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Faithfulness.


CHARLES FLYNN, '14.

THE rose despoiled by Autumn's plund'ring hand,
The south wind's fervent kiss can not forget;
The shell, a castaway upon the sand,
Forever murmurs forth its sad regret.

Can I forget? Oh, think not that my heart
Is fragile as the rose at Spring's farewell;
Nor that my life, though torn from thine apart,
Can be less constant than a dead sea shell!

Christopher Marlowe and the Early English Drama.

LOUIS J. KILEY, '13.

F all the brilliant group that characterizes the Elizabethan period, there is not one more striking in character and accomplishment than Christopher Marlowe. There were English dramatists before him, it is true, but to him must be accorded the distinction of being the greatest of Shakespeare's predecessors. In his dramas, the temper and spirit of the age first find expression. In his works, he had but to reveal his own character, desires, and ambitions to make them typical of the times. He was the personification of the restlessness and the love of adventure and excitement so prevalent in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. But to appreciate fully the truth of the statement that Marlowe was the first great English dramatist, it is necessary to make a short review of the work that preceded his.

The drama develops in much the same way in all countries the world over. We have first the deed,—some feat of valor performed by

a people's hero. For a time this deed lives only in oral narrative, but finally it appears in written form and is treasured in a nation's literature. Then, after ages have passed, later generations select the parts which appeal most to the imagination, and present them in pantomime.

In pagan countries, the earliest literature dealt with the lives and deeds of gods or of heroes—partly historical, partly mythical—who were endowed with preternatural abilities. Hence the intensely religious aspect of all those early dramas. In Europe, as well as in Greece, religion prevailed in the first period of the development of the drama. Before the invention of printing, and even for a long time after, the stories with which the common people were most familiar were stories from the life of Christ, the stories of the Old and the New Testaments. Gradually it became the custom to present scenes from Our Lord's life in pantomime. This was used particularly at Christmas time, when the story of Christ's birth was thus conveyed to the multitude who could not read. When the Old Testament was called upon, a complete series of plays from the Creation to the Final Judgment was established, and from these Mystery and Miracle plays came forth the Elizabethan drama.

Owing to the religious character of the plays, the first actors were priests and monks. The plays were produced on movable platforms in some public square. In time it became the part of the guilds to perform plays, and nearly every important town in England had its own cycle of plays. When the drama passed more and more into the hands of the laity, other innovations appeared. The life of that day became the theme, regular plots made their appearance, and the play was divided into acts and scenes. One of the first productions of this period, which is known as the "artistic

period," is a comedy, "Ralph Royster Doyster," written some time before 1556.

About this time there appeared in England a revival of the study of Latin literature, which was destined to have a far-reaching influence on the English drama. To increase and stimulate the interest of their pupils, masters began to have them act the plays which they translated. But the English drama was not to be restricted to the limits of the classical with close adherence to the dramatic unities of time, place and action. The classical dramatists distinguished sharply between tragedy and comedy, no element of one ever being permitted to enter into the other. The English drama, however, disregarded the unities of time and place; aiming to represent the whole sweep of life in a single play. A child might grow to manhood between two acts; the actor might appear at home, at court, and on the battlefield all in the course of one play. Tragedy and comedy, tears and laughter, were intermingled in the drama as in ordinary life.

After the schoolmasters, who presented the classical Latin dramas, came the regular playwrights, each adding or developing some essential element of the drama. As was the case with Marlowe and Shakespeare, these early dramatists usually began their training as actors. They next revised old plays, and finally wrote independently. Their number included such men as Kyd, Nash, and Greene. These, with others of their school, brought the English drama to the point where Marlowe began his great work.

About two months before the birth of William Shakespeare, in 1564, Christopher Marlowe was baptized in the ancient little town of Canterbury. How he obtained his education is a matter of conjecture. Either his father, who was a shoemaker, possessed sufficient means to defray the expense; or some rich gentleman may have been willing to interest himself in one whom he perceived to be a gifted lad. At any rate, Marlowe went to King's school, Canterbury, and later to Benet College, Cambridge, from which school he received the degree of B. A. in 1583, and that of M. A. in 1587.

While at the University he began and probably completed his famous translations of Ovid's elegies. Some of his other early poetry would seem to indicate that he had been, for a short time at least, a soldier; serving, perhaps, in

the Netherlands campaign. The assumption is not an unwarranted one, if we are to judge by the love of adventure and excitement which characterized the poet's short life.

Following the custom prevalent among the playwrights of the period, he next went on the stage, attaching himself to one of the prominent dramatic companies, probably that of the Earl of Nottingham.

During his life as an actor he was brought in contact with such men as Raleigh, Kyd, Nash, Greene, and Chapman, and won their lasting friendship. Marlowe was what we might call a "good fellow"; he made friends easily and found it no hard matter to keep them. Ready and willing to join in any adventure or mad enterprise, he was a favorite with the younger members of society, while the more staid persons could not but admire his genius, however much they may have condemned some of his actions.

His life is a constant reminder of the fickleness of fortune and fame. He sought only beauty and pleasure. Any rule of faith or any obligatory observance was, to his wild spirit, impossible. For a few short years he dreamed and wrote, feasted and starved alternately, and then in the heyday of youth and fame, met sudden death. His irreligious scoffing had led to a warrant for his arrest. To escape this, he went to a small town called Deptford, and, while in hiding in one of the taverns there, was fatally stabbed in a drunken brawl.

Marlowe began to write at an early age, probably before he was twenty-four. Like most of his contemporaries, he borrowed the majority of his plots, curtailing or exaggerating them to suit his purposes. "Tamburlaine" was his first and probably one of his best plays. The plot was taken from a translation of the Spanish piece, "Foreste," made by Thomas Fortescue. The chief motive of the play was an effort to revolutionize dramatic poetry from "jiggling veins of rhyming mother-wits." It is his distinction that in this play he established blank verse in the English drama. This form of verse, so peculiarly adapted to the needs of English dramatists, had been in use to a limited extent, but never had it attained the degree of perfection which it did in Marlowe's hands. In this regard, his work may be said to have served as a guide to Shakespeare himself.

The Faust legend, which can be traced back

to the sixth century, finally drifted over to England, where it appeared first in ballad form. It must have impressed Marlowe as a suitable foundation for a drama, for his play, "Dr. Faustus," appeared in 1588. A comparison made between it and Goethe's "Faust" would not be at all to Marlowe's advantage. It would show the latter's work to be faulty and uneven. Yet there are passages in "Dr. Faustus," such as the invocation to Helen, and the final despair of Faustus, which, for real poetic splendor, rival the best work of the German master. Some of the passionate nature of Marlowe is to be seen in the lines which his hero addresses to Helen:

Was this the face that launched a thousand ships,
And burned the topless towers of Ilium?
Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss!
Her lips suck forth my soul; see where it flies!
Come, Helen, come give me my soul again.
Here will I dwell, for Heaven is in these lips,
And all is dross that is not Helen.

Marlowe's increasing mastery of his line is evident in the fine passages of his next play, the "Jew of Malta." But in spite of its many merits, this work was less successful than "Tamburlaine," and is of interest today only on account of the obvious parallelism between certain of its scenes and those of the later "Merchant of Venice." The play, however, gives an excellent idea of Marlowe's estimation of Jewish riches and character. It indicates, also, the light in which they were held by the people of that time in England and in all Europe as well. The following lines are typical of the sentiment of the whole play:

These are the blessings promised to the Jews,
And herein was old Abram's happiness:
What more may Heaven do for earthly man
Than thus to pour out plenty in their laps,
Ripping the bowels of earth for them,
Making the seas their servants, and the winds
To drive their substance with successful blasts?
Who hateth me but for my happiness?
Or who is honored now but for his wealth?
Rather had I, a Jew, be hated thus
Than pitied in a Christian poverty.

The play "Edward II." bears favorable comparison even with the historical dramas of Shakespeare. It is considered by critics to be structurally the best of Marlowe's plays. It contains many delicate and pathetic passages which indicate that Marlowe, as he grew older, came to understand more normal feelings than those of Faustus and Tamburlaine. The play also points to his constantly increasing skill

in the portrayal of character. In it there is little or none of his early exaggeration.

The two short drama's, "The Massacre of Paris," and "Dido, Queen of Carthage," were written in collaboration with other playwrights.

So intensely subjective was Marlowe that he was incapable of taking an impersonal and comprehensive view of any of his characters. He always expressed his own aspirations for fame or joy or satisfaction beyond anything earth can offer. "That like I best," he said, "that flies beyond my reach." Thus preoccupied with the ideals of a wild imagination, it was practically impossible for him to understand every-day human nature. Hence, no touch of humor vitalizes his work. His efforts to depict women are always vague and unsatisfactory. He is seen at his best when giving expressions to his own passions, for he was, beyond doubt, a thorough sensualist.

Retribution.

In death cell No. 4 of the Allantown penitentiary, Jack Moriarty, wife murderer, knelt between two men. On his right was the venerable minister of the gospel who had baptized him twenty-five years before, had married him to beautiful Lucile Lane, and now but awaited the death shock of the electric chair before he would perform the last sad service to the black sheep of his flock. On the left of Jack knelt a still more impressive character—his old white-haired father—who never, despite the most damaging testimony could bring himself to believe that his son was guilty. When the visitors were departing one of them suggested to Jack that a reprieve might be granted by the governor, but the prisoner seemed resigned to his fate.

"Let us get it over with," he said. "If it has to be, the sooner it is ended, the better."

On the last afternoon before his execution, he seemed greatly excited and disturbed. Every time a door clicked he would shrink back in fear. This would be his last afternoon on earth. Today he would see sunshine for the last time. In fact, he thought of everything as the last. He began to feel now what it meant to go to the chair. The shame which he had brought upon his family suddenly loomed up large before him like a hideous monster. In despair he gripped his head in

his hands and threw himself upon the cot. Just then the guard entered.

"Here is a box of cigarettes for you, Jack," he said. "One of your friends sent it to you."

"I thank you," the prisoner replied in an exhausted manner. Something seemed to tell him to open the box immediately. He did so and his heart beat faster and a gleam of hope filled his hungry eyes. There within the box was a note which read:

"JACK:—Take cigarette marked with (X) and give it to guard tonight. If he inhales it, he will become unconscious. Then get his keys and if you get out come to the C. B. & O. pump-station and get clothes.

TED."

Ah, if he could only make these plans successful! He would go away, far away, to a strange country and begin life over again. Freedom was now his watchword. Tomorrow at ten he must die. No! Then tonight he must make the fight of his life—must take a desperate chance even if all odds are against him.

So he waited impatiently until nine o'clock that evening. He put on a sorrowful and dejected appearance. The guard passed his door every ten minutes. Now the time for action had come. He heard footsteps. His heart beat faster. If he might only be successful!

"Hello, Jack! Up yet?" said the guard genially.

"Yes, I don't feel much like sleeping on the last night. Say, those 'cigs' my friend sent me are fine. Won't you have one?"

"Sure, Jack!" the guard answered. "This will be our last smoke together!"

Jack was a little nervous, for it just came to his mind that the guard might walk away from the door with the cigarette, and fall down unconscious where he could not reach him. But, no! It could not—it must not happen so. He handed the cigarette and a match through the grating. The guard at first did not seem to be affected by the smoke. Jack wondered if he had made a mistake in the cigarettes. No, he had distinctly seen the (X) marked upon the one he picked out. He became aware that the guard was not inhaling, so he asked:

"Do you inhale?"

"Oh, sometimes," the guard replied.

"The smoke of these cigarettes have a cooling effect upon the throat," said Jack nervously.

Suddenly the watchman's body swerved,

and with a thump fell to the floor. Jack sprang to the door just in time to prevent the guard's revolver from rattling on the tile flooring. The guard's eyes were open, glassy, and staring. The dope had worked, and worked well. Now was his chance. He grabbed the unconscious man by the arm and pulled him close to the door. He took the keys from the guard's pocket. He had them now in his hand. He did not know what to do, so excited was he. Great drops of perspiration slowly dripped from his forehead. He unlocked the door and took possession of the man's pistol. Then he took the unconscious body and deposited it on the bed, and again stealthily closed the door. Now he was on the home stretch to freedom. On tiptoe he made his way down the corridor till he saw the sign, "To Exit." But freedom was not yet his. He turned as he saw another watchman taking a drink from the fountain in the wall. Jack had either to put him out of the way, or else be thrust back again into the dungeon, and that seemed utterly impossible to him. So he gripped the barrel of the pistol, concealed himself back of a pillar, and waited for the watchman to pass. Just as he went by, Jack brought the butt of the gun upon his head, and dropped him to the floor. He made one dash for the door, and then once again smelled the sweet, pure air of the outside world.

As quickly as possible he made his way to the C. B. & O. station where Ted—staunch friend—was waiting for him.

"Well, old pal, you got out," said Ted extending his hand.

"Yes, you bet, and I certainly did run the gauntlet," answered Jack all out of breath.

"Well, here now, don these clothes and get on the next fast train, which is due in ten minutes, and don't get off till it stops, and by that time it will have travelled 120 miles. So good luck to you. We'll let you know how things turn out here. So long."

Jack had just put on his coat when he heard the *Special* rumble over a neighboring culvert. It slowly came to a stop. He crept up to the baggage car and climbed onto the brake beams. The train moved, and he exclaimed exultingly "We're off." He was surely riding the third rail. Pebbles and dust flew into his face, or the train was moving at a terrific rate of speed. When the train stopped it was about two a. m. The town seemed to be of

fair size. For a few moments the escaped convict sat down on the platform to rest and to figure out some means of getting money, or at least of getting food to appease his awakened hunger. He walked into the station and accosted the agent, who seemed to belong to the good-natured class.

"Couldn't you please help a poor fellow with a quarter? I haven't had anything to eat for two days."

"Certainly," replied the agent, "come in and I will give you some of my lunch. And as I think your story sounds straight, you can rest here over night."

"Thank you, sir," Jack said humbly.

The next morning Jack chatted with Mr. Morgan, the station agent.

"Tell me a little about your life, for sociability's sake," requested the agent curiously.

"Well, I was born in Vermont in the heart of the woody mountains. My mother died when I was twelve years old, and my father was very poor. My older brother was a pugilist, and a mighty good one, too. I learnt quite a bit from him, and I tell you, there isn't a hobo on the run today who can put it over me. And I tell you—"

"Do you mean to say that you are a pugilist? Well, you are just the kind of a man I am looking for!" exclaimed Mr. Morgan, rejoicing. "We had a prize-fight scheduled here for a week from today, and the fighter that I am backing underwent an operation this morning, and, consequently, will be unable to fill the engagement. So, you see, it's up to me either to forfeit the fight or get a substitute. Would you have nerve to try it?"

"Sure thing," said Jack, confidently.

"All right! It's a go. The other 'pug' is a pretty easy fellow, I think. I could lick him myself. Now, here is the chance for a little coin. So you'll take it up? Fine. You have a few days to rest and train. By the way, what's your name?"

"My name is Fred Baker," lied the convict easily. A way out had been opened to him, and he felt confidence surge exultingly in his heart.

On the night of the fight Mr. Morgan brought Jack to the ring side in his auto. The house was crowded. Flags and bunting were floating everywhere. Four large arc-lights hung suspended over the arena. Kelly was already in his corner. When "Baker" stepped through the ropes, clad in his green trunks with a

U. S. flag belt, the crowd cheered and applauded. The referee introduced him with a great deal of praise. Jack smiled proudly, but suddenly grew sober as the thought filled his mind, that if he had not escaped he would by this time have been in the bosom of the earth. Just then the referee called them to the centre and gave them final instructions. They posed for a picture. Jack had thought too late. What if this picture would be reprinted in the newspapers? What would—

The gong sounded.

Baker took the worst end the first round. In the second he rushed his opponent to the ropes and battered his face with uppercuts. He had the best of it beyond a doubt. The third round saw his adversary almost "all in." Victory was certain; money, freedom, new life, all lay within reach if only that picture did not ruin his chance.

At this point there was a crash, a swish, and a whir. The house became dark. People left their seats in panic. A confusion of noises ensued, and men cried out in momentary terror.

The electric light wires had been drawn too tight, and had broken and fallen. When they came in contact with metal, a great flash would dazzle the frightened spectators.

After half an hour the electricians had put up temporary lights. They lit up the arena. Kelly was in his place, but Baker, with his hands on the arm of his chair, was sitting limp and motionless. He was quite dead. The uninsulated loop wire from the arc-light had fallen about his neck, and another wire was entwined about his legs. And so it was that Jack Moriarty, alias Fred Baker, fleeing from the Law, fell into the hands of Nemesis, and paid in full and to the letter the penalty affixed to his crime.

W. P. F.

The Dying Season.

WALTER L. CLEMENTS, '12.

ALTHOUGH the voices of the stream
Still sing of Summer's lovely day;
Though Summer suns still glint and gleam
And zephyrs through the forests play,
I sit beside the brook and dream

With fond recall of other days.
That brightness seems the hectic flush
Of Summer fading in the haze.
I hear the tree-tops sighing—hush!
A farewell floats down leafy ways.

Ben Jonson, Contemporary of Shakespeare.

THOMAS F. O'NEIL, '13.

The most famous littérateur contemporary with Shakespeare was Ben Jonson. In his day he was considered, in England, the leading man of letters, but time has displaced him and given that honor to Shakespeare. He led an adventurous and apparently varied life, spending much time in taverns and taking great pleasure in having audiences which were both agreeable to his tastes and attentive to his speech.

Of definite information concerning this man, we have but little. The nearest approach to a biography of his life is contained in the memoranda of Drummond of Hawthornden, a Scottish poet and a friend of Jonson. From the personal opinions of this man we gather that Johnson was very conceited, and therefore the very romantic accounts of his early doings—Jonson's own stories—are probably exaggerated. There are, however, certain other sources from which we may secure knowledge of the life of this care-free literary adventurer. Most of this information we obtain from the general records of the times and from the writings of authors contemporary with him.

The most striking of his personal characteristics were a harmless egotism and an accompanying love of flattery, and a great liking for taverns and their wares. In one of these, *The Mermaid*, it appears that Jonson was the most distinguished patron, and the others who frequented the place were his friends and followers. In this and in another public house, *The Devil*, Jonson was accustomed to gather about him all those who were willing to hear his opinions; and there, seated about the tables, time would be passed in drinking and in discussing literary questions and principles. Here it was, perhaps, that Jonson became intimate with Shakespeare. To give an idea of the intimacy which long existed between the two, we have, on the authority of a parish parson, the story that "Jonson and a man named Drayton made Shakespeare drink so hard with them as to cause the fever of which the latter died." This story will give one a general impression of the character of Jonson—the literary dictator of England and poet-laureate of the same country, a hard drinker

by reputation, and at the same time a close friend of the greatest English dramatist. He is described by his friend Drummond as "jealous of every word and action of those about him (especially after drink, which is one of the elements in which he liveth), a dissembler of ill parts which raigne in him, a bragger of some good that he wanteth; thinking nothing well but what either himself or some of his friends and countrymen hath said or done; careless either to gaine or keep; vindicative, but, if well answered, at himself."

This view of the man is perhaps tainted with national prejudice, but at any rate it gives a fair notion of the impression which he made on a Scot who could overlook the faults of a man for the sake of his many sterling qualities.

Unlike Shakespeare, Jonson took no part in his own plays, but he found an able actor in his friend Shakespeare, and the immediate success of his comedies and some of his tragedies was undoubtedly due, in large measure, to the help of this great man. In a sense, Jonson was ungrateful to his friend, for nearly all of his own comedies belittle the school of dramatists of which Shakespeare was the leader. Jonson was a classicist, and, in the prologues to his plays, often ridiculed or made sarcastic allusions to those poets, such as Shakespeare, who did not conform to the standards of classicism. There is little reason, however, to believe that the different views of Shakespeare and Jonson interfered with their friendship. Of Shakespeare, Jonson said: "His wit was in his power: would that the rule of it had been so, too. But he redeemed his vices with his virtues. There was ever more in him to be praised than to be pardoned." And yet sometime before, in the prologue to "*Every Man in His Humor*," he had expressed with much acridness his disapproval of the tendency of dramatic writers to depart from the old forms:

Though need make many poets, and some such
As art and nature have not bettered much;
Yet one, for want, hath not so loved the stage
As he dare serve the ill custom of the age.
Or purchase your delight at such a rate
As, for it, he himself must justly hate.

To prove that Jonson sincerely admired Shakespeare, we quote the following from his poem "*Shakespeare*:"

Triumph, my Britain! thou hast one to show
To whom all scenes of Europe homage owe.
He was not of an age, but for all time!

Jonson's object in his comedies was to represent in caricature, though realistically, the life of London. No one was better qualified for such work than he. Acquainted with tavern life, and at the same time a great favorite with the upper class, he knew London as few could. His familiarity with the life and his own egotism bred in him a tolerating sort of contempt which is often evidenced in his plays. His most common method of satire was to present familiar characters, and through them hold up to ridicule the peculiarities of the times. Most of his irony was directed against certain literary men with whom he could not agree, and as he lacked the gift of gentle, friendly satire, he was almost constantly at variance with those who differed from him in literary opinions.

It has been said—and close inspection of the facts will bear out the truth of the statement—that Jonson, however capable of exhibiting sympathy, did not deal primarily with the thoughts and feelings of his characters, but presented them as an artist would set them forth in a painting. He was a realist, and hated, with little show of concealment, those fanciful and poetic expressions which were being used in the dramas of his time. His hatred of this style and a strict adherence to classicism were, perhaps, what led him to almost entirely disregard the emotional element. Thus it is that in reading one of his plays we become well enough acquainted with the characters and their actions, but, for lack of this quality, there is not, through the whole fabric of the play, much trace of the author's participating in their thoughts and feelings. Perhaps this latter observation might explain why Johnson was so much more successful with comedy than with tragedy. Action, not feeling was the result of the workings of his poetic imagination. Of course, this last statement is not absolute and can not be used as an unqualified standard with which all of Jonson's work would agree. We mention the fact only to point out a general trait of the man, a characteristic by which most of his work was influenced. He was a classicist first, last, and always; but the fact that he was one would not necessarily have kept him from displaying that sincerity and openness of feeling which is apparent in the efforts of many Elizabethan dramatists.

Jonson was recognized in his time as a scholar, for few equalled him in knowledge

of the Roman language and literature. His very intimate acquaintance with the Latin masters has been assigned as the reason for his strict adherence to the rules of classical composition. He was so obsessed with classicism that he believed the method of the earlier rule-bound dramatists to be the only one proper to literature. Accordingly, he considered as traitors to literature all that violated the tenets prescribed by the older writers. "Shakespeare," he once said, "lacked art." No one, however, was a greater admirer of Shakespeare than Ben Jonson, but this admiration and the friendship which he had for Shakespeare did not convert him to the untrammelled literary methods of the Elizabethans. On the contrary, he sturdily clung to his own ideals of classical composition, and almost alone fought against the literary men of the age, nearly all of whom were using the free and natural methods which are so characteristic of the Elizabethan school.

Jonson was a favorite at the court, and as poet-laureate received the modest annuity of one hundred marks a year. This, however, was as far as the patronage of the court helped him in a material way. It is true that he had an income from the writing of masques, which were a favorite diversion of the nobility, yet the amount of this was very small. He died penniless, in the year 1637, having gone through the world with "more renown than fortune."

Sidney Porter.

JOSEPH A. HEISER, '13.

Some critics have declared that the granted supremacy of America in short-story writing has not of late been well maintained. True, the style of Washington Irving will ever be regarded as a marvel of strength and simplicity; the world has not yet found another Poe; while Holmes, poet and story-teller, has long reigned supreme in his own domain. But the statement that the work of Howells, Stockton, and other famous short-story writers, has not been duplicated in recent years, seems an injustice to the writers of our own age.

About twelve years ago Mr. Sidney Porter—better known and dearer to us by his whimsical pseudonym of "O. Henry"—made a sudden leap into popular favor, and he has interested and amused magazine and book readers ever

since that time. His collection of short-stories contains few failures—the number being insignificant compared with the number of his successes. In fact, Mr. Porter declares he never had a story fail utterly, as he never wrote one that was not published. True, stories were returned to him—one as often as thirteen times—but he bought more postage stamps and sent them forth again and again until they were accepted. The happily chosen titles of his short-stories have been potent factors in gaining great popularity for them. "Cabbages and Kings," "The Four Million," "The Gentle Grafter," and "Strictly Business," stimulate curiosity and give an inkling to the sort of fun that made up a large part of "O. Henry's" special appeal.

The details of his early life are vague and elusive. Few, in fact, realize just how vague are these details of the author's life, who in so brief a space built up a reputation second only to Poe and Irving in the history of American letters. That there was a strange, dark side to his career, all admit. His critics, urged on by some subtle personal reasons, picture his every act as that of a vagabond, while his friends, understanding his nature, neglect his eccentricities and see but the sterling qualities of the real man beneath. He strove to know human nature, and traversed every path of life to find it. The first authentic fact we have of his life, outside of his having been born in Greensboro, North Carolina, in 1867, is that he spent three years of his young manhood in Texas, on the ranch of Lee Hall, the ranger. Being filled, however, with the spirit of travel, he left the ranch to seek name and fame. From that time on, his life was one of many and various pursuits. We next meet him as a reporter on the *Houston Post*, where he gave evidence of marked literary ability. Sidney Porter has been styled tramp, prospector, cow-boy, sheep-herder, book-agent, tin-type man, drug clerk, and drunkard. It would seem, however, that we must not judge him by the common meaning of these terms. He was a tramp, if moving from place to place makes a tramp; he was a speculator, since he accompanied a friend engaged in a losing venture to Central America; that he was a cow-boy and herder would seem most natural in view of the fact that he lived in Texas on a ranch. Whether or not he sold literary gems, tin-typed smiling faces, or mixed bitter drugs, is immaterial,

but it does matter when he is styled "drunkard." O. Henry's best friends admit that he drank, and that he cared little where or with whom he drank. He declared that he secured the plots of some of his best stories while drinking with some member of the underworld, in the districts they style their own. No one has proven the charge of drunkenness against him, and to make such a charge now, after his death, seems unwarranted meanness.

Sidney Porter came by his pseudonym in a peculiar manner. One day he and a friend were sitting in a hotel in New Orleans. Mr. Porter had a collection of stories he wanted published, yet, being dubious as to their merits, did not want his own name to appear. He needed an alias and asked his friend to help him choose one. His friend, picking up a paper, found the name "Henry." "That'll do for a last name," said Porter. "Now for a first one. I want something short." The friend suggested an initial, and "O" being the easiest to make, was adopted.

His first stories brought him a return of seventy-five dollars apiece. Six years later he was receiving a thousand dollars a story. His wanderings have greatly influenced his works, or rather his stories have grown out of his impressions of his various environments. Central America forms the background for "Cabbages and Kings;" Texas furnishes the scene of "The Heart of the West;" while New York gives local color to "Four Million" and "The Trimmed Lamp." Nevertheless, O. Henry maintains that the influence of place is insignificant. "Change Twenty-Third Street to Main Street, rub out Flatiron Building and put in City Hall in any of my stories and they will suit any town. So long as your story is true to life, the mere change of local color will set it in the East, West, South, or North. The characters of "The Arabian Nights" parade up and down Broadway at midday, or Main Street in Dallas, Texas." This quality of being true to life forms one of the many charms of O. Henry's stories. His characters are real; living men and women such as are found in every walk of life.

O. Henry's style is peculiarly his own. He cared little for what men term success, and wrote because he loved to do so. He aimed to give pleasure, and he has amused and delighted thousands. He was ingenious to a high degree, and his stories abound in unex-

pected strokes. Optimism filled his soul, while humor flowed naturally from him, yet in his serious moments he was able to depart from humor and attain to a mastery of genuine pathos, without which no life can be complete. In his stories he gets down to the very heart of things, and studies the actions and promptings of men. He never rests in the shade of life; but with the sunlight full upon him, he sees the blending of humor and pathos. He is ever cheerful, holding that most things come out as they should, or, if they come out wrong, few people know it. His style is filled with slang, and this slang may tend to destroy in time the merit of his works. As an example, taken from "Cabbages and Kings": "His nibs skedaddled yesterday per jackrabbit line with all the coin in the kitty and the bundle of muslin he's spoony about. The boodle is six figures short. Our crowd in good shape, but we need the spondulicks. You collar it! The main guy and the dry goods are headed for the briny. You know what to do." While slang is prevalent today, a time will come when it shall have passed away, or at least when its expressions—now on all lips—will have been abandoned and forgotten; but until then O. Henry's stories will lose none of their charm.

While we may divide O. Henry's works into sketches and short-stories, the former are so greatly outnumbered by the latter as to be easily neglected here. The story of greatest appeal among them all is "The Guilty Party." In it are beautifully blended humor and pathos, and here O. Henry seems to have achieved his greatest success in character delineation. "A red-haired, unshaven, untidy man" sits in a rocking-chair by a window. His little daughter asks him to play checkers with her. A curt refusal and command to go out and play in the street follows. "Lizzie" plays in the street, falls its victim, is dragged on from bad to worse, kills her destroyer, and ends in despair and suicide. Some may claim that the moral of "The Guilty Party" is not of the best, that instead of elevating it lowers the standard of life. In fact, it does neither, for it presents a picture of life as found on the East side, with its vices and virtues unveiled. Our difficulties, as regards O. Henry's intention or purpose in writing this story, are settled by the conclusion. The "Guilty Party" is a "lazy, read-haired, unshaven, untidy man, sitting by the window

reading, in his stocking feet, while his children play in the streets.

In "The Trimmed Lamp," "Strictly Business," "The Pendulum," "The Social Triangle," and "The Last Leaf," O. Henry is at his best. In "The Trimmed Lamp," Miss Nancy Danforth and Miss Lou are typical shop-girls. They are chums, and have come to the city to find work because there was not enough to eat at home. Nancy is nineteen, Lou, twenty. Both are pretty. Miss Nancy is bent on drawing a matrimonial prize in the shape of a millionaire; Miss Lou is impressed with the idea that a man, not his money, is to be desired. As time passes a subtle change is taking place in both. Miss Lou casts aside the love of honest Dan Owens and sells her happiness for money; Miss Nancy, however, sees beyond the tinselled happiness of wealth, and chooses to marry for love,—the love of Dan Owens.

In "The Last Leaf" we find the highest proof of love—sacrifice. Joanna—we know her by no other name,—sick with pneumonia, is failing day by day. Just outside her window grows a vine, tossed by the autumn wind. The sick girl, seeing the leaves torn loose and flung down by the wind, feels that when the last leaf is torn away she will die. "Old Behrman," past sixty and a failure in art, lives on the ground floor beneath Joanna and her friend Sue. In the early dawn of a bitterly cold day he climbs to the window and, where the last leaf had been, he paints its copy—his masterpiece. He dies of pneumonia, secure in the knowledge that he has saved a young life and won success that counts.

Every story O. Henry wrote had a sharply made point, and more often than not, this point was reached with a quick and surprising twist of events. He understood his own powers clearly. He aimed to make his stories the frame on which to stretch thought, and sentiment, and language. He wove his characters lightly yet forcibly. He portrayed familiar and faithful exhibitions of scenes of common life. His stories abound in slang, and he burlesques men and things, yet he was able to write terse English, and he dealt with life and characters sincerely and tenderly. He said "make your story true to human nature, and all you need to do to make it fit any town is to change the local color." Few have ever made local color so true as he, while he excelled in humor and dramatic instinct.

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—It appears to be the common opinion of the disinterested spectators of the Corby-Brownson game last Thursday, that the Corby team did not show a high-class grade of sport-manship in leaving the field. Both referees were altogether above suspicion of desiring to show favoritism in their decisions; both are acknowledged masters of the science of football. The intercepted forward pass may have appeared incomplete to some; the referee's decision settled that beyond the power of anyone on or off the field to gainsay. The only proper course of action for Corby, if they believed they had debatable grounds, was to protest the decision and go on with the game. Then, in the event that they scored sufficient points to overcome Brownson's undisputed lead, the protested decision could have been settled by the Athletic Board and the game awarded accordingly. But for Corby to withdraw its team under the existing circumstances—with the opposing team in the lead, but two minutes to play, and the goal line fifty yards away—seems to indicate a lack of the quality that makes "good losers."

—An order is snapped by the commanding officer of the regiment, and is immediately repeated by the captains of the various cadet companies. A majority of the men in ranks obey with the machine-like precision of past experience, or the sincere effort of the raw recruit. Here and there, a cadet

complies with the command languidly, even lazily. He does so with an expression studiously adapted to convey the impression of effete cosmopolitanism, rising superior to such petty formalities, such inconsequential trivialities as military discipline and respect for duly constituted authority. Mark well the man that treats military drill and discipline with ill-concealed contempt. He will do all he can to promote and foster discontent, to hamper the work of the instructors, and to defeat the ends for which military drill has been instituted in so many great universities throughout the country. And this puerile attitude is assumed in the face of the self-evident fact that military drill has for its end the improvement of his carriage, the correction of improper postures, the eradication of slouching gait, and the inculcation of that respect for his superiors that is an indispensable attribute of every really great man.

—After the novelty of the innovation has worn off, man is rather prone to esteem too lightly even that which has cost him most dearly to acquire. To the American of that period made memorable by the events of Bunker Hill, Valley Forge and Yorktown, the present national apathy in the matter of self-government would be incomprehensible. To the sturdy citizen of colonial days, the privilege of assisting in the selection of the chief executive, in the drafting of laws, and in the shaping of national destiny, was worth any hardship, any sacrifice. To an astonishingly large number of Americans in the prosaic twentieth century, these same privileges are not worth the trifling inconvenience of registering, or of walking a block to the polls in bad weather. He who most loudly champions our "inalienable rights" is not infrequently guilty of the greatest omissions.

In local and county elections, the issues at stake draw out only from sixty to seventy percent of the qualified voters. State and national campaigns, by means of spectacular parading of men and measures, lure from their lair of indifference a larger percentage of recalcitrant voters. But that ten, or even one percent of our citizens should neglect to avail themselves of their franchise, is a sad commentary upon twentieth-century civic pride and patriotism. Nor is it in outlying districts,

where polling places are often distant and difficult of access, but in our great cities, that we find the voters most notably negligent. National welfare, prosperity, and industrial security hinge upon the discretion of our voters. It is public opinion, as expressed through the medium of the ballot box, that shapes national policies and, consequently, national efforts and achievements. The significance of each vote is in nowise minimized merely because it is a detached unit. The same immutable law applies here as elsewhere, that the units when aggregated constitute the whole. Casting one's vote is not an inconsequential whim, to be indulged in only at the volition of the voter. It is a high duty, engendered of our mode of government, and incorporated as an obligation by virtue of a man's citizenship. Loss of interest in affairs of state is an unfailing criterion of deterioration, a positive portent of retrogression.

—A university's object is to lop off dead and worthless branches, and to encourage timid sprouts. It gives spirited initiative to the diffident; it restrains the impulses of the experienced. It seeks to civilize the "bad man," as it hopes to make the petted youth more manly. The apron-string follower will be seen buying gold-bricks and court-houses; the untamable rowdy will be selling such goods. Neither is a desirable citizen.

Many curiosities have become extinct; the mammoth, the western melodrama, the mother-in-law joke, and the hoop-skirt. But the picturesque "bad man" is not extinct. He flourishes now as did his predecessor in Padua, Heidelberg, Paris and Oxford. He can be recognized by his swaggering air, flashy clothes, ignorance of books and manners, and a consuming eagerness to be pointed out as a college man. His countenance wears no general expression. At times it shows a look of surprise which might delude you into believing an intelligence behind it. To be a bubble on the scum of fourth-rate fashion is his ambition. As for college work, that is a contradiction. To his mind, class rooms are the dispensable features of a university; teachers are an item of superfluous expense. The "bad man" does not disbelieve in education. That requires native sense and energy. He neglects studies without debating their value. Intellectually he is "an abridgement of all that is worthless in man."

It is not easy to crusade against this pest. If preached to, he falls asleep; if threatened, he simply marvels at the unappreciation of men. Try your skill in converting one of the species. When you see him injuring another's property, or playing the boor before ladies, or ridiculing his professor, suggest your opinion of the man who seeks to derive honor from a college instead of conferring the honor. Illustrate the lesson by reference to the rowdyism and false college-spirit this week seen at the University of Illinois. Write cautiously into his mind the definition of genuine college spirit,—the active and sensible desire to bring victory and honor to one's college. Tell him to discard prairie habits and Bowery notions, and get into the twentieth-century stride.

—No longer is Jack Johnson champion heavy-weight pugilist of the world. We do not match men with beasts, even in the prize-ring; and the convincing A Specimen for proofs of brutishness which Darwin. Johnson has lately afforded the world, have deprived him of any previous claim to the possession of that rational nature which alone sets man on a plane above that of the beasts.

Johnson has qualified for another class, and must fight his way up from the bottom. If he is successful, we may sometime see him in a title match with a bull.

—Cheerfulness in its place is a sort of virtue, and, as such, is pleasing. We have with us, however, at all times, two active enemies of optimism,—the "grouch" and the fool who laughs always and in all places, however inopportune or unseemly it may be. You certainly have run afoul of the first, and are, perhaps, not unacquainted with the other—that atom-brained individual who displays boisterous hilarity at all times. This is the man who laughs when there is no occasion, whose asinine laughter is perpetual. With the "grouch" he should be assigned to the pest class—and avoided. The first must have a remedy forced upon him; he should be taught wisdom by being left severely alone. The second must root out of his system the seeds of discontent and envy, and cultivate optimism, which is but the outward expression of a generous nature.

The Annual Retreat.

The University has wisely set apart one week near the beginning of the school year for the students' retreat. This retreat demands the serious attention of every student. A retreat is necessarily a corrective measure. Its purpose is to reawaken the dormant conscience, to make us look to our spiritual rather than our material or intellectual growth. Learned theological discussions are therefore avoided, and stress is put on practical every-day morality. Honesty, purity, temperance, and obedience are the virtues dwelt upon. Because these virtues are so often disregarded and thought little of, they are magnified and insisted upon till we are sufficiently impressed with their importance, and put them into daily practice.

The retreat, however, can accomplish its purpose only on one condition: *you* must attend the exercises and enter into their spirit. During the week it will be well to lay hold of some good book of spiritual reading and to visit the church frequently. Don't grumble and find fault or plead lack of time and still expect graces to be lavished upon you. Grace comes only to those who seek it. If you are among the latter, you will be a better man when the retreat is finished. The frequent periods of meditation, prayer, and self-examination will enlighten you and will fortify you against temptation. Above all, you will receive what every man seeks—true peace of heart and a serene confidence in divine protection.

Newman Presents "Switzerland."

Switzerland, with its awe-inspiring mountains and its beautiful valleys, was the subject of Mr. Newman's lecture on Wednesday evening. No camera, however perfect, declared Mr. Newman, can adequately portray the striking scenery of the rugged and majestic Alps. Nevertheless, the motion pictures and views exhibited in his last lecture were certainly marvelous. The waterfalls and peaks, the towns and their inhabitants, the eternal snows and placid lakes that have made Switzerland the favorite country of all tourists, were pictured and described in Mr. Newman's inimitable style. A motion picture of a party ascending Mont Blanc was itself a most interesting feature of the entertainment, and was excelled only

by the films reproducing some of the magnificent waterfalls of the Alps. The Matterhorn, Lake Lucerne, the Castle of Chillon, and many other objects and places famed in history, romance and legend, were splendidly depicted. Not the least interesting of his presentations were the films that pictured the life history of a Swiss cuckoo, and the views of the renowned monks of St. Bernard and their famous dogs.

The Ernest Gamble Concert Party.

The many flattering press notices extended to the Ernest Gamble Concert Party do this company of artists only justice. Such was the concensus of opinion among those who heard these exponents of classical music in the concert of Tuesday afternoon. The party is comprised of Mr. Ernest Gamble, bass-cantante, Miss Verna Page, violinist, and Mr. Edwin M. Shonert, pianist. This company of skilled musicians has given several pleasing concerts here in former years, and the marked talent of the performers was never exhibited to better advantage than in the recital last Tuesday. The varied selections from old and contemporary masters were well chosen and capably interpreted; the audience evinced its appreciation of each number by applause so insistent as to demand an encore.

Lecture and Concert Course.

- Elbel's Band, September 19, 7:30 p. m.
- Elbel's Band, September 21, 7:30 p. m.
- Arthur Kachel—"The Music Master," Oct. 5, 8:00 p. m.
- Newman, Traveltalk—"Holland," October 9, 8:00 p. m.
- Newman, Traveltalk—"Rural France," Oct. 16, 8:00 p. m.
- Ernest Gamble Concert party, October 22, 4:30 p. m.
- Newman, Traveltalk—"Switzerland," Oct. 23, 8:00 p. m.
- Newman, Traveltalk—"Germany," Nov. 2, 8:00 p. m.
- Newman Traveltalk—"The Top of the World,"—
November 6, 8:00 p. m.
- Luscia Lacosta—Song Recital, November 8, 4:30 p. m.
- Dr. James J. Walsh—Lecture, November 11.
- Ralph Bingham—Entertainer, November 12, 5:00 p. m.
- Boston Philharmonic Orchestra, November 16, 7:30 p. m.
- Dr. James J. Walsh—Lecture, November 18.
- The Hussars—A Singing Band, December 7, 7:30 p. m.
- Horatio Connell—Bass-Baritone Recital, December
18, 7:30 p. m.
- Commonwealth Male Quartet, January 7, 5:00 p. m.
- Charlemagne Koehler—"Everywoman," Jan. 15, 7:30 p. m.
- Montaville Flowers—Shakespearean Reader, Feb.
12, 7:30 p. m.
- Four Artists Company, February 27, 5:00 p. m.
- Alex Skovgaard Company, March 31.
- Phidelah Rice—Reader, April 2, 7:30 p. m.
- Rogers & Grilley, Entertainers, April 12, 7:30 p. m.

Society Notes.

HOLY CROSS LITERARY.

The regular meeting of the Holy Cross Literary society was held Sunday evening, October 20. Mr. Norckauer opened the program with a piano solo that put the society in an appreciative and expectant mood. The next number was, perhaps, the most interesting of the evening, as it broke away from the ordinary routine and plunged the society into a spirited campaign meeting. The three speeches on the merits and chances of Roosevelt, Wilson, and Taft not only brought to light the character of the presidential candidates, but aroused the enthusiasm of the auditors. Mr. Hagerty, who took the stump for Roosevelt, urged all to look into the Bull Moose platform and see the inestimable benefits therein. But Mr. Miner entirely disapproved of the suggestion, and proposed Wilson and his methods as the remedy for both social and economic evils. However, Mr. Flynn convinced the society that conservatism and a level-head action were the only means of bringing peace and prosperity upon the land. He maintained that Taft's platform was the only reasonable and sane one. A straw vote revealed to the society that the Taft and Wilson sentiment were equally strong, but the Bull Moose was not in the running to any extent. Mr. Frank Remmes concluded the program with a vocal solo that was much enjoyed.

BROWNSON LITERARY AND DEBATING.

At the weekly meeting of the Brownson Literary and Debating society last Sunday evening, an interesting program was rendered. Two new members were admitted: Messrs. E. McBride and J. Gargan. The question for debate was: Resolved, That the labor unions have a right to demand a closed shop. The affirmative was upheld by Messrs. A. McDonough, S. Meers, and R. Walsh, and the negative, by Messrs. D. McDonald, A. Wright, and W. Carroll. After forcible and interesting arguments were given by both sides, the decision was declared in favor of the negative. Extemporaneous speeches, with "A Character Sketch of a Friend" for the theme, were creditably given by Messrs. E. Walsh, F. Prolatowski, G. Schuster, and P. Fitlestahler. Father Carroll, as critic, made a few remarks concerning the various numbers on the program.

Personals.

—Warren Burke (LL. B. '12) is in the offices of a law firm in West Tampa, Florida.

—Alfred Sanchez (C. E. '12) is at present employed by a construction company of Mexico City.

—Mr. George Wolff (C. E. '11) is employed as designer by the Monterey Steel Co., Monterey, Mexico.

—Tom Shea, of Bartlesville, Ohio (student '08-'12); renewed old acquaintances with us last Friday.

—Mr. Arthur Pino (M. E., E. E. '06) is the engineer in charge of the city electric power plant in Arequipa, Peru.

—Gerald Daily, Chicago, Illinois, is another "old boy" who was seen on the campus last week. Gerald was here in '07-'08.

—Early Taylor (student '10-'12) of Wheeling, West Virginia, is reading law in the offices of a prominent firm of Chicago attorneys.

—Another 1912 man heard from! Edmond H. Savord (LL. B. '12), of Sandusky, Ohio, is engaged in the practice of the law in his home town, with offices in the Feick Building. Success, Edmond.

—Marcellus Oshe (LL. B., '12) is a practising attorney-at-law in Zanesville, Ohio. Marcellus and Mr. Savord were admitted to the Ohio State Bar at the same time.

—Wedding bells again! On October 23rd Miss Prudence Trimble and Mr. Louis Fallon O'Byrne (old student) were married in Butler, Mo. The future home will be Mountain Ave., Birmingham, Alabama. We bespeak for Mr. and Mrs. O'Byrne a long and happy life.

—Joseph McGlynn (LL. B. '12) was recently elected deputy Grand Knight of East St. Louis Council, Knights of Columbus. This is the first time in the history of that council that a young man has been elected to so high a position. Evidently Joe is doing other good work besides winning cases in court.

—Mr. Charles Borja of Arequipa, a student at the University in '99-'00, called at the University a few days ago on his way to Chicago, where he is to assume a prominent position with the Federal Electric Sign Co. Since leaving the University, Mr. Borja has been Consul General for Ecuador in London.

—The Great Lakes Dredge and Dock Co. of Chicago, Ill., have just issued an elaborate catalogue descriptive of their work. Interest in this publication is due to the fact that three Notre Dame engineers are prominent in the company. James A. Dubbs, John Cushing, and William Feeney, all C. E. '06, are valued highly by this firm.

—We note with pleasure and satisfaction the candidacy of Mr. Ernest E. Hammer for Member of the Assembly of New York City. Mr. Hammer is an A. B. '04, and is one of three brothers who claim Notre Dame as their Alma Mater. A Democrat, and a most active worker for better conditions, Mr. Hammer has our best wishes for election.

—William E. Farrell, for many years a popular teacher in the preparatory department at Notre Dame, is now Democratic candidate for District Attorney of Herkimer County, New York. If Herkimer County knows a good thing when it sees it, Mr. Farrell will surely be elected. While at the University he proved himself a strong man in every way, being popular as a teacher, interested in athletics and energetic in college activities.

—Decisions which were hailed as "milestones for the guidance of future courts" were given by Judge Philip B. O'Neill in a recent decree of divorce granted by him in the municipal court of Anderson, Indiana. Judge "Philip," who is none other than the famous "Peaches" O'Neill of old Varsity days and LL. M. '02 besides, issued a permanent injunction against the remarriage of either party in the case, and pointed the way to more proper methods of settling family difficulties. Continued success to Judge O'Neill.

—"The happiest days of my life were spent at Notre Dame," writes Mr. Louis Black in a pleasant reminiscent letter from New Mexico. Mr. Black was a student of the University in the years 1887-'89. He came to Notre Dame from Decatur, Illinois, but for the past ten years has lived in New Mexico, whither he went in search of health. With great pleasure we announce to old friends of Mr. Black that he has found health and success in his new home, and has become the happy father of a fine, large family. News from our old students is always gratefully received, and letters of appreciation and gratitude, such as Mr. Black writes, are deeply treasured.

Sunday's Sermon.

The sermon last Sunday was delivered by Father O'Donnell, who chose for his theme a lesson contained in the gospel of the day: Forgiveness flows from the charitable heart, and charity is an obligation on us all.

If we but remember that the Church is the mystical body of Christ and that every Christian is another Christ, we can not but find in this thought an incentive to charity. Mindful that every sin of unkindness is only another rending and tearing of the body of Christ, another repetition of the tragedy of Calvary, we will be less apt to offend our neighbor by sins against charity, and as the lord in the gospel would have his servant forgive if he himself would be forgiven, so we will learn to forgive others as we ourselves would wish to be forgiven.

Local News.

—Mechanical Engineer wanted to work in Wyoming. Good opportunity for experience. Salary fifteen dollars a week and advancement as deserved. Further particulars may be obtained on application to the President.

—Some men (?) seem to think that every person that enters Washington Hall after the others are seated must receive applause. Save your enthusiasm for the football games; don't let everybody know you're from the backwoods!

—We don't need the crisp air and falling leaves to tell us that winter is coming. When we see Bro. Philip putting overcoats and mufflers on the cacti along the "Main Drag" preparatory to their removal to winter quarters, we feel certain of the proximity of Jack Frost.

—When the Carrollites come to you with tickets for sale, don't do the Hetty Green act and walk off in scorn. Donate a little towards the Benefit which the Juniors are giving, and be on hand in Washington hall, Sunday evening, October 27th. Be a booster!

—Fellows, don't forget to purchase a program at the game today. They are well gotten up, and—with the score carefully noted on the proper page—will make a souvenir that you will be glad to keep, and you *must* have one. If you don't know the songs, a program will be a positive necessity; if you do, buy one anyhow and boost along the good cause. Wait till you see them!

—There is a rumor circulating that the students of the South Bend High School are coming to Saturday's game to root for Wabash. Of course that is their privilege, since some of the Wabash players are old S. B. boys. Nevertheless, they had better bring ear muffers along, for they are going to discover that, when occasion demands, the N. D. throat is lined with cast iron, the N. D. lungs are of brass, and the N. D. rooster sticks till the last whistle blows.

—Have you noticed the way some of the small fry crowd up on the side-lines during the football games? A few fellows start it, selfishly obstructing the view of those in the bleachers, and soon, to be able to see at all, everybody gets up and moves to the line. Don't do it! It brands you as selfish. If, in your enthusiasm, you *must* stand up, do so in the bleachers. To crowd the side-lines is to put the teams at a disadvantage, to hinder the officials from discharging their duties well, to show a woeful lack of consideration for the rights of others.

—The students' annual retreat opens Monday evening at 7:30. The retreat will be preached by Rt. Rev. Bishop Hickey of Rochester, New York. One resolution that must come at the beginning rather than at the end of this season of spiritual growth, is to make the best of this rare opportunity. Classes will go on as usual, but this should not prevent any student whatever from attending every exercise of the retreat, making a visit to the church occasionally, or from doing some solid spiritual reading each day. Spiritual books may be procured from the University library or from Bro. Alphonsus.

—The following is a quotation from the *Duluth News Tribune*:

Notre Dame University deserves the title more than Illinois of the producer of ball players. Notre Dame has sent to the big leagues in late years Dubuc of Detroit, Cutshaw of Brooklyn, Williams of the Cubs, Shafer and Murray of the Giants, Daniels of the Yankees, McCarthy of the Pirates, Reuhlback of the Cubs, Bescher of the Reds, Doc. Scanlon, who used to be with the Dodgers, and his brother "Lefty," who was with the Phillies. This bunch would make quite a ball club."

And there are others which the *Tribune* has overlooked. Now where are those wearisome critics,—those dealers in depreciation and suspicion—who come forth periodically with attacks on N. D. athletics? Choke them with this.

—A fine and substantial Catalogue Reference Library has recently been installed in the Mechanical Engineering department of the

University by the Catalogue Equipment and Supply Co. of Boston, Mass. The catalogues are bound in book form, and these books are contained in a handsome sectional case. They are replaced and added to from time to time by the same company. Thus the library is kept up to date, and affords students easy access to this important branch of study. Notre Dame is one of the first schools of the Central States to be favored with this service, which was introduced into Eastern schools last year.

—And maybe that wasn't a rip-roaring mass meeting on last Tuesday evening! Why, you could have heard those roaring, thundering cheers half way to Mishawaka. The old grand-stand was rocking like a ship at sea. If there had been another hundred present, the gym would have been threatened with calamity. Can we cheer? You bet! And it all goes to show what organization will do, what system must do. When Mr. "Rose" Cotter started out to instill real, old-fashioned fourteen-carat "pep" into the bunch, he found an enthusiastic audience. They cheered him a dozen times before he really got started. Everybody was just in the right mood. Everybody cheered everybody else. Fathers McNamara and Burke, Messrs. Dougherty, Yund, Fitzgerald, Williams,—in fact, everybody that made a speech—got sufficient hearty applause to deafen them. Mr. Burns certainly is an able cheer-leader. Stick behind him, fellows, and show Wabash what we can do. Yell!

—Last Saturday evening, under the auspices of the Brownson Literary and Debating society and the personal direction of Bro. Alphonsus, a literary and musical entertainment was held in Washington Hall. On the program were the brightest stars of the University. The recitations of Bro. Alphonsus and Professor Koehler were excellent features. The latter demonstrated that his comedy is on a par with his tragedy. We need say nothing about the vocal selections of Messrs. Lynch and Wasson, for they are always good. "Lil Arthah" Carmody and "Harmony" Hicks did more than their share to make joy be unconfined. The evening's entertainment would not have been complete without the excellent recitation of Mr. Pat Cuning. "The Maniac" is a difficult piece, but Mr. Cuning, a former Barry Medalist, was equal to his selection. Everyone present enjoyed the evening immensely.

Athletic Notes.

The surprise of the season was sprung on the Varsity last Saturday by the Morris Harvey College eleven, which upset all advance dope on the "practice" game scheduled for the day, by holding Notre Dame to a score of 39 against the zero garnered for their own. Light, speedy and filled with fight born of the hope of conquest over the gold and blue, the West Virginia eleven gave the Varsity the stiffest fight encountered since the opening of the season.

One touchdown in the opening period, tallied in less than one minute of play, another in the second quarter, two in the third, and two in the last is the distribution of the Notre Dame scores. Starting with a rush that seemed to promise an unlimited number of touchdowns, the Varsity swept the visitors off their feet at the commencement of the contest. Line plunges brought the ball to the center of the field after the kickoff, and a convenient hole enabled Eichenlaub to sprint 50 yards for the first tally. A brace by Morris Harvey, which lasted throughout the contest, ended such scoring, and only by fighting of the hardest kind were the additional tallies obtained.

Gardner and Taylor in the backfield starred for Morris Harvey. At fullback the former gave an exhibition of open field running that opened the eyes of the rooters. On two occasions, only Dorais' certain tackles prevented the speedy Southerner from scoring. The showing of the Varsity line was one of the pleasing features of the battle. Feeney put up a star game at center, and Jones and Harvat at the tackles more than held their own. Cook was started with Fitzgerald at the guard positions, and the pair of Columbia graduates acquitted themselves with credit. In the backfield, Eichenlaub, Berger, and Pliska divided honors with Kelleher, Larkin, and Gushurst. Finnegan replaced Dorais at quarterback in the final quarter, and his direction of the squad was such as to assure the coaches he may be trusted with the team in any of the big games should Dorais be incapacitated. Kelleher's arm was injured anew in the game, and the crack halfback will be unable to play for at least two weeks.

The most important game, from the point

of view of Notre Dame students, will be staged here this afternoon when Wabash will make its first appearance on Cartier field in four years. Preparations that promise to make the contest an occasion that will live long in the memory of the rooters have been going on for the past two weeks.

For the first time in years, cheering has been placed on an organized footing for the contest, and under the direction of Joseph Byrne, Varsity cheer leader, various college songs and yells prepared for the game have been rehearsed with display of spirit outrivalling that of the final Arkansas baseball game last year. New bleachers that almost completely encircle the gridiron have been erected on Cartier Field; and reservations made by the managers for the large number of alumni and outsiders expected, appropriately separate the rooting contingent from the visitors. George Lynch has composed three songs that will be sung publicly for the first time this afternoon. The officials for the Wabash-Notre Dame game are: Ecker-sall of Chicago, referee; Porter of Cornell, umpire; and Magidsohn of Michigan, head linesman.

ST. JOSEPH, 7; WALSH, 10.

In a close, stubbornly fought contest, St. Joseph defeated Walsh last Sunday by a score of 7 to 0. Both teams played good football, but the Walsh line could not withstand the terrific smashes of the St. Joseph backfield. The victors made their touchdown during the first quarter—Kane, O'Toole and O'Donnell carrying the ball straight up the field on a series of line-bucks, and the latter taking it over for the touchdown. Kane kicked the goal. In the third quarter, a couple of long forward passes brought St. Joseph again within reach of the Walsh goal line, but they were held there for downs, and Newning punted out of danger.

Toward the end of the last quarter, by means of a successful forward pass and a couple of fast end runs, Walsh came threateningly near scoring; but time called just soon enough to prevent the score from being tied, much to St. Joseph's relief and Walsh's disappointment. St. Joseph won the victory by their superior team work and their desperate fight from the start. But Walsh "came back" in a manner that delighted the rooters, and made other hall teams fearful for the future.