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Thanatos.

WALTER L. CLEMENTS, '13.

"AS he is now so you one day will be,"
Derides each tombstone that I chance to see;
But calling forth my courage, I reply:
"Ah, yes, I know that I shall surely die,
But when I slumber, wrapt in dank, dark clay,
Six feet beneath the glamor of the day,
Of all who come and go above my head,
I shall not envy one when I am dead.
Let the last sunbeam fading in the sky
Look down upon the earth and say that I
Have known day's light and passion, seen its close;
But ere the night fell, welcomed my repose.
Let the wild flowers, when they nod and wave
To the night winds that whisper on my grave,
Say that I lived and labored, loved and lent
My strength—till dying, was content."

The New Party.

WILLIAM J. MILROY, '13.



MUCH in a century seems strange,
but nothing is new, because history
is a wheel rolling down hill.
While institutions are human they
will be infirm, changing, liable
to ruin. Water can not be made
from fire, nor truth from falsity.

We study problems whose issue is vital; we
drive our imaginations, we gather theories,
we keep our eyes on the future. But all our
problems are reappearances. The wheel comes
full circle; buried questions start forth, mocking
our long-silent "Requiescat in pace!" and we
again strive as strove our fathers. The past
is a dim vitagraph of the present, but yet a
vitagraph; it is prophetic of posterity's present.

It is not greatly to abuse language to say there
is no past. All is a great revolving Now.
We look on all parts of the turning wheel if
we are wise, and then we see our way.

In 1856 the Republican party was born.
It was brought forth in protest against popular
government and sovereignty in the territories;
specifically, against the Kansas-Nebraska Law.
It was founded on the principle directly opposed
to Let-the-People-Rule sentiment. At the next
election, in 1860, Abraham Lincoln, the new
party's candidate, was declared President.

Twenty-four years prior to the birth of the
Republican party, the Whig party came into
existence. It was fathered by Clay, and was
brought forth in protest against Democratic
doctrines. Eight years later, Harrison, its
candidate, was made President.

This year a new party, self-styled the Pro-
gressive party, has been raised in protest
against Republican bossism. Whether its prime
motive is zeal for good government, or only
ungovernable ambition and selfishness, is widely
disputed. This much at least is certain:
we are confronted with this new party and with
the turning of the wheel, for its success will
be the opening wedge for vast changes in the
history of our government and the nature of
our institutions. Then, too, the most patriotic
efforts of our later life will, in all probability,
be put forth in connection with this new party,
in support or opposition to it as it shall deserve.
We should thoroughly interest ourselves in
this great political revolution.

On November 5 the people will choose a
new executive. Few believe the new party
will be victorious. But defeat is not death.
The issues do not close after November 5;
they remain open till 1916, or 1920, or 1924.
The problem is: How shall we decide this
contest of principles? What course is our
national ship to pursue? It is our duty to

study deeply and to answer well. On our conscientious action is staked the nation's welfare. We decide the kind of government for the people, and our decision may postpone the dissolution of the bonds of union tied by Lincoln's Republicans.

Our form of government was an experiment. It succeeded. Gladstone declared it to be the greatest piece of human intelligence in history. In the administration, not all corruption can be overcome. It must be admitted that there is corruption. Demagogues tear the air with this theme. But it is better the government should stand than fall. It is better to drive out the rats than to burn the house. Lincoln said: "One point remains to be settled in our government—its successful maintenance against a formidable internal attempt to overthrow it. Until that trial comes and passes, this government is still uncrystallized." That moment is at hand;—this government and its history are on trial. Shall we throw off the Constitution and our traditions? Shall we repudiate the Republican and Democratic principles? Are we willing to cancel our history? Is representative government a failure? The Progressive party answers "Aye" to each of these questions.

To cry corruption and to shout reform is easy. To keep popular discontent an open sore is not an act of genius. Destruction is a ruder work than upbuilding, and promises are poor shelter from disaster. But are we certain our wisdom excels the foresight of the founders of our Constitution and government? Does the present Constitution fail to fill the scales? Have we grown out of the need of checks and balances, and can we now rely fully on the discretion and intelligence of the popular mind? Is the evil of today so powerful that the government under which we live cannot subdue it? Or is there not a spirit of reform that threatens dangers greater than those it removes, and is there not a progress away from progress?

Before we venture to renounce the government consecrated by the Revolution, proved by fire and sword in 1861, attested by unbounded growth, let us pause and consider. Nothing can be lost by taking time to reflect. Will you vote to substitute mob-rule for organized government? Pause! Can you who know the general worth of our public men believe we are swayed by an "invisible government," and would you, because of slight defects, tear down the whole structure? Pause and weigh.

Are you willing to exchange the strong, safe, tried work of our unselfish and future-wise ancestors, for a hasty, demagogic "benevolent despotism" born of disappointment and selfish enmity and sacrilegiously offered on the altar of "The People's Rights"?

With Webster we repeat, "The past, at least, is secure." The future rests on the good sense and loyalty of the average man. He can throw away his acre in Middlesex for a principality in Utopia, but he will not do it. Men were honest before this new party of ambition was born. Men can be honest whatever parties rise. A badge or ribbon does not change the man, and it is individual honor which makes a nation wise and strong.

This is the danger prophesied by Lincoln—"Towering genius disdains a beaten path. It denies it is glory enough to serve under any chief. It thirsts and burns for distinction; and, if possible, it will have it, whether at the expense of emancipating slaves or enslaving freemen. When some man possessed of the loftiest genius, coupled with ambition sufficient to push it to its utmost stretch, will at some time spring up among us, it will require the people to be united with each other, attached to the government and laws, and generally intelligent, to successfully frustrate his designs. Although he would as willingly, perhaps more so, acquire distinction by doing good as by doing harm, yet that opportunity being past, and nothing left to be done in the way of building up, he would set boldly to the task of tearing down." The danger is undeniable; the time for action is now; the love for our country and gratitude for the supreme benefits we have received from her hands will surely cause us to think long and deeply, and then act according to the single light of conscience.

In the Fall.

OVER the hills and over the meadows,
Over the elm where the waters meet,
Autumn is trailing her long, brown shadows,
And bronzing the tips of the grasses sweet.

And out and away from the town, October
Tries his brushes on hillsides brown,
Touches and brightens the landscape sober,
Out and away from the dusty town.

Oh, the hills and the brown, brown meadows!

Oh, the elm where the waters meet!

Oh, to rest in its cool, deep shadows!

Out from the town, 'mongst the grasses sweet!

C. J. F.

The Singular Case of Mr. Gratz.

THOMAS A. J. DOCKWEILER, '12.

What was the strangest experience of my professional life? Well, a doctor of thirty years' practice finds many uncommon incidents crowded into his professional life, and it is sometimes hard to choose the strangest. But this scarcely applies to me, for one case—my last—stands out in my experience as something apart, something abnormal or preternatural, something that gave me sleepless nights and shattered nerves. It was the singular case of Mr. Gratz.

Mr. Gratz, for two years a patient of mine, had been very ill now for some weeks, not with any one disease in particular, but with a complication of disorders due to his extreme age of more than ninety years. Despite his remarkable vitality he now had only a slight and constantly weakening hold on life, and I feared that he could not last much longer.

If I remember rightly, the evening of December 21 was one of those delightful nights that are the glory of our winters. I had had a hard and tiresome day's work, but as it was not my custom to retire early, I went into the library to do a little light reading. Worn out as I was, I must have fallen asleep in my chair early in the evening. When I awoke Kado, my Japanese servant, was standing at my side.

"Doctor," he said in reply to my drowsy, questioning glance, "I try to wake you a long time, but you no wake. John—you know old man from next house—he is at front door. He say that Mister—what you call him, Mister Rats?—is very, very sick. Maybe he die. He want you now come quick."

John was an old, bent, white-haired man who served Mr. Gratz in the capacity of a valet, though certainly not a very active one. On hearing that John was at the door, I knew that Mr. Gratz's condition must be very serious, and that very probably, as his servant insisted, he was dying. I was well aware that only a matter of the most serious nature could have induced John to come on such an errand at this late hour, for it was now past midnight. Hastily getting my medical case I followed him to the house next door.

Mr. Gratz's residence was a large, imposing, two-story, frame structure built in the early

nineties. The oak-paneled entrance hall with its high ceiling, was long and somewhat narrow. To the right, as one entered from the outside, was a staircase that ascended in three winding flights to the upper hall which overhung the lower hallway in the form of a balcony. The lowest step of the stairs was almost directly under the railing of the balconied upper hall. One side of the stairway was flanked by walls of the hall, and the other by an elaborate balustrade terminating at the lowest step in a handsome newel-post surmounted by a massive, electric candelabrum. The peculiar feature of this fixture and its central support was a rod which ended in a sharp decorative spear point. On my former visits to this house I had often drawn back involuntarily and with a perceptible shudder, as I looked down from the balcony of the upper landing and beheld that sharp, shining point beneath me.

Having entered the hall, I hastened up the stairs to Mr. Gratz's room. The door stood ajar, so I entered. On a small table near the foot of an old-fashioned, high-posted bed, was a glass of oil in which a little lighted taper sputtered fitfully, causing the objects about the apartment to cast grotesque, dancing shadows.

"Is that you, Doctor?" I heard a very weak voice ask from the bed. The tone of voice and the gasping utterance indicated that the speaker must have been in great pain or fright.

"Yes, I'm Doctor Howard. How are you feeling, Mr. Gratz?"

"Come here," was the scarcely audible answer.

Going over to the bedside, I took Mr. Gratz's withered hand. It was cold and clammy. I felt his pulse, but it was only with the greatest effort that I detected any beating. My eyes were by this time somewhat accustomed to the darkness, and I was able to see fairly well. Looking at the man's face, I perceived from unmistakable signs written on that thin, deeply wrinkled countenance, framed by its white hair and flowing beard, that for him death was not far distant. Yet there was something about his features that I did not understand; something that frightened me. My patient's eyes seemed bulging from their sockets; his lips trembled convulsively; and he wore an expression of uncontrolled terror. I placed my hand lightly on his forehead. There were drops of cold perspiration there. Even as I stood thus I heard the dreaded death rattle. Bending over the dying man, I said:

"Mr. Gratz, what can I do for you?"

It was with great effort that he replied:

"Nothing, Doctor, absolutely nothing."

"Wait a moment. I am going to give you a draught that I think will ease you a little," and I started to go to the table. Mr. Gratz feebly caught me by the hand—so feebly, in fact, that I hardly felt his grip.

"It's no use, Doctor," he said. "I can't possibly live more than a few minutes at the most. I want to tell you something—something that I have wanted to say for a long time. But I guess you had better give me that medicine—I think—I—I could speak a little easier."

I gave him the medicine and he was able to speak with less difficulty. I seated myself on a chair near the head of the bed. For about ten minutes the silence was unbroken save by the heavy, irregular breathing of my patient and the crackling of the lighted wick. Then Mr. Gratz turned to me, and after asking me to assist him into a more comfortable position, commenced this amazing story, than which, in my opinion, few tales however singular they might be, could be more romantic, more thrilling, or more terrible. At first the narrator had to struggle hard to overcome the weakness of his voice, the result of his low vitality, but as he progressed in his story he became more and more animated until, as he neared its conclusion, I could hardly persuade myself that it was a dying man that was speaking. I quote Mr. Gratz's words as I remember them:

"Doctor, you have known me more than a year. You are aware that during the entire period of my residence in this city, I have associated but little with my neighbors, or for that matter, with anybody except yourself. I am almost a total stranger here. You are the only person who knows anything about me. The first time I met you I liked you, and the more I knew you, the stronger became my attachment to you. You in turn have acted towards me as a true friend. Consequently I have opened to you many of the most hidden recesses of my heart. But there is one great secret I have not told you or anybody. It is a terrible burden under which I have labored for the best part of my life; it is that which has made me morose and forced me to keep within myself as a frightened snail within his shell; finally, it is something that has at times produced in me mental derangement wellnigh bordering on madness. I do not want to go into eternity

burdened as I am. I feel that I ought to confess to some one, and who has a better right to hear than you? Listen, now; I have to be quick because I feel myself growing weaker.

"Do you remember my ever having mentioned Allan Brooke to you? You don't think so? Well he was the dearest friend I ever had. I was born in London, as was also Allan who was a few months younger than I. His parents were great friends of mine, and we two youngsters grew up together. Wherever Allan went, I accompanied him; what was his was also mine;—you know how close to each other two boys can be. When I was ten years old my parents moved to Leipzig that I might receive my education in the Fatherland. Shortly before, Mr. Brooke and his wife had been killed in an accident, and because none of their relatives were very willing to take the orphan, Allan had been adopted into our little family. Thus it was that he and I went to school together, and, as we progressed in our education and developed into manhood, we attended the Universities of Leipzig and Paris.

"In the course of our studies we became interested in archaeology, and we determined to make it our life's work. At thirty-five years of age we had already gained no little distinction in scientific circles by certain researches we had made into the language of the earliest inhabitants of the valley of the Nile. About this time also we turned our attention to American archaeology, especially that of South America. In 1849, while we were living in Paris, Allan and I organized an expedition to investigate the prehistoric ruins around Lake Titicaca on the boundary of southwestern Peru and western Bolivia. We were to be gone about two years:

"Previous to our departure for South America, we had made the acquaintance of a beautiful young woman, Mlle. Jeanette Friere, who was some eight years our junior, and before long we were both deeply in love with her. On her part, she was undecided as to which one of us she loved most. In this affair I was not in the least jealous of my rival, nor do I think that he was of me. Though we never touched upon the subject of our love in our conversation it was tacitly understood that, whomsoever the lady would choose for her husband, the disappointed suitor would not make his rejection the cause of any animosity or coldness toward his more successful competitor, but

would rejoice with the latter in his good fortune. A couple of nights before we sailed, Jeanette, all in tears, promised me that she would not give her hand in troth until Allan and I had returned from the West, and it seemed to me that she intimated that I might then have her for my bride. Anyhow, as the months passed I came to regard her as already my own.

"I cannot tell you of the hardships endured by our expedition while travelling in the lofty Andes. We had heard of an ancient tradition among the natives living around Lake Titicaca, that somewhere, high in the mountains of the chain running northwest-southeast and parallel to the northeastern shore of the lake, was a temple of the Sun erected by the first inhabitants of the land. As we had reason to believe that such a temple might be found, we set out to seek it. One day when we had encamped in a small valley above the snow-line, one of the porters directed my attention to what looked like the ruins of an old foundation, dating probably from prehistoric times—at least so I judged from its appearance. It was very different from anything we had seen before, and we were not a little excited and elated over its discovery. Though we made a thorough search of the valley, we found nothing else that indicated the former presence of man there.

"Now, leading off from this valley near its head was another at a considerably higher elevation. About a week after the first find, Allan and I, accompanied by a half-breed Indian called Pedro, ascended into the second valley. Here we found some very curious ruins, apparently the work of the same people that had constructed the ruined foundation near our camp. These newly found ruins, set on a steep mountain side, were the remains of what had once been a large structure. Land slides had carried away or covered its walls. Allan felt sure that it was the temple that we sought. We had been working on our find for an hour, when suddenly Pedro, who was engaged with his pick about twenty paces from us, shouted that he had found something. Allan and I hurried to where he stood. It seems that in uncovering a horizontal block of carved stone, which projected slightly from the ground, he had dislodged some smaller blocks and debris, which, falling backward, disclosed a black, yawning pit. Thinking that Pedro had per-

haps broken into a buried apartment, the three of us hastened to enlarge the opening that we might gain an entrance to the cavity below. This done, we crawled in and found ourselves in a low, narrow passage about twenty feet long and two and a half feet wide. The outer end of this passage was blocked with wrecked masonry and debris, and at its inner and farther limit was a narrow, open door. At one side of this door stood a heavy, upright stone slab, cut to fit the doorway, and so set against the wall that it seemed as if the slightest jar would swing and drop it back into its proper place, closing the entrance to the chamber beyond. Before I dared to pass the portals of the door, I securely braced the stone with a pick. The apartment into which the passage led was quite large. Its walls were almost entirely covered with beautifully carved inscriptions in characters that were unfamiliar to me. Various objects lay scattered over the floor. Near the entrance Allan picked up a finely chased goblet wrought of pure gold and weighing about a pound. It was late that afternoon when we got back to camp. On our return trip we cautioned and bribed Pedro not to say anything about what he had seen that day. We were afraid that if our Indian porters should learn of the finding of the gold goblet, their cupidity would be aroused, and they would become uncontrollable, in which case the expedition could effect nothing and might even end in the murder of Allan and myself.

"That night I quarrelled with Allan—the first real quarrel I remember ever having had with him—and it was over Jeanette. I had come to look forward to the time when Jeanette would be my wife, my own. She was my life; the thought of her had been the solace of my blue hours. And now with my blood still heated with the excitement of the day, in the flush of success which would gain fame for me, to hear some one else, even though he were my brother, speak of her as *his* own! It was too much for me to stand. Angry words passed between us and we almost came to blows. I retired to my cot early, and went to sleep with the devil of anger and revenge for company. I think I must have been crazy. If I were not, I could not have spoken to Allan as I did.

"I arose the next morning just before sunrise. Allan was up also, and he was still in an angry mood. The first thing he did was to mention the subject of the previous evening's

quarrel. His taunts made me furious with rage. With difficulty I restrained myself from violently attacking my tormentor. A wild, mad thought rushed into my brain: I wanted to be rid of my rival—mind you, I did not want to murder him—no, I wanted simply to be rid of him. I knew that Allan was going to the ruins in the upper valley early that morning, and would take Pedro with him. Before they left camp, I liberally bribed the latter, a treacherous fellow, to see to it that Allan did not return. Then, utterly disregarding of what might be the consequences of my act, I tried to calm my feverish brain with sleep induced by opiates.

"About ten o'clock I awoke from a dream—I awoke to a full and awful realization of what I had done. Tortured by the thought that perhaps even then my dearest friend, indeed, my brother, was being basely murdered at my bidding, I rushed out of the tent in which I had been sleeping, intending to go after the couple and prevent the crime if it were still possible. In my heedless haste I tripped over a shovel lying in front of my tent door, and falling on my face, I struck the ground with such force that I was rendered unconscious.

"It was several days before I was myself again. When I regained the conscious use of my mental faculties, the memory of the ruined temple and of my crime and the immediate events that led to it had been completely obliterated from my mind. To my bitter sorrow I was informed that on the morning of my fall Allan and Pedro had disappeared, and though a search had been made for them they could not be found. I instituted another search that lasted for several weeks, but with no better result. Several times I passed the ruined temple in the upper valley. A fresh slide of loose rock had covered up the marks of our excavations. With no remembrance of ever having been there before, I made a merely cursory examination of the premises and went on my way. The ruins, however, interested me, and if I had been able to stay longer in this region, I would, no doubt, have made them the subject of a thorough investigation. As it was, the search for the missing consumed so much of my time that I was at last forced to leave the country and return to Europe without having made—as I thought—any excavations. This expedition confirmed my reputation as an ardent student of South American archaeology. I was resolved that whenever

an opportunity might present itself, I would revisit the scenes of my labors in Bolivia.

"On my return to France I married Jeanette, but I was not destined to long enjoy her sweet companionship, for she died a few months after our marriage. To find surcease for my sorrow, I joined a German archaeological expedition bound for Bolivia.

"A year later I was again in the valley where my expedition had encamped a couple of years before. One afternoon while excavations were in progress on the ruined temple in the upper valley, the workmen broke into the narrow passage I have already described to you. It looked the same as when I first saw it, except that the huge stone which had stood against the wall near the door had dropped into the opening and completely closed it. Of course, at the time I had no recollection of my former visit to the place. Everything was new to me. With the assistance of several of the excavators I succeeded in moving the huge stone from its position, and with a lighted candle in my hand I stepped into the chamber. No sooner had I entered than in some manner or other my candle was extinguished. At that very moment I slipped on something soft, and fell to the floor. Lighting a match I held it up that I might see what had been the cause of my fall. Imagine my great horror when I saw that I was kneeling beside the mummied corpses of two men, locked together in a tight embrace as in a death struggle. The corpse whose features stared right into mine had a knife buried deep in his breast, and with his skeleton hand he clutched the bony throat of the other: he was Allan Brooke, and the one he had strangled was the half-breed, Pedro. They carried me from that hall a raving maniac, a creature stark mad. This, Doctor, is my story. But there is something else. [Here the speaker's voice sank into a hoarse, broken whisper. Once more the death rattle sounded in his throat]. "It seems to me that the spirit of Allan Brooke has pursued and stalked me ever since, and that the only reason why I have been permitted to drag out these many long years is that I might be tormented by him. I have only a few minutes more to live, yet I think that he will have his revenge on me before I die. I fear with a horrible fear. I am afraid that—O save me, Doctor! Can't you protect me? He is coming! There! Can't you see him—no, no, there, there!"

The old man, in a state of fear such as I have never seen the equal of, threw his violently trembling arms around my neck as if he were a frightened child. He seemed to be trying to avoid something approaching him on the other side of the bed. Thinking that he was in a delirium I comforted him in the best way I knew, assuring him that I saw nothing. To tell the truth, I was a little frightened myself.

He must have remained clinging to me for about five minutes—perhaps longer. Suddenly something happened, I do not know exactly what. Mr. Gratz was snatched from my arms and dragged across his bed and down on the floor by some tremendously powerful but unseen force. He appeared to be struggling with some one. The flickering night-lamp silhouetted his writhing figure on the bare white wall behind him. What caused me to stiffen with fear and occasioned great, cold beads of perspiration to cover my entire body was the fact that his shadow was not alone: there was also another shadow—a tall, thin shadow that crouched above the shadow on the floor and struggled with it; that wound its hideous, shadowy fingers tighter and ever tighter around the throat of its shadow adversary. I looked at the man on the floor. He and I were alone in the room. In the feeble light I could see blue, white-edged marks on his thin throat, as if some one were throttling him. In another moment I saw him, still struggling, dragged along the floor towards the door leading into the hallway. As if blown inward by a mighty gust of wind, the door banged open as he neared it. I did not wish to look further, but I could not help myself. I felt forced to follow. I did follow, and reached the door just in time to see Mr. Gratz hurled over the balustrade of the landing and dashed down into the lower hall. Then I heard a most unearthly shriek, which rings incessantly in my ears even to this day. With sickened heart I rushed to the railing. Directly below, impaled on the rigid spear-decoration of the newel-post, was Mr. Gratz, bathed in streams of blood welling forth from a crimson rent where the sharp rod projected upward through his abdomen. The expression on the dead man's face was indescribably horrible. One glance at the awful sight was too great a shock—I fainted.

No wonder then that I am on the very verge of collapse. How I lived through that terrible night, God alone knows.

Varsity Verse.

THE SPIRIT OF THE GAME.

SEE our team approach the goal, vict'ry's goal.
How they get into the game, heart and soul!
How they tumble, tumble, tumble,
Fighting hard to make the score;
And they dodge from left to right,
For a touchdown how they fight!
And they gain a little more.
From the goal they're just a yard,
Every man is on his guard,
And they go across the goal-line for a down.
For a down, down, down, down, down,
They have clinched the doubtful vict'ry with a down.

Hear the students with their yells—snappy yells,
How the team responds their noble fighting tells.
How they snap them, snap them, snap them,
In a spirit loyal and true.
At the end they do not tarry,
On their shoulders high they carry,
Heroes of the Gold and Blue.
Now in line from field to gym
They march singing vict'ry's hymn,
But the song is always mingled with the yells,
With the yells, yells, yells, yells, yells,
The joyous exultation of the yells.

W. D. C.

TRAGEDY.

Aurora smiled, and by her kiss
Awoke the rose and all the flowers:
And full of joy, and full of love
They wed the sweet, fresh morning hours.
But soon the sun in jealous hate,
Showered curses on their scented beds.
He drove away their wing'd spouse,
'And laughed to see them hang their heads.

F. C. S.

PROHIBITION.

"I'm not a prohibitionist,"
A fat mosquito said to me.
"And yet I want all bars removed,—
Mosquito bars, I mean. Tee-hee!"

M. J. N.

AT DUSK.

Night is marching o'er the mountains,
Followed by her starry train,
All arrayed in simple splendor,
Queenly modest in her reign.
Softly borne upon the breezes
Comes the brooklet's twilight song—
Murmured music of the wate,
As they smoothly glide along.

F. L.

Tobias Smollett.

FRANK J. BRESLIN, '13.

Tobias Smollett was born in 1721 at Dalquhuin, in Dumbartonshire. His family—the Smolletts of Bonhill—was a good one, and his grandfather, Sir James, was a judge and member of Parliament. Archibald Smollett, Tobias' father, married without his father's consent, and died early, leaving his children dependent on their grandfather; and though Tobias himself would have succeeded to the family estate had he lived longer, he was throughout his life dependent almost entirely on his own earnings.

Smollett studied for the profession of medicine in the University of Glasgow, and during his five years' service as surgeon's mate in the English navy he gathered the materials for his "picaresque" novels. The first results appeared in "The Adventures of Roderick Random." This work was Smollett's first novel venture. It was not, however, wholly original either in matter or form. "Gil Blas" by Le Sage, and "Don Quixote" by Cervantes are among the works from which the author undoubtedly borrowed.

"A novel," Smollett says in the dedication of one of his books, "is a large, diffused picture, comprehending the characters of life, disposed in different groups and exhibited in various attitudes for the purpose of uniform plan." And he adds further on: "This plan can not be executed with propriety, probability, or success without a principal personage to attract the attention, write the incidents, unwind the clue of the labyrinth, and, at last, to close the scene by virtue of his own importance."

"Roderick Random" comes fairly near to fulfilling this plan. Its unity is the unity derived from the principal characters. The story is rather a lively panorama, the incidents and circumstances of each picture corresponding rather closely to Smollett's own life. The fact that the tale is written in the first person also helps the theory that it was, in great part at least, an autobiography.

The author's next attempt at novel writing was his "Adventure of Perigrine Pickle," which was published in 1755. This is a longer and less unified work than his first novel, and is filled with savage satire. "The Adventures of Ferdinand Count Fathom," published in 1753, is a poor imitation of Fielding's

"Jonathan Wilde." The conception of the story is poorly worked out in comparison with Fielding's clever novel. "Jonathan Wilde," as a personality, is immensely more interesting than Sir Lancelot Greaves. Sir Lancelot Greaves is rather stale and extravagant. The plot of the story is loose and the characters are stiff and poorly developed.

Smollett's last and best novel, entitled "The Expedition of Humphrey Clinker," was published in 1774, the same year in which its author died. Scottish scenery and characters and the influence of Stearn, evident in its every page, made this the gentlest and most humorous of his novels. But even with this addition to his fame, Smollett can not be said to have been either a great novelist or a great man.

A writer in the *Quarterly Review* says of Smollett that "he displays such a bustle of coarse life, such swearing and rioting and squalor, and above all such incessant thumping and fighting and breaking each other's heads and kicking each other's shins, as could never have taken place unless the human head had been of much more solid construction than it is at present."

Burton in his "Masters of the English Novel," has the following to say about Smollett's style: "The style of Smollett in his first fiction and in general, has marked dramatic flavor: his is a gift of forthright phrase; a plain, vernacular smack characterizes his diction. To go back to him now is to be surprised, perhaps, at the racy vigor of so faulty a writer and novelist."

A good specimen of the old "slashing" style of writing is presented by Smollett's paragraph on Admiral Knowles. The admiral's defence on the occasion of the failure of the Rockfort expedition was criticised by Smollett in his "Critical Review." "He is," said Smollett, "an admiral without conduct, an engineer without knowledge, an officer without resolution, and a man without veracity!" For this short paragraph, Smollett served three months' imprisonment in the King's Bench prison.

So able a critic as Thackeray has words of praise for Smollett's last work. Thackeray's criticism does, in a measure at least, command the recognition of the reading world. He says: "The novel, 'Humphrey Clinker,' is, I do think, the most laughable story that has ever been written since the goodly art of novel writing began." This criticism alone gives Smollett a place among the masters of the English novel.

Thank You.

(In one scene.)

[Enter JOHN through only door in PREFECT'S room.]

JOHN (*jovially*). Hello, Brother! That was a great story you sprung today about the colored woman and the street-car conductor (*takes chair*). (*Prefect laughs uproariously*).

JOHN (*very friendly*). Say, Brother, where did you get so many good jokes on the darkies?

PREFECT. Aw hush! (*imitating negro*). Don't you know I lived in Mobile foah yeahs?

JOHN (*realizing he is in for an hour if something isn't done*). Oh, Brother, what are the chances for permission tonight?

PREFECT (*growing serious*). Nothing doing! The lid is on. Besides you missed chapel this morning, and I had to give you twenty-five demerits.

JOHN (*feigning anger*). Good gracious, Brother! It doesn't pay a man to be good around this joint. Here I work my head off—wait tables; work for Father B.; go out for football to uphold the honor of the hall; and carry seven classes,—and just because I overslept, you give me five times as many demerits as I ought to get, and won't let me go to town.

PREFECT. Now I wouldn't mind if you missed just once, but you haven't been present at morning prayer twice this year, John.

JOHN. Twice! I haven't missed twice, you mean.

PREFECT. Don't lie, John, you have.

JOHN (*emphatically*). I have *not*.

PREFECT (*waxing warm*). You have—

JOHN (*more emphatically*). *Not*.

PREFECT (*in mighty volume*). Certainly, great Scott, John, you're the most ungrateful blackguard—I say it to your face, John—the most ungrateful blackguard in the hall. And as long as I live, I'll never give you night permission again.

JOHN (*effusively*). Thank you, Brother. I won't ask it *again*; but much obliged for giving it this time [EXIT *rapidly*]. J. M. M.

Infelix.

Our outbursts of laughter are echoed by pain,
Our joys follow sadness like sunshine the rain;
Our sprightliest mirth is oft mingled with gloom,
Pure happiness lies not this side of the tomb.

B. A. J.

"Strife."

SIMON E. TWINING, 13.

(A three-act modern drama by John Galsworthy.)

While Renè Bazin is arousing interest in the great modern social problems through his novels, John Galsworthy, with quite as much skill, is presenting these same problems in his plays. "The Coming Harvest" by Bazin is, abstracting from it the French local color, very much like Galsworthy's "Strife," both in the problem presented and in the plot by means of which the problem is worked out.

Galsworthy, in this play, presents in juxtaposition a board of weak, vacillating corporation directors, whose president is a man of iron,—stern, uncompromising, and proud of his unbroken chain of victories over labor—and the union of employees, dominated by a man no less proud and determined than the capitalist president of the directors. A strike is on. Neither side is willing to compromise. The national union considers the men's demand unreasonable, and withdraws support when the leader induces the men to refuse to modify their demands. The employees and their families are starving, the leader's wife dies of hunger and cold; the corporation is not paying dividends its stock is depreciating and the directors are worried. A board meeting is called, and the directors, rebelling, vote to compromise, whereupon the old president resigns, broken-spirited. Meanwhile, the men also hold a meeting, and they also decide to compromise, refusing longer to be dominated by their old leader. The leader of the strikers and the proud-spirited old capitalist both repudiated, the corporation and the employees compromise on the scale proposed by the national union at the outset of the strike. The fruit of all the misery and death has been—nothing.

The lesson of the play is fearfully plain—Pride and obstinacy are the root of many of our labor troubles. Industrial justice must be realized, by degrees, not at a single leap. Compromise is essential if both sides are determined, and if justice is to be approximated. Arbitration of industrial disputes might as well come before rather than after innocent women and children have been starved and frozen to death. The play is clean, powerful in dramatic situations, and stimulating to thought.

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—The retreat over, we have come back from the mountain into the valley. On the mountain top there was a lake, wherein we saw our lives reflected, and while we **On the Mountain.** looked we measured them according to principles set down on tables of stone,—the eternal truths of Christian philosophy and religion. We meditated upon these truths, and learned a little more of their beauty. As we saw the ideal, our own lives looked ugly and misshapen in comparison; but a voice on the mountain encouraged us to be of good cheer, and we gained strength manfully to resolve to mould our lives anew.

Now, in the valley, let us cherish the ideal, and strive to make the real approach it, that when we go again up into the mountain—as it is good for us often to do—we may not be ashamed of the image in the lake.

—In saying that a man is judged according to his conduct and his appearance, we merely repeat a well-known truism. If a man displays those fundamental **Good Manners.** traits which mark the gentleman, his fellow-men respect him; but if he is lacking in any of the elements of gentle behavior, the better part of the world will seek to avoid him.

The term "good mannered" is not by any means restricted to the members of exclusive "society"; neither is it so narrow as to be inapplicable to one who lacks such an artificial

accomplishment as drawing-room conversation. "Good manners" is synonymous with correct behavior. It is the term which describes the conduct of the gentleman; and just as we know that it is not necessary to be foppish in order to be a gentleman, so we should also realize that good manners do not consist in idiotic affectation. The truly well-mannered man is not affected, and certainly he is not vulgar. He is called well-mannered because in all his conduct he so carries himself that he exemplifies virtue. At table he is unselfish; by refined behavior at all times he shows his inner nature. By gentle conduct he shows his attitude of mind toward his fellow-men, and exhibits that measure of self-respect which should be common to all men. His manners are ever an essential part of his nature, and by them he manifests his character.

—The one indispensable quality that a man must possess is perseverance. Perseverance is that quality in a man which enables him to overcome obstacles. Anyone

Perseverance. can do the easy thing—that requires neither pluck nor courage. But to fight opposition, to make barriers give way, to will and to do—these tasks demand effort hard and continuous; they call forth the best that is in man; and yet without them we must remain mere pigmies alongside of the more industrious. The realization of this fact kept Gray in the field of medicine after he had failed in anatomy seven successive times. Then he audaciously produced a classic on the very subject in which he had failed repeatedly. Pasteur plodded along for half a century before he startled the world with discoveries, and Galileo, after persevering a lifetime, triumphed at his death.

You smile and ask: "What have these men to do with me?" The very question betrays you: the asking of it shows that you are a "quitter." Still, you are on the inevitable road, the road that leads to somewhere and to nowhere. You are choosing your direction even while in school. If you neglect the tasks assigned you; if you drop classes because they seem hard; if you take a day off every other day; if the town is your place of study; you are on the easy road, the road that requires no perseverance, but likewise the road that leads to nowhere. You are a free individual; the roads are before you; you must be the chooser.

The Sign of the Cross.

Appearing under the auspices of the students of Carroll hall, Mr. James Francis O'Donnell last Sunday evening presented Wilson Barrett's great play, "The Sign of the Cross." Probably the most widely read of all Barrett's works, "The Sign of the Cross," is a story of the early Christian era, which graphically depicts the reign of terror that obtained under Nero's regime in Rome. The heroine is a beautiful young Christian girl whose steadfast adherence to her faith has incurred the enmity of the infamous Roman tyrant. Angered at her persistent refusal to publicly renounce her God, he decrees her death. The plot is skillfully woven around the maiden and a renowned Roman centurion who loves her devotedly, and fruitlessly attempts to dissuade her from meeting the fate of a martyr. When she proves obdurate to all his entreaties, he realizes that such unswerving faith must be founded on a great truth, and in the end he himself makes a confession of faith in the face of inevitable martyrdom. It is a stirring theme and was handled in a masterly manner by Mr. O'Donnell, who for years has been prominent on the lecture platform. An admission price of fifteen cents was charged, the proceeds going to swell the Carroll hall Athletic fund.

New Courses in Elocution.

Many requests have been received by the Director of Studies and Professor Koehler for special classes in Elocution. In answer to these requests it has been officially decided to offer two courses in special elocution this year, one to begin immediately and to continue for fifteen weeks, the second to extend over the last fifteen weeks of the college year.

In these courses the classes are to be strictly limited in number. None will contain fewer than eight students nor more than twelve. This guarantees special attention in each class to each student. An extra fee of ten dollars will be charged for each of these courses.

Sermon by Rev. Father O'Mahony.

The sermon preliminary to the students annual retreat was delivered last Sunday by the Rev. Father O'Mahony, President of St.

Viator's College. He treated for consideration as a thought preparatory to the retreat, man's desire for happiness. Men, he said, are like prospectors seeking gold; some follow trails leading to success, others tread the wrong paths that end in failure. And so men strike different trails in their quests for happiness. Some follow trails leading to sin and a premature grave. Others, though they suppress carnal desires, are led on by the lure of riches, and their trail likewise leads to failure. But the heart of man was made for something higher and nobler than gold or carnal pleasures. It realizes that all is vanity except the love of God. It follows the rugged path of life, subjecting pleasure to right reason, and when the trail is ended, it finds its eternal happiness in the bosom of God.

Father O'Mahony's sermon, so eloquently delivered and so filled with thought for serious consideration, was an incentive to all to enter upon the retreat with willingness of heart and a sincere spirit.

Society Notes.

ARCHITECTURAL SOCIETY.

On Tuesday Oct. 29th, the Notre Dame Architectural Club was reorganized. Prof. Adelsperger was unanimously chosen Honorary President and Prof. Kervick was named advisor by a like vote. By ballot, Fred Williams was elected president; William Tipton, vice-president; William Redden, secretary, and William Dunphy, treasurer.

After a short session, the meeting adjourned till next Monday at 7:30 p. m., when plans for the coming year will be perfected.

Personals.

—Leo Shannon (C. E. '12) writes that he is engaged in irrigation work in Florence, Mont.

—"Pete" Vaughan, the great fullback of the '09 Champions, refereed the Sorin-Walsh contest of Sunday, October 27.

—Two of the old boys whom we were glad to see last Monday are George Meyers ('82-'86) and Louis Walsh ('92-'98), both of Duluth, Minnesota.

—Senator Robert Proctor (LL. B. '04), of Elkhart, loyally cheered from the side-lines for his Alma Mater in last Saturday's game.

—Mr. John M. Bannon (E.E. '12) was a visitor at Notre Dame last Sunday. "Jay" is electrical engineer for the Carnegie Steel Co. at Rankin, Pa.

—Rodger Tappan (student '07-'08) revived old days by a visit to the University last Tuesday while on his way to Charlottetown, South Carolina, his new home.

—The Hon. Charles W. Fairbanks, former vice-president of the United States, witnessed the Wabash game and was enthusiastic over the form displayed by the Varsity.

—E. M. Bruce (S. E. E. '12), of St. Louis, called on friends in Corby last Tuesday. "Buddy" is to enter the employ of the Westinghouse Electric Co., Pittsburg, on November 1st.

—Enrique Cortazar (C. E. '12) is another recent graduate who is making good. Mr. Cortazar is a most valued engineer of the New York Mexican Land Co., with headquarters at Tamaulipas, Mexico.

—"Cy" Williams is back with us again after reminding the National League of the days when Murray and other athletic sons of N. D. broke into its ranks, for "Cy" proved a valuable man to the Chicago "Cubs" in the latter part of the season.

—In Louisville, Kentucky, on October 22, John R. Voigt, (B. S. B. '05) and Miss Lucile Winkler were joined in marriage by the Rev. Father Cavanaugh. Mr. and Mrs. Voigt will reside in Louisville, where Mr. Voigt is practicing law. Congratulations!

—The Hon. Samuel M. Ralston, Democratic candidate for Governor of Indiana, William O'Neil (LL. B. '06) candidate for Lieutenant Governor on the same ticket, United States Senator B. F. Shively and a number of prominent Democrats of South Bend, were the guests of the University a week ago last Thursday.

—Amongst the old students who returned to see Notre Dame beat Wabash we observed Kenneth McDonald and Carl Centliver, of Fort Wayne, the latter a Varsity baseball star of a few years back; Selden Trumbell and "Chut" Frieze, the Varsity basketball captain of '08; Adolph Kamm of Toronto, Canada, and Frank ("Buck") Hanley of South Bend, a football hero of the first clashes with Wabash.

—On last Tuesday morning in Sacred Heart Church, Albert Kelly (just "Red" in good

days past) was wed to Miss Emily Adlesperger by Rev. John Scheier, C. S. C. "Red" is an LL. B. '11, and a member of the '09 football champions, while his bride is a cousin of Professor Adlesperger of the Architectural Department. Mr. and Mrs. Kelly will be at home at Kankakee, Illinois, where "Red" is coaching St. Viator's.

—Just a few of the Alumni rooters at the Wabash game last Saturday: Frank O'Brien, '02, Tom Hoban, '00, and George Senrich, '08, of South Bend; Paul Donovan, '10, of Woodstock, Illinois; "Dud" Moloney, '11, of basketball fame, Crawfordsville, Indiana; "Bob" Shenk, '11, Delphos, Ohio; "Mike" Sommers, '11, Bloomington, Illinois; "Don" McDonald, '12, Fort Wayne; Jay "Biff" Lee, '12, Detroit; John W. Costello, '12, Hugh Daly, '12, and John F. Devine, '12, of Chicago; Marcellus Oshe, '12, Zanesville, Ohio; and Carole Schmidt, '11, Tiffin, Ohio.

—Harry M. Jewett (C. E. '90) is one of the most prominent business men in Detroit. Besides having the Pocahontas Coal Company there, he was recently elected president of the Lozier Motor Car Co. He is also president of the Paige-Detroit Car Co. The Lozier Company recently re-organized their business, and in looking about for a capable man to head the concern they decided on Jewett. "Hal," as he was familiarly known here at the University, was a prominent football player and track athlete, and held at one time the world's record for the 100-yard dash.

Local News.

—According to Father Carroll, the Faculty were beaten out of a recreation day last Thursday. So were we.

—The representative of Quale Jewelry Co. of New York was here during the past week and took orders for class pins and rings.

—New billiard and pool tables have been installed in Sorin, the best that money could buy. Now, all that the seniors need is a bowling alley.

—Two soccer teams have been organized in Carroll. As many of the players had experience last year, a series of interesting games is expected.

—According to Captain Hassett of the Corby Wolves, his team is scheduled to meet the

Walsh Preps this week. Where are the Owls and Ducks?

—The dome is really dazzling now, after its new covering of gold leaf. It is the supreme ornament of the university—a sight that gladdens and inspires.

—Father W. J. Donahue is preaching a retreat to the students of St. Edward's hall. Three sermons a day and Benediction every evening make up the program outlined for the retreat.

—Mr. Newman's illustrated lecture, scheduled for Wednesday evening of this week, was postponed to the following Saturday evening, so as not to interrupt the course of retreat sermons.

—A real old-fashioned blood-and-thunder football game took place between two Carroll teams on Thursday, October 23. In these Juniors we foresee many future Varsity heroes. There is nothing like early education.

—Just to demonstrate to the stalwart braves of the Gold and Blue fighting machine that the "bunch" are standing behind them loyally, a rousing send-off was given them Thursday when the team left for Pittsburg. Watch them win!

—The formation of an Indianapolis Club is on foot in Corby hall. The officers recently elected are as follows: Albert Feeney, president; Dennis Moran, vice-president; Leo Welch, secretary and treasurer. There is no reason why this club should not be placed along with the class societies. Why doesn't some one start a Rochester club?

—There wasn't an empty seat in the entire bleachers last Saturday. Even the new stands were filled to their utmost capacity. Is it any wonder we won, with so many lusty throats to support us? And Mr. Joe Byrne deserves all possible credit for the way he maneuvered the yelling machine and drowned out the Wabashers. It was a real demonstration of what organization can do. Keep it up!

—Stripped of its flowers and designs in a single day, St. Edward's park is an open announcement of old King Winter. What was, a week ago, a rare sample of expert landscape gardening, is now a waste of withering grass, dead leaves, and empty flower beds. Nor do we longer hear the sharp, metallic ring of old Dominic's hammer as we did in summer days when he sharpened his scythe. No, Dominic no longer needs the hammer; he intends to

donate it to the pressman the *Safety Valve* has been raving about.

—All that read the thrilling narrative, entitled *Retribution*, which was published in the last issue of the SCHOLASTIC, were greatly pleased with the poetic justice of the denouement, but incensed at the author's attempt to hide his light under a pseudonym. The bashful one has been discovered. Guess Who? Why, Erich de Fries. "Shorty" is on the high road to fame. Look out for sonnets, pastels, and monologues, and be not deceived by mysterious signatures of W. P. F.

—The following new books have been added to the Apostolate library: "Davidee Birot" by Bazin, "Prisoners' Years" by Clark, "The Decision" by De Tinseau, "The Fool of God," by Klarmann, "The Boss" by Lewis, "Martha Vine" and "Cross-in-Hand Farm" by Maynell, "The Harvester" by Porter, "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine" by Fox, "The Rich Mrs. Burgoyne" by Norris. When more contributions have been received, the director of the library will purchase a number of recently published books.

—The Carrollites wish to attest their hearty thanks to Mr. Earl S. Dickens of the University for the generous manner in which he stocked up their athletic treasury. He found them in straitened circumstances and straightened them out. Mr. Dickens suggested and carried out the plan of having a member of his lecture bureau—Mr. James O'Donnell—give a benefit entertainment for the youngsters. The reading, which was excellent and well attended, netted sufficient to pay expenses for Carroll's outside games this season.

—As a result of a meeting in the Sorin Law room, the 1913 Dome board has been announced: Editor in chief, Simon E. Twining; associate editors, William J. Milroy and Thomas F. O'Neil; business manager, Louis J. Kiley; assistant business manager, Jesse J. Herr; art editor, Frank C. Stanford; assistant art editor, William R. Tipton; assistant editors, John T. Burns, John F. O'Connell, Edward A. Roach, Paul Byrne, James Wasson, and George J. Lynch.

The staff this year has been cut down from sixteen to thirteen members. Success, men of '13, in the arduous but praiseworthy task you have undertaken. Your "Dome" will be another link to bind the past and the present.

CHAMPIONS OF INDIANA

In the greatest game that has been played on Cartier field in many a year, the Varsity clinched its claim on the Hoosier state football championship last Saturday by decisively conquering Wabash 41 to 6. The down-state eleven put up the most obstinate defense possible, but the lighter Crimson players could not withstand the terrific hammering of the Gold and Blue backfield or the splendid work of the Varsity line. Lambert, the mainstay of the visitor's team, was pitted against our own Dorais, and the work of these two men—both considered among the best quarterbacks in the West—was one of the chief delights of the game. We do not hesitate to give all praise to the Varsity and proclaim it one of the best elevens that ever fought for the glory of Notre Dame. But praise has come from pens more authoritative than ours, and we quote from the men who have seen the other big teams of the West in action this year, and whose ability as football authorities is above question:

NOTRE DAME DOWNS WABASH

Catholics Win Indiana Title by Decisive Victory,
41-6

LITTLE GIANTS' LINE FAILS

Losers Easy for Heavier Opponents After the
First Quarter

BY WALTER H. ECKERSALL.

Notre Dame, Ind., Oct. 26—[Special]—Notre Dame won the football championship of Indiana this afternoon by defeating the speedy Wabash eleven, 41 to 6. Wabash already had shown its superiority over Indiana and Purdue by its easy victory over DePauw.

The victory of the South Bend eleven was won by the terrific attack of a wonderful backfield. Eichenlaub, the 190 pound full back, smashed through the Wabash line for repeated gains. Capt. Dorais, the clever quarter back of the victors, also showed great form, and Berger, the heavy left half back, was another consistent ground gainer.

LAMBERT STAR FOR WABASH.

Lambert, one of the best quarterbacks in the West, was the only Wabash player who was effective against the powerful team he opposed. For the first quarter the costly fumbles of Notre Dame held the contest fairly even, but in the final stages of the game the lighter Wabash eleven wore out before the driving attack of Notre Dame.

The decisive victory entitles Notre Dame to be rated as one of the strongest elevens in the West. The Catholics are equally strong offensively and defensively. Although they do not use forward passes with any degree of success, their crushing and varied attack would worry any team in the country.

The eleven is well versed in rudimentary football and plays a hard, aggressive game, which would make it a formidable foe for any aggregation east or west.

LITTLE GIANTS IN POOR SHAPE.

Wabash played as best it could, but the team was not in the best of condition. The Little Giants had nothing but praise for the victors and relinquished all claim to the championship of the Hoosier state.

WABASH BEATEN BY NOTRE DAME

Little Giants Are Swamped When Catholics Pile
Up Final Score of 46 to 6

STRAIGHT FOOTBALL GIVES
WINNERS BIG ADVANTAGE

Defense of the Scarlet Too Weak to Stop Great
Work of Gold and Blue Backs

BY BLAINE PATTON.

Notre Dame, Ind., Oct. 26—The Notre Dame colors fly at the top of the mast tonight, the eleven representing the upstate institution crushing the Little Giants in a hard-fought battle, 41 to 6. The size of the score does not indicate the bitterness with which every inch of ground was contested and it was a splendid struggle throughout. The best team won and to the victors belong the spoils.

Bruised, bleeding, battered, and heartbroken, the scarlet wearers crept to the gymnasium to nurse their aching limbs in silence, while the joyous followers of the gold and blue prepared for a big bonfire and gave vent to their enthusiasm with a snake dance on Cartier Field. The familiar old, "Yea, Wabash," sounded so many times after victorious invasions, was conspicuous by its absence. But such is the fortune which falls to the lot of all in the great American college sport.

The stubborn defense of the Wabash line held the fierce attack of the heavy Gold and Blue backs until the end of the third period, but the ravages of the gruelling pace had a telling effect in the last quarter, and the Scarlet was unable to stop the plunging Notre Dame offense. The line was simply beaten into submission, and the visitors were plainly on the run as the game neared the finish.

NOTRE DAME BACKS STRONG.

Old-style bucking the line was responsible in a large measure for the victory of the Catholics, and in addition to this they had a good assortment of trick plays, which were thrown in with good generalship on the part of Capt. Dorais.

The Notre Dame backs showed in wonderful form, hit the holes which were opened in the line by an aggressive battle front and played invincible ball.

Not only does the Catholic back field deserve credit for hard hammering the Little Giants' line to pieces, but the forwards should share in the glory. Such stubborn defense confronted the Crawfordsville collegians in the center of the line that they were soon forced to depend almost entirely upon the open game in order to gain the required ten yards.

Forward passes gained considerable ground for the defeated eleven, but many of these attempts were broken up by the shifty back field representing Notre Dame. One attempt at a forward pass in the first period cost the Little Giants a touchdown when Fitzgerald intercepted one of Lambert's passes and raced from the center of the gridiron for the score. Shortly before the close of the game Notre Dame pulled off a long forward pass, which resulted in a touchdown. As a general rule Wabash covered well and made the forward pass dangerous for the Catholics to attempt, and so Notre Dame resorted to battering the line.

NOTRE DAME [41]

WABASH [6]

Crowley, Dolan	R. E. Newsbaum, Berkey, Nicar
Harvat	R. T. Elliott, Hines, Perry
Yund	R. G. Bair, K. Cravens
Feeney	C. Cravens
Fitzgerald	L. G. Eberts
Jones	L. T. Hurd
Rockne	L. E. Howard
Dorais, Finnegan	Q. B. Lambert
Gushurst, Pliska	R. H. Fatterson, Watt
Berger	L. H. Williams, Alcor
Eichenlaub, Larkin	F. B. Schowalter, Rowe

Touchdowns—Eichenlaub (2), Fitzgerald, Berger, Dorais, Dolan, Lambert. Goals from touchdown—Dorais (4), Feeney. Time of periods—15 minutes.

The following quotation is taken from a survey of the Western Champion possibilities by Walter H. Eckersall in the *Chicago Tribune* of October 28. In view of the fact that the Varsity meets none of the big Western elevens this year, the championship honors will have to be decided principally by such football authorities as Eckersall and by comparative scores.

Although interest in the west centers around the conference situation and the result of Michigan's games with Cornell and Pennsylvania, one team has been overlooked. Notre Dame, by virtue of a victory over Wabash, 41 to 6, is a team which would be a worthy opponent for any eleven in the country.

Under the able tutelage of Jack Marks, former Dartmouth player, Notre Dame plays an advanced article of football. The team is drilled in the smashing off tackle play, and the players are fast enough to gain ground even when tackled. The eleven has plays of the open variety, in which the forward pass figures conspicuously, but because of the easy manner in which ground was gained by the use of straight plays, forward pass plays were not brought into commission. The Catholics will play the University of Pittsburgh at Pittsburgh on Saturday, and on Nov. 9 they will journey to St. Louis to meet the Mound city aggregation.

WALSH, 22; SORIN, 7.

Scoring more points than have been made in any other interhall game this season, Walsh defeated and completely outplayed their heavier opponents from Sorin. From the opening of the game to the finish, the fast open play of the Walsh team had their slower foes guessing. The Sorin line seemed woefully weak, as time and again the backs were nailed before the play was fairly started, and were thrown for a loss. Walsh scored twice in the first quarter. A series of line plays brought the ball down to Sorin's 40-yard line. Then Dee Newning with a pretty drop kick put across the only field goal of the day. A forward pass from Newning to McWeeney brought a touchdown in the same period which ended with the score of 9 to 0 in favor of Walsh.

Both sides scored in the second quarter. Matthews, who has been playing such a clever game for Walsh, received a forward pass and ran fifty yards through the Sorin team for a touchdown. Regan made Sorin's only touchdown, on an intercepted forward pass. O'Connell kicked the goal.

No scoring came in the third quarter, but in the fourth Walsh again dazzled the Sorinites with a long forward pass, Baujan receiving it this time and carrying the ball over the line. Dee Newning kicked the goal. Every team, except St. Joseph, has now suffered one defeat.

ST. JOSEPH BREAKS HOODOO.

The St. Joseph eleven broke a hoodoo of four year's standing by defeating Corby hall in football Friday afternoon by a score of 6 to 0. The teams were evenly matched, and both played good football, but the Saints got the jump on the Braves and deserved their victory. Brother Florian's charges made their lone tally on Bensberg's miscue, but Capt. Soisson's men were on the defensive the greater part of the game, and the victory was well-earned by St. Joseph.

The kicking and plunging of Kane, the defensive work and field running of Molony and the premier work of the line were St. Joseph's best points. Bitter resistance of Father Farley's men characterized the work of the vanquished.

St. Joseph now leads the championship race, having won two games and lost none, while all the other halls have one or more defeats to their credit.

Safety Valve.

"Wabash," writes a freshman lawyer, "fought to the last ditch, and never gave up the ship till her colors were swept off the ramparts." This is mixing up the plays some, but we all agree in the sentiments.

Besides that donkey made possible a lot of horse-play.

"I have come a long way for my sheepskin," says Frank Breslin, "and I'm going to get it." The thought is well put, Mr. Frank, and the prospect pleases, as Our Henry Dockweiler would declare.

The Carrollites held an election for student manager near here recently. We sent in a riot call. The cop opened the door of the bedlam and shouted "What's the trouble?" "We'se just countin' the stuffed ballots," says the kids.

FALL ODIUM.

(By Harmony Hicks, '13 or '14).

At old St. Joe

Tis all the go

To get a pennant for Bro. Flo.

ELECTROCUTED.—

Mr. Alfred Brown, to the great satisfaction of the society and with due ceremony, was placed in the president's chair.—*Holy Cross Literary*.

The scholarly Sorinites have given up pastiming in football after having been mussed up by Walsh. Nevertheless, Sorin is a good loser—quantitatively speaking.

Nor is it necessary, as our sage weekly notes, to crowd the sidelines during interhall games. The fact that the same is done on vacant pasture at Blewville is not valid *a fortiore argumentum ad hominem* for a *quid pro quo propter hoc* here.

In his learned essay entitled "Christopher Marlowe and the Early English Drama," Mr. Louis J. Kelley, '13, remarks: "How he (Christopher) obtained his education is a matter of conjecture." Which same beautiful observation will hold true of some of our Entire Beloved Student Body.

Mr. S. E. T. in his poem "Revolt" writes:

Why *must* I dress my thoughts in verse

That will not fit them though I pace

The floor, and tear my hair, and *curse*,

The author of the poets' race

His scions and the universe.

This is a nice way to carry on, Ericile!

CERTAINLY NOT.

"The Jungfrau dominated the scene," the lecturer assured us. Nothing remarkable in that! Did you ever

see a young frau that didn't dominate the scene, and all the other things around her, too, for that matter.

It's one good beating for Pitt today.

Speaking of King Arthur, William Burke pops the question: "But how came he into such prominence in literature?" In view of that Pittsburg Affair this p. m. we haven't given the subject as much thought as it deserves.

While over at Sorin they're dickering about a Pickering.

"Mining engineer wanted to work in Arizona," our CONTEMPORARY informs us. None of the ones about here seem afflicted with aspirations of that sort.

"Shorty" Mac a member of the southside palatial club house, returned one night last week from leave (French) of absence and found his keyhole filled with toothpicks. "Huh! Somebody been picking my lock!" he said. Since then, Shorty has lived with the hall-room boys.

How dope will be upset! likewise, turned over. Witness the games of:

Wabash vs. N. D.

Corby vs. Brownson.

Studios Sorin vs. Gay Walsh.

The following communication to the Friars Athletic Club of Fort Wayne, referred to us for expert advice, throws new light on a subject about which we were hitherto in the dark:

TO THE FRIARS:

We understand that you want to play the inter-hall champions in football, Thanksgiving Day. If so, you had better arrange for a game with us, for we shall be Champions this year.

Signed: Manager of Sorin Hall Team.

Is this a prophecy or a joke?

Mr. Newman, if a landslide pulled something off and got away with it, would it be called a landscape?

How about the Latin-American Cheer Team? They had the spirit of "pep", hot tamale, and chile-con-carne, and spiced the air with their own native war-cries. Good for Arias! He's got Joe Byrne beaten—almost.

Not that we care, but we notice dear old St. Joe took a fall out of the good old Corby fighting spirit.

THE KING.

A man there was and a king he'd be
(Like Napoleon the First of France)

He wanted the voters to bow the knee

(That they were *men* he had failed to see)

All he wished was to rule as mightily

As Napoleon the First of France.