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## Dusk.

SHE turns the sunshine white, to molten gold,  
As if by touch divine,  
As He of Galilee in days of old;  
Changed water into wine.

R. S

## The Practical Application of Wordsworth's Theory.

JOHN T. BURNS, LITT. B. '13.



WORDSWORTH, in the preface to his second edition of poems, promulgates the following theory: "The principal object, then, proposed in these poems was to choose incidents and situations from common life, and to relate or describe them as far as possible in a selection of language really used by men, and at the same time to throw over them a certain coloring of the imagination, whereby ordinary things should be presented to the mind in an unusual aspect." This theory, formulated late in life, was published shortly after, and no doubt owed its origin to the appearance of the realistic novel as presented by Fielding and Richardson. It embraces two points: (1) A theme taken from everyday life; (2) the expression of that life in a language really used by men.

Had Wordsworth been content merely to set forth his theory, it might have passed unchallenged. But when he put that theory into practice, he himself showed its weakness, for the poems which he wrote to establish that theory were a direct contradiction of poetry as understood by all other master poets; they were also a direct contradiction of Wordsworth's own definition, for in defining poetry he says: "Poetry is the breath and finer spirit

of all our knowledge; it is the impassioned expression which is in the countenance of all science. Poetry is the first and last of all knowledge; it is as immortal as the mind of man."

Now assuredly that which transcends our everyday life can not be an expression of the everyday affairs of life, unless it reveals, in those affairs, meanings, which have been unknown to us. And since poetry is immortal, its subject-matter must be the imperishable, for the immortal can not have in it that which is subject to decay, any more than the perfect Being can have any element of imperfection. The two ideas are contradictory. And since in an age of true poetry this new theory was understood to be false, it died with its author.

During the period of Transition (1870), however, the theory was revived by Swinburne and Dobson, and, with some modifications (though not for the better) it exists at the present time. The poet of the Transition period felt that everything had been sung and cursed; they, therefore, searched for unexplored fields of expression. Swinburne was the leader. He reiterated Wordsworth's belief that the common affairs of life were the ones from which to gather poetic inspiration, but he discarded the theory that the language should be the language of everyday life. He thus fell into a pitfall—that of having pretty tunes filled with glowing, passionate words, but words which, when taken in their entirety, are not fitting accompaniments to his music. Thus to take an example from his "Century of Roundels":

A Roundel is wrought as a ring or a star bright sphere,  
With craft of delight and cunning of sound unsbought,  
That the heart of the hearer may smile, if to pleasure  
His ear to a roundel is wrought.

It is evident that in this poem Swinburne is trying out lyrical effects, and not dwelling upon the verse content. Likewise in his "Ballade of Swimming,"

The sea is awake, and the sound of the song of the joy of her waking is rolled, we get a fine conception of the wave movement of the sea, but we get no distinct impression of the beauties, the imperishable truths, which the sea hides from ordinary mortals.

Dobson does not err so seriously as Swinburne. He assumes that the artificialities and affections of society are a legitimate field for the poet, but like Swinburne, he, too, discards the second portion of Wordsworth's theory as unworthy of a true poet. However, we must keep in mind that verse content, as well as verse form, is essential to all true poetry; and judging by this standard, Dobson, too, remains on the level of mediocrity. For example, take the first stanza of his poem "Town Reopenings":

Toiling in town is horrid  
 (There is that woman again)  
 June in the zenith is torrid,  
 Thought gets dry in the brain.

or the fifth stanza from the same poem:

Some muslin-clad Mabel or May,  
 To dash one with Eau de Cologne;  
 Blue bottle's off and away,  
 And why should I stay here at home?

In neither stanza is there the element of true poetry, unless we are content to call versification true poetry. These lines, it is true, are by no means the best of Dobson's works; in fact, they are among his most inferior writings, but they serve admirably to bring out our point, namely that modern poetry owes its mediocrity to such verse, which is the practical application of Wordsworth's theory.

The advent of two poets such as Swinburne and Dobson, constructing verse according to a false theory was sure to bring about the exact condition in which poetry now finds itself. Both were artists in technique; they were masters of all the old verse forms and inventors of many new ones. Besides both of them had an extraordinary musical ability. But because of their intense hatred of convention, they were unwilling to submit to precedent in the way of verse-making and verse content. Imitators, however, did not look to their verse content; they marvelled at the mechanical genius of the two leaders, and adopted them as their masters in the new field of verse-making. For the time being thought was directed to technique alone. The first great step—breaking away from wise authority—had been accomplished. It was not long, of course, before the verse-makers realized that music, apart

from thought, did not constitute real poetry; they realized that music was only the medium for thought, making the thought more sustained and beautiful.

Recourse was now had to Dobson's so-called new and untried field—the field of society verse. Now while we raised no cry against society verse as such, we do object when that verse is put forth as genuine poetry; for since society verse is but a modification of Wordsworth's theory—"Poetry of everyday life"—society verse must be mediocre, for it is purely local and transient. It deals with customs, manners and eccentricities of mankind, subjects that are no adequate theme for the true poet.

The transient affairs of life are proper material only for the historian, the sociologist, and the novelist, for it is their duty to record events and the causes underlying those events, in order that we may be enabled intelligently to understand the evolution of a locality or of a nation. These men—not the poets—are the critics. Poetry, however, deals with the unchangeable, and, therefore, can not deal with these problems.

Commenting upon the relative duties of the poet and the historian, Sir William Davenport makes this significant statement:—"Truth narrative and past, is the idol of the historian (who worships a dead thing); truth operative and by its effects continually alive is the mistress of the poet, who hath not her existence in matter but in reason." This same theory was put forth by Wordsworth (previous to his theory already mentioned), who credits it to Aristotle. This statement constitutes the essence of what is real poetry. The important thing is not space and time. The present and past are alike to the poet, if they only afford the proper material with which the poet may work. Events of the Grecian or Roman era belong to his field just as well as present-day affairs; in fact, the material which he can gain from the ancients may be more important, provided only that the material from which he draws appeals to the permanent passions. The poet must, therefore, if he be a true poet, look not to the idle affectations of society; he must look to his heart for inspiration—and this he is not doing so long as he pursues Wordsworth's theory or the modifications of that theory.

The poet's duty is to teach only in a negative way; his art forbids him to become a sociologist

working reforms. But because melodiousness is a quality so essential to true poetry, modern poets, actuated by a false notion, conceive that music alone can make poetry, when, as a matter of fact, music merely endows with the character of poetry verse of a very mediocre kind, verse that just crosses the border of the prosaic and the poetic. Under this heading comes most of Kipling's contributions. Even the verse by which he is best known is meagre as regards content—a further illustration of the uselessness of following out Wordsworth's theory. Both "A Fool there Was" and the "Merry Glouster," besides most of the ballads included under the title of "The Three Sealers," come under this classification. The two first named poems are evidences of Kipling's genius as an artist in technique. In them Kipling resembles a "conjurer dexterously playing tricks," shuffling cards, and producing pleasing combinations. The effect depends, not upon the words, but upon the music. In "The Three Sealers," the subjects are too local. In none of them is there revealed a ray of hope, in none of them are reflected the beauties of this age nor the ideals toward which we are striving. This is the reason why, as time goes on, Kipling's verse is dying out. People see that he is too local, too unsympathetic, that his idealism does not approach the perfection, and that his imagination is not broad enough.

Professor Gatterman of Yale University has gathered together various bits of verse written by the minor poets of the present day. This verse, like that of Swinburne's, Dobson's, and Kipling's reveals the same mediocrity,

due to a tendency to follow Wordsworth's theory. Here are some of the titles: "Violet Verses," "The Man and the Rose," "Lyrics from the German," and "Dreamland." With them may be classed Dobson's "The Man of the Old School" and "The Woman of the Old School." Though they are all inferior, technically, to the verse of Kipling, they are nevertheless, a fair sample of what is written today by the average poet. Each is graceful in form and displays a delicate imagination, but none of them tends to make us better than we were before; they carry no message of love or hope; they serve only a temporary pleasure.

Wordsworth's theory is thus seen to be false, and the modern poetry mediocre, because the poetry based upon such a theory is local and transient. People are alike the world over as regards their permanent passions; they are decidedly unlike in their momentary trifles and affectations. What pleases one community may not please another; what pleases a community one day, may displease that same community the next day. And the verse that serves this flitting taste can not be lasting, nor can it be accounted genuine poetry.

"Poetry must be an exhalation that rises from earth to heaven, not a scalpel with which we describe the affairs of everyday life." The poet must represent humanity and its vital struggles, not the idle affectations of man. Life must not be described as it is; the poet's duty is to describe life as it should and will be. The poet of today does not do this. He follows Wordsworth's theory and deals with the ordinary affairs of life, with the result that his poetry is and must be mediocre.

### Passing the Bar.

WILLIAM D. CASE, '17.

To put to rest some anxious minds  
About the Hill Street line,  
I beckoned to a "connie" once  
And took him out to dine.

And after we had ordered up  
A smothered steak for two;  
I asked if he'd explain a thing  
That I was sure he knew.

Why do the motormen that run  
The dinky Hill St. cars,  
Pass back and forth a little stick—  
A stick with painted bars.

He wrinkled up his brow in thought,  
His answer came quite slow;  
Why do they pass that stick, he said—  
Gol darn it, I don't know.

### The New Leader.

JOSEPH F. SMITH, '14.

Harry Manson was hurrying down the icy streets of Lynn. He had an engagement for the evening in a small suburb of the city and as his limousine had broken down when half way to the depot, he was now taking a short cut to the station through the poor tenement section of the city. He had walked a short distance when he came upon a small ragged lad who was attempting to carry a heavy basket almost as large as himself. Just as Harry was about to pass him, the lad slipped and the contents of the basket was spilled on the ground. Harry at once recognized the stamp of his father's "sweatshop" on the pieces of cloth that had fallen from the basket and realized that he had an interest in the mishap. Impelled by these motives he began to gather up the pieces. His attention, however, was soon drawn to the poor, half-starved boy who was still lying on the walk propped up by one hand and rubbing one of his knees with the other. The impoverished appearance of the lad and the expression of pain and helplessness on his face at once aroused Harry's sympathies and he forgot his selfish interest and turned to aid the boy. He helped him to his feet, but the lad was almost too weak to stand, having hurt himself by the fall. After a few moments however he recovered and stopped crying. Harry pitied the boy and became interested in him.

"Where do you live?" he asked.

"About four blocks up this street," was the reply.

"Have you carried these things all the way from the shop?"

"Yes, sir."

"How will the poor kid ever get home?" thought Harry to himself. "He has carried that load nearly a mile and is utterly exhausted now. Well, I've missed my train and can not keep that date so I may as well help him home."

He gathered up the remainder of the pieces and started toward the boy's home. The boy limped and hopped along with him, but was too bewildered to say much. During the walk Harry did some serious thinking. He studied the poor lad at his side and contrasted his own

position with that of the boy. Although he was not naturally selfish he had never paid any attention to the condition of others. His better nature began to work and he decided to try to help the boy in some way.

They soon arrived in front of a large, shabby looking tenement which the boy pointed out as his home. Harry was curious to know more about the boy, so he decided to take the basket inside for him. He followed him up three or four flights of narrow, dirty stairs and through a dark foul-smelling hallway. Near the end of the hall the boy opened a door and then Harry, for the first time in his life, looked upon a scene of real poverty and wretchedness. Here a family of five lived in one room. It was low, dark and the atmosphere very unpleasant. Two children smaller than the boy were playing in a corner. The father was on a sick bed. A small frail woman was sitting by the one lone window sewing and she rose with great surprise as the stranger entered.

"Why, Harold, who have you with you?" she asked in a mistrusting tone of voice.

"I don't know, mamma, but he—"

"I am a friend," interposed Harry, thinking she feared him. "I just carried the basket home for your son as I knew he couldn't do it alone. It is a good load for me."

"It is so seldom we have visitors that you scared me," she said.

"Oh, mamma," said the boy, "I don't know how I'd got home if it wasn't for the man." And he then related the facts of his meeting with Harry.

"It was very kind of you," said she. "I don't like to do it, but I have to send him to the mill for my work as I have to stay at home and take care of the children. Since the strike began my husband is out of work and I try to do extra pieces to make ends meet, but I can't do it. When John is working it is about all we can do, but now that he is out of work and laid up besides, I don't see how we will make it. My husband was injured at the strike meeting the other day."

"Are you awake, John, she inquired of him as he lay on the bed in a dark corner.

"Yes," he answered, "I've been awake since the young man came in. I'm much obliged to you, sir, for helping my son home," he said to Harry.

"That's all right," said Harry, "I am very glad I came. How are you feeling?"

"Pretty well, but this cut in my leg keeps me in bed."

"How were you injured?" asked Harry.

"Well our Union was going to have a meeting at Webster Hall last Monday night and as we were marching down Clark street a company of the militia charged us with drawn bayonets. We got excited and it turned into a panic and we couldn't move very fast. When the "tin soldiers" came up with us one of them stuck his bayonet into my leg to make me move faster. There were several hurt, but the worst part of it was that our three leaders were arrested. I think that will break up the strike. There is no one to take charge and the men will scatter and our cause will be lost."

"Well what is the strike for?" asked Harry.

"Higher wages!" he answered with much surprise at the question. "Why, don't you know that there isn't a laborer in all the mills in the city who gets enough to live on. This Manson who controls them is a villain. He has refused to raise the wages a cent. He says he can't do it, yet he is living in a palace and has every luxury. He buys more of the mill stock every year and will soon own most of it. Even now he controls all the mills in town and says he will never give in to the strikers. If he could only realize the condition of the three thousand starving men who are running his mills and enriching him, he might do something, but he won't listen to our petitions."

These were startling revelations to Harry. He was only about twenty years of age and as yet knew little of his father's business. His sympathies went out to the strikers and he resolved to try to do something for them. Before he left the room he persuaded the mother to allow him to make her a little loan to help her out of the trouble.

Harry returned home at once hoping to find his father and immediately carry out his resolve. He was not disappointed. He found him in his study in a very irritable mood over the strike and not relishing the interruption of his son. The result of the interview was very unpleasant and was ended by his father's saying:

"I'm paying these men enough. I'll not give them another cent. Besides I can manage my own business, and I can't understand why you are sticking your nose into it."

Harry was so abashed that he left the study without answering. He felt angry and almost

reckless. He lay awake much of the night thinking over the situation. There was his own father oppressing and robbing the poor workmen. He saw the injustice of it. The strike leaders were arrested, and the workers were about to lose, out and injustice was to triumph. He would try to prevent it even if he must go against his own father.

With this purpose in view early the next morning he drove to the tenement to see the wounded striker. He inquired into every detail in the history of the strike; about the residences of the strikers; their usual meeting places and finally the names of the imprisoned leaders. He immediately drove to the jail. He was denied admittance to see the leaders, but when he made it known that he was the son of Manson, whose word was law in Lynn political circles, his request was granted forthwith. From these men, he learned with some difficulty, how to assemble the strikers and all the particulars of the organization.

He then proceeded to the mill district and visited a number of the strikers and informed them that he was going to take charge of the strike and asked them to go around and notify all the workers they could find that there would be a meeting that evening at Manson Hall. Harry rented the hall for the evening from his father's agent who never questioned what use it was to be put to. When the strikers, who were now ready to give up, heard of a meeting in Manson Hall they flocked there eagerly, thinking Manson himself had arranged to meet them and arbitrate. They were not very much disappointed, however, when the meeting had been called to order to learn that such was not the case, but that a new leader had taken hold who would provide funds for carrying on the strike.

It was necessary for Harry to conceal his identity if he wished to gain the confidence of the strikers, so he addressed the assemblage under an assumed name. It was a rough audience and they were not backward in expressing their doubts in the ability of the "young kid" who was going to take charge. But as they were ready to give up they did not mind giving him a chance if he could provide funds. He gained their confidence, however, by his address, and in closing asked them to name a spokesman to state their demands.

After some confusion one of the strikers arose and said that they didn't expect much

now, but a ten percent raise would help a little, although it wouldn't be enough to live on, but as there wasn't much hope now they might try for this as a last stand.

This statement seemed to meet with approval, and there was no one who wished to suggest anything else, so Harry asked for a vote, and the hopeless strikers assented unanimously. Harry then called up his father over the telephone and informed him that the strikers were assembled and wished to offer terms.

"We will accept a ten percent raise," said Harry.

"Is that so," was the sneer that came back. "Well, you won't get it; that's final. You'll either go back to work tomorrow at the old rate or we'll have a new force Monday."

"I wonder how the police have let those hounds get together again," said Manson as he banged up the receiver.

By calling central he learned with much surprise that the meeting was being held in his own hall. He called up the chief of police, and after considerable abuse ordered him to send a squad of police down to the hall and clear it out at once.

A squad of twenty-five policemen rushed into the hall as if into a rioting crowd and began ordering them out, explaining their orders by jabbing around with their heavy riot clubs and jerking men from their seats. This at

once aroused opposition and some began to fight back. Before Harry realized it the meeting turned into a riot. The strikers were fighting like demons. The riot clubs were working fast and numerous strikers were receiving broken heads. Harry was dazed for a moment, but as soon as he recovered himself he rushed into the thickest of the encounter hoping to stop it, but before he could say a word three or four clubs had descended on his head and he fell among the other victims.

The police finally triumphed and dispersed the crowd. When the house was cleared a dozen limp forms lay about the scene of the battle. The officers began to carry them out and load them into the patrol wagon. As they picked up the form of a well-dressed young fellow he opened his eyes and gasped,

"Take me home, quick."

"Great Heavens!" exclaimed the captain of the squad, "that's Manson's son. Call an ambulance."

Before the ambulance had arrived at the hospital the doctor ordered the driver to change his course and go to the Manson home.

"It's too late now," said the doctor. "We may as well take him home."

It remains to be told that the story of Harry's death worked a complete change in his father's character. He was a new man and he did his best to see that Harry's sacrifice was not in vain.

### Captive.

Go with the wind, my love, my rose,  
Sweep over the salt sea,  
Sleep where the balmy breeze that blows  
Wakes not a thought of me.

Go from the timid dawn, my love,  
To twilight's hectic red,  
Seek the chaste mountain peaks above  
Or the green valley's bed.

Go with the wind, yet from my heart  
You shall not move for aye,  
A simple maid, with maiden's art,  
I sowed you there one day.

There did the warning love-lights glow  
Shine soft until day's close;  
There did the love-lisp'd breezes blow  
Above my unborn rose.

There was love's true seed nourished, dear,  
With soft tears in the gloom;  
There must the first green leaves appear  
And there must burst the bloom.

There must the opiate perfume blow  
Though it be sweet to death,  
Over the troubled earth you go,  
But here you breathe your breath.

Go with the wind, my love, my rose,  
Between us put the sea;

When all is done, at the evening's close  
Your heart is still with me.

R. M. S.



## Francis Parkman's "Montcalm and Wolfe."\*

## A CRITICAL APPRECIATION.

SIMON E. TWINING, PH. B. '13.

(Continued from last week.)

Every paragraph of *Montcalm and Wolfe* is interesting, but it may prove useful to recall a few of the points which stand out most prominently after a careful reading:

(1) Lord Howe (Brigadier) is described as the life of the British army led against Ticonderoga. "The death of one man," says Parkman, "was the ruin of fifteen thousand." Fiske also eulogizes Howe: "The death of Lord Howe deprived the army of its brains." It is interesting to know that there is in Westminster Abbey a monument erected to this British general by the commonwealth of Massachusetts, against which his two brothers later fought in the American Revolution.

(2) General Abercrombie's weaknesses and faults are so graphically pointed out that the picture seems a caricature; but other historians, notably Fiske, agree. "A gallant army was sacrificed by the blunders of its chief." "The rashness of Abercrombie before the fight was matched by his poltroonery after it." Fiske says: "People called him a poltroon, an old woman, Mrs. Nabbycrombie, and such other nicknames and epithets as served to relieve their feelings."

(3) Winsor, Fiske, and Bancroft mention with Parkman the lack of harmony that prevailed, during this war, between the British and provincial officers,—but Parkman is alone in making this observation: "The deportment of British officers in the Seven Years' War no doubt had some part in hastening on the Revolution."

(4) An innuendo, aimed at the French, in the narration of the capture of Fort Frontenac is of questionable justice: "They (the Oneidas) begged that he (Bradstreet) would do as the French did,—turn his back and shut his eyes." Regarding such countenancing of Indian barbarities by the two nations Fiske says: "Neither side was particularly scrupulous... each side has kept up a terrible outcry against the other for doing the very same thing which it did itself.... Was it not an English governor of New York who in 1689 launched the Iroquois

thunderbolt against Canada, one of the most frightful Indian incursions known to history?"

(5) Washington, we learn, was accused, unjustly, of advocating Braddock's road to Fort Duquesne, instead of a direct course, because the latter would be advantageous to Pennsylvania, to the detriment of his own state, Virginia,—and General Forbes said of him, "his behaviour about the roads was noways like a soldier." Lieutenant Bouquet, however, wrote to the commandant: "Colonel Washington is filled with a sincere zeal to aid the expedition, and is ready to march with equal activity by whatever way you choose."

(6) Perhaps the most pathetic paragraph in the whole book is one of the shortest: "Bougainville had brought sad news. He had heard before sailing from France that one of Montcalm's daughters was dead, but could not learn which of them. 'I think,' says the father, 'that it must be poor Mirete, who was like me, and whom I loved very much.' He was never to know if this conjecture was true."

(7) "Measured by the numbers engaged," says Parkman, "the battle of Quebec was but a heavy skirmish; measured by results it was one of the great battles of the world." Fiske calls it "the final act in the drama which gave the North American continent into the keeping of the English race instead of the French."

"Montcalm and Wolfe" is more than a history, more than an absorbing romance; it is also a biography of two great men,—of two of the most admirable military men in all history. But we know these men from the pages in our school histories—pages drawn from Parkman—and probably we can not better conclude than by continuing the quotation from Fiske, "and perhaps there has never been a historic drama in which the leading parts have been played by men of nobler stuff than Montcalm and Wolfe. After the fall of Quebec there could be no doubt that the fate of Canada was decided. The capture of Montreal by Amherst in the following summer was like an appendix to a tale already told."

(THE END.)

\* Meehan Prize Essay.

## Doomed.

"Shall I," a proud-cheeked blossom said, "be lost,"  
Shall one pale petal fall?"  
When lo! the pallid finger of the frost  
Wrote "death" upon the wall.

## Back to Nature.

W. FINCH.

Frank Rogers had been in New York just one week and his financial condition was very low; so low that he knew not where his next meal was coming from. As he slowly walked up Broadway, his head hung low and his thoughts were far away. He thought of the old farm that he had so willingly left but a week ago. He thought of the days when he had sat in the green meadow and dreamed of his future. All of his hopes were centered on employment in New York. But the employment that he sought could not be found. He had fallen in with bad company the first night he arrived, and that is how his money went. Two hundred dollars, the savings of his lifetime, did not go far there, and for the last three days he had had hardly enough to eat. Every morning it had been the same program; every place he went the everlasting reply seemed to be:

"We don't need anyone now, but if you call again in a few weeks we may have a vacancy." These promises did him no good. What he wanted was immediate employment, and this morning he realized, for the first time, the serious condition that he was in. He had ten cents in his pocket and he knew how far that would go. If he did not find work today he would walk home. Walk home! Three hundred miles! But what was that to him? He could work at the different farm houses for his meals—but when he did get home, what would his father say?

He thought long. No, he would not go home until he could go home right. He would be a disgrace to his family and it would make great talk for the town gossips. He could hear them now.

"Yes, Hank Rogers' oldest boy is back from New York. He got in with a bad set in New York and lost all of his money. It looks like he's the black sheep of that family."

Think of it! His poor father would be disgraced forever. No! he would stay until he could go home on the train.

It was now ten o'clock in the morning, and after passing by several dairy lunch-rooms, he could resist the temptation no longer; so he turned into the next "Child's."

"I'll have to make this do for dinner, too," he said to himself. "It's my last cent."

A cup of coffee and a sandwich comprised his meal, and in ten minutes he was back on the street, ready to look for work again.

"Gee," he said to himself, "I've read stories about fellows who come to New York from the country, and they always run into some rich fellow that has just met with an accident. They take him home and then get a job at his store, marry his daughter and become millionaires. No such luck for me. Wish I could see some fellow get hit by a car or something." But nothing happened. He continued his walk over the different streets, stopping at the various places to ask for work, but the same answer greeted him that he had heard all week.

At last he reached the river. It was such a pleasant day that he unconsciously turned and walked along the boulevard that followed the bank. He continued to walk for an hour and by eleven o'clock he came to a small park in the residence district. A bench tempted him so he sat down and gazed idly about.

The park was deserted and the only people in sight were about half a block away, near the bank of the river. There were about a dozen of them in a group and this attracted Rogers' attention. Suddenly two men walked over near the edge of the water and then something happened that made Rogers' hair stand on end.

One man deliberately hit the other a hard blow on the jaw and after a short struggle threw him out of sight into the river below.

Rogers could not move. The rest of the crowd stood and watched the conflict and did not make any attempt to catch the assassin. It was time now for him to get busy. A sudden thought struck him.

"Perhaps this is my chance to save a rich man," he thought and made a dash for the scene.

He did not stop when he reached the spot but dashed by the group of people, and, without removing any of his clothing, he jumped into the river. The man was then climbing out of the water, but Rogers took him by the hand and helped him ashore. It was a curious crowd that met him when he was again on shore.

"Did you catch him?" were the first words he uttered.

"Who?" one of the crowd asked.

"The fellow that threw him in," he answered.



"Say," a deep voice spoke up, "are you wise and trying to kid us, or don't you know any better?"

"I don't know what you mean," answered Rogers much surprised.

"Well, here's what I mean. You just spoiled two hundred feet of film and got yourself into a lot of trouble. We was takin' a movin' picture and you spoiled it. Now we've got to take the whole thing over."

Rogers was dumfounded; he could not think of a word to say.

"Well, what you got to say; are you goin' to pay for the wasted film?"

"I ain't got no money," said Rogers much frightened.

The crowd could see that he was from the country and a loud laugh arose. Then he told the story of how he had come to New York with his life's savings, lost them, and now was penniless. He gained the crowd's sympathy. Suddenly the man with the deep voice spoke up:

"It seems that you country fellows never will learn to keep away from the crooks when you come to New York. Now, I'm goin' to give you your fare home and I want you to beat it on the first train you can get. Ten dollars will cover it, won't it?"

"Ye-yes," said Rogers.

"Now promise me you'll go," he said, handing Rogers a ten dollar bill. "New York is no place for you."

"I promise!" said Rogers. He went too.

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### Seen through Colored Glass.

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L. MUCKLE

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"I'll have to cut this out till after football season," muttered Jack Debs to himself as he stole quietly into his room in the late hours of the night. "That big bruser over there will be cutting me out on the team the first thing I know."

"Goll, how he snores," he continued, "I suppose he'll begin raving about the time I want to get to bed."

"Beats all I ever seen," came in confused tones from the sleeping form on the bed across the room.

Jack cast a disgusted look towards the bed.

"Shall I take a poke at his ribs and bring him out of that," he meditated.

"I'll get him though or die trying," grunted the sleeper.

Jack pricked up his ears. An army of thoughts chased through his mind. He wasn't mistaken after all. Tom was planning some dirty work. He had spoken to the coach about this only the day before when Tom had made a vicious tackle on him. But what was the use, Tom had a big drag. The coach only spit these words in answer, "If you were as good a sport as Tom you would have a better show at making the team."

"I pretty near got him yesterday and I'll make a sure thing of it tomorrow," came from the bed.

"Confound you, we'll see if you'll get me, you low-lived scoundrel," hissed Jack under his breath as he slipped noiselessly into bed. "I'm willing to lose my place if you beat me fair, but if you start any mean work I can fight you with your own gun. I'll tackle you hard and high every time."

"I might poison him, but I would rather get a good crack at him," continued the nocturnal monologue.

Jack lay perfectly still. Everything was still except for the deep breathing of the sleeper and the sound of a mouse that had industriously gnawed a hole in the wall and was now chewing a piece of cardboard near the head of Jack's bed. Jack was listening intently for the next threat of his sleeping companion.

Then Tom rolled over in bed so that his face was turned toward his room-mate. His eyes opened and grew savagely bright in their wicked stare. "Ah, there he is now," he said softly. Then stealthily reaching down he picked up one of his notorious number eleven shoes. The movement did not escape the seemingly closed eyes of his room-mate. With a yell Jack jumped to his feet ready to fight to a finish.

"You brainless boob," exclaimed Tom in a rage. "I was just going to pin that darn mouse when you had to yell. The little devil gnawed a square foot out of the seat of my best trousers yesterday."

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### Autumn.

Alone she sits sobbing the livelong day,

For she is old,

And the fleet winds have slyly borne away,

Her hoarded gold.

R. T. D.

# Notre Dame Scholastic

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## Board of Editors.

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—The modern popular novel, it would seem, has steadily gone backward as far as morality is concerned, until at last it has reached the nauseating point, and a

**The Modern Novel.** reaction is beginning to take place. Mr. Hall Caine's novel, "The Woman Thou Gavest Me," has already been rejected by some libraries, and will, we hope, be taken out of all the others. Why any author should be allowed to deal out poison to the great mass of the people is inconceivable at the present day. And yet this is done as it never was done anywhere before. In pagan Rome there was a moral censor for books and plays,—in Christian America there is scarcely any limit to which an author may not go under the guise of art. In most of the large cities librarians will tell you that it is not their business to censor the multitude of books that are placed in the stacks for public use. Surely it should be the business of somebody. What should we say of the druggist who passed out drugs to all who asked for them, not knowing whether he was giving a person pure food or poison. And yet this bodily poison of the pharmacist is not to be compared in its evil effects with the moral poison found in novels like Hall Caine's.

It is gratifying to know, however, that when this novel was presented to the Mercantile Library of Philadelphia, it was read by Dr. Campbell and rejected on the ground that it was a trashy indecent novel; a plea for divorce and remarriage. We wish there were more men like Dr. Campbell who take a real interest in the public welfare, and who think more of an immortal soul than of a silver dollar.

—Nowadays as soon as some one wanders from the straight path of righteousness and commits crimes that attract attention far and

wide, we are surfeited with editorials and articles which endeavor to prove that the criminal was a product of the environment in which he lived and could not have turned out differently. The writers of these articles place no responsibility whatever upon the individual, but lay the whole burden of guilt upon society. Spencer (who recently became notorious for the number of murders he committed) was, they tell us, a mere victim of circumstances. He was raised in an environment that necessitated his becoming a criminal. Whatever may be said of the effect of surroundings upon the individual, we can not get away from the fact that each sane person is responsible for his own acts. Sufficient grace is given to each man to overcome every temptation, and when a person falls, he himself is responsible and must answer for his act. Says the *Chicago Record-Herald* of October 8th regarding this subject:

We may go on with a hash of several "ologies" to discover, after all, that we don't get much beyond the thunderings on Mount Sinai. If young women obeyed the commandments uttered there they would have little need of a book of don't's from police officers. All there is, for men and women both, in the cases to which we have referred is covered by the words "Thou shalt not kill," "Thou shalt not commit adultery," "Thou shalt not steal," "Thou shalt not bear false witness," "Thou shalt not covet." They are meant to apply all the way from the highest places to the lowest slums, to the SPENCERS in all grades of society, and to that vastly larger number of persons in every grade who have only partly qualified as Spencers. There is no conceivable "ology" that can eliminate such persons from any class, but it is certain that society as a whole is sounder than its lawbreaking members, that it has to hold them personally accountable for their acts, and that while we should welcome plans for social betterment we should not permit our minds to become clogged with overdoses of sugar.

## Governor Ferris on Vocational Training.

The annual concert and lecture course was most auspiciously inaugurated in Washington Hall Wednesday afternoon with an address by the Honorable William N. Ferris, Governor of Michigan. Governor Ferris chose as his theme "Vocational Training" and his pertinent observations apropos of the so-called "failure" in life, had behind them the personal experiences of a renowned educator, as well as the convictions

of the chief executive of a great state. "Every man, in my opinion," declared the Governor in the course of his remarks, "is a potential genius," and he cited many instances of great men who had suffered all manner of failure and vicissitudes before finding the sphere of activity for which their peculiar qualifications best adapted them. He deplored the widely prevalent tendency among college men to drift along the line of least resistance, studying in a haphazard fashion, with no thought of subsequent usefulness. Every man, he stated emphatically, should make a serious effort to ascertain what he can do best, and then go ahead and do it.

Governor Ferris is a forceful orator, whose fund of dry humor and delicate sarcasm prevents the slightest flagging of interest. He makes and carries a point with a simple, vigorous directness, that permits of no ambiguity or equivocation. He is unquestionably one of the best orators that have appeared on the local stage in recent years, and this circumstance, coupled with the fact that they were listening to the Governor of Michigan and the Founder and head of the Ferris Institute, held the closest attention of the audience.

#### Book Notices.

From the *Devin-Adair Co.*, New York, we have received "Poems" by Sister M. Blanche, formerly director of the St. Mary's *Chimes*. It gives us great pleasure to welcome this volume, and to predict that it will have a wide circulation. The poems are of a high order, many of them having been published in the *Ave Maria* and other Catholic magazines. The dedication is to the memory of Mother Mary Annunciata, who was known and esteemed by many of our readers.

*Billy Boy* by Mary T. Waggaman is without doubt one of the best boys' stories ever written. The scene is laid "out West" and the story is alive with interest from the first chapter to the very last page. Though strongly Catholic in tone it is not of the "goody-goody" type that makes a book seem like a Catechism rather than a novel. One lays down this volume with a vivid picture of a real boy who did things, a boy whom it is impossible not to admire because he is so real. The story is not less interesting for grown people than for children, and its neat artistic binding makes it a charming gift book. (*Ave Maria* press.)

#### Lecture and Entertainment Course.

1913-1914.

Wednesday, Oct. 15, 7:30 p. m.—Newman Travelogue  
 Wednesday, Oct. 22, 7:30 p. m.—Newman Travelogue  
 Saturday, Oct. 25, 7:30 p. m.—Chicago Male Quartet  
 Monday, Nov. 3, 7:30 p. m.—Dr. James J. Walsh  
 Wednesday, Nov. 5, 7:30 p. m.—Newman Travelogue  
 Wednesday, Nov. 12, 7:30 p. m.—Newman Travelogue  
 Saturday, Nov. 15, 7:30 p. m.—Chicago Opera Co.  
 Saturday, Dec. 6, 7:30 p. m.—Four Artists Company  
 Saturday, Jan. 17, 7:30 p. m.—The Baille Trio  
 Saturday, Jan. 31, 7:30 p. m.—Enrico Palmetto and Martin Bruhl  
 Saturday, Feb. 14, 7:30 p. m.—Thomas A. Daly  
 Saturday, March 7, 7:30 p. m.—Hugh O'Donnell  
 Saturday, March 14, 7:30 p. m.—Zoellner Quartet  
 Wednesday, April 1, 7:30 p. m.—Edward Elliott

#### Notre Dame's Greatest Football Player.

(G. W. Axelson in *Chicago Record-Herald*.)

Football history at the Notre Dame University goes back to 1887. Almost all that time Notre Dame has been right in the thick of gridiron battles, has fought east and west, sometimes whipped, more often victorious, and never quitting. It has adorned western football history with some of its greatest players and has been represented on all-star elevens time and again.

Miller, Farley and Eggeman were names to conjure with on the Notre Dame gridiron, and there were a lot more who caused rival football coaches sleepless nights. There was Hamilton, fleet of foot, and Philbrook and Dimmick, giants of the line; Eichenlaub is of recent memory, his terrific playing against Marquette last year being one of the features of the western football season. Dorais was another one, and who could pass over Pete Vaughan, the plunging fullback? Dolan and Farley were two others who made their mark under the blue and gold. And there was "Red" Miller who caused much woe to the University of Michigan by his daring end runs and terrific tackles.

The list could be extended indefinitely; but the quest is for Notre Dame's greatest football player, and it may be surmised that he was not found among the heroes mentioned. The guess is right, for the greatest name which adorns the pages of Notre Dame's football history could be none other than Louis J. Salmon, fullback extraordinary.

Salmon appeared at Notre Dame in 1900, and he was good enough to make the Varsity

team in his freshman year. The coaches made the wrong guess on this chunk of humanity as a starter by putting "Lou" at the position of end. This was corrected the next year, and thus the West was probably given its greatest fullback, and many agree that the honor could well be extended to include the East.

As with many others, it was not bulk which made Salmon the greatest of them all at Notre Dame. He was no midget, weighing 165 pounds, and rising above the ground 5 feet 9½ inches, but size and weight did not cut much figure with this marvel, anyhow, as he probably would have been just as great a terror with pounds off his frame and inches off his stature. Like many another football player, he was under real fire for the first time against Michigan the year he began playing. The way he battered the Wolverine line, shaking off tacklers and plowing through for gains, gave him more than a fleeting reputation.

Finding his right place at fullback the second year in school, he also discovered that he could punt, and he soon became one of the most consistent kickers on the team. In the game against Northwestern that year he made one kick of seventy yards, and on top of this he added a run of fifty-five yards, showing that his legs also were in running order. In 1902 he was elected captain of the team, and tradition at Notre Dame to this day is that he was pretty much the whole eleven. He became the most terrific line buckler in the West. The game with Michigan that year is a treasured memory at Notre Dame.

The field was a mass of mud and water and open field running was out of the question. For fifteen consecutive times Salmon carried the ball for a total gain of eighty yards, only to slip and fall on the Wolverines' five-yard line. That gave just a slight indication of his indomitable fighting spirit. In winning the Indiana championship from Purdue, Salmon won the game after being knocked out four times.

In his last year he not only captained the team, but he also coached it. At Knox College that fall he made the record punt of the season, a clear eighty-five yards. In the game against Northwestern he practically unaided stopped the purple host on Notre Dame's three-yard line and then by short rushes carried the ball far into the opponents' territory.

After he graduated he became a civil engineer and is now with an eastern construction company. His home is in Syracuse, New York.

### Personals.

—Jesse Herr (Ph. B. '13) and of the 1913 Dome board, is pursuing post-graduate work at the University of Michigan.

—Leo Sturn (C. E. '13) is getting professional practice with the Modern Construction Company at Fremont, Ohio. Harry Kirk (C. E. '13) is employed by the same firm.

—"Bob" Shenk (M. E. '11) was recently promoted from the office engineering staff of the Automatic Fire Extinguisher Company to the installation department of the same concern.

—The marriage of Miss Mary Frances Jordan to Mr. Thomas Addis Emmett Lally (Ph. B. '06) is announced to take place October 15th in Spokane, Washington. Congratulations and good wishes!

—James P. Kenefick (LL. B. '10) paid friends at Notre Dame a short visit on Tuesday last. "Jim" never finds his legal practice in Michigan City too pressing to prevent an occasional call at the Main Building.

—"Tom" Furlong, of the Electrical Engineers of '13, is with the Alb's-Chalmers Company at West Allis, Wisconsin. "Tom" and "Jimmie" Traynor of St. Joseph's hall are both in the same department of this company at present.

—The marriage of Miss Maria Guadalupe Pacheco y Villa to Mr. Sr. Ingeniero Don Pedro Antonio de Landero y Weber (C. E. '11) will take place in the Church of San Jose, Guadalajara, Mexico, on October 13th. Congratulations!

—Clarence J. Kennedy (M. S. B. '07) of Chicago, Illinois, and for some years past a prominent High School educator, is engaged in private tutoring in Michigan City. Mr. Kennedy's retirement from more active life is due to temporary ill health.

—Mr. William McEniry of Rock Island, Ill., better known to the old boys as "Plato," was a recent visitor at the University. Mr. McEniry has a William Jr. in Brownson Hall this year, and is the brother of Matt McEniry (LL. B. '81). He is associated with the latter in the practice of law in Rock Island.

—Belated, but none the less welcome, is news of the marriage of William C. Schmitt and Miss Florence Moake, at Leavenworth, Kansas, on June 21st. The groom is a member of those '09 Champions, and at present Athletic Coach at Columbia University, Portland, Oregon.

Mr. and Mrs. Schmitt are residing in the latter city. Our heartiest congratulations, "Bill!"

—The wedding of another Notre Dame man occurred on September 20th when George J. McCambridge and Miss Lillian George were united in holy matrimony at St. Clement's Church, Ocean Park, California. George will be remembered by all the old fellows as one of the most popular men of his time. Much joy, George.

—In the Los Angeles *Examiner* of September 7, 1913, we came upon a group picture of the Dockweiler family—a charming group indeed. There are six boys younger than Henry, and we feel sure that when ready for their college course they will all follow their big brothers' example. Tom and Henry are both graduates of 1912.

—There are twenty-four judges of the Eighth Judicial District of Ohio, and at the bidding of the Governor they assembled on September 15th to elect a Chief Justice of the Court of Appeals. Without a dissenting voice Judge Harry L. Ferneding (old student) was elected for this dignified and responsible position. We congratulate him on this occasion and wish him God-speed with the work.

—Through the loyalty and good work of Anton Hebenstreit (C. E. '11) there exists on the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad the nucleus of an N. D. Club. The recent appointment of "Jim" O'Brien, of last June's Civil Engineers, makes Anton's club number three—Elmo Funk (C. E. '11) being the other member. Judging from reports, Office Engineer Hebenstreit is to have a very successful year with his assistants.

—Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Comerford, their daughter, Lucile, and son John, and Mr. and Mrs. Thomas F. Donovan of Joliet, Illinois, spent Saturday and Sunday at the University. Mr. Comerford was a student at Notre Dame in '82-'83. John and his brothers, George, and Dean were students in the mining department '04-'09. Mr. Donovan is a member of the O'Donnell, Donovan and Brady law firm of the state of Illinois.

—The Alumni and friends of Notre Dame will be grieved to learn of the death of Doctor William H. Wathen, M. D., on October 7, at Louisville, Kentucky. Doctor Wathen received the honorary degree of LL. D. from the University with the class of '95, and has always

been a loyal alumnus of the institution. He was a distinguished medical and surgical instructor at the University of Louisville for some years past, and his death will be mourned by all who knew him.

—A newsy letter from Enrique Cortazar (C. E. '12) informs us that he is in the employ of the Mexican government, in the Department of Public Works. In the same department is his classmate, Alfredo Sanchez, who is at present Chief Engineer on the construction of a ten mile irrigation canal, having under his immediate supervision a force of two hundred men. Enrique wishes to be remembered to all the fellows, and promises to pay us a visit as soon as it is convenient.

### Calendar.

Sunday, October 12—Twenty-second after Pentecost  
Sermon, "Good Example," Father McGinn  
Meeting of Interhall managers, 7:30 p. m.  
Meeting of Brownson Literary Society, 7:30.  
Meeting of St. Joseph Literary Society, 7:30.  
Monday—Military Drill, 5:00 p. m.  
Band practice, 5:00 p. m.  
Orchestra Practice, 7:00 p. m.  
Tuesday—Military Drill for Carroll Hall, 5:00 p. m.  
Wednesday—Newman Travelogue "London Today"  
at 8:00 p. m.  
Military Drill for Carroll Hall, 5:00 p. m.  
Thursday—Weekly distribution of Pocket Money  
to Carroll Hall after Mass.  
Military Drill and Band Practice, 8:20 a. m.  
Friday—Military Drill and Band Practice, 1:15 p. m.  
Saturday—South Dakota vs Notre Dame, 3:30 p. m.  
Cartier Field.

### Local News.

—FOUND—A fountain pen. Apply to Bro. Alphonsus.

—The next regular meeting of the Knights of Columbus will take place Tuesday evening, October 14, at eight o'clock. As the officers of the society for the present school year are to be elected at this meeting it is earnestly hoped that every member will be present.

—A free library, known as the Apostolate of Religious Reading, is located in Brownson study hall. Any person at Notre Dame is cordially invited to take books from this library. The collection consists of some 450 volumes, mostly fiction of Catholic authors.

—Tuesday evening Father Hagerty addressed the students of Brownson hall on the important

subject of frequent Communion. He read and explained the recent decree of the Holy Father on daily Communion, and urged his hearers to avail themselves of so great a privilege. His words were listened to with marked attention.

—The class of '14 reorganized last Friday evening. The business of the evening was the election of officers. By unanimous vote Harry Newning was re-elected president of the class. The other officers were as follows: Samuel Newning, vice-president; John Hines, secretary; John Carroll, treasurer; Joseph Smith, historian; and Gene Kane, sergeant-at-arms.

—The Junior Class meeting for the election of officers was held in the Sorin Law room last Monday evening and the following members were chosen to represent the class: President, Robert V. Roach; secretary, Charles Sheehan; treasurer, Joseph Pliska; sergeant-at-arms, James Stack; cheer leader, Lawrence Barrett. After the installation an all-important discussion took place concerning the junior prom.

—The minims held a meeting a few evenings ago at which it was decided that hereafter no more than sixteen men would be permitted to play on a football team. Heretofore, as many as twenty-five players were allowed on a team, and extra ones kept dropping in on the weak side to even things up. On account of the confusion caused, and the difficulty players had of locating the man with the ball, it was thought wise to pass this regulation.

—On Sunday afternoon, October 5th, Capt. Barry's team took the first game of the Carroll series from Capt. Blackman. It was an exciting contest all through despite the fact that the field was wet and heavy. O'Brien starred at end runs, carrying the ball for a total of several hundred yards, while Barry plunged through the line time and again for substantial gains. Butler on a trick formation carried the ball over for a touchdown for his side, making the score 20-7.

—On Tuesday of this week the Architectural students gathered in their draughting rooms to organize a club for the present school year. The officers for the coming term were chosen as follows: William Redden, president; Harold Munger, vice-president; Raymond Eichenlaub, secretary, and J. Eckel, treasurer. Prof. Adelsperger was appointed honorary president and Prof. Kervick advisor. After a short session the meeting was adjourned to meet

again the first Tuesday in November when a prepared program will be rendered.

—Last Sunday evening the Saint Joseph Literary Society met and elected their officers for the coming year. The meeting was full of spirit as is always the case in St. Joseph Hall. Before the election of the officers Father Schumacher gave the boys an interesting talk on the purpose of the society and the results obtained from it. The officers elected to serve the society this year are: Harry Sylvester, president; Marion Sullivan, vice-president; Ernest LaJoie, secretary; Peter Yearn, treasurer; Albert Kessler, sergeant-at-arms. It was decided to have Father Schumacher elect the critic for the coming year for the society.

—Six members of the Michigan Historical Commission, headed by Governor Ferris, visited the University last Wednesday and examined a number of historical documents relating to the State of Michigan. Among the collection of papers in the archives they were especially interested in the letters of Father Badin, Chordan, and Baraga, besides treaties and documents signed by United States officials and Indian chiefs. The letters of Father Baraga to Bishop Fenwick of Cincinnati set forth clearly the early history of the mission at the Rapids on the Grand River, the beginning of the present city of Grand Rapids.

The members of the commission who accompanied the governor were Messrs. Clarence M. Burton, Detroit, president; William L. Jenks, Port Huron, vice-president; Rt. Rev. Monsignor O'Brien, Kalamazoo; Mr. Edwin O. Wood, Flint; Mr. Lawton T. Hemans, Mason.

—Reorganized on an entirely new plan, the Brownson Literary and Debating Society held its first meeting of the school year Sunday night, October 5. Brother Alphonsus, who acted as chairman, explained that the society would be modeled after the plan of the Oxford and Harvard Unions. The chief features of the new system will be the enrollment of all old members who desire to remain in the society and the specialization in individual debating. Heretofore, the membership of the society consisted almost exclusively of Freshmen from Brownson hall, but this year not only all Brownson men are eligible, but men from any of the other halls as well. Though the original name will be retained the character of the society will be changed to that of a university rather than a hall organization. To insure



the success of the outlined work Father Walsh has consented to act as critic for the year.

At the recent meeting the following officers were elected: president, William J. Donovan; vice-president, Charles Somers; secretary, Don Mulholland; treasurer, Andrew McDonough; sergeant-at-arms, Bernard Corcoran; chaplain, Russell Hardie; reporter, Leo Muckle.

### Athletic Notes.

#### OHIO NORTHERN SWAMPED UNDER 87-0 SCORE

Aside from the injuries sustained by Capt. Rockne in last Saturday's game, the Ohio-Northern-Varsity contest which ushered in the gold and blue season, was a most gratifying exhibition from every point of view, that is from every Notre Dame man's point of view. The visitors were rushed off their feet during the first five minutes of play, and the Varsity set us such a terrific air current by their continual relay-race that the visitors couldn't come down for the breeze. The line—especially the left end of the line—kept opening up young Culebra cuts when called upon, and the back-field availed itself of all these openings. Dorais, Eichenlaub and Pliska distinguished themselves time after time, the former by his speed and generalship, the other two by their powerful plunging. Forward passes were used successfully on a number of occasions and end runs seldom failed to gain the required ten yards or more. Eichenlaub's kicking from the centre of the field; Dorais' kicking from touchdown; the agility of the line in breaking up their opponents' plays before they got under way; the tackling of each and every man on the squad;—all these things were good, and give us confidence for the struggles that are before us.

The line showed weakness at times and in spots, but for a line that has not been working together very long and composed of more or less unseasoned material, it did well. Against stronger teams it might cause some worry, but our linemen showed fight all through Saturday's contest, and that, after all, is the biggest thing.

Our punters weren't given a solitary opportunity to show. It was simply a case of get the ball and rush it down for a score. If we had a rubber stamp which read "Eichenlaub kicked to Ohio Northern who lost the ball on downs; Eichenlaub bucked the line for twenty yards; Dorais skirted end for a like

gain; Pliska reduplicated Eichenlaub's stunt; Rockne received a pass and netted a substantial gain; Eichenlaub carried the oval over for a score" we would give a detailed account of the game by stamping this on paper some ten or twelve times. However, we haven't.

The only drawback to the game, as intimated above, was the injury received by Capt. Rockne. About the middle of the second quarter he was tackled hard around the waist which tore a floating rib from the cartilege. The doughty captain stayed in the game until the whistle announced the end of the half when he retired in favor of Nowers. It is hoped that our captain will be available for the Dakota contest and probably he will be. Finnegan and Kelleher, also on the injured list, are almost entirely recovered and will surely appear in suits the coming week.

Fletcher, quarterback for Ohio Northern, deserves a world of credit for his indomitable work in Saturday's game. Although his team was powerless to resist the rushes of the Varsity Fletcher fought every minute of play and made some very pretty runs through open fields. He was the one interesting figure on the visitor's squad.

Substitutes were put in the game from time to time during the second half until it was a reserve team entirely during the last quarter. Even these, Ohio Northern was powerless to stop, and the final score rolled up to 87 to 0.

Notre Dame (87)		Ohio Northern (0).	
Rockne (C.), Nowers	L. E.		Cobb
King	L. G.		Riggan, Dickey
Jones, Keefe	L. T.		McCandless
Voelkers, McLaughlin	C.		McAllester
Fitzgerald, Cook	R. G.		Dustman, Fyke
Lathrop, Sharp	R. T.		Reese, Dawson
Elward	R. E.		Grisbaum
Dorais, Bush, Gargen	Q. B.		Fletcher
Berger, Larkin	L. H.	Stump (C.)	Niesurender
Pliska, Gushurst	R. H.		Adams, Bousger
Eichenlaub, Baugan	F. B.		Hill

Touchdowns—Eichenlaub (4), Pliska (3), Gushurst (2), Dorais, Bush, Larkin. Goals from touchdowns—Dorais (7), Larkin (2). Score by quarters, Notre Dame, 20, 27, 20, 20—87. Ohio Northern, 0, 0, 0, 0—0. Referee—Messick, Indiana. Umpire—Snell, Michigan. Head Linesman—Edwards, Notre Dame. Time—Fifteen minute periods.

The Freshman-Varsity game was called off by Coach Harper, who preferred to give the Freshman the Culver game. Accordingly our Freshies will do duty this afternoon with the Naval Cadets,—and knowing our Freshmen as we do, we say "Woe unto the Cadets!"

At a meeting held Thursday noon Cofaul was elected to captain the First Year Eleven.

#### INTERHALL PROSPECTS.

The prospects for a successful season in interhall football are brighter this year than they have been for a long time. This is due in great part to the new Freshman rule, which makes first-year men ineligible to compete in Varsity athletics, and gives them their own teams in all sports. Coach Harper's decision that Freshmen be allowed to play in interhall contests gave great satisfaction to prefects who saw their teams thus strengthened.

Regular practice has been begun by all the halls, and the men are settling down to hard work. Pre-season dope, of course, is not worth much, but just at present the Sorinites seem to have a little the best of it. With captain Rubio, a veteran of two seasons at centre, Hynes last year with Corby at quarter, and other old men, and the pick of the Freshmen in Bachman, Cofaul and O'Donnell, it will be very surprising if the Bookies are not close to the front.

Brownson also looks good. Of last year's men, Meehan, McGrath, Morales and Reidman, are back in the line-up, while Yeager and Thorpe and other '17 men will effectively plug up the holes. Corby is not much in evidence as yet, but she can be expected to put her usual strong team in the field. As for Walsh, Father McNamara says there's nothing to it—he's already hunting a place to hang the banner. Carroll, Shaughnessy, Baujan, and McWeeney gave him the nucleus of a strong team. St. Joseph, as usual, is the dark horse in the race, but certainly my gosh, we can expect great things from Brother Flo's champions of last year. All in all, it will be as pretty a race as one could wish.

#### Safety Valve.

After all, teachers ought to remember that the boy who never studies his lessons and who fools away his time in class, may be very good to his mother.

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#### FACES WE MISS.

Goofie Welch  
The Rockerfeller Hall Quartette  
"Fatty" Harper  
Peter Yearns\*

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How is it we get the final score of the N. Y.-Philadelphia game a half hour before the game finishes in New York? We had the report at 3.00 p. m. and the game didn't finish in New York till 3.30.

A barrel marked Epsom Salts was seen yesterday at the railroad station. It was addressed Notre Dame Infirmary. Nuff Said.

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#### LETTERS RECEIVED.

DEAR VALVE:—The painted stick which the South Bend-bound motorman passes to the N. D.-bound motorman at the switch, is like a student, and it isn't like one. It resembles one in so far as it must stay within prescribed limits every day, i. e., between the post office and the switch. It is not like a student in so far as it goes to town on the last car every night and doesn't come back till morning.

J. R.

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DEAR VALVE:—The motorman on his way to town passes that painted block to the N. D. motorman in order to keep it out at N. D.—with the rest of the blocks.

R. S.

DEAR VALVE:—The motorman does not pass that stick at all. It's been in my room in Walsh hall since last Saturday.

L. G.

STUPID VALVE:—The Oregon Club demands that you cease your absurd statements about Portland. You who have never seen the place and know nothing about the climate should be the last one to talk. If you could stand upon her soil and gaze out at her magnificent snow-capped mountains—the glory of the United States—even your ridiculous pen would be stopped.

O. C.

We have heard descriptions of Portland from several of her magnificent liars, and our pen is failing us.

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#### HEARD IN WALSH HALL.

Geel! I wish my father got fired from some university so I wouldn't feel so uneasy around here.

\*\*\*

I'll admit I live in Walsh Hall, but no one ever saw me wearing one of those green hats with the bow in the back.

\*\*\*

If the report is true that an enterprising journalist climbed a tree to bark at the moon, it looks like another job for Bro. Hugh.

\*\*\*

And in the eighth inning the Walsh team stole softly forth with their indoor.

\*\*\*

"Are you ready Mr. Rock?"

\*\*\*

Bill Kelleher sprained his knee, Rupe Mills broke his ankle and the Sophomores are writing for the valve.

\*\*\*

Freshman classes may be bad, but we're all glad we're not in the D class.

\*\*\*

I don't see why the varsity has secret practice when they don't have to teach signals to dummy Smith.

\*\*\*

Do your Christmas plugging early.

\*\*\*

I give it as my deliberate opinion that Bill Cook is the best punter on the team.

What team?

\* We just missed this last by an inch.