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Reward.

GIVE me to drink one tear of penitence
One sorrow of thy heart, one sympathy;
And the cool sparkling waters of my grace
Shall flow again to thee.

Give me for warmth one spark of charity
For which the passion of my soul doth yearn,
And in thy habitation of dull clay
Eternal love shall burn.

Francis Parkman's "Montcalm and Wolfe."

A CRITICAL APPRECIATION.

SIMON ERCILE TWINING.



WITH the triumph of Wolfe on the heights of Abraham began the history of the United States." It is the story of the campaign culminated by that victory which is told by Francis Parkman in the second volume of his "Montcalm and Wolfe." As an historian, dealing with events, their causes, and their results, Parkman is ever scholarly, unprejudiced, and conscientious; and in this volume of "Montcalm and Wolfe" he shows himself at his best. No other historian has covered the events of those years so fully, and Parkman's every statement he has so fortified with evidence collected from the original sources that Winsor's account of the period in his "Narrative and Critical History of North America," and Fiske's account in the chapters of his "New France and New England," which bear upon the same subjects, are but digests of "Montcalm and Wolfe," and even Bancroft is in substantial agreement.

When, however, Parkman the historian

assumes the rôle of biographer and of moralizer, he seems to lay aside his usual attitude of judicial fairness. This is twice illustrated in "Montcalm and Wolfe":—first, in the bitter invective against the younger Vaudreuil, governor of Canada, and second, in his frequent manifestations of unfriendliness toward the Catholic Church. Vaudreuil, says Parkman, "was by turns the patron, advocate, and tool of the official villains who cheated the king and robbed the people"; he "had written to the court in high eulogy of Bigot and effusive praise of Cadet, coupled with the request that a patent of nobility should be given to that notorious public thief"; the "corruptions which disgraced his government were rife, not only in the civil administration, but also among the officers of the colony troops, over whom he had complete control"; "void as he was of all magnanimity, gnawed with undying jealousy, and mortally in dread of being compromised by the knaveries to which he had lent his countenance, he could not contain himself within the bounds of decency or sense"; "by indefatigable lying, by exaggerating every success and covering every reverse, he deceived the people...." Now Montcalm and Vaudreuil were avowedly hostile to each other; therefore, by painting Vaudreuil as a villain, Parkman is able to make Montcalm, whom he idealizes shine with more splendor. In an approved Canadian history we are told of Vaudreuil that "He was an *amiable, honorable* man," and of Montcalm, that "He was skilful, experienced, courageous—but—haughty toward those who differed from him, and scarcely careful about showing his low opinion of the Governor's (Vaudreuil's) ability." In the "Cambridge Modern History," though Vaudreuil is frequently spoken of, no mention is anywhere made of anything dishonorable in his character; nor can such mention be found in the histories

of Winsor, or Bancroft, or Fiske. It appears, then, that Parkman devotes *at least* a disproportionate amount of time to inveighing against the governor,—and there is no evident reason for the hostile attitude, unless 'it' be that he desired thereby to add lustre to his picture of Montcalm,—scarcely a justifiable expedient for a writer of history.

Parkman's incitement to take advantage of every pretext for condemning the Catholic Church is easier understood. As a freethinker, almost an atheist, he hated all religious denominations, and it is not illogical to suppose that he therefore attacked the Catholic Church most bitterly of all because he recognized it as the strongest. From Rome, in April, 1844, he wrote to his mother: "We are in the midst of the fooleries of Holy Week." And aboard ship he records congratulating an apostate Italian Catholic who now believed in "no religion in particular."

We may well wonder that a man of Parkman's wonderful mental calibre could be so narrow and bigoted; but knowing that he was so, we are not then surprised at his inability, even in his most careful work, to conceal that prejudice. "If French Canada would fulfil its aspirations," he says, "it must cease to be one of the most priest-ridden communities of the modern world." Quebec is today the most "priest-ridden" province of Canada, yet it is at once one of the most prosperous, and is certainly far ahead of most cities of the United States in its standards of morality. Again, speaking of political corruption in the province he says, "Nor did the Canadian Church, though supreme, check the corruptions that sprang up and flourished under its eye." Such an innuendo is not justifiable on any ground. The doctrines of the Church are and have ever been implacably opposed to corruption in high places, as in low; nor can any church be fairly held responsible for acts of its members in violation of its teaching; and finally, the accused officials were in no case connected with the Church by more than the sometimes slender bond of professed lay membership. There is a third out-cropping of anti-Catholic prejudice in Parkman's comparison of the Moravian and Catholic mission settlements. The latter "so-called" missions, he says, "were but nests of baptized savages, who wore the crucifix instead of the medicine-bag;" "their wigwams were hung with the

war-scalps, male and female, adult and infant"; they "retained all their native fierceness, and were systematically impelled to use their tomahawks against the enemies of the Church;" but the Moravians, on the other hand, "apostles of peace," "succeeded to a surprising degree in weaning their converts from their ferocious instincts and warlike habits." Now a good historian should not thus content himself with merely making contrasts, but he should go deeper, and seek to explain the cause of the differences, instead of leaving that to be inferred by the reader. Bancroft frequently points out that the Catholic missionaries aimed at first bringing salvation to *all* the Indians through baptism, while the Protestants sought to baptize only a few at a time and bent all their efforts toward making Christian gentlemen of these before proceeding further,—that is to say, "letting the rest go to hell in the meantime." When this is kept in mind Parkman's contrast loses its point.

These several imperfections in detail, however, are in respect to matters about which other historians have not concerned themselves, and are relatively unimportant. In the history proper contained in this volume of "Montcalm and Wolfe" no error has yet been pointed out by historical research, and the chief difference between Parkman's treatment of the subject and the work of other reliable historians is that Parkman's style is more vivid and interesting. A descriptive passage chosen almost at random will serve for illustration:—"Stand on the mounds that were once the King's Bastion. The glistening sea spreads eastward three thousand miles, and its waves meet their first rebuff against this iron coast. Lighthouse point is white with foam; jets of spray spout from the rocks of Goat Island; mist curls in clouds from the seething surf that lashes the crags of Black Point, and the sea boils like a caldron among the reefs by the harbor's mouth; but on the calm water within, the small fishing vessels rest tranquil at their moorings. Beyond lies a hamlet of fishermen by the edge of the water, and a few scattered dwellings dot the rough hills, bristled with stunted firs, that gird the quiet basin; while close at hand, within the precinct of the vanquished fortress, stand two small farmhouses. All else is a solitude of ocean, rock, and forest." This is Parkman's description of Louisbourg, and is typical of his word-painting.

"Sic Transit."

"What's the matter now?" growled "Red" as he noticed the commotion on the station platform.

"Oh, I suppose some farmer is late in gettin' his milk cans here, and they're waitin' till he comes. Sent out a search warrant for him likely. These interurbans give grand service—I don't think," grumbles "Shorty." "We've just about half an hour to get the train at the Junction, and we'll miss it if this keeps up. Hey there, conductor, what's the trouble?"

"Bridge burned out down the road and we can't go any farther," shouted back the conductor."

"What's that?" chorused every member of the team in consternation. "Can't go on?"

"Nope, got to stay here."

"What do you think of that!" exclaimed "Sandy" the captain, kicking viciously at his suitcase. "This is a fine mess. Can't go on! No use to go back to Plymouth because the next train would be gone before we'd get there.

"Yes, and there goes the St. Pat's game—the biggest game of the season," added Ben.

"Well, suppose we get out and see the place anyway, fellows, we might as well."

So the invincible Blooster Freshmen team clambered out of the interurban car at Stillwell. They were on their way to play the Thanksgiving game with St. Patrick's College at Goshen, and were not a little bit nettled at the unlucky turn of affairs. Suddenly they were startled by a shout from Jerry.

"Hey, fellows, look at this!" Jerry was standing before a placard which read:

"Football—To-day.

Stillwell vs. Turner's Junction at Stillwell.

Game, 2:00 p. m.

Admission 25 cts."

"Well, well! So they are going to have a game here. Isn't that lovely," said "Tex" sarcastically.

"Will this be much of a game?" "Red" asked of a stranger standing near.

"I guess there won't be any game at all since the bridge burned out," replied the stranger.

Then Jerry was struck with an inspiration. "Hey, fellows," he yelled, let's play Stillwell."

"I wonder if we could?" responded several of the players eagerly.

"Are you football players?" asked the by-

stander looking them over.

"Yes, sir!" "Tex" assured him emphatically.

"We're the Blooster Freshmen team and we've not been beaten this year."

"Well," drawled the stranger, reflectively, "I'm a sort of a boss of the Stillwell team, and if the boys are willing to play you fellows, we'll have a game after all."

And so it was arranged. In half an hour they were told that the game was a go. They were shown to a good boarding house, and the word was quickly passed about the town. They were the heroes of the day, and they made no pretense of hiding their light under a bushel. The landlady prepared a fine dinner, and they tackled it low, loudly rehearsing, between mouthfuls, the various sinister things they would do to Stillwell."

At two o'clock they marched down the main street of Stillwell in full uniform. In their wake came the Stillwell team in queer, ill-fitting suits of all shapes and colors.

The Stillwell team consisted of an awkward squad—butchers, blacksmiths, and farm hands—all residing in and about Stillwell. They were strong and muscular but not unusually large. They looked easy to Blooster.

After much discussion of rules—for Stillwell, it seemed, had been accustomed to playing an archaic and obsolete brand of football—the game started. The Blooster team was superior in open plays. Their men were faster, but somehow they couldn't get through the Stillwell line.

"Take it easy, fellows," said "Sandy." "This is only the first quarter. Give them a chance." So the first quarter was an uneventful one.

The second one was much the same, but there was a troubled look on "Sandy's" face. The fellows couldn't gain enough ground, and the Stillwell team was hard to stop. But "Sandy" was still confident. "Now, fellows," he cautioned them between halves, "cut loose and run all over them! They can't play at all, they are only a bunch of farmers. We will try more open plays and less line plunging."

Now the Stillwell team were also preparing for war. In reality they were good players, for in the matter of football there was much rivalry between Stillwell and Turner's Junction. The team, at first, were afraid of the college boys, but now they were more confident.

During the third quarter Stillwell showed

more strength, and "Sandy" was glad when the whistle blew. His men were all more or less bruised and battered.

"Say, fellows," he panted, "this is awful," we can't let those farmers beat us. For heaven's sake, work! Hold them to a tie anyway!"

The Stillwell team were now confident, but Blooster was sadly disturbed. They had not a single friend in the crowd; there was no word of encouragement to spur them on. On the other hand, everyone cheered for Stillwell, so Stillwell went in for glory or death. The first big run was made by the butcher's apprentice. He came charging down the field, scattering freshmen right and left. "Red" finally tackled him, but he fell on "Red" and almost put him out of the game. In the next play some one trampled on Jerry's neck, and "Tex" got an elbow in the eye. Both teams were now very much in earnest.

"Hold them, fellows, for heaven's sake," pleaded "Sandy" hoarsely. "What will the fellows at home say if we get beaten by this bunch of hayseeds?"

The team tried, tried its best, but Stillwell had discovered its strength. The rustics were still fresh, while the freshmen were tired out. Ah, poor Blooster! Slowly but surely back went the freshmen, and Stillwell pushed the ball over for a touchdown.

Poor Blooster! "Red" was limping badly, "Tex" and Jerry each had black eyes, and the team as a whole was much battle-scarred. But it wasn't the bodily hurts that counted, it was the mental anguish which accompanied the knowledge that the invincible Blooster Freshmen had been defeated, and that by a bunch of pickups from the farms and shops.

"Well," said "Red," when they were once more on the interurban on their way back, "it beats the Dutch."

"If we only were kittens," lamented Jerry, "some one could take us out and drown us and it wouldn't be so bad. We lost our vacation, missed the big feed at home, and got tramped on all over by a bunch of farmers,—we, the invincible Blooster Freshmen. Holy Smoke! Wait until the crowd hears of it."

"Aw, no one will find it out," replied Dick, "this place isn't on the map."

"I hope they don't," was the fervent prayer of each man on the team. But some one did, or this story would not have been written."

Varsity Verse.

THE FRESHMEN.

WE have now among our number
Many faces that are new,
But don't laugh at your companions
Though the green is showing through;
For in that unmoulded army
We may find another Cobb
Or it may be even better—
We may spy an Eichenlaub.

In the crowd of gawky Freshmen
There will be some future greats,
Maybe presidents of railroads
Or of the United States;
But if you should see a new man
Who a marble king would make
And resembles one Glen Herricks,
Then for land's sake, boys, the lake.

LOUIS KEIFER, '15.

THE SECOND ADAM.

Homeward the exile casts one lonesome look
The church spire like an angel seems to stand,
And 'neath the evening sun the flaming brook
Lies like a sword of fire on the land.

R. T. D.

AN EARLY HINT TO THE TURKEY.

If only turkey-birds were wise
They'd read the sporting page,
Discovering the secret rare
Of making long their age.
By training down instead of up
They'd so reduce their meat
That when Thanksgiving came around
They'd not be fit to eat.
And when the buyer came along
To talk with Farmer Jones
He'd say, "Why, I don't want these birds—
They're only skin and bones."

JOHN CARROLL, '14.

SONG OF THE SEASHELL.

You walk along the shore and find a shell,
And put it to your ear to hear its song,
And wonder if perchance it wants to tell
The hidden message which it held so long.

S. P. M.

WHITECAPS.

When ghostly storm-winds come to lay
Earth's paling blooms to rest,
Like babes of fantasy we play
Upon our mother's breast.

J. C. H.

Jane Austen.

J. ALLEN HEISER.

Few authors have contributed more to any age than Jane Austen to the age of Romanticism. It is true that the field in which she worked was very narrow, but like the French novelists, whose success seems to lie in choosing the field they know best, her works have an exquisite perfection that is not found in the vast majority of English novels.

Excepting an occasional visit to Bath her whole life was spent in small country towns whose simple country people formed the characters of her novels. Excitement in her stories is furnished by men of the sea, since her brothers were in the royal navy. But even these hardy sea fighters put aside their martial manners and act as other men would act. Such in brief is the narrow scope of real life in which she worked. In such a field the chief duties were of the household, the chief pleasures in local gatherings and the chief topic marriage. The broad city, filled with its passions, defeats and victories, was wholly unknown to her; she lived in the narrow sphere of simple country life. Thus we easily understand her limitation in character delineation, yet in such a field she is unsurpassed. The simple country gentry are portrayed absolutely true to life, and her work possesses a perfection that has been admired by all literary people.

It is but lately that the world has come to appreciate Jane Austen. Though writing at the time of Wordsworth and Coleridge, she seems to be a novelist of yesterday rather than a contemporary of the Lake poets. She did for the novel what these men did for poetry,—she removed the vulgar and complex element and substituted the dignified and simple, thus giving a true representation of English life. It seemed the fate of these three writers to receive scant attention in their own day. "Lyrical Ballads" of Wordsworth and Coleridge received scarcely any favorable criticism, while "Pride and Prejudice," the most famous of Miss Austen's works, lacked even a publisher for sixteen years. The formal object of Miss Austen's work and of Coleridge's was similar. Coleridge aimed to make his poetry natural, and Miss Austen had the idea of presenting English country life just as it was. Such a course was pursued, no doubt, in direct oppo-

sition to the school of Mrs. Ratcliffe. Miss Austen possessed humor, subtle and often tiring as is also her satire, yet it was this quality that greatly aided her in expressing human life and that won for her a high rank among real novelists.

The most widely read of her novels is "Pride and Prejudice," although "Northanger Abbey" is generally conceded first place from a literary viewpoint. "Sense and Sensibility," "Emma," and "Mansfield Park" are gradually coming into their rightful position among great novels. Jane Austen never allows her love affairs, nor her religious or political views to enter into her works. Her works are devoid of pathos and passion; she never obtrudes her own personality, and seldom speaks in her own person. Aptly has her works been compared to a delicate miniature painting on ivory on which she works with so fine a brush that it shows little effect even after hard work. She resembles Cooper in her descriptions of nature, reflecting the beautiful just as it is. Miss Austen is one of the few authors who may be styled "even writers" as she was almost wholly lacking in high emotional qualities. One can almost see and hear her characters, so vivid are her representations. Satire, not cutting, as was Swift's, was her most deadly weapon. Character delineation is highly developed and her satire follows naturally as she introduces character after character. Reading her works one comes to agree with the hearty endorsement of Sir Walter Scott: "That young lady has a talent for describing the involvements and feelings and characters of ordinary life which to me is the most wonderful thing I ever met with. The big bowwow strain I can do myself, like any now going; but the exquisite touch which renders ordinary commonplace things and characters interesting from the truth of the description and the sentiment, is denied to me. What a pity such a gifted creature died so early."

Mr. Austen-Leigh, Jane Austen's nephew, declares in his memoir that "there was scarcely a charm in Jane Austen's most delightful characters that was not a true reflection of her own sweet temper and loving heart." Knowing "Emma" and "poor Miss Taylor," seeing "Elinor Dashwood" and "Catherine Moreland," and listening to "Miss Bennett," we realize the truth of the claim and fain would add to the compliment. Most fitly, then,

can we study her nature in her books. Studying the women she intends us to admire we perceive "her correct but sincere sentiments, her limited but deep sympathies, her warm affections, and her sprightly mind." In viewing the characters she ridicules we discover her keen observation, her marked ability in the field of satire, and her refinement. Few writers combine humor and satire as did Jane Austen, displaying as she did such good humor, yet introducing equal severity toward all things vulgar.

She was born on December 16, 1775, in a little country parish of Hampshire, called Steventon, where she spent the first twenty-six years of her life. When she was six years old her father gave over his parochial duties to his son, and went with his family to live at Bath, where he died in 1805. Jane's mother and sisters then moved to Southampton. Four years later the family settled at Chawton, near Winchester, where Edward Austen's new estate, inherited from Mr. Knight of Godmersham Park, was located. Here in the year 1816 her final illness seized her. She suffered little and was very reluctant to yield to it. Steadily, however, her illness increased, and in May 1817, she was induced to go to Winchester to consult Doctor Lyford. She died in Winchester on the 18th of July, 1817, being then forty-two years old. She was buried in Winchester Cathedral.

Jane Austen began to write at an early age, and it seems that she worked even in the midst of the family life. She usually hid her work and was too modest to be known as the author of novels which are today prized highly. She advised a niece to cease writing until sixteen, on the ground that "she had herself often wished she had read more and written less in the corresponding period of her life." "Lady Susan" is generally believed to be a work of her youth because of its evident inferiority to her other work. Like the first draft of "Sense and Sensibility," it too was written in the form of letters.

Her first period of serious composition began early, and was of brief duration. Her greatest works "Pride and Prejudice," "Sense and Sensibility," and "Northanger Abbey" were all written during two years. After her family had settled in Chawton she revised these three novels and wrote "Mansfield Park," "Persuasion," and "Emma," these between the

years 1811 and 1816. At her death a partly finished novel was found of which extracts have been published.

We spoke of "the little bit of ivory" on which she worked, and this was her favorite method of expressing her ideal of efficient workmanship. She gives an insight into her methods on her criticism of, or advice to a relative who attempted to write a novel. "You are now collecting your people delightfully, getting them exactly into such a spot as is the delight of my life. Three or four families in a country village is the very thing to work on, and I hope you will do a great deal more, and make full use of them, while they are so favorably arranged."

Sir Walter Scott thus summarizes her characteristics: "Upon the whole, the tone of this author's novels bears the same relation to that of the sentimental and romantic cast, that cornfields and cottages and meadows bear to the highly adorned grounds of a show mansion or the rugged sublimities of a mountain landscape. It is neither so captivating as the one, nor so grand as the other, but it affords to those who frequent it a pleasure nearly allied with the experience of their own social habits."

"It is a pity," we repeat with Sir Walter Scott, "that such a gifted creature died so young."

Yours Devotedly—Mrs. Jack.

J. EARL HUSSEY.

"I'm certainly glad I met you, Mr. Simmons. I'm a stranger in the city and was feeling a bit lonesome until you came up and spoke to me. Gosh! these are swell seats."

The speaker was a rosy cheeked youth in the tender twenties whose make up, although his new clothes did come from the city's best tailor, proclaimed him anything but a native. His sole companion, Mr. Simmons, was rather old, a purely city-bred type, with partially bald head, cunning wrinkled eyes, and that stubby apology for a moustache which Dame Fashion cruelly proclaims to be the style.

"Please call me Jack," said Mr. Simmons with his best smile. "I want to be your friend, and we can't begin too soon."

"All right, Jack," returned the other warmly. My pet nickname is Billy. How is that?"

"Fine!" exclaimed Mr. Jack.

"Say, Jack," interrupted Billy, "did you notice that leading lady in the last act? She's certainly pretty, isn't she?"

"Do you mean Trixie?" asked Mr. Jack in his blandest tone.

"That's her—Trixie!" said Billy consulting his program. "Gee! but I'd like to meet some of these show people before I go back to Slowwater. I'll bet it would be great!"

"Would you?" said Mr. Jack, the crafty wrinkles playing about his narrow eyes. "Well then, I'll tell you what we'll do. I happen to know this Trixie personally—"

"Do you?" blurted Billy.

"Yes," answered Mr. Jack, leaning over more confidentially. "Yes, she and I are good friends. So you'd like to meet her, eh?"

"Would I?" exclaimed Billy. "You bet I would! Imagine me flaunting her autographed photo before the jealous noses of the boys back home!"

"I think I can fix it up," said Mr. Jack, his eyes twinkling.

On the back of his card he hastily scribbled something with his little gold embossed fountain pen. An usher answered his summons and departed with the card stage doorwards.

"That will get her," chuckled Mr. Jack, smiling and rubbing his hands.

The curtain rose, and the last act was at hand. Mr. Jack leaned back in his seat and toyed with his watch charm with the bored air of one who had seen the same thing many times over; but young Billy sat on the edge of the seat, all excitement watching the leading lady's every move.

"Did you see her smile and bow?" he whispered hoarsely to Mr. Jack. Jack nodded enthusiastically, smiling outwardly and chuckling.

"And did you enjoy our little show?" breathed Miss Trixie after she and Billy had dined sumptuously in a brilliant café.

"Did I?" exclaimed Billy gazing at the pretty rouge-tinted face across the table. "Enjoy it! Well I should guess yes!"

Miss Trixie showed her dimples artfully, her chin resting in her hands.

"And you say you're sick and tired of the show business," he was saying, watching her tiny mouth drop at the corners. "I don't see how anybody could ever tire of it."

"Oh, but I am tired!—dreadfully tired of the whole thing!" she exclaimed passionately.

"I like freedom and ease—and a good home to live in, instead of the constant work, work, work, all the time! Why Billy dear [he thrilled] they don't even pay me enough to live on! I'm so far behind in my rent that my landlady threatens every day to throw me into the street! Always bills to pay and no money to pay them with. Even my gowns are liable to be seized by the tailors! I don't know what I'm going to do unless—" and her voice trailed off into a heartrending sigh.

The big true western heart which throbbed wildly in Billy's breast was touched.

"How much about do you owe?" he asked, a sudden resolution squaring his jaw.

"Oh, I'm sure nothing less than a thousand," she murmured pathetically.

Billy took another look at the pretty but tired looking little woman before him, faltered, then drew out his well-padded wallet and slowly counted out ten one-hundred dollar bills.

"They're yours," he said, handing them to her with a smile.

People from nearly all the tables were watching him. They smiled when she began to thank him, tears of joy gushing from her eyes and forming little rivulets in the powder on her cheeks. They winked at each other when she arose with him and left the place for their taxi.

"And can't I see you home?" Billy asked, dropping her arm as she entered the taxi.

"Not tonight I'm afraid Billy dear! Mother would be very angry if she knew I was out at this hour with a gentleman friend. Good night," and gaily they parted.

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Yes, some one was hammering his door. Why wouldn't these darned hotels allow a man to sleep in the mornings? Huh! Only a hall boy with a letter. Yawning he opened it and sat down on the edge of his bed to read:

"MR. BILLY SMITH,

"Slowwater.

"I wish to thank you again for your great kindness to me, *but* if you ever speak to me again, you shall get a beating that you won't forget. I am keeping your thousand, as we need it. If you try to get it back, my husband will sue you for the alienation of my affections. He had three of his friends sit behind you last night—to keep a line on you.

"So long, DEAR!

"MRS. JACK (TRIXIE) SIMMONS.

The Masterpiece.

J. VINCENT MCCARTHY.

The Metropolitan Opera House was filled to a seat. The wealth and splendor usually seen there seemed to have outdone themselves on this occasion, the farewell concert of Kubelick, the world's greatest violinist.

In the front row of the balcony, just above and to the right of the stage was seated a young man. His threadbare clothes showed signs of vigorous brushing and his thin, firm face gave evidence of hardship and toil.

There was a silvery tinkle of a bell, a soft rustle and the heavy velvet curtains ascended. As the artist advanced the young man in the balcony leaned forward eagerly.

Kubelick began his concert throwing himself into his work with all his energy and power. The faces before him faded away and he was transported to the dreamland of music. Many there were in that crowded house that listened unmoved by the music as it sprang from the soul of the violin. But the young man in the balcony leaned still farther forward, his body rigid, scarcely breathing, with his eyes riveted on the player. The last selection had ended and amid a tumult of applause the curtains descended gracefully into their place.

The young man still sat with his eyes fixed unseeingly on the stage until the voices of the departing throng called him back to earth. He arose, glanced hastily about to see if any one had noticed him, then turned and joined the slowly moving crowd.

Upon reaching the street the sharp winter wind aroused him and drawing his coat tightly around him he hurried down the avenue, turned into a narrow side street and broke into a run. Passing through the better section of the city he came into the West side district lined with tall, dingy tenement houses. He proceeded along these until he came to one near the end of the row. Pushing the door open he entered the low, dirty hall and taking the stairs two at a time he ascended to the fifth floor and entered his room.

A table, a bed and a chair were the only articles of furniture in the room. On the table lay a violin case. With a step he was beside the table. Throwing back the lid of the case he gazed for a moment thoughtfully

at the instrument; then removing it he fingered it lovingly as he reached for the bow. Drawing the bow gently across the strings he bowed his head to catch the blending tones to ascertain whether or not the instrument was in tune. Then sinking into a chair he played one selection after another with great skill and feeling. Suddenly he stopped, tossed the violin carelessly on the bed and sat staring at the wall. His face was set as though a great battle was being waged between the good and the evil within his soul. At last his face relaxed and letting his head fall into his hands he moaned:

"Eight years of study, of hardship, of privation, of hunger for this this failure."

He grew quiet and as he remained seated his memory carried him back, back over those eight years of privation; back to the old home entwined with vines and roses and sheltered by the tall trees; back to the times when his mother used to tuck him into bed after his day of play and stooping press her lips against his forehead, then he recalled his school days; and at last his departure for the city, where he was to become a great violinist. He saw his grey-haired old mother as she stood on the steps of the old home and heard her still calling her tender words of counsel.

Unconsciously he reached for the violin, his only consoling friend. There were tears in his eyes. Slowly the bow began to move across the strings. A melody indistinct at first, but weaving itself into a strain of sweetest harmony, as soft as the breathing of a sleeping infant. Then as if a breeze had gently stirred the air the strain increased in volume. Louder and louder it grew; faster and faster flew the bow across the strings.

The violin remained no longer a passive instrument but in the hands of this artist it became a magic oracle. It spoke of the happy care-free days of childhood, of a mother's love, of the joyous days of boyhood; and then it spoke of the coming cares of manhood, the tearing of hearts asunder, of lonesomeness of hardships; of fears, of hopes, of study, of failures, of despair. Then as if the storm of life had passed the melody grew softer, fainter and fainter it grew as hope and love returned into the heart and at last like the dying breath of the evening wind, it ceased.

The musician sat motionless; slowly his lips began to move and we catch the words:

"At last my masterpiece."

The Trouble that Hilda Caused.

J. C. KELLEY.

Mrs. Wilson gasped involuntarily as she thought of the awful possibilities. Mr. Wilson had been singularly reticent about the business which took him down town every evening. She looked out of the window and wondered where her husband was. If he were with those horrid suffragettes! And to think that the night before she had heard him speak of Hilda in his sleep!

The servant entered and roused her from her melancholic broodings.

"Mrs. Parkman wishes to see you."

"Show her in here and tell her I will be here in a few moments," replied Mrs. Wilson. She withdrew into her room and with a few hasty movements endeavored to efface any vestiges of her mental depression.

"Good evening, Gertrude," she said as she re-entered the room. "How are you tonight? What is troubling you?"

"I was wondering why you were sitting here in the darkness with only the fire for company. You must be ill."

"No, only lonesome. Mr. Wilson goes uptown nearly every night now on business he says. I was here alone and, well—"I began thinking what could be the reason—"

Mrs. Wilson stopped abruptly and blushed.

"My dear Agnes, the trouble with you is your keeping in the house so much. Get your wraps and come along with me."

"Where are you going? if I may ask?"

"Down to the meeting of the suffragettes. You will find the nicest women there; women who are not content to remain in the background while their husbands and sons go about and enjoy themselves. Here are your wraps, that's a dear. Let me help you."

"I'm afraid James will not—"

"But he goes away and does not even tell you where he is going. Do come along; just this time. Please. It will do you good."

That night Mr. Wilson was surprised at his wife's absence when he returned home. The next morning he became absorbed in his plans for investment in a growing suburb of Newton. Many mornings he was silent during breakfast. He did not tell his wife; she did not ask.

The enthusiasm with which Mrs. Wilson took up the campaign for votes was equalled only by her indifference to her home duties. She was seldom at home in the evening. Often in the morning she was not at breakfast. The silence, which had become customary at breakfast, was unbroken at supper, except for occasional intervals. One night the telephone rang. The operator told Mrs. Wilson that "Hilda wanted to speak to Mr. Wilson."

"Mr. Wilson is not at home." The reply betrayed the anger that the request had aroused. Hilda! The very idea! Hilda who? Hilda Burke, Manning, Thomas, or Walsh? Which was it? She would use the resources of the suffrage club to find out. She put on her cloak and went toward the women's headquarters. A turbulent crowd was heckling an exponent of votes for women. Mrs. Wilson and others sprang to the platform to lend their moral support to the speaker. The crowd became more disorderly and finally drove the suffragettes from the platform.

A touch on the arm caused Mrs. Wilson to turn.

"May I take you away from here?"

The voice of a schoolday friend never sounded better to her than the strong reliant voice of Ernest Blake sounded then in the midst of the shouting and cheering.

"Certainly, I would be very thankful if you would do so. I am frightened and James is not here to take care of me."

"It would give me much pleasure to help you. I was over to Hilda—"

"For my sake tell me quickly, Hilda?"

"Why are you staring so? You must be over excited."

"I am. This Hilda, whoever she is, has caused me sleepless nights and days of worry. Tell me quickly does my husband know Hilda?"

"Yes, certainly. Hilda has caused him much worry, too. You see this new suburb is the location of a factory that is going to be enlarged greatly. Mr. Wilson invested in a good deal of land near the proposed site of the factory. The investment looked like a woeful failure till tonight. He has just sold the land at a great profit and was talking about a trip to Europe and a motor car for you. What is the matter?"

"So this is the 'Hilda' that gave me so much trouble. Please take me home to James. I'm through with woman suffrage."

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—Though it is a great fault for anyone—even for the common laborer on the street—to waste his time, it is a far greater offense for the student.

Wasting Time. The opportunity of higher education is God-given, and willfully to lose it is a crime.

Notwithstanding the ridicule of newspapers and cartoonists, the university student should not be, and usually is not, a laughing stock; though he may easily make himself one if he wishes. The earnest, serious, and sincere student is esteemed wherever he goes and is given the preference over other men when preference is to be given. His degree, if he has acquired a habit of study while getting it, means more to him than a mere bit of parchment. It is usually a guarantee of success. The opportunity of such an education, however, carries with it grave responsibilities, and to waste this precious time is to sin grievously against those who are with much sacrifice, perhaps, giving you the opportunity.

—As far as student decorations are concerned they may be divided into two classes, decorations within the student's own particularly personal niche, and those outside the

Decorations. student's habitat but nevertheless which he has had a hand in making. A striking example of the latter class might be found on a few busts in the memorial corridor which are adorned with mustaches, goatees, etc. Evidently this work has been done by artists in pencil work who have no better use for their time than to scribble in places where angels would tread with great respect. In

one of the class rooms a painting of Washington was adorned with a nice crop of whiskers. Familiar nicknames and cheap wit disfigured the walls. But now that this room has been remodeled, let us hope that such "decorations" are a thing of the past.

So long as private decorations are wholesome and not put up with pins, nails, and tacks they will be left to the individual fancy. Maybe it would not be amiss to suggest in passing that any ordinary picture hung upon the wall looks better than such notices as "No Smoking Allowed," or "Minors and Notre Dame Students Not Admitted." These signs make poor decorations.

—"Oh, for a statesman—a single one—who understands the living might inherent in a principle," said Coleridge. The importance of

true principles can-
Principles and Programs. not be overrated.

The institutions and constitutions of a country are but the outward expression of received principles. A principle once accepted realizes itself in the appropriate habits and institutions of a people with a certainty bordering on fatality. Witness the changes wrought in the religious world by the acceptance of the principle of private interpretation of the Scriptures; witness the political and social changes wrought and still being wrought consequent upon the acceptance of the principle of democracy. Start with a wrong principle and so long as you remain logical you remain wrong; start with a right principle and though you blunder now and then in applying it, reason and experience gradually work toward a correct application. It is a mistake, however, to rest satisfied with the mere possession of true principles. True principles can be taught and learned by the exercise of ordinary diligence and intelligence. Their practical application to the conditions of the modern complex industrial and social order is difficult and requires rare judgment and patient care. In the meantime a variety of projects and programs of social reform are being urged in the name of various principles some true, more false. Some men are advocating practicable and much-needed reforms in the name of false principles; others, under the aegis of sound principles are opposing desirable reforms because of the bad principles of the reformers; still others, holding true principles, are advocating

false programs. If the student of the social sciences is not to become confused and bewildered he must distinguish sharply between the program and the principle. Learn your principles and by them test the various programs. If they square with sound principles and are practicable and desirable, support them even though others may be defending them in the name of false principles. Likewise oppose unwise programs even though by a false application they are urged in the name of true principles.

—Some years ago a fire occurred in New York City in which a hundred and forty-seven girls lost their lives. The proprietor who

New Legislation. was found guilty of violating the law requiring factory doors to be kept open, and who was in great part responsible for the loss of life, was fined twenty dollars for his offense. A few days ago a new factory Safety Act became effective in the same city. It requires new plants to be built of strictly fire-proof material, definitions of such material being furnished to do away with disputes and evasions of the law. The doors must open outwardly if they are not swinging doors, and a special guard must be employed whose business it will be to see that the doors are kept open.

Such legislation is just so much time wasted so long as we permit violators of the law to go unpunished. There was a law requiring the doors to be kept open when the Blanck factory burned, and a violation of it which cost one hundred and forty-seven lives was punished by the ridiculous fine of twenty dollars. What is needed, in most cases, is not new legislation, but the enforcement of the laws now upon the statutes, and the meting out of adequate punishment to violators of law.

—It is a sad fact to note that at this late day and in this progressive country of ours over a million children failed to return to school

The Spirit of Sacrifice. because they are at work at various occupations. Owen L. Lovejoy, secretary of the National Child Labor Committee, said a few days ago that statistics indicate that all the girls and at least nine-tenths of the boys who leave school before the age of sixteen, enter low-wage industries and remain

unskilled laborers throughout their lives. Are we losing the old-time father and mother who willingly endured any sacrifice to see their children better prepared to fight the battle of life; who were not merely content to give the child as good an education as they got, but who strove daily to give him opportunities which they never had, in order that his way through life might be smooth and easy? What parent, with a heart, would think of taking a child out of his grammar school and putting him into a factory, sealing once and for all times his career for future life,—and this for the few coppers which the child brings home every week. Yet this has been done in over a million instances, here in our own country, where there is every facility for educating a child for little or no expense. There may have been necessity for putting children to work in former days when the education of a child meant a constant drain on the small income of the workingman. There is no necessity now, however, on account of the number of free schools scattered over the land, and the parents who do it are in most cases lacking in that strong spirit of self-denial which has made men and nations great.

Book Review.

"The History of Muhlenberg County," by OTTO A. ROTHERT (B. S. '92).

This serious and scholarly work is a good example of the services rendered to history by modest students who first gather from tradition as well as from written record the stuff of which history is made. They are the true historians, making their transcript directly from life and providing easy sources for the literary philosophers who follow them and who do the work of middlemen in writing the annals of the world.

Not only is this book serviceable; it is interesting as well. Indeed, one would hardly believe that the short and simple annals of any American County could be made so engaging. The writer is to be complimented on his clear, vigorous and picturesque style.

The writing of this history is a tribute from a loyal son to the countryside from which he sprang. It reveals personal qualities in the writer which will attract many but will surprise none who knew him intimately during his college years.

Notre Dame Rifle Club.

Thursday evening the Notre Dame Rifle Association was organized with forty-eight charter members. Officers for the year were elected as follows: President, C. J. Derrick; secretary, Martin E. Walter; treasurer, Sgt. G. A. Campbell; U. S. A. Retired; Captain, R. J. Sullivan; Sgt. at arms, J. V. Robins. This club is affiliated with the National Rifle Association of America and has the approval and recommendation of the Secretary of War. Each member is eligible to try for the Marksman, Sharpshooter and expert medals. These are given to members attaining certain degrees of efficiency in the use of the rifle. Two shields are given for the winning team in intercollegiate contests and also the Astor Cup, which is very valuable, is held by the champion team for one year while each member receives a silver medal.

Most of the leading colleges and universities of America are enrolled in this association as Yale, Harvard, Dartmouth, Princeton, Culver, Columbia and many others. From the interest taken at the first meeting of the club here it is safe to prophesy that we will soon have as large a club as any other school in America, and if our team does not win the championship it will at least give the winner a good race.

It seems as though rifle practice will soon assume a leading place among the sports of the University.

Personals.

—Will Corcoran, a graduate in biology of last year, is studying medicine at Northwestern University.

—Pastor Villafior spent a few days at Notre Dame on his way to San Antonio where he is to continue his studies.

—Harry J. Kirk (C. E. '13) is "trying to make things happen" in Fostoria, Ohio, where he is employed with the Modern Construction Company.

—Al Feeney came from Indianapolis Sunday and practiced with the football team Monday afternoon. He is in fine condition and played center in his old-time form.

—Bill Milroy and Bill Cotter, both graduates of last year, are living at 4350 Lake Avenue, Chicago. Their apartments are a meeting place for the younger Notre Dame men. Cy Williams and Rusty Lathrop are regular visitors.

—Philbrook, assistant coach of last year, is in the insurance business in Portland, Oregon, and will continue to play football on the Multnomah team.

—"Happy" O'Connell, shortstop on last year's baseball team visited us for a few days on his way to Pennsylvania where he is to enter St. Bonaventure's Seminary.

—John Burns, president of the class of '13, was with us for a few days at the opening of school. He has been doing good work in Kalamazoo since last July.

—Formal announcement is made that, beginning October 1st, Mr. John B. McMahon (A. B. '09) will be associated with the law firm of Kohn, Northrup, Ritter and McMahon of Toledo, Ohio.

—Mr. William Draper visited his many friends at the University during the week. Bill is doing good work in Chicago and it seems to agree with him. He is as robust as when he captained the Gold and Blue track team.

—Francis J. Kilkenny (student in the '90's) has announced his intention of moving from Washington, D. C., to Chicago. For the last fifteen years Mr. Kilkenny has been connected with the office of the Comptroller of the Currency in Washington, and during that time has acted as confidential clerk to four Comptrollers. He will devote his time to investment securities. A few years ago Mr. Kilkenny attracted national attention by originating the Irish home-going movement.

—It always gives us pleasure to note the work our old students are doing. From the South Bend *Tribune* we learn the following about Mr. Smith:

LAPORTE, IND., Aug. 26—Work upon the appraising of the property of the Northern Indiana Railway company will soon be begun under the supervision of Leonard Smith, formerly of the engineering department of the Rumley company. The inventory is to be filed with the interstate commerce commission. Mr. Smith will take an appraisal of the property from Goshen to Michigan City and from South Bend to the terminus in Berrien Springs, Mich. It will take nearly a year to complete the work.

—Capt. William Luke Luhn, student in the late eighties, is one of the old boys who has always kept in close touch with his Alma Mater through the SCHOLASTIC. "Billy," who was a crack baseball player in his day, is Captain of the Tenth U. S. Cavalry, at Camp Perry, Ohio. During the Aguinaldo Rebellion, he had his share of hard fighting in the Phil-

ippines. He took part, with his regiment, in the military manoeuvres in the Shenandoah Valley during the past summer, and served as Adjutant in the recent International and National Shooting Tournament at Camp Perry, Ohio.

—Some time ago Mr. Manuel F. Arias, of the class of '13, received as a souvenir a small shell from the battleship *Maine*, which he has graciously presented to the University museum. We print below a letter from the sender of the souvenir, Capt. George Vila, of the Field Artillery of the Cuban army; and also a note from Major George G. Gately, of the Field Artillery of the United States army and Instructor to the Cuban army, which certifies the shell to be genuine. Within the past year innumerable spurious relics from the *Maine* have been distributed broadcast by politicians seeking popularity, and the University is therefore doubly pleased to be the possessor of a souvenir whose genuineness is officially attested.

MR. MANUEL F. ARIAS,

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, U. S. A.

MY DEAR FRIEND:—Knowing your desire of possessing a really good souvenir of the U. S. Battleship *Maine*, sunk in the Harbor of Havana in 1898, I have obtained a suitable one through one of our former sergeants who had part in the work of raising the *Maine*. This I take great pleasure in sending to you. It is a small shell of 1 ½ inch caliber gun. I think you will be pleased with it, for such souvenirs are very interesting and scarce.

Sincerely yours,

GEORGE VILA,

Captain Field Artillery Cuban Army.

I certify that the above officer, Captain George Vila is a captain of field artillery in the Cuban Army and a distinguished person of the highest character.

Moreover, I was inspector on the *Maine* work, and was there at least twice a week. I saw this shell aboard before it was taken from the wreck and know that it is genuine. *Don't attempt to unload it!*

GEORGE G. GATELY,

*Major Field Artillery, U. S. Army,
Instructor to Cuban Army.*

Calendar.

Sunday, October 5—21st Sunday after Pentecost.

Meeting of Brownson Literary Society, 7:30.

Meeting St. Joseph Literary Society, 7:30 p. m.

Monday—Carroll hall Singing Practice, 5:00 p. m.

Tuesday—Military Drill for Carroll Hall, 5:00 p. m.

Wednesday—Military Drill for Carroll Hall, 5:00 p. m.

Thursday—Military Drill, 8:20 a. m.

Friday—Military Drill, 1:15 p. m.

Saturday—Varsity vs Freshmen, Cartier Field.

Local News.

—Brownson hall went down in defeat to Walsh on last Wednesday evening in an exciting game of indoor. Fr. McNamara, Walsh hall's regular pitcher, was not in the game.

—The Law library has been thoroughly gone over during the vacation period and eleven hundred volumes have been rebound. Why is it that lawyers are so hard on books?

—The flag staff on Cartier field has been treated to a coat of red paint since last the small boys perched therein. With the advent of the first football game, it will disappear, in patches at least, for another year.

—Julius, the genial valet de chambre of Sorin's third floor, has tendered his resignation, and departed for far-off Austria. Julius' matinal "Peaches day, fellow" will be missed by old tenants of the upper corridors.

—This year all the religious services for the junior department will take place in Carroll hall chapel. Fathers Hagerty and Davis have been appointed chaplains, and will arrange the list of sermons that will be delivered during the year.

—A professor from town has been engaged to teach music in the different halls and singing practice will be in the regular order of the day. Strange sounds were heard coming from Carroll recreation room last Monday evening which announced that the practice had started.

—"Pat" O'Brien, senior member of Walsh hall's janitorial force, has returned from a summer's visit to the "ould sod." "Pat" has been with Walsh since the beginning, and a true sense of the fitness of things has prompted him to hang up some Irish peat in the lower hall.

—The Walsh hoppers lost no time in getting down to business. The "Chicks" of athletic fame have re-organized, and with John O'Donahue as captain, are preparing for a strenuous season on the moleskins. The "Chicks" will uphold the honor of the prep department of the University.

—Fr. Hagerty's Christian Doctrine class defeated Fr. Joseph Burke's class in a football game on Cartier Field last Sunday. The game was full of interest from start to finish. After ten minutes of play one side discovered it had only ten men and time was called till another player could be looked up.

—A little more courtesy among the jostling, elbowing crowds that throng the bookstore, would be very generally appreciated. A quest for knowledge is indeed commendable, but surely we are not so anxious for text books that we must endanger the life and limbs of fellow seekers for learning.

—The Columbia room has been remodeled, and the paintings retouched by Professor Ackerman. It should be the pride of every student to keep this room in its present condition. Any student who is vandal enough to mark up the beautiful paintings should be dealt with severely by his fellow classmates.

—The winds howl doleful dirges, the leaves fall, and the fellows with the multi-colored Mackinaws wonder when it will be cold enough to "sport" them on the campus. The fellow with a poignant memory of last year's heating facilities doesn't yearn so ardently, however. He has encountered frigidity from a different angle.

—The Walsh hall regulars have also made, and are making, the proper preparations for the pigskin season that impends so shortly. Harry Baujan has been elected captain of the team, and is giving the orange and black aspirants little rest. Incidentally, they have already decided upon a most appropriate place to hang "it."

—Furtive excursions up the Niles road with a laundry bag in one's inside pocket, are losing favor with the E. S. B. The grapes are small, weazened and sour; pears scarce and uninviting, and apples wormy, tasteless and unappetizing. Besides Hoosier indignation does not possess the piquancy that made the fruit raids of former days such wonderful and fearful pastime.

—Military Drill resumed Monday. Sedate sophomores and festive freshmen went out in force. Companies were formed and commissions given out. As yet the "attitude of a soldier" is assumed with difficulty, and the squad movements are passing strange, but they will have acquired the ease of veterans long before "squads right" is shouted for the last time in June.

—Corby has been practising diligently for over a week, and the rigorous workouts have developed an abundance of promising material. Several of the mainstays of last year's aggregation are again in uniform, and a large squad of new men have reported for practice. Father

Farley assures us that the Braves will be in faultless form when the whistle blows for opening hostilities.

—At a recent meeting of the Faculty Board of Control, it was decided that all Freshmen should be eligible for participation in interhall athletics, Coach Harper reserving the right to select whom he wishes to work with the Varsity. Some first class gridiron material will thus be allotted to the various halls, and will give an added stimulus to interhall activities. It was also decreed that day students should play with St. Joseph hall hereafter, instead of as formerly with Brownson. St. Joseph should profit materially by the change.

—Last week a football meeting was held by the Carrollites under the direction of Father Hagerty. A committee of four, consisting of Blackman, Butler, Meyers, and Haller was picked to select the first two teams that will represent Carroll in the coming season. These two teams are to play a five-game series after which the first team will be chosen. The members of the winning team and also those who did not make the first team will be tendered a banquet, at which Father Cavanaugh will award the monograms to the deserving men. The names of thirty aspirants are already in the hands of the committee.

—At a rousing meeting in Sorin law room Monday noon, officers were elected and plans made for an active year in interhall circles. Football, of course, was the imminent issue. Jack Ward was elected manager, and George Delana cheer leader. At a subsequent meeting of the football men Raymond Rubio was elected captain. Father Quinlan reports the loss of all but two of the men of last year's eleven. Many departed via the graduation route. Others have not returned. The first call for candidates brought out a large squad, rather light in the main, but imbued with plenty of "pep" and fighting spirit. Sorin will render a good account of itself when the time comes.

Athletic Notes.

FOOTBALL SCHEDULE OPENS TODAY.

The 1913 football eleven will begin its history this afternoon when it meets Ohio Northern or Cartier Field. How eventful this history will be depends entirely on the eleven. The schedule arranged by Coach Harper is full of

possibilities; it is by far the best ever arranged for a gold and blue team. At least three of this year's games will draw the attention of the football world, and if our men "deliver the goods" the critics can not deny us recognition. The South Dakota game will furnish a direct line on our strength compared with Conference and other Western teams; the Penn State and Army games will serve a like purpose in the East.

In past years Ohio Northern has always furnished a good game of football. The gold and blue championship team of last year did not meet the Buckeye representatives but our 1911 team was held to a 32 to 6 score by the Northerners.

The past week furnished a number of developments in our team—some favorable; some not so promising. Coach Harper has been devoting a great deal of time to developing Eichenlaub into a place kicker so as to have a reliable man should Dorais be unable to work in a game. Our giant full back has responded fully to the coaches efforts, and "Eich" now lays claim to another gridiron attainment—one which will surely help him to take all-Western honors again.

The weakness of the gold and blue battle-front which was so evident at the beginning of the year, due to the failure of Feeney, Harvat and Yund to return, is beginning to look less discouraging to the fans as the practice season advances. The old stars are missed greatly, but the squad has recruited men from last year's freshmen and from interhall circles who are doing promising work. Naturally, the raw men are giving a great deal of trouble, but the fight and size and promise are in them. That helps. Today's battle with the Ohio Northern eleven ought to bring out the best that is in our new linemen for each man realizes that he is fighting for a regular berth and that the eyes of Notre Dame are upon him.

The squad has suffered the loss of Mills and Finnegan due to injuries. A sprained ankle has kept the tall Jersey end out of practice for the past week, but he will be fit for light work again the coming week. Finnegan has a strained ligament in his side which threatens to hold him on the bench for a longer time, although it is hoped that he may return to the field within another week. Every season brings its list of minor injuries, but we are sorry to have such men as these cut of the

game just when competition for regular positions is the keenest.

One especially pleasing feature of the practice is the good work of last year's interhall warriors. King of Corby has been working regularly at guard and is doing very well. Voelkers of last year's bookies and Sharp and Keefe of the Braves are all working beautifully in line positions, while Elward and Gargen of Brownson are playing a clean article of the game at end and quarterback respectively.

The Freshman eleven under the tutelage of ex-Capt. Edwards is rounding into a powerful machine. A regulation game between the youngsters and the Varsity was played on Cartier field Thursday afternoon. The regulars had their hands full all the time and succeeded in pushing across but one touchdown. Bockman, the Freshman fullback, looks like a coming Eichenlaub, and there are coming Doraises and Rocknes—in fact a whole gold and blue team. The establishment of a Freshman squad is declared by all the fans to be an unqualified success. It is further gratifying that the Faculty Board of Control has ruled that members of the Freshman team are eligible for interhall elevens. Of course, the five to nothing score of Thursday's scrimmage does not represent the comparative strength of the Varsity and Freshmen teams because Capt. Rockne and Jones were both out of the Varsity's line-up, leaving a practically inexperienced line against the Freshmen. However, the freshmen are a force and we eagerly await the regular scheduled contest between our two gold and blue teams which will be played a week from today, Saturday, October 11.

An interesting bit of football reminiscence which appeared in a Chicago paper tells us that the first place kick from scrimmage was used by Notre Dame in 1897 in a game with Chicago University. The place kick for goal after a touchdown and a place kick following a fair catch had been long in use; but it remained for an N. D. coach, Frank E. Hering, to develop and introduce the place kick under the trying circumstances of a scrimmage. During the Notre Dame-Chicago game of 1897, when this new play, after having been adjudged legal by the referee, "Ikey" Karel, was first tested, Notre Dame fought the ball into Chicago's territory, and on the first attempt negotiated a goal from placement from the

35-yard line, scoring five points. Following the introduction of the play by Notre Dame, it became a regular part of the aggressive play of the football teams of the country. The East adopted it, and R. DeWitt of Princeton became the great place kicker of that section.

From the Spalding's Official football guide for 1913 we quote the following passages which may be of interest to our readers:

Coming back to the larger teams and awarding the sectional title, the problem is an easy one in all but one instance. The Western championship, which always has been a bone of contention in this section, could not have been awarded without offending Wisconsin or Notre Dame. Wisconsin won the undisputed championship of the Conference, and by many close followers of the game it was proclaimed the Western title holder.

Notre Dame, the leading Catholic athletic college in the West, went through the entire season without a defeat, and its victories were by such overwhelming scores that it certainly was entitled to be ranked on even terms with the Badgers. Notre Dame has a strong and powerful eleven, who are hard to defeat at any time.

.....

Although not in the Conference, Notre Dame had two players which a coach of any team would have been mighty glad to have had on his team. Eichenlaub, the full-back, was without doubt the best man in the position in the West. He weighed 195 pounds, was capable of running one hundred yards in football togs under eleven seconds, and he played fearlessly. Although a full-back, he was also to run the ends behind a powerful interference, and he seldom failed to gain from five to twenty yds. in every attempt. In line plunging he was without an equal, and in the great majority of cases he tore opposing lines to shreds. On defense he was used to back up the line which he did with the skill and effect of any player ever seen in this section.

Captain Dorais who captained and played quarter-back for Notre Dame, was the nearest approach to Gillette in quarter-back play. This player ran his team with cool judgment and seldom failed to pick out the weak spots in an opposing eleven. He was a good open field runner, and he was about as good a punter and field goal kicker as the West possessed. He defeated the University of Pittsburg, one of Notre Dame's greatest rivals, by a drop kick.

Baseball for October has an article on pitchers from which we learn that Ed. Reulbach is the swiftest pitcher in the National League, and Jean Dubuc the greatest slow-ball artist in the American League. Both men were formerly on the mound for the Varsity.

Safety Valve.

We notice that the "Nig Kane Special," at the Philadelphia, is entirely covered with nuts.

It embarrasses a professor when, in calling the roll, he comes upon a name like Mr. Odam.

"We Southern boys," says Galvin Hudson, "can't get on to this Yankee way of working all during class; half the class should be devoted to rest."

Monday, October 6, at 10:15 a. m., Peter Yearns vs Metaphysics.

How can we teach the women to vote if all communication between here and St. Mary's is cut off?

A prize will be given for the best answer to the following puzzle.

"Why does the motorman on his way to town pass a painted stick to the Notre Dame-bound motorman, when the cars meet at the switch?"

Answers should not be over 2000 words.

The.....literary society held its weekly meeting.....and had the largest attendance of the season. Mr.....delivered an eloquent talk on and was applauded to the echo. Mr..... rendering of was a bit of art, and the most exquisite music was furnished by Mr.....

[We are having five thousand of these printed for distribution among the different literary societies.]

And the only time a Portland man feels homesick is when he gets under a shower bath.

Students who desire more money than their weekly allowance may have it* by applying to Fr. Moloney.

A Carroll haller looking at the Delinquent List: "I know I don't study my lessons, but I was never in my life what that thing says I am—d-e-l-i-n-q-u-e-n-t

Place: Private dwelling in Chicago. *Time:* 1:30, a. m. William (heard crying in his bed room) Catch me fellows, I'm dizzy, I'm falling—hold me, hold me. Mrs. B. (rushing into his room) What's the trouble William—what is it?

(She wets a towel and puts it on his head).

W. (sitting up in bed) Hold me fellows I'm too dizzy to walk. Hold me or I'm gone.

Mrs. B. (shaking him)—Whatever is the matter—look at me. Speak to me William—speak to me this instant.

W. (waking up)—Oh! It's not true then—I haven't been, have I?

Mrs. B.—Haven't been what? What are you talking about, wake up.

W. (thoroughly awake)—Oh mother! I dreamed I had been riding on the Hill St. car.

*It in this sentence does not refer to money, but to a nasty look, understood.