on a 75-cent seatback of the initial base.

Our barba Jim is an awful cut-up, haint he?

Postcards our Henry Dockweiler: "Salutations from this beautiful city of Washington—a place of wonderful witchery, where every prospect pleases."

We are duly delighted at our Henry's enthusiastic eulogy of Washington witchery.

TWINING'S JOKE.

Will you please explain yourself, Mr. Riddle?