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Credo.

JACOB R. GEIGER, '14.

ONE need but look at the stars at night,
In a velvet sky when the moon shines bright
Through the silvery clouds floating slowly by,
To know that there is a God on high.

One need but look at the shining sun,
Or its fading splendor when day is done,
And it sinks to rest in the blazing sea,
For reasons, O God, to believe in Thee.

Corneille.

JOHN T. BURNS, '13.



REVIEW of Corneille's works must necessarily be biographical in character, for in no other way can we solve the enigmas which pervade all that he has written. The poet has often been accused of a lack of creative genius. This accusation took its rise from the fact that Corneille constantly repeats the same plot with only slight modifications. This sameness of plot appears in *Clitandre*, *Pulcherie*, *Polyencte*, and several other of his plays. In essence it is as follows: A youth and a maiden form an attachment which develops into love. The father of the girl refuses to sanction the marriage, but compromises by offering his elder and less attractive daughter who is already approaching spinsterhood. To avoid being separated forever, the youthful pair consent to this unsatisfactory arrangement. Sometimes the play ends at this point; more often, however, a younger brother of the hero is made to marry the more youthful sister.

Now, if we inquire into Corneille's life, we

shall find this same peculiar dilemma. Monsieur de Lampiere, Corneille's father-in-law, had two daughters, Marguerite and Marie. Corneille had become enamoured of Marguerite, but, because of financial objections, De Lampiere would not hear of their marriage. Instead, he offered the elder sister, Marie. Corneille, on the advice of Marguerite, accepted the old man's proposition. Years later, however, when success had come to him, he persuaded his brother to marry Marguerite. His action here was born of selfishness. Corneille did not look with a single eye to the interests of his brother; his desire was to bring nearer to him the girl he loved. And so, after the marriage of the younger brother, we find the two families living together in the same dwelling.

Though the poet lived a seemingly happy life with the less favored Marie, there is, in his writings of this period, a noticeable lack of the noble love songs which characterized the lyrics of his earlier days and first heralded his genius. It may be argued that he had entered a new sphere in which he felt unable to accommodate himself to the relinquished sentiments of youth. There have been poets, it is true, who, when they took up dramatic art, felt the need of discarding love themes, or, if they attempted them, became stilted and bombastic. It must be noted, though, that his plays written subsequent to the union of his brother and Marguerite show a return to his youthful love spirit, though he is now a white-haired old man. But now there is added a note of sadness. He feels the injustice to which he has been subjected; he cries out against the restraints which have been put upon his happiness; he scoffs at conventions, and he leers at the self-seeking fathers and mothers, who, for social or financial gain, subject their children to a life of disappointment. But being unable to free himself from his un-

happy condition, he takes consolation in becoming a teacher to warn others.

As a teacher, Corneille has but one desire—to make lovers happy. To insure their happiness, he insisted upon their absolute freedom from parental restraint when love and future contentment were in question. In order that youth might better understand the difficulties which followed the carrying out of the wishes of selfish parents, he could select no better example than the repetition of his own life story. Thus what appears, at first, to be a lack of creative genius, shows only the obsession of a single passion—to point the way to true and happy love.

In Corneille's earlier dramas, there is much that is objectionable. This is in strong contrast with the purer, nobler plays of his maturer life. To understand this contradiction, we again must have recourse to biography. The author did not marry until he was nearly thirty years of age. Previous to his marriage, he led a wild and romantic existence. At first, this life expressed itself in his passionate poetry of youth—poetry that is pure, beautiful, and ennobling. But the man from whom such poetry emanates must continually guard himself; he can not allow passion to dominate him, for if left unbridled it soon descends from the airy fields of beauty to the reeking pits below. "Corneille the Noble,"—"Le Père Corneille," as he is now called—allowed passion to rule his reason and, like Byron, made the easy descent. The filth that he gathered is manifested in the plays of this period. He continued to grovel in the slime of unregulated passion until love led him back to the paths of virtue. But once he had returned to the ways of truth and righteousness, his mind ever reflected the sublimer side of man's nature.

Corneille has often been compared to Wordsworth. They are alike in this respect: the muse visited them but seldom, and remained only a short time. When the poetic spirit hovered over them, they rose to the sublimest heights; when the spirit was away, which was more often the case, they were scribblers, producing mere jingles. Occasionally in "La Menteur," Corneille's best drama, we find a line equal to Wordsworth's "The World is Too Much with Us;" but more often we find the common, versified prose. Here the similarity ends. Their poetic treatment differs widely. Wordsworth is calm and dignified;

Corneille is unconventional, wild, and revolutionary, and would be far more fittingly classed with Byron.

It is to Corneille that we owe the origin of the French tragedy. Several preceding dramatists had introduced the English tragedy upon the French stage, but it had met with little success. To the French, the English tragedy seemed stiff, cold, and formal. Because of this objection, the poet made a study of Spanish and succeeded in adapting the Spanish tragedy to the French taste. From this time on, he became the dramatic light of France. In spite of his bombast, which the people in their haste mistook for pure epic, he was considered the greatest poet France had yet produced, and was hailed as "Le Père Corneille." Cardinal Richelieu, then the foremost man in French letters, fought against Corneille's acceptance, but the Cardinal's influence was on the wane, and the people would not listen to him. He turned his following of critics loose upon Corneille, but the people applauded their favorite the more. They would have his tragedies or nothing, and the Cardinal was finally forced to accede to their demands.

As a producer of plays, Corneille was equally successful. When he first began to write, the French stage was deplorable. The theatrical managers controlled all productions and staged only the cheapest. Even though a drama of worth were offered to them it was rejected for purely financial reasons. The managers feared that the introduction of higher class plays would prove ruinous to their business by bringing the author to the favorable attention of play-goers. Corneille changed all this. As soon as he had gained a place of distinction, he insisted upon the introduction of the very best dramas. The dramatist at once became a professional man instead of a literary hack. Men of talent saw an opportunity for success in the field of play-writing, and now gave all their time to their natural profession, and at once the standard of the drama was raised.

We marvel at the poet's range. He produced comedies and serious dramas, and was equally successful in both. His lyrics are among the most beautiful in the French language. Not content with following traditional lines, he turned his attention to the tragedy, and subjected it to French standards. No wonder France loves him, and reverences him with the title "Le Père Corneille."

The Suicides.

FRANK H. BOOS, '15.

"For the last time, *will* you live up to the solemn promise you gave me?—Don't evade! Haven't you deceived me enough already? *Will* you?"—"What! Is that final?—You absolutely decline?—Then I shall end it all tonight."—"No, I won't listen. Please don't repeat that same old story again. Don't try to dodge the truth. *You* won't have to bear the shame, you know. You made my love a pastime, a toy, and now you would throw it away. You will forget and be happy, while I—I can never go back, you know. There would be no peace, no rest. But I have found a spot in the river, just off the Ninth street bend, where the ripple sings a little song and the willows bend down lovingly like a mother. It is just like the bed I had when a child. The water is twenty feet deep there, they tell me, so it will hide me, and I shall sleep there with no more unhappiness. There! I've just dropped my last nickel. But I don't mind it—it was to say good-bye to you. Good-bye, now." "Yes, I am going to do it—it will be better for both of us."

The telephone receiver clicked back into its nickel wishbone; the young lady covered her veiled face with her hands for an instant, then stepped from the 'phone booth into the brilliantly lighted lobby of the hotel. As she closed the door, she became aware of a man standing directly behind her. She gave him a frightened glance, then paused, one hand on the knob.

"Madam," said the man, stepping forward and removing his hat, "you will pardon me. A draft caused the door of the booth to open slightly. I was waiting to use the 'phone, and I—"

"You heard?" she interrupted in a strange and frightened voice.

"I heard," he replied quietly.

She recoiled a step and hung her head. He saw her shoulders convulse with a shudder. After a moment she looked up, composed, tense, defiant.

"Well," she said in a low, desperate voice, "what are you going to do about it? Call the police? Notify the hotel management?" The corners of his mouth twitched into a slow smile.

"Madam," he said, "a gentleman never interferes with the plans of a lady—especially one he does not know."

There was something soft and quieting in his low, modulated voice; something assuring, something that awakened a sudden, impelling desire to confide in this stranger, to tell him all.

"Of course," he continued in the same easy voice, "this is none of my affair. Fate would have it that I should overhear your conversation. It is not my affair—"

"Then what are you going to do about it?" she asked quickly.

"Come with me into the grill," he answered. "It will be quiet and secluded there. I have something to say to you."

A look of alarm appeared in her dark, swollen eyes, a look which betrayed her nervousness and desperation.

"No!" she exclaimed, and moved toward the door as if bent on a purpose that would brook no delay.

"I would like to have you. There is something important—"

"No!"

"I think it would be better if you did. I mean no—"

"No!"

"My dear madam,"—there was now cold terse command in his voice—"it is imperative that you come with me. Come, please, take my arm!"

Like one in a dream, she placed her small gloved hand on his coat-sleeve and walked with him across the deserted lobby. Perhaps it was his impelling voice, or his eyes, or his quiet, masterful manner that made her comply.

He seated her at a little table in a corner, half hidden by screens and far away from the annoying Venetian orchestra. A waiter came; the stranger gave his order in a low voice.

In an opposite corner, at a similar table, sat two men. One was called the Gambling Man, the other, the Lady's Man; and both were old in the ways of the city.

"Who is she?" wheezed the Gambling Man, as the newcomers were seated.

"The woman that followed Billy Newcomb from Europe," replied the Lady's Man, his eyes half hidden in a mass of cunning wrinkles.

"Hm-m!" commented the Gambling Man as he relit his fat perfecto.

The silent-footed waiter had brought the order. Dreamily, the veiled woman fingered

the shank of the tall glass until the ice tinkled and the slice of lemon gyrated in eccentric circles. She waited a long time before he spoke.

"Madam," he began, "you and I are here tonight on a common mission, with a mutual end—self-destruction."

The hand that fingered the glass jerked so violently that the liquid slopped over, leaving a wet stain on the linen and a fragrant odor lingering in the air.

"You?" she exclaimed.

"Yes," he answered, that slow smile forming again about the corners of his mouth.

"You mean that—that you, also—"

"Yes, I also. A strange, weird coincidence, our meeting as we did. And quite opportune. You are going to commit suicide—"

She bowed her head in shame, but gave no sign of abandoning her purpose.

"And I am going to do likewise. I have just lost my wife, my children, and my fortune—all taken from me in an hour. And now they say that my honor is in the balance." His voice had risen till its tone of suffering and desperation startled those at the table opposite. It was well for the glass that it was thick, or his grip would have crushed it to fragments. After a moment his tense voice relaxed and his quiet smile returned.

"What a pity that we do not know each other better; then we could help and strengthen each other in our—our mutual intention."

She did not speak, but only looked at him in that secret, covert way women have of observing and judging strangers. She noted the touch of gray at his temples, the leanness of his jaw, and the troubled eyes. He was old, older than she had at first thought, and there were in his face traces of grief that the smile could not conceal.

"It seems funny, strange, that we—we of the doomed,—do not even know each other's names," she was saying, slyly probing for information.

"Yes," he answered, eluding the hint; "but among the doomed, as you so aptly named us, names are nothing. Neither your name nor mine will signify after tonight."

"No," she acquiesced faintly.

"I'll tell you what we'll do," he exclaimed with sudden impulsiveness; "we'll call each other—er—fake names created for the occasion. Shall we? Yours will be—ah—Mrs. A, and—"

"Miss A, if you please!"

"I beg your pardon. Certainly, *Miss A*," he replied smiling; "and mine will be Mr. B. They sound better than our real names would, and—and they will not awake unhappy recollections. Agreed?"

"Agreed."

"Then, Miss A, when do you intend to commit suicide?"

"Why—why—tonight, I think," she answered slowly as if groping about for some misplaced principle that she must follow. "Why should I delay? All that I love exists for me no more. Nothing awaits me but grief and misery. Yes, it must be tonight—any time before dawn tomorrow—or at any rate tomorrow night. When are you going to—to—"

"I go at midnight."

The abruptness of the answer startled her. She turned a wide-eyed glance of fear upon him, then leaned forward and demanded nervously:

"What time is it now?"

"Eleven thirty-five," he answered, consulting his watch.

"And you—you go so soon?"

"Yes. I hate delays."

She fell suddenly silent, but the drumming of the blood in her veins was as deafening as the throbbing of some monster machine. A painful tightening of her throat made her gasp as if in suffocation. In the wild strains of the orchestra she heard the spirits of the underworld shrieking and raving around her, and she had the awful impression of slipping—slipping over some terrible icy threshold whence no effort could bring her back. A little metallic click caught her attention; she looked and saw his watch lying open on the table between them.

"In case I might forget when midnight arrives," he informed her, smiling calmly at her questioning look.

"Oh!"—faint and stifled, came from her trembling lips.

"With the time before me," he went on in his even, musical voice, "I can be prompt. The watch is correct to the second—has been for years. All my life I have been prompt, and I'll—er—go out on the second."

Again her shoulders convulsed in a silent little shudder. He was speaking again.

"Look here, Miss A."

Slowly she raised her head. From a pocket he extracted a small, flat, oblong case, bound in Morocco leather, and laid it on the table

beside his watch. Their eyes met, her's questioning dumbly.

"That, Miss A," he was saying, "is the wonderful little agent that will transport me through infinite space in a moment, and yet leave me here in my chair staring at the world with unseeing, uncalculating eyes."

"Ah!"—a startled, half-muffled gasp.

"Why do you shudder and shrink away?" he asked, a faint semblance of a sneer in his voice. "It is only a hypodermic needle lying harmless and helpless in its leather case. Come, Miss A, let me show it to—"

"Don't! don't; please don't!" she muttered, instinctively covering her face with her hands.

"But it is harmless, my—"

"Oh, please, *please!*"

He replaced the box beside the watch and leaned back in his chair. There was pity and compassion in that slow smile now.

In the opposite corner, the Gambling Man leaned closer to the Lady's Man.

"What's he doin'? Makin' a date?" whispered the Gambling Man huskily.

"No," replied the Lady's Man, not a muscle of his pasty face betraying that he was watching the couple with interest. "No, they're either making violent love or quarrelling—I'm not sure which; I can't see his face, and she's veiled."

"It's all right, Miss A," Mr. B was saying; "I'm not going to open the case if you forbid it. Besides, it wouldn't be a very wise thing to do with all these people around. Hypodermic needles on grill room tables might look suspicious."

She removed her hands from her face but did not raise her head.

"Anyhow," he continued dreamily, "it won't be so very hard,—not so hard as shooting, or gas or—or leaping off the bridge."

She was still sitting motionless, staring at the glass before her.

"When one's mind is in the process of determination, one must consider all these little things."

She looked up, deathly pale, her blue lips parted, her breath coming in short, agonized gasps.

"Why Miss A, what is the matter?" he exclaimed, leaning forward quickly. "Have you—has your nerve deserted you?"

"Oh!" she gasped, pressing her hands against her temples; then, recovering her

self-control, she raised her eyes until they met his. The same dreamy, mocking smile was frozen on his face. She shuddered.

"What time is it?" she managed to ask in a far-away voice.

"Eleven forty-five," he answered, sipping his drink slowly.

"Eleven forty-five!" she exclaimed. "Why—why—" and with eager fingers she seized the watch.

His smile slowly fled and he set down his glass carefully. She was holding the gold timepiece to her ear.

"It has stopped," she said evenly.

"Stopped?"

"Yes, your watch has stopped," she repeated.

He was reaching for the watch when a sound arrested his movement. Muffled, vibrant, metallic, came the slow, melancholy boom of the clock on the city hall.

"One!—Two!—Three!—" she counted, her eyes fixed on space, her face lined with horror.

He gasped, and groped wildly for the Morocco covered case on the table.

"Four!—Five!—Six!—Seven!—"

The case clattered to the floor. In his trembling fingers was a small nickel cylinder.

"Eight!—Nine!—Ten!—"

He was struggling with the cuff-link on his left arm.

"Eleven!—Twelve! Good heavens, man, *what are you doing!*"

With a half-suppressed scream, she threw herself forward. Something round and shiny flew from his poised hand and rolled across the floor. He leaped from his chair, overturning it.

"You!" he cried, "you have spoiled it all! Now I am late! Now I can not go!"

The woman stood leaning on the table, head bowed, bosom heaving. He seized her arm with a grip that made her wince. Throughout the room people were rising. Waiters were hurrying forward.

"You promised to help me," he whispered hoarsely, "but instead you deserted me. Were we not companions of doom? Were we not both pledged to take the fatal plunge? You lost your nerve, that's all. Come tomorrow night at ten and help me do it! Will you?"

Around their table was a semicircle of white, anxious faces. Some one called for the hotel detective.

"Will you?" he questioned sharply, shaking her roughly.

"No!" she exclaimed with sudden vehemence shaking her arm free from his grasp.

"You—you are deserting?"

"Yes! I have decided to live!"

"Please, please come tomorrow night," he pleaded with dramatic gesture. "Wont you, Miss—Miss A?"

There was a sob in her throat as she answered and two great tears coursed down her cheeks.

"No," she said softly, "I have just realized how terrible and how horrible it would be. Thank God, I saw it before too late. It will be better for me to live. Goodbye."

Dumbly, hopelessly, he took the outstretched hand and shook it limply. When the hotel detective bustled up, she was gone.

At their table in the opposite corner, the Gambling Man and the Lady's Man were watching the scene closely.

"She struck it from his hand and I picked it up as it rolled across the floor," the Gambling Man was saying.

The Lady's Man inspected the shiny, nickel cylinder suspiciously.

"What is it, a dope needle?" he queried.

"Naw!" exclaimed the Gambling Man, grinning; "it's only a pocket cigar lighter!"

"Oh, I see," said the Lady's Man, scrutinizing the cylinder more closely. "Yes, you're right. See! Here's his name engraved on the outside."

"Who is he?" demanded the Gambling Man, leaning forward.

"J. H. Wilkes of New York," read the other.

"Why, that's Jimmy Wilkes, the great actor!"

"Is that so?" commented the Gambling Man, half turning in his chair. "So that's Jimmy Wilkes! Hm—m!"

Carpe Diem.

W. J. HICKS, '12

LIVE today! Tomorrow
Dawns never till it comes
Drop the dreams of hope,
And work.

The sun never shines on
The waters of tomorrow.
He sinks and dies today,
Forever.

If Hell invites you,
Answer calls tomorrow.
Make a fight for Heaven
Today.

The Personal Quality in Poe's Stories.

MAURICE NORCKAUER, '13.

On the occasion of Edgar Allan Poe's death, Dr. Rufus W. Griswold published a "graphic and highly finished portraiture" of the deceased author. One statement in his sketch is especially apropos of a study of Poe as a story-writer. Dr. Griswold writes: "Every genuine author in a greater or less degree leaves in his works, whatever their design, traces of his personal character; elements of his immortal being in which the individual survives the person." To a student of Poe's life and works this statement is like a key to a cryptogram,—it makes clear what before seemed hopelessly involved.

In order to learn in how great a degree Poe's personality is reflected in his works, a very short summary of the artist's life must be given. The history of Poe's parents reads like a romance. Only a few of the facts, however, are necessary to account for his extraordinarily romantic temperament. The author's father, David Poe, married Mrs. C. D. Hopkins, a widow lady, in 1805. David Poe had an honorable lineage, and was intended by his father to be a lawyer, but he joined a troupe of strolling actors, known as the Hopkins company. After the marriage, Poe and his wife were known in the theatrical profession as the "Virginian Comedians." Edgar Poe was the second of three children born to them. Both David Poe and his wife died in Richmond in 1811. Thus left an orphan in infancy, Edgar was adopted by Mr. and Mrs. Allan. Mr. Allan was kind-hearted, but lacked true parental affection. Had Poe known the blessing of having father, mother, and pleasant home life during his childhood, his career would not have been a blighted one. Poe is to be pitied rather than blamed. When he was twenty-six years old, he married his child-wife, Virginia Clemm, who was the object of his tenderest devotion until her death, twelve years later. Deeply grieved at his wife's death, Poe resorted to alcohol and opium, and died within three years, at the age of forty. His death is one of the saddest in the history of literature.

The impress of Poe's personal character has been left to an almost incredible degree upon his short stories and sketches. In many

places, he uses the first person in such a way as to leave little or no doubt that the reference is to himself, and what little doubt there is vanishes when fact corroborates supposition. Of course, not every story told in the first person has reference to its author, but here and there in Poe's stories we encounter unmistakable evidences of his real personality; and to prove the contention, let us substantiate it by reference to his stories.

The story "William Wilson" first made its appearance in "The Gentlemen's Magazine" for October, 1839. It starts with this abrupt statement:—"I am the descendant of a race whose imaginative and easily excitable temperament has at all times rendered them remarkable; and in my early infancy, I gave evidence of having fully inherited the family character." Now, we know from several of Poe's other stories that he was possessed of a highly imaginative and nervous temperament. We also know from the biographers that his parents, David and Elizabeth Arnold Poe, were of a very similar temperament. That they were remarkable personages may be inferred from their reputation as the "Virginia Comedians." Immediately after the foregoing statement, Poe adds: "As I advanced in years it was more strongly developed, becoming for many reasons a cause of serious disquietude to my friends and of positive injury to myself. I grew self-willed, addicted to the wildest caprices, and a prey to the most ungovernable passions." Mr. Allan, so Poe's biographers tell us, was proud of his protégé and liked to "show off" his ability to visitors. Thus Poe became a spoiled child, and had his own way to a very great extent. Gratifying as the exhibitions may have been to his father's vanity, the probable consequences of such a system of recurring excitement upon the boy's morbidly nervous organization could scarcely fail to be disastrous. Indeed, in after years, the poet bitterly bewailed the pernicious effects of his childhood's "misdirected aims."

In this same story, Poe has also left us an impression of his school-life at Manor-House School, Stoke-Newington, England. As a matter of fact, the story itself is built up on the remembrances of his school days. Contemporary events are very often mixed with those previous to his term at school, and with some that happened after he left school; and all are viewed through a marvelous retrospective

imagination. It is said on good authority that in 1827 Poe and his guardian, Mr. Allan, had a serious quarrel about gambling debts, and that the two parted. How much of his misfortunes is portrayed in "William Wilson," and how much is fiction will never be known. But that scenes from his own life form the nucleus of the story there can be no doubt.

Again, in "The Sphinx" we feel certain that it is to himself he referred when he wrote: "A favorite topic with me was the popular belief in omens—a belief which, at this one epoch of my life, I was almost seriously disposed to defend." A passage in "Eleonora" also claims our attention: "I am come of a race noted for vigor of fancy and ardor of passion." Can we doubt that this thought was suggested to Poe by the remembrance of incidents told to him concerning his parents? He surely remembered some of the interesting tales connected with their theatrical life.

Poe was possessed of wonderful analytic powers. When he was at West Point, we are informed, he was third in French, and seventeenth in mathematics out of a class of eighty-five. We also know that at one time in his life, Poe devoted much time to deciphering cryptograms. He aroused widespread interest in literary circles by advancing the theory that no man could devise a cryptogram incapable of being deciphered. And to prove his contention he himself in one year solved at least ninety-nine cryptograms, sent to him from all parts of the country. He wrote several stories illustrative of his theory, principal among which are "The Gold Bug," "The Murders in Rue Morgue," "The Mystery of Marie Rogêt" and "The Purloined Letter."

In the "Black Cat," too, we recognize traces of the personality of Poe, when he says: "From my infancy I was noted for the docility and humanity of my disposition. My tenderness of heart was even so conspicuous as to make me the jest of my companions. I was especially fond of animals, etc." Then there comes a statement which is evidently a reference to his child-wife, Virginia Clemm: "I married early, and was happy to find in my wife a disposition not uncongenial with my own. Observing my partiality for domestic pets, she lost no opportunity of procuring those of the most agreeable kind. We had birds, gold-fish, a fine dog, rabbits, a small monkey, and a cat."

There is another reference made by Poe to his wife, in the story "Eleonora." Virginia Clemm, we are told by the biographers, was Poe's cousin. In the story Poe thus describes the youthful wife: "She... was the sole daughter of the only sister of my mother, long departed." All this serves to confirm our belief that Eleonora is Virginia, and Eleonora's mother is Maria Clemm, of whom Poe writes: "Thus it was that we lived all alone, knowing nothing of the world without the valley—I, and my cousin, and her mother." In this story, moreover, there breathes that spirit of adoration and tender love which characterized the passionate affection of Poe for his child-wife: "The loveliness of Eleonora was that of the Seraphim; but she was a maiden artless and innocent as the brief life she had led among the flowers."

"Ligeia," says one writer, "bears witness to Poe's adoration of his child-wife, Virginia, under whose influence all his best work was produced." Ligeia is described as "tall in stature, somewhat slender, and, in her latter days, even emaciated." In several of the memoirs of her life we read that from her girlhood, Virginia showed signs of consumption, and, to use Poe's words, "she had seen that the finger of Death was upon her bosom—that, like the ephemera, she had been made perfect in loveliness only to die." "In beauty of face no maiden ever equalled her." "I would in vain attempt to portray the majesty, the quiet ease of her demeanor, or the incomprehensible lightness and elasticity of her footfall." If his "angel-wife" was not the subject of this sketch, at least the expressions of loving adoration have the same tender affection as those that marked his love for her.

Poe's scientific knowledge, we are told, was very "comprehensive and exact." He wrote articles on conchology and cryptology, and at one time, was even well versed in mesmerism. We have already spoken of the influence of his analytical powers in forming some of his stories, but have reserved his tale of mesmeric revelation until last.

The most horrifying of all Poe's tales is the one named "The Facts in the Case of Mr. Valdemar." It was written in 1845, and was first published in "The Whig Review." We know that Poe himself is the mesmerist of the story from these words: "My attention for the last three years had been repeatedly drawn

to the subject of mesmerism; and about nine months ago it occurred to me, quite suddenly, that in the series of experiments made hitherto there had been a very remarkable and most unaccountable omission—no person had as yet been mesmerized *in articulo mortis*." This thought inspired Poe to write his story. He was a masterly story-teller, and we have here one of the best and most interesting stories he ever wrote. It is more blood-curdling than any ghost-story, and the end is very gruesome. Poe never told a story for its own sake. His aim was to produce an effect. To inspire supernatural terror was the primary object of this story. Tales of "the grotesque and arabesque," tales of mystery, fantasy and occultism are all dealt with in a masterly manner. Critics may pass adverse judgment on his choice of subjects, or may even ridicule his "literary sense," but none can say Poe was not a master story-teller. No one can read the stories and properly understand them if he has not familiarized himself with Poe's life, habits, and peculiarities. Constantly we find his personality revealed in the stories, and if we do not study to find it, we lose the best part of the stories. The many instances which have been here quoted, are given merely to arouse and quicken interest in the study of Poe's works by showing some of the many places wherein the "individual survives the person."

The Leper.

FRANK C. STANFORD, '13.

HE raised his eyes to heaven—mourning loud;
And then went forth alone, a curséd one.
Of those he loved, to whom his heart was pledged,
Not one of all was there to see him go,
To speak and comfort him.—Alone he went
With sick and sorrow-laden heart—to die,
The curse of God upon him.

.....
The burning sun brought vapors from a pool
Of stagnant waters, and he stopped to drink
And bathè his brow that burned with leprosy;
And all the while he prayed that he might die.
He sank upon the ground as strangers came,
His sack-cloth drawing closer o'er his face.
"Unclean! unclean!" he moaned upon the earth;
And waited till the strangers might have passed.
One from their midst came near, and bending o'er
The leper's form, his name He softly spoke;
"Helon!" the voice awoke the sluggish blood
Which riot ran beneath the leprous scales.
"Helon, arise!" Straightway the curse was gone,
And Helon rose and stood before his God.

Lullaby.

SWEET little child, my every thought,
Come nestle within my arms.
For you, my dove, I've toiled, I've fought
And answered war's loud alarms.

I love to rock you, honey dear,
And sing to you low, sweet songs;
And while you sleep I hover near
To watch with the angel throngs. M. N.

Success False and True.

LOUIS P. HARL.

The world misunderstands success; or rather it fails to distinguish between true success and worldly success; the latter it knows, the former it knows not. Worldly minded people make of success a god, exalting and worshipping it and offering up their life's happiness and peace for it. But it is a false god. It is a Circe—it makes men beasts. Like the sirens, it sings songs bold and stirring, enticing the ambitious into a sea of unhappiness.

But how shall we escape its allurements? We may, like Ulysses, bind ourselves to the mast of indifference and stop our ears; or, like Orpheus, we may chant a strain higher and nobler than its siren notes, and by our diviner effort drown its base harmony. We may neglect success, or we may understand that the real success lies in rising above worldly success. The world says: "Be successful and you will be great." But success is not greatness. Success has a likeness to worth—the heedless accept it as worth. Let a dabbler but stumble upon some great principle of science, or a military tyro chance to win a great battle, or a third-rate actor cater to the groundlings or say airy nothings in enigma form, and he will be called a great man—a success. Success is not the final purpose, the goal. There are higher ends in life. Happiness is greater, so is love, and virtue, and honor, and character. But how often are these sacrificed to obtain success! And where, in success, is there adequate recompense for the sacrifice? But the world does not see this; it sees only the result—the means are forgotten.

The one great lesson for the world to learn is that material success is not to be sought after as the one thing necessary. It may be appreciated when attained; but it should not

be our life's work to attain it. Success does not "tread on the heel of high endeavor" as some have said. It is subject to a higher power—Providence. It can not be had for the asking, or the wishing, or the effort. The divine Master has so ordained that we must lift ourselves above the selfish and trivial to higher ideals and higher ends. To teach us this great truth, He often wills that our most eager desires be unavailing. Is not failure better than success at the expense of honor? What matters it to be called a failure if you have done your duty?

How many great men have been called failures? Christ was so called, yet His was the greatest achievement of all history. Solon, and Socrates, and Cato were deemed failures, were derided and persecuted. What the world can not understand it calls failure. How many revolutions, reformations, doctrines, laws, truths; how many reformers, philosophers, statesmen, have been counted failures, only to bear fruit in succeeding ages! On the other hand, how many men like Hannibal and Kosciusko have failed utterly to accomplish their end, yet stand out as the great men of their times. And why? Because their striving was not for selfish or personal success. They labored for the general welfare, the reformation of an evil, or their country's good. Toward this they struggled, unmindful of self-interest, disregarding contempt and opposition. They failed, but their unselfish efforts make their worth as great as if they had succeeded.

We often desire success as conducive to happiness. But success, even when deserved, adds but little to happiness, and tends to lessen our moral strength. "Prosperity," says Bacon, "is the blessing of the old testament; adversity is the blessing of the new, which carrieth the greater benediction and clearer revelation of God's favor. Prosperity is not without fears and distastes; and adversity is not without comforts and hopes. Prosperity doth best discover vice, but adversity doth best discover virtue."

O Rose.

Queen rose of the rosebud garden of song
Come hither, 'tis rosy dawn,
And the sun-set red like the bordered bed
Of the rose garden still sleeps on.
We'll talk of roses and posies and things
And the rows of chiffon on your hat,
And we'll drink pink tea from the tea-rose tree—
'Tis a mixture; but don't mind that.

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—During the Autumn months, the sweet joyousness of spring and summer gives place to the sad beauties of the declining year. The life cycle in nature is completed, and living things become quiescent or return to the elements from which they came.

Autumn's Lesson. Everywhere there are signs of death. The foliage on tree and bush loses the vivid colors of summer and takes on a hectic flush; the birds disappear, and vegetation ceases. The old year, robed in worn garments, heaps up its rich treasures about it and prepares to die; then death comes softly and stands on guard.

Death is autumn's message. Today we are here; tomorrow we may be "with yesterday's seven thousand years." At most our stay is brief. For a few years we move about upon the earth; then the spirit flees and life comes to an end; even time resolves itself into nothingness. Then we shall be judged by what we were when time was,—and what we were will depend upon the use we made of our opportunities.

The present is our springtime and our summer. It should be a period of industry, for through industry alone can we hope for a rich harvest. If we fail to sow the good seed during the spring of life; if we shirk laborious tasks during the summer;—what will autumn's yield amount to at the season's end? This is the law of life, that we get out of life only what we put into it. Your opportunities are still before you; the autumn of your life is yet far in the future; but the seasons change quickly, and

before you are aware the harvesting period will be at hand. Make, then, the most of present opportunity. Be a student with a will. Cut away obstacles. Root out the seed of discontent. Guard against the vice of laziness. Burn the rot and the rust which may corrupt your mind. Then when age comes, the sweet quiet of a well-spent life will console and reward you.

—The election is over, and now there remains to be heard only the triumphant "I told you so" of *Harper's Weekly*, and explanatory statements from *The Aftermath*. *Outlook*. President Taft takes defeat philosophically, and will attempt to reorganize the national republican party; while Roosevelt is back in the editorial chair, perhaps never again to emerge—except in print; the bull-moose feeds reflectively on the bitter marsh grasses of Salt Creek, while the donkey ambles happily toward the rich presidential pastures. The Socialists, with their one congressman defeated for reelection and their only member of the Pennsylvania legislature retired from public life, have now called off their bombastic street-corner orators and considerably lessened their output of yellow literature. Governor Wilson, of all the candidates, is preparing for the Pennsylvania Avenue parade of March fourth next. He is planning the work of his life, the efforts though which millions of voters expect to see "Democracy" triumph and win back for itself that which it lost in the last disastrous Democratic administration. Mr. Wilson has his own ideas of presidential policies, and to know these definitely and to see their results is the anxious desire of thousands. Perhaps the methods of President-elect Wilson will not differ much from those pursued by Mr. Taft. We do not prophesy—with the others we await the issue of a great Democratic triumph.

—Republicanism stands condemned by the people of the United States, and on March fourth Democracy will go on trial before the same tribunal. The **The Shield Against Socialism.** outcome of that trial will be momentous. The great political conflict of this century is the battle of social reform against socialism. The Democratic party has

named itself a social reform party, and, therefore, upon the evidence of its achievements, the effectiveness of social reform, as a remedy for the diseases of our body politic, will be judged.

America is expectant and hopeful. The president-elect has proved himself a man of brain and brawn, strong in character and ability. His party will control both legislative bodies. There can be no turning back, no shifting of any responsibility however irksome. Democracy has promised much. It is now called to achievement. The tariff must be reduced, corporate abuses must be remedied, a more equable system of taxation must be devised, so that great wealth shall contribute a proportionate share to the expenses of government. Much else is demanded and promised, but these reforms are fundamentally necessary if the Democratic party is to prove itself worthy of the solemn trust which has been reposed in it by the people, and keep as sacred its covenant with the nation.

—When Jack Johnson left the arena on that memorable Fourth of July, two years ago, the worst that could have been said about him

was that he was a
Jack Johnson's Finish. negro and a pugilist;
the best, that he was

a gentleman, and a clean, fair fighter. Today, after a meteoric career of scarcely twenty-eight months, involving European ovations, racing cars, and champagne dinners, he is behind prison bars, an outcast and a pariah, shunned and abhorred by negroes and whites alike. The transition from a penniless and obscure stevedore to a renowned and wealthy world's champion, wrought a rapid and ruinous change in the hitherto unassuming negro. As a culmination of a series of notorious episodes and flagrant scandals, he has been indicted and held without bond on the charge of violating the Mann white slavery statute. Little indeed can be said in extenuation of Johnson's crimes against decency and morality. He stands condemned morally, if not legally, as guilty of the worst crime on the statute book. His was an opportunity for good, such as has never been afforded any other member of his race. Wealthy, prominent, and idolized by all colored people, he could have influenced by example, uplifted by precept, and materially assisted toward the moral betterment of his race. He can not plead ignorance of the great oppor-

tunity thus presented. First voiced by Booker T. Washington, the need of his setting a wise precedent for the emulation of his colored admirers was taken up and reiterated insistently by other notable colored men, as well as by the press. But he deliberately chose to reject advice, to ignore duty, and to shatter the trust reposed in him by his eight millions of negro admirers. Excessive dissipation, the craze for cheap notoriety, and the possession of too much wealth, were the potent factors in the downfall of the black champion. His alone is the blame, we say with snug complacency. But is it? Is it not probable that the spectacle of white girls crowding around his car to shower him with flowers deluded the negro champion? Is it not within the bounds of possibility that the adulation of the element that worships brute force helped to distort his sense of proportion?—to dwarf his morals, blunt his conception of decency, and magnify his egotism? For Jack Johnson, like the vast majority of his race, is intellectually a child. And like a child he fell before freedom from restraint and too much money.

At all events, the last chapter of Jack Johnson's life as a public character is written in symbols of shame. The better element among his own race has repudiated him. The very prisoners in the Chicago jail were indignant that he was not incarcerated in the negro quarter.

He may or may not be convicted as a violator of the Mann act. He may or may not evade Federal punishment for smuggling. But suffice it so say that his career is a colossal failure, working irreparable injury to himself and to the negro race. Nor is that the limit of his defection. For he has dragged down into the putrescent moral slime of his private life at least two other persons. One is a suicide, the other a moral pervert. Both may attribute their downfall to an illiterate, bestial negro, by some strange whim of fate showered with wealth and made the transient idol of a normally sane people.

The following letter will gratify all Governor Marshall's friends at Notre Dame:

DEAR FATHER CAVANAUGH:—Mrs. Marshall and I were greatly pleased at the multitude of telegrams which came to us, but none rejoiced us more than the one coming from you from the University which has honored me. I trust to prove worthy of its confidence.

Very truly yours,

THOMAS R. MARSHALL, Governor.

Dr. Walsh on Italian Achievement.

"The World's Indebtedness to Italy" was the theme of the lecture which Dr. Walsh delivered to the students on last Monday morning.

The spectacle of thousands of Italian immigrants engaged in construction work, ditch digging and other humble occupations, remarked Dr. Walsh, would hardly incline one to the belief that they represent a nation whose achievements in literary, artistic, and scientific pursuits no country has ever surpassed. Nevertheless such is actually the case. Dr. Walsh proceeded in a most entertaining and instructive fashion to set forth the reasons why Italy should be accorded more recognition as the birthplace of the modern arts and sciences. Those who are prone to detract from Italy's fame in the annals of art and letters entirely overlook the fact that she has given the world one of its three immortal poets; that she has produced the most renowned artists and architects in history; and that she has led the world in the practical sciences, such as medicine and astronomy, and is besides first in the realms of sculpture, painting, and literature. The genius of Dante, the erudition of Copernicus, the art of Michael Angelo, and the modern ingenuity of that master of electrical science, Marconi, may all be traced to Italian training and environment. Dr. Walsh's fund of humor, anecdote, and historical lore is seemingly inexhaustible, and he held the undivided attention of an appreciative audience.

Ralph Bingham Humorist.

It is but rarely, even upon the lecture platform, that we encounter such marked versatility as characterized Ralph Bingham's entertainment of last Tuesday evening. Mr. Bingham is pre-eminently a humorous monologist, but he is also a violinist, a vocalist, and an impersonator. His humorous readings possessed the unique merit of being really funny. In the "Sextette from Lucia" he exhibited much more talent than the average concert violinist. In his rendition of "Danny Deever" he was as effective as the representative reader. His impersonation of James Whitcomb Riley's Hoosier character and his recital in the negro dialect were diverting in the extreme. Mr. Bingham was accompanied by Mrs. Bingham, who proved to be an able and pleasing pianist.

Mass of Exposition.

A mass of exposition was sung last Sunday by Father Hagerty, with the permission of the Right Rev. Bishop Alerding. The Eucharistic League has been introduced at the University, and league leaflets have been distributed to students desirous of enrolling. There will be henceforth a mass of exposition on the second Sunday of the month, for the intention of the league and to foster a greater love for the Blessed Sacrament.

Father Carrico preached the sermon, taking "The Goodness of God" for his theme. God's goodness was, he said, our most valuable knowledge, and yet our most imperfect knowledge, because the finite mind can not comprehend an infinite good. The goodness of God is manifested first in the creation of man in the likeness of God, and of the universe for man's benefit, in the immolation of Christ for man's redemption, and finally in the institution of the Blessed Sacrament as an additional and most potent means for man's salvation.

The Lucia Lacosta Song Recital.

Mlle. Lucia Lacosta, the celebrated soprano who has been appearing with such signal success in all parts of the country, tendered a complimentary recital to the students of Notre Dame in Washington hall on the afternoon of November 8. Mlle. Lacosta blends, in a charming personality, a pleasing stage presence and a perfectly cultivated voice. This gifted artist was accorded a most enthusiastic reception by the audience which taxed Washington hall to its utmost.

Her interpretation of several selections from modern operas was characterized by the same talent and faultless technique that marked her rendition of the numbers of a more popular nature. Mlle. Lucia Lacosta was ably supported throughout the recital by Miss Woodbury, violinist; Miss Curtis McAdams, pianist; and Miss Mirian Larkin, harpist. Miss Woodbury prefaced the program with a prologue, wherein was set forth the power of music as an incentive to the attainment of higher and brighter thoughts. Each of the young ladies is an accomplished musician, and the concert party compares most favorably with the companies that have preceded them.

An Automobile Trip.

The victors in a series of intra-hall football games, played by the younger members of Carroll hall, enjoyed a very pleasant outing last Saturday evening. Mrs. Holden generously suggested to the boys that they ride to the banquet promised by Father Cavanaugh in her automobile. Supper was arranged for at Crumstown, Indiana, thirteen miles southwest of the University. The distance and the number carried made it desirable to have a second automobile. Mother Pauline kindly loaned the St. Mary's car. The weather was delightful; the supper more delightful; the ride back and forth in the automobiles most delightful. The singing and the recitations after supper were much enjoyed. At their next meeting the Carrollites voted their gratitude to Mrs. Holden, Mother Pauline, Father T. Burke, Father Cavanaugh, and everyone else who had a hand in the affair. The party was composed of Rev. T. Burke, director; "Happy" O'Connell, coach; W. Bergfield, captain; D. White, J. Marion, E. Carey, E. Fritch, R. Good, J. Cavanaugh, G. Holden, J. Viso, A. O'Brien, G. Hamilton, H. Susen, J. McCarren, and four or five "subs" and several invited guests, including Manager Dickens and T. Curry.

Obituary.

With sadness we chronicle the death of Louis Hickey who passed away at his home in South Bend last Saturday, and was laid to rest in Cedar Grove cemetery Tuesday morning. Mr. Hickey was probably the last of the old pioneers who founded South Bend. He was an intimate friend of Father Sorin, and his life was closely connected with the University. He cut the first road from Notre Dame to South Bend, and spent forty active years in building Sacred Heart church and other University buildings. He helped place the big bell in its present place in the tower of the church, and his name is inscribed on it. On account of Mr. Hickey's close friendship with the founder of the order, and out of respect for a life well spent, the huge bell was tolled Tuesday morning. The deceased was held high in the esteem of his fellow citizens, because of his important part in the building of the city. He is survived by a wife and a large family of children and grandchildren.

Society Notes.

The PHILOPATRIANS.

The Philopatrians are certainly booming this year, thanks to the untiring efforts of Brother Cyprian. "The Backwoods School," a laughable sketch, was produced at the last regular meeting. The cast comprised Nobles Ryan, Stephen Myers, Robert Carter, Francis Fox, Sheldon Clark, and Lawrence McIlwee. Walter Fletcher recited "John's History Lesson" in a very creditable manner, while Eugène Butler's reading of "My Sister Grace" was very enjoyable.

HOLY CROSS LITERARY.

The regular meeting of the Holy Cross Literary Society was held on Sunday evening, November 10. A most attractive program was arranged. Mr. Alfred Brown, the president, in accordance with established custom, gave the inaugural address. In a clear, logical, and convincing manner he told of the need of such a society and the invaluable advantages to be derived from it, if only the members were sincere in their appointed duties. Mr. Weidner gave the society a rare treat when he played a piano selection entitled "The Shades of Autumn." The delightful vein of humor still flows in all its richness through the literary productions of our organization, as Mr. Burke unquestionably proved when he read his humorous sketch "A Letter Home." He kept his audience in delightful and continuous laughter. Mr. C. C. Carroll did not disappoint the anticipations of his auditors when he sang the immortal melody, "Believe Me, if all those Endearing Young Charms." Repeated encores that would not be gainsaid testified to this. Mr. Rea, a new member in our midst, responded to a demand for a speech. So pleased was he with the evening's entertainment that he could not find words choice enough to express his pleasure. He said that he felt honored in being admitted to such a group of dignified and intellectual *littérateurs*. A talk by Father Irving, the new Spiritual Director, was a most fitting conclusion to the program. He encouraged the activities of the society, and requested all to take a lively interest in it, for, as he said, "It is here that we receive a practical training in public speaking." It is long since the society heard so emphatic and earnest an appeal for this kind of work.

Personals.

—The friends of "Bill" Kelleher and Ignatio Quintanilla will be glad to know that they are recovering rapidly from their injuries.

—Mr. William F. Fox of Indianapolis, State Deputy Grand Knight of the Knights of Columbus, was the guest of Notre Dame Council last week.

—Hugh Langan (student '10-'11), of Omaha, Nebraska, and bride spent a few days of their honeymoon in South Bend, and made several short visits to the University.

—The genial George Pohlman (student '04-'06) of Indianapolis, visited friends at the University last Friday. George is conducting some of his father's business interests.

—Mr. Francis H. McKeever (Litt. B. '03; LL. B. '04) of Chicago, was a visitor at Notre Dame on Sunday last. Mr. McKeever is the law partner of Governor-elect Dunne of Illinois.

—Our champion pedestrian, Father Arthur B. O'Neill, C. S. C., is in the Good Samaritan Hospital, at Columbus, O., recovering from the effects of an accident that befell him this summer.

—The marriage of Conrad M. Bentley, Jr., of Oak Park, and Miss Sybil Neybert, also of Chicago, took place Nov. 12 in Corpus Christi Church, Chicago. The old boys who knew Conrad at Notre Dame wish him all happiness.

—Among the Democrats swept into office by the recent tornado is William E. Farrell, a former professor of Notre Dame, who was elected District Attorney of Herkimer County, New York. Professor Farrell was one of the most popular of our younger teachers in recent years. He is bound to succeed, for he throws his energies enthusiastically into any work he takes up.

—A marriage of great interest to Notre Dame and her friends, was that celebrated last Tuesday in St. Ambrose Church, Kenwood, Chicago, where Frank Bing, Jr. of Pittsburg and Miss Helen Barry of Chicago were united in holy matrimony. Mr. Bing is an old student of Notre Dame, while his bride is the daughter of Hon. H. P. Barry, the donor of the Barry Elocution medal. Our congratulations to the happy couple!

—An enthusiastic rooster who has never seen Notre Dame wrote as follows after witnessing the football game at St. Louis:

"You may be proud of your team. They worked like beavers and elephants, and they were at all times very gentlemanly. Notre Dame will be a good place for my boy."

The boy referred to is still under age, but when he comes to the University he will receive a hearty welcome and a chance to try out for the team.

Calendar.

- Sunday, Nov. 17—Singing Class Practice, 10:00 a. m.
Dr. James J. Walsh, Lecture.
St. Joseph vs. Sorin in football.
- Monday, Nov. 18—Quarterly Examinations.
Band Practice, 5:00 p. m.
Philopatrian Society, 5:00 p. m.
Orchestra Practice, 7:00 p. m.
Christian Doctrine Examinations, 7:00 p. m.
- Tuesday, Nov. 19—Continuation of Examinations,
- Wednesday, Nov. 20—Zoellner String Quartette, 7:30.
Civil Engineering Society, 8:30 p. m.

Examinations.

Christian Doctrine Classes will be examined Monday Nov. 18, 7:00 p. m.

MONDAY, NOV. 18.

Classes taught at 8:15 a. m. and 10:15 a. m. will be examined at 8:15 a. m. and 10:30 a. m. respectively.

Classes taught at 1:15 p. m. will be examined at 4:30 p. m.

TUESDAY, NOV. 19.

Classes taught at 9:00 a. m. and 11:00 a. m. will be examined at 8:15 a. m. and 10:30 a. m. respectively.

Classes taught at 2:00 p. m. and 2:45 p. m. will be examined at 1:15 p. m. and 2:45 p. m. respectively.

Local News.

—In making your preparations for your Thanksgiving trip to Chicago, don't forget about the quarterly examinations on the 18th and 19th. "Take it from us," you'll enjoy the Marquette slaughter better if you have passed the tests.

—Next Thursday, the Walsh Preps and the St. Joe "Ducks" are scheduled to meet in combat dire. This is the first appearance of the "Ducks" and we feel certain that they will prove worthy antagonists to the machine-like, battle-scarred Preps who seem so bent on seizing the University championship.

—Prof. Koehler reports with satisfaction that the production of *David Garrick* is progressing rapidly. Could anything else be expected when so able a dramatic director is back of the work. Incidentally, Prof. Koehler

has introduced several novel and entirely original features into the play which will make it a delightful surprise. We predict its entire success.

—A member of the Faculty received this gratifying bit of information from a student of St. Louis University: "We are slowly recovering from the effects of the Notre Dame invasion. Believe us, we'll remember that team of yours for a while yet!"

Yes, we also are of the opinion that they will not soon forget it.

—Manager Langan has his famous Preps out for basketball already, and assures us of a good team. The doughty little warriors are slated to meet the Marion Normal School of Marion, Ind., some time early next month. They demonstrated their far-sightedness by beginning practice so early. Sometimes others, far beyond the age and rank of preps might learn a lesson from their juvenile friends.

—At the annual meeting of the Indiana Chapter, American Institute of Architects, held at the Columbia Club in Indianapolis, last Saturday, Prof. Rolland Adlesperger, Dean of the College of Architecture, was elected president for 1913. Our friend, Professor Adlesperger, was also named as one of the two delegates from the Indiana chapter to attend the annual meeting of the Institute in Washington next month. We congratulate Prof. Adlesperger and tender him our best wishes for success in his new office.

—If you skivers, instead of hiding under the street-car seats on your way to the "Bend" will only take a chance and look at the field to your left as you leave the University grounds, you will see the famous plot of ground that yielded one hundred and twenty-four and one-half bushels of corn to the acre. But this isn't all. The eighty-acre field immediately behind this one averaged two hundred and seventy three bushels of "spuds" per acre. Besides being local record breakers, these two fields are the Western Champions of their class.

—Lost—in St. Mary's orchard—a lady's gold watch, closed case, medium size, with the owner's full name engraved inside the case. Finder please return to Miss Cecilia Hopfinger at St. Mary's and receive reward. This notice, be it known, calls for no setting forth apple-orchardwards of knights errant bound to win the promised guerdon or be "canned" in the attempt. The single appeal is made to

these students who *heretofore, in the past, tempore perfecto*, have visited the orchard; will they kindly search the depths of the gunny sacks they brought away with them, to see, if perchance, in their absorption in the landscape, they did not drop in a lady's gold watch, thinking it to be a pippin or a golden russet.

—At a meeting of the *Dome* board last Saturday evening, the editors unanimously decided to dedicate the class book of '13 to Judge Timothy E. Howard, in appreciation of almost life-long services rendered to the University. Judge Howard is known and beloved, not only by the students of today, but by many old students who, thanks to his great ability as a teacher, are now fighting in the front ranks of life's battle.

The Senior Lawyers were present at the meeting as well as the four-year men. This is a privilege never before enjoyed by the lawyers, but they, being Judge Howard's closest friends in the University, refused to be ignored when their class book was being dedicated to their most popular teacher.

—At a recent meeting held in Washington Hall, the dramatic artists of the University organized under the title "The Players of Notre Dame." As a result of the meeting the following officers have been announced: president, Cecil Birder; vice-president, Kingsley Murphy; secretary, Patrick Cunning; stage director, Professor Koehler.

The Players, under the able tutelage of Professor Koehler, promise to give on President's day one of the most artistic stage productions seen at the University in recent years.

The play presented will be Thomas W. Robertson's "David Garrick." This will be the first fruits of the organization. Other and better treats are in store for us in the future.

Athletic Notes.

VARSIITY, 47; ST. LOUIS, 7.

Again the Varsity has triumphed. This time they registered the most shining victory of the whole season in their account book. St. Louis went down before an avalanche of 47 tallies, while the Varsity permitted only one touchdown to be marked against it.

The team was not satisfied with its showing at Pittsburg the previous Saturday, and resolved to go into St. Louis with a vim that would tell. They went. A touchdown was scored

within the first three minutes of play. They got the jump on the Missourians, and they pushed their opponents hard, scoring three touchdowns in the first fifteen minutes of play. After that it was a mere matter of slaughter. The St. Louis eleven fought desperately and well, but they were so far out-classed that their efforts were as children's before the attacks of our Gibraltar line and incomparable backfield.

Eichenlaub was the real hero of the game. He figured in nearly every play, and never failed to gain when he carried the ball. Many times he waded through the St. Louis forwards and secondary defense for 20 and 25 yards. Next in line of merit comes Captain Dorais, who deserves credit not only for the heady piloting of his men but also for that accurate toe of his which kicked five goals after touchdowns and two field goals from almost the middle of the gridiron. Pliska and Berger divide honors, the former getting three touchdowns, while the latter executed the sensation of the game when in the second quarter he skirted the St. Louis end, straight armed the halfback, steamed up, pushed the safety in the face, and went 85 yards for a touchdown. Besides the standard work of Feeney at centre, Jones and Yund at tackle, and Rockne and Dolan at ends, the exhibition of the game given by the youngsters was a delight to the coach and the Notre Dame admirers. Lathrop and Hicks were the men who filled Fitzgerald's place in the line, while Finnegan and Gushurst relieved Eichenlaub at fullback.

St. Louis (7)		Notre Dame (47)
Snyder	L. E.	Rockne
E. Stadher (Capt.)	L. T.	Jones
Powell, Sieh	L. G.	Yund
Donovan	C.	Feeney
Snedck	R. G.	Hicks, Lathrop
Schroemer	R. T.	Harvat
Sieh, Kistner	R. E.	Dolan, Crowley
Maguire	Q. B.	Dorais (Capt.)
Zacharits	L. H.	Berger
Ratican	R. H.	Pliska
A. Stadher,	F. B.	Eichenlaub,
Gassoway		Finnegan, Gushurst

Touchdowns—Berger (2), Eichenlaub, Pliska (3), Zacharits. Goals from touchdown—Dorais (5), Maguire. Goals from field—Dorais (2). Referee—Gordon (Harvard.) Umpire—Turner (Dartmouth.) Head linesman, Denman (Earlham). Time of quarters, 15 mi.

The Bachelor emphasizes the thought that Wabash college is not willing to accept the second class championship of Indiana.

The Wabash football team is clear out of second-

ary class and every bit as good as teams which are ranked as first class, notably Indiana and Purdue. We can't be convinced that the Little Giants would allow the cellar champions of the Conference to walk over them.

As for that defeat at Notre Dame, we can only admit that we were beaten by a superior team, but at the same time we would like to see some of the other teams tackle the upstate eleven.... We are in the first class, if you will put Notre Dame in a class by itself.

WALSH ELIMINATED FROM RACE.

To the Corby line, that withstood all the plunges of the Walsh backs, must be given a large share of the honor of Corby's only victory of the season. Walsh fought desperately for their place in the championship race, but were beaten at their own game, as it was a forward pass that made possible Corby's only touchdown. With the wind favoring them, Corby worked the ball down to Walsh's 30-yard line where Heinz made a forward pass of twenty yards to Mike Carmody who scored. An unfortunate accident to Harry Newning early in the game impaired Walsh's chance for victory.

The Corby line was practically impregnable, the only gains made by Walsh being the result of a couple of long end runs by Newning and Matthews; Newning got off some pretty punts also.

The result of this game leaves but two contestants for the championship in the field, Sorin, and St. Joseph. A victory for St. Joseph in the next game or even a tie score will give "the Saints" first place, while a victory for Sorin will tie the two halls for the championship.

ST. JOSEPH AND BROWNSON IN TIE.

At the close of the second half of last Saturday's game, the score stood 0-0, with the ball in St. Joseph's possession on Brownsong's thirty-five yard line. The teams were as evenly matched as the score indicates, but though both put up a fine exhibition of football, their work was marred to some extent by frequent fumbling. The fumbles made by St. Joseph were particularly expensive. Neither team got closer than within fifteen yards of their opponents' goal line, and the attempts to score were limited to drop kicking. Both teams failed twice at this, though Kane's second attempt came within a few feet.

Kane was the best ground-gainer on the field and was mixed up in about every play until laid out in the third quarter. Trainor, who took his place, proved an able substitute. Lajoie and O'Brien of St. Joseph, and Kline of Brownsong played fine games at the ends.