

The Notre Dame Scholastic

DISCE · QVASI · SEMPER · VICTVRVS · VIVE · QVASI · CRAS · MORITVRVS ·

VOL. XLVII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, OCTOBER 25, 1913.

No. 5.

Mother of the Afflicted.

EYES that are dim with tears and hearts that throb
Through long, long watches of the lonesome night,
Bend at the Virgin Mother's feet, and sob
For holy peace and light.

Cheeks that have lost their bloom, lips wan and dry
That quiver like the aspen as they speak,
Kneel at her shrine asking for grace to live
Humble and chaste and meek.

Souls that are steeped in sin's most scarlet stain
In whom the fires of despair slow burn,
Look into that sweet Mother's face again
And feel love's pulse return.

Q. E. D.

O. Henry: Short-Story Dramatist.

JOSEPH ALLAN HEISER, '13.



AME rather than wealth is the goal of the literary artist. For ephemeral glory men still strive to climb the steep "where fame's proud temple shines afar." Twenty years ago, Stedman, Eggleston, and Powells engaged the attention of American fiction readers. Today Chester, Chambers, Parker and others fill the magazines and bookstands with their works. Noting the changing taste of the lovers of light literature one wonders how many of the present literary lights will shine resplendent before book-lovers twenty years hence. Every age produces its own typical authors. Many writers of the past, neglected now, failed because their works did not possess the vital elements demanded by the enduring novel or short-story. Among the writers of our own day stands one whose works possess all these elements to a remarkable degree;

and because of this his stories will endure, will live long among our American classics.

About twelve years ago William Sidney Porter, better known by his whimsical pseudonym, "O. Henry," first gained popular favor, and he has interested and amused fiction readers ever since. Little is known of his early life. That there was a strange, dark side to his career, all admit. His critics, prejudiced, perhaps, by some professional jealousy, picture his every act as that of a vagabond, while his friends, enthusiastic in their admiration of him, overlook his eccentricities and see but the sterling qualities of the man beneath. He strove to know human nature, and traversed every path of life to find it, indefatigable in his search as the knights in their quest for the Holy Grail. We know that he was born in Greensboro, North Carolina, in 1867, and that he spent three years of his young manhood in Texas, on the ranch of Lee Hall, a ranger. His life was one of many and varied pursuits. It has been claimed for him that he was everything from a cowboy to an editor. This we do not care so much about, but we do know that his adventures were a source of great information for him. He died in New York City on June 5, 1910, requesting the nurse to raise the window shade that he might not "go home in the dark."

The drama, according to its accepted definition, is a "presentation of an action, or of a closely interlinked series of actions, expressed directly by means of speech and gesture." Its subject-matter is the action and reaction of human wills. It consists not of a sequence of events, but of events essentially related as causes and effects. Every dramatic literary piece must possess truth, unity, proportion, and seriousness. The dramatic short-story, therefore, dealing with events in human lives must possess these elements and emphasize

strongly this action and reaction of human wills. It is my purpose to show by the free use of excerpts from O. Henry's stories that his works are remarkable for their dramatic power, and, therefore, must endure.

Shelley, in his preface to the "Cenci," says, "the highest moral purpose aimed at in the highest species of the drama is the teaching the human heart, through its sympathies and antipathies, the knowledge of itself." The qualities which have been deemed indispensable for good dramatic effect are truth, unity, proportion, and seriousness. Any story which deals truly and vitally with the human heart in its struggles with itself and with the outer world, will possess greatness and seriousness. Truth, in a literary sense, has not the same connotation as is contained in the common acceptance of the term. To be artistically truthful one must have a large and deep knowledge of his subject before he begins his work; if he be lacking in this knowledge he runs a great chance of rejecting the significant and retaining the unessential. Proportion implies careful working out of the plot, so that the superstructure shall not be too large for its foundation. The dramatic story must not be merely a series of incidents, but it must have a central plot and a determined line of development. Shelley says, in regard to this necessity, that "such a story, if told so as to present to the reader all the feelings of those who once acted it, their hopes and fears, their confidences and misgivings, their various interests, passions, and opinions, acting upon and with each other, yet all conspiring to one tremendous end, would be as light to make apparent some of the most dark and secret caverns of the human heart." It is this "conspiring to one tremendous end" that is the test of unity in the plot and the development.

With this statement of the requirements of the dramatic story, we shall begin to study the stories of O. Henry, demonstrating their dramatic qualities in brief summaries. Newspapers frequently contain stories which are alive with dramatic interest, and which, at first glance, would seem but to need polishing to reveal themselves as gems of fiction. On examination, however, they are found to be lacking in some vital element. George Randolph Chester has given the dictum that "the most dramatic of real life happenings are to be looked upon as but raw material. Their great fault lies

in the fact that they are abnormal—and it is not the abnormal which proves of the greatest worth in fiction." To be able to create the normal or adjust the abnormal is the sign of a master story-teller.

The twofold general division of the drama, namely comedy and tragedy, is easily discovered in the stories of O. Henry. According to the definition of Aristotle tragedy is "an imitation of an action that is serious." "Serious" here does not necessarily mean that some fatality must arise, but rather that the action be grave and great. Dramatic action means struggle, and struggle of the most intense kind, be it mental or physical. The tragedies in O. Henry are the result of mental rather than of physical struggles.

To illustrate his mental tragedy we need but examine "The Last Leaf." In this story we find that the highest proof of love is sacrifice. Joanna,—we know her by no other name,—sick with pneumonia, is failing day by day. On the dead wall opposite her window grows a vine, swayed and torn by the winter wind. The sick girl, watching the disappearing leaves, is filled with morbid fantasies. Despondent through long failure and ready to give up she declares that when the last leaf goes she, too, will go. "Old Behrman," past sixty and a failure in art, lives on the groundfloor beneath Joanna and her friend, Sue. In the early dawn of a bitterly cold day he places a ladder against the dead wall and climbs to the spot where the last leaf had been and there he paints its copy,—his masterpiece. He dies of pneumonia, secure in the knowledge that he has saved a young life and won success that counts. Such an incident if not strictly tragic, is certainly pathetic. By pathetic we mean that which involves unmerited suffering. Physically tragic is the case of Yancy Goree in a "Blackjack Bargainer." Yancy Goree, a disreputable lawyer, broken, gambler, and feudalist seems to possess neither self-respect nor manhood. For a few dollars he sells his supposed feudal rights to Pike Garvey, a squirrel hunter suddenly grown rich. "We riz a heap," says Pike Garvey, standing before Goree in the latter's littered office. "We was por as possums, and now we could hev folks to dinner every day. 'We been reco'nized,' Missis Garvey says, 'by the best society.' But there's somethin' we need we ain't got. There's a old feud 'tween you'uns and the Coltranes.—Take the money, then,'

says Missis Garvey, 'and buy Mr. Goree's feud, fa'r and squar.'" Goree sells later. The drunken gambler is befriended by Colonel Coltrane who asks Goree to forget the past and come and live with him. Forgetting his bargain Goree agrees. The sight of Garvey's home, once his own, recalls the bargain and the new claimant of the feud. A sudden premonition of danger, strengthened by the sight of Garvey, running wildly for the house, gives Goree a chance to play the man. "Did you ever suspect I was a very vain kind of fellow, Colonel," he asks. "Sort of foolish about appearances? And it's in me yet, though it don't show. I'm going to ask you to indulge this weakness of mine in a little matter. In a few minutes we'll pass the house up there on the hill where I was born, and where my people have lived for nearly a century. Strangers live there now, and look at me. I am about to show myself to them ragged and poverty stricken, a wastrel and a beggar. Colonel Coltrane, I'm ashamed to do it. I want you to let me wear your coat and hat until we are out of sight beyond. I want to make as good a showing as I can when I pass the old place." The transformation is effected and Colonel Coltrane follows Yancy up the hill. A puff of smoke comes from the thick cedars. The squirrel hunter's aim is true, the bullet passes where he intended,—through the breast of Colonel Coltrane's black frock coat. Yancy has made the best showing left in his power. Pathos and tragedy here blend. Poetic justice demands that Yancy save the Colonel and suffer as he had intended the Colonel should suffer. In this story we find one of those unexpected ingenious strokes which make O. Henry's tales so interesting. He goes down to the very heart of things and studies the actions of men and the promptings of their inmost feelings. Yancy Goree presents, stated briefly, a struggle between two natures; the one passionate, with power to love and hate, without controlling judgment; the other, impulsive, generous, and capable of sacrifice.

Tragedy enters also into "The Roads We Take." Shark Dodson, the typical Wall Street broker, falls asleep in his office and dreams. In his dream he is one of three hold-up men. One of his companions has been shot and killed, another, whose horse has fallen, sits before Dodson on the ground. "You don't know how bad I feel about that sorrel of your's breakin'

his leg, Bob," Dodson says, the expression on his face "changing in an instant to one of cold ferocity mingled with inexorable cupidity." His deadly forty-five cracks and his pardner in crime falls forward. "Bolivar," Dodson continues, "can not carry double." The broker's feet strike the floor and he awakes. A competitor who had previously befriended him, waits in the outer office seeking aid. "He's an old friend of yours, Mr. Dodson," he hears the clerk saying. "Thought you might not remember that he sold you the stock at ninety-eight. If he settles at the market price it will take every cent he has and his home to deliver the shares." The expression on Dodson's face "changes in an instant to one of cold ferocity mingled with inexorable cupidity." "He will settle at one eighty-five. Bolivar can not carry double." O. Henry here presents to us the moral depravity, the "spiritual disintegration" of a man. We meet Dodson as, we suppose, a fearless, generous robber. Afterwards, fresh from his dream of murder, we discover his generosity to be a sham. Dodson is seen as his own worst enemy, his faults presented vividly and strongly.

Having regarded as tragic that which is "an imitation of an action that is serious," we shall pass to our second division—comedy. It has been said that "nothing in the province of literary forms is so baffling as comedy." The source of comic effect may be stated as the contrast between expectation and fulfillment. In comedy the action falls favoring the hero, whereas in tragedy the falling action brings about his overthrow. The vast majority of O. Henry's stories are filled with optimism and humor, consequently, the tragic element is seldom perceived, the comic element predominating. "The Man from Nome," "Nemesis and the Candy Man," "Girl," "The Badge of Policeman O'Roon," "Something that Might Have Been," "Little Speck in Garnered Fruit," "One Thousand Dollars," "Transformation of Martin Burney," "The Gentle Grafter," "Tales of the Four Millicen," "A Sacrifice Hit," "Supply and Demand," and "Thimble, Thimble," abound in the comic element. The highest proof of the dramatic value of O. Henry's works is found in the dramatizing of "A Retrieved Reformation," better known as "Alias Jimmy Valentine." Jimmy Valentine, recently pardoned from the penitentiary, begins anew his safe-cracking

business. Ben Price, who first arrested Jimmy, takes up the clue and begins a long man-hunt. After several burglaries Jimmie goes to Elmore, Arkansas. There he sees Miss Annabel Adams, falls in love with her and reforms. He becomes a successful shoe merchant and manages to win her love. He plans to send his prized kit of tools to an old pal. Mr. Adams, father of Annabel and president of the Elmore Bank, has lately installed a new safe. The Adams family and Jimmy go to see it. On the way to the bank Jimmy stops to get the suitcase containing his tools which he is going to turn over to his friend—forever. The workings of the safe are explained to Jimmy, now known as Ralph Spencer, who shows a courteous but not too intelligent interest. Two grandchildren of the president seem delighted by the shining metal and funny clock and knobs. Suddenly there is a scream and a commotion. May, nine years old, has shut her little sister in the vault, shot the bolts, and turned the knob of the combination. "There isn't a man nearer than Little Rock who can open that door," wails Mr. Adams. "My God, Spencer, what shall we do?" Annabel turns to Jimmy, not despairing, for nothing ever seems quite impossible to the powers of the man a woman worships. "Can't you do something, Ralph—try, won't you?" He looks at her with a queer, soft smile on his lips and in his eyes. "Annabel," he says, with apparent irrelevance, "give me that rose you are wearing, will you?" Receiving the flower Jimmy stuffs it into his pocket, throws off his coat and pulls up his shirt-sleeves. Ralph Spencer has disappeared and the old Jimmy Valentine, cool alert, and capable, stands in his stead. He places his suitcase on the table and opens it out flat. Swiftly and orderly he sets out his instruments. In a minute his pet drill is boring smoothly into the steel door. In ten minutes he throws back the bolts, opens the door, and Agatha is safe. Jimmy puts on his coat and walks outside the railing and toward the front door. As he goes he thinks he hears a far-away voice that he once knew call "Ralph," but he never hesitates. At the door a big man who had quietly entered stands somewhat in his way. "Hello, Ben! Got around at last, have you? Well, let's go. I don't know that it makes much difference now." And then Ben Price, famous detective, acts rather strangely. "Guess you're mistaken, Mr. Spencer. Don't

believe I recognize you. You're buggy's waiting for you, ain't it?" And Ben Price turns and strolls down the street. In Jimmy we have the spectacle of a man who is placed in a position where he must choose immediately between two courses—let Agatha die and win Annabel, or save Agatha, lose Annabel and all that his reformation achieved for him. Whichever course he chooses must entail pain. He chooses, and bears the retribution which his act necessarily involved.

We see O. Henry's characters as vividly as if they were in the flesh. All of his characters "Walk abroad, and the sun shines upon them; the heat of midday warms them and the breezes of night chill them; they respond to every phase of emotion; their hearts beat under the thrill of love; their blood surges with hate." They are real, virile, human beings, and having devised his situations, O. Henry only needs to set down what they do and say. O. Henry cultivated his power of observation. His occupation was to study the faces of people and watch their actions. He met all classes, and members of every class form his story characters. This "Yankee Maupassant" had the swiftness and point of the anecdote, as had Maupassant, but he had a sense of humor entirely foreign to the Frenchman. He followed no set rules in his story telling, employing just enough art to keep alive the reader's interest for the "laugh or the gasp to which everything else leads up." Every story is real and human, exposing many rough places in the social fabric, yet ever presenting a quaint glimpse of good and happiness and fun. He wove his characters lightly yet forcibly; he portrayed familiar and faithful scenes of common life, yet he ever dealt with life and character sincerely and tenderly. His charm as a short-story dramatist is dependent upon his presentation of the romance of the human heart and the common life, leavened with the humor of the unexpected and a kindly tolerance for all those traits that go to make us neither more nor less than human.

Regardless of O. Henry's character as a man he was a teller of tales to whom every lover of literature could not but listen eagerly. He was able to find romance not in external trappings and picturesque costumes, but deep down in the very soul of man. Besides this power of entering into the recesses of the human heart, he had not only a vigorous imagination,

not only great ingenuity in inventing incident, not only the gift of the story-telling faculty to a high degree, but also a keen perception of the dramatic. He has been called "More American than Poe, more American even than Bret Harte." Swiftly he has made his way upward in the hearts of a constantly growing following till he has become the most widely read short-story writer of his time. "The well-known inimitable style, the cutting wit, the whimsicality, the wonderful control over the element of surprise, the keen characterization and above all the infinite love for, and understanding of humanity in all its complex modes and phases," are the things that will make O. Henry read in company with De Maupassant and Kipling long after other present-day fiction writers have been forgotten.

Varsity Verse.

THE TRAITOR.

"Hail," and the snowflake's lips the sunbeam kissed
Followed by many a ray,
Who bound the spotless one in cords of mist
And carried him away.

S. T. D.

DEATH OF THE LEAVES.

The clouds cling low in their sombre gown,
The raindrops sadly patter down,
And the winds in the tree-tops mournfully cry
Q'er the graves where the dead leaves lie.

H. V. L.

MARTYRDOM.

An hundred lives have I to give
While I for Truth may die;
For dying often still I live,
And live but for to die.

W. L. C.

SUMMER.

An Agar with her sweet bloom doomed to go
Into the amber depths of Bersabee,
For Winter has conceived the child of snow,
Henceforth the heir to be.

R. S. M.

THE MINIM'S LAMENT.

The Sister thinks that soap's about
The best thing ever made
Because it makes my hands and face
A little brighter shade.

She's got old suds on everything
So 't isn't no surprise
That when she takes to washing me
She gets them in my eyes.

I don't care much for smoke and dust
I'm not a friend of dirt,
But they beat soap by forty ways
Because they never hurt.

They never get inside your mouth
And make your tongue all sour,
They never creep inside your eyes
And burn 'em by the hour.

I'm half afraid to go up stairs
If I am black with soot,
For it's 'most certain I'll be grabbed
And soaped from head to foot.

I'll never have to scrub myself
When I'm a man, I hope,
But if I do, I'm mighty sure
I'll not use any soap.

R. S.

MORNING.

The little stars shrink back in fear,
That have so lately smiled,
As the white sun draws forth his spear
To slay the moon, his Child.

Billy Flew.

WILLIAM GALVIN, '14.

All engineers go the same way. They're paid for the risk they take, and as a principle of corporation ethics, you have it from me, they take the risks they are paid for. Some of them may appear to have charmed lives, but a day comes when they forget to wear the charm, and then— But let us come down from general principles to concrete cases.

Before going further, however, I want to say that there are engineers and engineers. Just like there are so-called bulldogs that won't fight and so-called "niggers" who won't steal chicken, so I have known men who drew monthly pay-cheques from the company for piloting trains who weren't engineers. In a pinch they'd jump their cabs. When I speak of engineers, of course, I mean real engineers.

Billy Flew filled all the plans and specifications of a true engineer. It's immaterial how he looked, but if you must know, he would have

made a good advertisement for either a watch company or an overall factory. For a long time he had a rabbit-foot hanging somewhere to his life, which threatened to defeat our major premise—namely: all engineers go the same way. He first worked his rabbit-foot when he took a cattle train into Onion Creek during the spring floods when the tressle gave way under the weight of his drag. Every other man on the train was lost, but Billy came out of the creek without a scar. That was away back in the early seventies when he was trying to raise his first mustache.

After that Flew's life was a kaleidoscopic panorama of split switch and spread rail accidents, wash out and burnt bridge disasters, with a sprinkling here and there of head-on and tail-end collisions. But Billy was always in the clear. A sleepy flagman, a careless brakeman, a lap train order, or a convenient something or other was always found at the source of the trouble. Never Billy. He came out of every investigation with fresh laurels until he was given the 425 on the Canon Ball. The Canon Ball was the fastest train on the road—or in the Southwest for that matter. He grew grey in the service and became the landmark of the Southern Division. The old 425—a jack rabbit in her day—gave way in time to the more modern 1296, a big tri-compound Mallet, that we called a greyhound. The Canon Ball continued the fastest thing on our stretch of the prairie. It is today.

Billy had long passed the pension age, but like a true devotee, he loved his work; he loved his run; he loved the 1296—and pay-day. He refused to step down.

But to leave history for logical proof—the day came when Billy forgot to wear his charm.

The Canon Ball had a drag of fourteen coaches, mostly Pullmans, and everyone was loaded to its utmost with Christmas home-goers. The Northern Division delivered the train to us two hours late. Flew's orders were to make up as much time as he could, and considering his heavy train, he was doing the division in record time. The 1296 responded to Billy's occasional, "That's a good girl," as if it were human and understood her master perfectly. She was steaming like an Iceland geyser. Mount Binnell and the Brazos Brakes were taken without slackening speed enough to notice, and the rest of the run looked easy. But when the Canon Ball had just started to

round the long reverse curve in Bosque Woods Billy Flew heard a yell from his fireman.

"Forty-six's ahead," shouted Billy's cab-mate around the end of the enormous boiler, but the pounding of the heavy drivers drowned his words. The next instant the fireman swung down from the cab and dropped to the ground.

Billy was on the outside of the curve and could not see the track ahead, but the fireman's action was as clear as sunlight to the old engineer. He jammed on the air and threw off the throttle, but the air failed to set. It worked partially; the momentum of his heavy train was somewhat checked, but not enough to avert disaster. Flew fought his air lever; he jammed it; he threw his body and soul against it—but like all the inventions of man, it worked worst when it was needed most.

Through the front window of the cab the Fruit Express, Number 46, could be seen—and heard—drivers grinding, brakes screeching, but forced onward to its doom by the terrific momentum of its heavy string of cars.

Billy had done his work; he had killed the power and tried to set the air—but I knew Billy too well and respect his memory too much to even hint that he might have left the cab.

On, on, sped the Canon Ball. On, on, came grinding the 46. Scarcely a hundred yards now separated the fated trains. Billy, as cool as a norther, sat at his throttle.

Then, in a husky voice, he whispered to the 1296, "Do it old girl," as he opened wide his steam. The mighty engine responded like a hair trigger; she lunged forward like the bullet from the muzzle of a gun.

Just as Billy had planned, the sudden jerk pulled the draw bar out of the first coach; the air hose snapped—at last the brakes on his coaches were set.

Billy on the 1296 flew forward to meet the onrushing freight train. With a deafening roar the engines came together. There was a snapping of iron bars, a hissing of steam, a splintering of wood as the first cars of Number 46 reared like a wounded antelope and toppled slowly down upon the heavy wreckage of the engines.

Of course you see Billy's idea now. He couldn't get the brakes to set from the cab, so he kicked loose from his train, breaking the air hose which automatically set the brakes. At the same time he sped ahead to take the impact

of the freight train; to pile it in the ditch before it could plough into his passengers. How he succeeded you have heard.

Both the engineer (so-called) and the fireman on the Fruit Express had left their cab. Billy alone was under the wreckage.

Did I intimate that Billy had forgotten to wear his charm? That was a mistake, for when a search was made he was found in a corner of the twisted and battered steel cab of his beloved 1296. He had been a good master, and now she was shielding him as if he were a chick and she the mother hen. He was bruised and crushed, to be sure, but not greatly the worse for wear.

"Was my train saved?" was his first anxious question, and after he was assured that no one was seriously hurt, he wondered how it all happened. We told him the truth—Robinson of Number 46 had misread orders. That satisfied him, and he closed his eyes content.

Billy had so long ago used up the fabled lives of a cat that we conceded him the lives of a litter of kittens. His escape had been miraculous, but it caused little wonder to us who knew him. We expected it. Even I, who held my theory, did not marvel; I had him marked "the exception that's the provin' of the rule."

We placed him on a stretcher and sent him back to Temple on the relief train—his bruises though not dangerous needed medical attention.

As the boys were lifting him out of the coach at Temple, a switch-engine crept silently down the next track. One-tenth of the splendid courage Billy had displayed only a few hours before would have saved him. But panic seized the men who were carrying the stretcher and they dropped him.

We who saw were too far away to help; too horrified to cry out. There was scarcely a sound except the clicking of the joints under the engine wheels. The fall awakened Billy and he opened his eyes. The bright glint in them showed that the trained engineer comprehended the situation. He tried to move, but the moment given him was too short. The drivers of the iron monster caught him and we heard the sickening crunching of bones. The light in the peerless old engineer's eyes softened as if he were smiling forgiveness to the world, and without a cry he followed his brothers into the service of the Never-Ending Terminal-Overtime Company.

The Sunflower.

"Were not the ten made strong?" the evening said,
Yet only this true one,
As if in gratitude, bows low its head
Toward the departing sun.

P. D. Q.

The Valley of the Voice.

MORRISON CONWAY, '14.

Patiently they worked over the big hot fire. It was something about which they knew little—this barbecue idea—but all were willing to help or suggest. Two huge deer had been "bagged" up on the mountain the day before, and two score of pleasure-seeking campers had immediately decided upon the evening for an old-fashioned barbecue, after the manner of the Indians.

The younger men took active part, while the others joined the circle of women that grouped about. Among this younger set, a pale, thin young man, with hair parted in the middle seemed to direct the work.

"I have it, fellows," he cried, giving the fire a final poke, "we can add a real flavor to this affair. I know an Indian, Chief Wamish, down at the Salmon Hatcheries. He is a very interesting old warrior and perhaps I can get him to help."

The general chorus of approval that met this suggestion sent the young man hastily away to the Hatcheries, a half mile below on the mountain stream.

Secluded in this retreat of the Oregon woods, the aristocrats gathered and became children again. Social straight-jackets were cast off—formality forgotten. You chatted with whom you met; introductions were obsolete; questions were not asked. Even the Indians, who came over from the Warm Springs Reservation, seemed to enjoy this freedom. It was a common sight to see them passing through the different camps selling berries or salmon, but they were the ordinary Wasco type—not over-intelligent or over-clean.

But when the pale, thin young man, with hair parted in the middle, returned, he brought with him an Indian, the like of which, all at once agreed, they had never seen before. With blanket thrown loosely about his shoulders,

he moved through the group to the fire, a veritable giant in stature. In a few brief words in good English, he directed the roasting. A log was rolled closer to the fire for him and seated he continued the rôle of *chef*, utterly oblivious of the whispering crowd about. As the firelight fell upon him, they noted with ever-increasing interest the thick, long hair—coal-black—that fell over his shoulders; the bold, chiseled features; the commanding forehead. Even the deep gash on the right cheek but added to the general appearance, and they decided that here indeed was a Cooper ideal.

With difficulty they restrained their curiosity until the venison had been served. Then pulling the young man aside, they stormed him with questions. They were sure that this Indian had many interesting stories—he would at least tell of the war in which he had received the scar on his cheek? The young man shook his head dubiously.

"I have heard him tell how he received that scar; but the story is rather sacred with him. I am afraid—"

"Oh rats!" echoed a corpulent gentleman at his elbow, pulling a roll of greenbacks from his pocket. "I've never seen the Indian that this wouldn't move. Let me—"

"Please don't," pleaded the young man. "I tell you he's not that kind. You would spoil everything. There's just one chance—and I'll try. And tonight, if ever," he added mysteriously, as he moved over to the Indian.

In an undertone he spoke to the old chief, but the latter might have been made of stone, for he moved not a muscle, spoke no word, only gazed gloomily into the fire. But the youth persisted, and finally the Indian gave him a short inaudible answer, whereupon the younger straightened up and addressed the Indian in a louder voice.

"But, Wamish, look up above the trees. See, tonight the moon is full."

Slowly, distinctly the last words were spoken. The effect was electrical. The old Indian caught his breath sharply, half arose to his feet, gazed a moment at the round moon, then sank back on the log. His face wore a haggard, frightened expression. Casting another fearful glance above the trees, he nodded assent to the young man, who at once withdrew to the crowd, leaving the old warrior in the centre of the group. An expectant silence followed. Without raising his eyes

from the fire, and speaking as though he addressed it, the Indian began in excellent English, save for an occasional bit of Chinook jargon.

"I am of the tribe of the Shoshones. In the past my fathers were chiefs—I was a chief. Those were in the days when we hunted over the plains the buffalo, and I was master of my people and my wigwam. Yes, my wigwam and my Noowanda—flower of the prairies.

"Then came long lines of white faces through our country. Some we fought and killed and took their horses. Others passed on and we did not shoot an arrow. One day my Noowanda found a sick white-face near my teepee. He drank *cultus* (bad) water and was sick almost to death. Noowanda brought him good tea and I gave him my wigwam. He grew strong again. For a long time he stayed with my people and we liked him.

"One day I came back from a week of hunt in the Buffalo lands. My wigwam was empty. No *muck-a-muck* (food), no fire, paleface gone, my Noowanda gone. Like a fire was my head. I swore to the great spirit that never would I rest until his blood was on my *pondo* (knife). For long I followed them—followed the sunset. Friendly tribes helped me. I found that they were but two suns before me. Through the land of the Spokanes I went. One time I found their fire, the ashes not yet cold. Later a blanket I had given my Noowanda I found in the chaparral. Where the Snake meets the Wauna (Columbia), I fell with the fever. It was many moons before I could rise. Slowly I pushed on down the big river. Through the land of the Cayuses and Klickitats, like a coyote, I stole, but of them I found no sign. At last from the Yakimas I learned that the squawman lived with the Wascoes, near the White Mountain. Again the fire of my revenge blazed, and I crossed the Tumwater—and came over here to the Wascoes. It was in the berry-picking time. For days I hunted through the berry patches but found them not.

"One night as I lay down to rest wearied from the day's search, out of the silence of the night came a voice. I sprang to my feet. Did I dream? Or was it my Noowanda? I listened. Again I heard it. Yes, it was she—I knew the song she sang. It was the song she had sung for me at evening by the fire. I crept toward her. Not many yards and I came upon the fire. They were camped

near the edge of a rocky cliff—their fire was low. In the clear light of the round moon I saw her standing—saw him there. Blindly I threw myself upon him. My head was wild; I could not see—but my *pondo* was true, and soon he sank to the ground and did not move. He struck me but once—here on the cheek. The Great Spirit had given me revenge at last—and Noowanda was mine again. She stood on the edge of the cliff, trembling like a leaf when the first snow comes. 'Noowanda,' I called. She took a step toward me, faltered a moment, then sank to the ground. I rushed to her, but before I reached her, she slipped, pitched forward uncertainly—then toppled down headlong."

The old Indian paused as one exhausted from great effort. For the first time he lifted his eyes from the fire and pointed over the tree tops to the mountain beyond.

"There are the cliffs yonder. There my Noowanda fell. The Wascoes call this the 'Valley of the Voice,' for sometimes when the moon is full, like tonight, she comes back from the *mimaluse* (dead) to sing. It is the song which last she sang—that song of the prairie. It is calling me back to my *illalhee* (home) over the mountains to the land of the Shoshones. It will haunt me till I return; but I am old and broken and my wigwam is empty. How can I return? But on each night, when the moon is full, I hear her calling me, and I can not follow."

A deathlike stillness fell upon the crowd as the Indian again paused. He sat with gloomy eyes still staring into the fire. Of a sudden he sat erect in the attitude of one listening attentively.

"I hear her!" he cried, "I hear my Noowanda."

All listened but heard nothing save the crackling of the fire. Then from far, far off—so far that it seemed but the suggestion of a whisper—arose a voice. Softly it floated in on the night breeze that moved in the trees. The notes were clear and high. Nearer and nearer it seemed to come, the voice gaining in volume, though the words were indistinct. It was undoubtedly the voice of a maiden, rich in quality, yet with a certain sadness of expression. Closer it came, until they half expected to see the ghost-like singer. The old Indian who at the first sound had buried his head in his hands now arose unsteadily to his feet. He

raised his arms toward the mountain.

"Noowanda! Noowanda! I am coming," and before any could interfere, he rushed away into the night in the direction from which the voice seemed to come. But now the voice rapidly grew weaker until it faded away in the distance, finally ending in a shrill shriek.

The deathlike silence that followed was broken at length by the pale young man pushing through the group and picking up the blanket the Indian had forgotten in his sudden flight. This brought the crowd back to their senses and again the young man was the centre of a curious group.

"No," he said, in answer to one of the many questions put to him, "he will not return. An Indian hates a show of the emotions, and it moved him tonight as never before. I can't explain it—the voice—but I know that often when the moon is full, it is heard up and down this valley. The Wascoes say it must be so, until he returns to his own land. But the poor old fellow practically lives on the charity of the Wascoes, though he still carries himself with the dignity of a chieftain."

This simple yet tragic tale of the old Indian had found the true hearts of these sympathetic Westerners. Yes, their heart and their purse, for a hat was rapidly passed around and silver, gold, greenbacks, and even jewelry from some of the women poured in until there was enough to pay the Indian's way home a score of times. The objections of the youth, that the Indian would not take it, only helped to increase their enthusiasm. So they sent him away, blanket and money, to the Indian camp with orders not to return until he had persuaded the proud old chief to accept the purse.

Before the full moon was many degrees to the west in its course, two figures were walking hastily over a mountain trail. They stopped at a little creek, and the older of the two set down a little bundle while he scrubbed his face with vigor. As he looked up the moon revealed a deep gash on his cheek.

"I may not be an 'honest Injun,' 'Skinney,'" he said, "but your voice was sure great tonight. Say, let's quit the 'boards.' Why, man, no ventriloquist ever made such a haul in a 'one night stand'!"

The one addressed, a pale, thin young man, with hair parted in the middle, jingled some coins in his pocket and laughed softly.

Notre Dame Scholastic

Entered as Second-Class Mail Matter

Published every Saturday during the School Term at the
University of Notre Dame

Terms: \$1.50 per Annum. Postpaid

Address: The Editor Notre Dame Scholastic
Notre Dame, Indiana

VOL. XLVII. OCTOBER 25, 1913. NO. 5

Board of Editors.

WILLIAM M. GALVIN, '14 MAURICE NORCKAUER, '14
WALTER CLEMENTS, '14 JOSEPH M. WALSH, '14
ARTHUR W. HAYES, '15 HUGH V. LACEY, '16
TIMOTHY GALVIN, '16.

—The chief work for next week of every Catholic student at the University will be the conscientious making of the mission. No other work is more important, and **The Mission.** no other business should occupy the time that is set apart for the various instructions. Students should remember that an annual mission of this kind is a privilege that is not given to all college men, and should go into it with the right spirit if they would reap the full harvest it affords. To grit one's teeth and say "I can stand anything for a week" is the spirit that tends to make people worse after the mission than they were before it. It might, in fact, be better for those who attend without a serious purpose or a determined end to stay away altogether, for they are losing time for themselves and are, in most cases, a distraction to others. The preacher will, indeed, do his part; his instructions will be solid and practical, but unless each student gives some serious thought to the subjects suggested in the conferences he will not profit as he should from the sermons. There is not one of us who is not in need of the mission, and for anyone to go through it in a half-hearted way is wilfully to reject grace. No one can make the mission for us; each one must do it individually, and each one will have to answer for himself if he fails to use the opportunities given him to become a stronger and better man.

—It was observed during the game last Saturday that a freshman of football aspirations

cavorted along the sidelines displaying a regular Varsity monogram. This is What a Mono- not an offense against the gram Means. Decalogue. of course, but it is contrary to a well-established regulation. The value of any symbol depends upon the respect in which it is held. If athletes are spoken of as "winning" monograms, then manifestly those who do not "win" them should not be allowed to assume the honor. A monogram in itself has no very high intrinsic value. As a symbol, as something setting the wearer apart for high athletic achievement for the glory of his school, it is a signal honor. Whoever wears the symbol, then, wears it not for itself, but for what it stands. As the young man who carries it without having been properly accredited to do so is posing for what he is not, is assuming a glory of which he has not proved himself worthy. The freshman in question probably meant no harm, but if the right of the monogram is not watchfully guarded many an ambitious youth will pose on our campus as a Varsity man who in reality is subbing for the Walsh Hall "Chicks."

—Last Saturday afternoon two minutes after the football game started, the mercury dropped about one hundred degrees and the effect on our rooters **The Time to Root.** caused by the sudden change was very noticeable. No wonder that the few quick happenings completely took our breath away and that we found it hard to make more noise than a certain Mr. Smith who inhabited these parts some time ago. But we should all remember that the time the team needs cheering to encourage them, is when their opponents are getting down toward their goal or even after they have crossed it. Anyone can cheer and shout when our team is smashing through the visitors' line—it's very difficult to keep from cheering and throwing our hats in the air. But that is not the time cheering counts. The team receives enough encouragement from the work they are doing at such times, to dispense with some of our rooting. The one time, however, they can not dispense with it is when they are losing. Last Saturday it was only for a few minutes. The cheer leaders waved and shouted, but no response came. Let it not be for a second the next time.

This Year's Mission.

The annual mission to the students of the University, which will open on Monday, Oct. 27, will be conducted this year by the Rev. James French, C. S. C., who was for many years connected with the University in the capacity of Vice-President and Prefect of Studies. No one, perhaps, is better fitted to preach a retreat to college students than Father French. Not only is he a forcible and pleasing speaker but he has spent the greater part of his life instructing and training college men and he has



REV. JAMES FRENCH, C. S. C.
Who will conduct Students' Mission.

had an opportunity of studying the student in all his activities. He has been superior of several houses at Notre Dame as well as President of St. Joseph's College in Cincinnati. Where the college man most often goes wrong; what temptations continually beset him; what props and safeguards he must make use of at every turn—these are all known to him as to few other missionaries on account of his long experience.

Somewhat more than a year ago Father French was transferred from the Seminary, where he had been superior for six years, to

take charge of the Holy Cross Missionary Band which was at that time just in its infancy. Through his untiring zeal and constant training that apostolic work has progressed until the Holy Cross Mission Band is becoming known and sought for throughout the West. We are, indeed, fortunate in having Father French for this year's mission, and we can be assured that if we do our part the mission will be a great success.

Newman on Paris.

To the average stay-at-home, the statement that Paris is the hub of the universe, is to be catalogued along with other classic examples of Celtic proneness to effusive enthusiasm. Mr. Newman's lecture on the great French metropolis, delivered in Washington Hall Wednesday evening, convinced many of the skeptical, however, that if not the nave of cosmic creation, Paris is at least one of the most wonderful cities of the old world. Like the subject of the preceding lecture, Paris has been identified for centuries with historical events that have influenced the whole order of European activities. The home of generations of great men, Paris is remarkable for the number and multifariousness of its monuments, palaces and cathedrals.

The Louvre, within whose walls is contained the greatest art collection of the world, the magnificent cathedral of Notre Dame, Versailles, palace of kings, and the tomb and monuments of Napoleon the great—these were but a few of the wonders that were illustrated and described. The beautiful parks and scenes along the Seine were charmingly depicted in colored motion pictures. A remarkable film, a panoramic view of Paris, was obtained from a French military dirigible while sailing over the city. Of equal interest were the cavalry manoeuvres and a "close up" view of Alphonso, King of Spain.

The Latin quarter, the elaborately gowned "mannikins" of the fashionable districts, and the always thronged Champs Elysées, were other interesting features of this very entertaining travel talk. Mr. Newman figuratively and literally "covered the ground" thoroughly from the celebrated Arc de Triomphe to the notorious Dead Rat. It was up to the usual standard, and the remainder of the series will be awaited with pleasure.

Personals:

—Ralph S. Feig (LL. B. '07) is a candidate for Municipal Judge on the independent non-partisan ticket, Mishawaka, Indiana.

—Mr. Frank T. Mooney (Student of Carroll Hall '95-'98) visited old friends in the University during the past week. His address is 1468 West 48th Street, Cleveland, Ohio.

—Lieutenant-Governor William P. O'Neill, '06, and ex-Senator Robert Proctor, '04, showed their Notre Dame spirit by their presence at last Saturday's affair with South Dakota.

—The genial "Jim"—or "Judge"—Nolan, is now a practising attorney in his home city of Indianapolis. Classmates of '12 and all the "old boys" wish "Jim" much success.

—The construction of large public works in the city of Havana, Cuba, is under the direction of Mr. Nicholas Gamboa. "Nick" is the McCue Medalist of 1911, and is making good in professional work.

—Old friends of "Tom" Dietrich received a pleasant call from him during the week. "Tom" found time enough from his real estate business in Toledo, Ohio, to enjoy a few days at the University and tell of his success in commercial life.

—The parents of the bride-to-be announce the engagement of Francis H. McKeever and Miss Grace K. Gallagher of Chicago. Mr. McKeever is a member of the class of '04, and the head of the Notre Dame Club of Chicago. Best wishes.

—Wednesday morning, "Tom" Ford of Dayton, Ohio, was on the campus recalling the days of '11. "Tom" was on his way home from Chicago after transacting business relative to his legal practice in Dayton. He says the good things are coming his way all the time.

—In connection with the present football season, it is pleasing to note the number of former Notre Dame stars who have been engaged in whipping winning Varsity elevens into shape. "Red" Miller at Creighton; Luke Kelley with Christian Brothers College; "Bob" Matthews at Kenyon; and "Red" Kelley at St. Viators, all members of the '09 Champions, are but a few whose names appear in the official handbook of the game:

—One of the most notable elections of recent

years in Illinois was the selection of the Hon. Charles C. Craig of Galesburg as Judge of the Supreme Court of that great state. Judge Craig is a Democrat. He was a student of the University in the early 80's, and is well remembered by the ancients, though his stay at the University was shorter than that of his brother George, whose promising career was cut short by an early death.

—Just a few of the Alumni and "old boys" who were observed displaying their loyalty to Alma Mater at the Dakota game on last Saturday: "Bill" Draper, "Bob" Shenk, '11, and Hugh Daily, '12, of Chicago; "Bill" Dinnen, '02, and brother, George, of Ft. Wayne; "Ed" Weeks of Detroit; Leo Welch, Indianapolis; "Bill" McInerney, '01, "Charlie" Niez, '06, Frank O'Brien, '02, and George O'Brien of South Bend.

—The celebration of Columbus Day in Fort Wayne brought a galaxy of brilliant Notre Dame men together. The Hon. Timothy S. Hogan, the chief speaker of the evening, is a favorite nephew, if not actually a son of Notre Dame; and Dr. Schumacher was the chief speaker in the religious celebration in the morning. Another honored and devoted alumnus, Mr. Charles M. Niezer, State Deputy of the Knights of Columbus, delivered an address which aroused much favorable comment.

—Sophus F. Neble (LL. B. '09) has resigned his position as Deputy County Attorney at Omaha, Nebraska, turned his face austere away from the law for the present, and associated himself with the Janss Investment Company, Real Estate Subdividers, 611-613 South Hill Street, Los Angeles, California. Sophus and Los Angeles are an irresistible combination. The SCHOLASTIC hereby announces its determination to spend all its net earnings in Los Angeles properties through the Janss Investment Company.

—Notre Dame engineering training is brought to the fore by the recent promotion of Fabian Johnson (E. E. '12) to be Assistant to the Chief Engineer of the Hydraulic Construction Company of Maine. Mr. Johnson's advancement, together with the presentation to him of a gold medal, comes as a direct result of ability displayed in work on the construction of the Keokuk (Iowa) Hydro-electric Plant at which he has been employed since graduation. We congratulate Fabian on his marked success.

Local News.

—Examinations are less than a month away. It will be better to think about them now than on November 16. Cheer up!

—Father Quinlan's Sorin "Varsity" and Fenesy's "Goops" worked out in the gym Monday evening. Sorin's teams look good.

—The progress in military drill has been swifter this year than ever before. The cadets are as efficient in the squad movements as they were on President's Day last year. Capt. Stogsdall announces that work on the manual of arms will begin next week. This phase of military is very interesting, and its perfection will be worth all the attention and time that will be required to master it.

—A meeting of the Notre Dame Rifle Association was held on Wednesday evening. The officers are experiencing some trouble in financing the association, but it is thought that this difficulty can be remedied if all members will pay their dues promptly. New members will be welcomed at any time. Capt. Stogsdall gave a very interesting talk at the meeting explaining the mechanism of the rifle and the proper method of sighting.

—Brother Alphonsus, in co-operation with Prof. Worden and Mr. Brower of Sorin, is going to make a collection of all the species of local birds for the scientific department of the University. The collection, which, when completed, will contain at least 150 species, will probably be the only one of its kind in St. Joseph County. This collection will offer material for some valuable study and should prove an attractive and interesting addition to our extensive scientific collection.

—The Journalism course, which was established last year, is proving a wonderful success. The increased enrollment this year puts an end to all doubt as to the permanency and popularity of this addition to our curriculum. About forty students are now taking the course, and the new typewriters in the Journalism room are constantly at work. The youthful scribes are handling all the newspaper correspondence from Notre Dame from reports of the "yearling" scrimmages to heralding the "Passing of Rockefeller hall." It is understood that the Pam Club will soon be reorganized.

—Through the efforts of Father Quinlan and an energetic committee composed of Jack

Ward, Joe Gargen, and James Curry, an enjoyable social was given in the Sorin "rec" room a short time ago. Practically all of the residents of Sorin and several guests from the other halls were in attendance, and all were heartily pleased with the program and the "eats." Mr. Gargen was in charge of the entertainment, and his efforts resulted in several pleasant surprises. Professor Sauter's piano solo and a vocal solo by Mr. Perrot were heartily encored. The sensation of the evening, however, was a "Barking Solo" by Mr. Sholem, accompanied by Simon Rudolph. Mr. Sholem displayed his ability to successfully imitate any member of the canine family. His imitations of the gruff roar of the Newfoundland dog and the plaintive wail of the Missouri "hound-dog" were so realistic that some one suggested a muzzle. Sorin is fortunate in possessing some exceptional talent this year, and the social events in that hall should be unusually successful.

Athletic Notes.

WE WIN FROM SOUTH DAKOTA.

Some "Coyotes" paid us a visit last Saturday. Excuse us while we pause to remark that the man who named them showed about as much judgment as the one who names Pullman sleepers or apartment houses. They're not coyotes; they're bears. Yes, and buffalos. They combine the fight and scrap of all that tribe of wild and woolley animals that used to roam the Dakota prairies, and they gave us as fine an exhibition of football on Cartier Field last Saturday afternoon as has been seen here since the days when we used to beat Indiana on the home grounds.

The gold and blue triumphed all right, but those miscalled "coyotes," besides giving our fellows a hard game, gave us the most hair-stiffening, heart-in-our-shoes scare we ever had.

The performance was one of those grand "come-backs" which have always characterized Notre Dame teams and which have made the gold and blue illustrious. The first play of the game resulted in the disabling of the mainstay of our line, and the hearts of the team sank as surely as did the hearts of the throng of supporters and admirers on the sidelines. South Dakota had got the first punch in and Notre Dame was stunned. Before the haze

cleared the visitors had pierced our line for a touchdown—this in the first minute of play. Immediately our trusty representatives braced; held their own for the rest of the first quarter; began to advance in the second; and claimed a fee simple title in the third and fourth periods, making twenty points during these last divisions of play. So the game ended 20 to 7 against the "bear-coyotes."

Too much praise can not be given the visitors for the gameness they showed from the first to the last whistle. They succeeded in their rush in the first minutes of the game and when the superior strength of our backfield began to show they fought every inch of the way and never acknowledged defeat until their own private wire to Vermilion announced the final score of the game to the "Coyote" rooters back home.

The visitors' line was stronger than our own, particularly on the defensive. Time after time in the first half of the game our backs rushed in with the force of a wave of the sea only to meet an impregnable sea-wall in the Dakota line.

The second half of the game reads like a chapter from another story. Field-Marshal Dorais had tried his strength in vain to go through the fortress; he must needs go around it. The visitors had been playing their secondary defense up close to the line, leaving a fertile field for the forward pass—and Dorais used it. He was never better with his passes,—cool, swift, accurate—he never made a poor throw, and there were always a set of men ready to catch the ball so that the passes were not wasted. The backs and ends eluded cover and grabbed the ball from all conceivable angles. And when the game is summarized it may be said that the forward pass beat the visitors. Not entirely by itself, but the repeated success of this play made the Dakota secondary defense move out, which gave the line plungers a better opportunity, and the improved success of our straight football in the second half of the game bears testimony that our backs availed themselves of the opportunity.

Individual heroes are difficult to choose with justice, but the work of Dorais and Gushurst stood out as extra bright spots in the game. Besides generaling the team, ex-Capt. Dorais showed his master work in every department of the contest. His coolness in handling himself while passing when he had to dodge from two

to a half-dozen of the "Coyotes," his absolutely accurate and swift passing, his powerful punting, his open field running, and his scoring toe, all combined to put him in the running for all-Western quarterback. It is our honest opinion that he is the biggest bunch of football ever crowded into his avoirdupois. Then there was Gushurst! It looks like he has found a home on right end. We were taken back to interhall days when "Gus" used to play end for Corby hall, and the South Dakota team was nothing more to him than an interhall team. The way he spilled the visitors' interference, made tackles with his little finger nail through a forest of legs in red stockings, swung onto forward passes and played relief half-back, mark him a born end. Gus, by the way, is from South Dakota, and the boys from his home state were heard to let drop sundry mortified "cussings" mingled with words of admiration directed at their compatriot. Their state eleven is one thing South Dakota may be proud of, Gushurst is another *left tackle*.

"Deac" Jones was unfortunately disabled in the first play, which accident explains the seven end of the score, for the visitors not only recovered the ball within striking distance of the goal on the play, but the loss of the peerless tackle demoralized the team for the moment. The Deacon showed his style by returning to the game, and after his reappearance Brown, the 200-pound captain of South Dakota, found this world a busy one. Lathrop also distinguished himself in the contest by his defensive work, smashing through his opponents' line to break up plays with telling regularity.

Fitzgerald at left guard gave evidence of more speed than he ever showed before and made a number of pretty tackles. He also recovered a couple of fumbles which shows us that he not only has weight but that he follows the ball. Feeney played his first game this season, and, like the rest of the linemen, was better on the defense than offense. Cook and Keefe in the line gave evidence of clever work at times and of hard fight all through the times they played.

The backfield men were not given any opportunities for grandstand work; they were given a lot of trouble, though, by their opponents' breaking through the line, and hence they crossed swords with worthy mettle. Their superior temper showed in the end. Eichenlaub did not have an opening to display his speed more than a couple of times, for he was

generally tackled from behind before he could get under way; he found no holes awaiting him in the line, but just the same he delivered his five and three yards consistently and when they were most needed. Pliska was likewise there on the small gains through the line, making yardage when it seemed as if he had to push the whole of the opposing team together with a sprinkling of his own men to do so. In the substitute backs we saw good work from Finnegan and Duggan—both hitting hard with effect. "Dutch" Bergman and "Bunny" Larkin went into the game at the last minute, but were not able to get started before the referee's whistle cleared the field.

In Elward we had an exhibition of the supremacy of mind over matter. One hundred and forty-seven pounds attempting to stop a back protected by three interferers! Imagine it! And try wasn't the only thing he did, he succeeded. And the way he pulled down forward passes was a delight. Which reminds us that Nowers takes a front seat when it comes to the "grab-yakes-and-run" game. His brilliant catch and 40-yard sprint in the last minutes of play resulting in a touchdown had a great deal to do with the score's telling a true story of the game. 13 to 7 couldn't have expressed our superiority.

On the visiting team all were good. They tackled hard—and high, it may be added, but they never missed. The most damaging work was done by Potts, who played centre. He wasn't so big, but he was loud. He got through our line so often to tackle our backs before they got started that we soon came to expect it as a matter of course; began to think it was some sort of automatic action; and on defense he spoiled many a good play. Capt. Brown was another tower of strength in the Dakota line, while Ferguson did most of the actual gaining for the Westerners. The line-up:

SOUTH DAKOTA		NOTRE DAME	
Paulson, L. Brown	L. E.	Elward, Nowers	
Horner, Willy	L. T.	Jones, Cook	
Brooks	L. G.	Keefe, King	
Potts	C.	Feeney	
Horner, King	R. G.	Fitzgerald	
Brown (Capt.)	R. T.	Lathrop	
McCormick	R. E.	Gushurst	
Vidal, Willy	Q. B.	Dorais (acting Capt.)	
Coffey, Henley, Vidal	L. H. Berger, Larkin, Fin'gan		
Ferguson	R. H.	Pliska, Bergman	
Hengel	F. B.	Eichenlaub, Duggan	

Touchdowns—Ferguson, Eichenlaub, Nowers.
Goals from touchdowns—Vidal, Dorais (2). Goals

from field—Dorais (2). Time of quarters—15 min. Referee—Patterson (*Chicago Journal*); Steffen (*Chicago*) umpire; Messick (*Indiana*), head linesman.

Score by quarters:

South Dakota.....	7	0	0	0—7
Notre Dame	0	0	10	10—20

INTERHALL OPENING POSTPONED.

The opening game of the interhall season between St. Joseph and Sorin, which was scheduled for last Thursday, has been postponed indefinitely. The postponement is due to parental objections and lack of interest—reasons advanced by the St. Joseph haller. This is certainly not the old St. Joseph hall spirit. Brother Florian's boys have always shown never-say-die qualities and pluck against stronger teams, and we can not account for their present stand.

During the week the other halls have had daily scrimmage and signal drills. A friendly tilt was engaged in between Brownson and Sorin last Sunday to give the coaches a line on their material. Both teams showed up strong, Brownson winning 13 to 6. This, however, is no criterion since both sides used and Corby will get into real action tomorrow, and a hot fight may be expected.

GRIDIRON GOSSIP.

—Alma today.

—Darwin's Original football squad met Bar-num's Pets in a gridiron-warmer on Cartier field last Saturday before the big battle. Results—six dead; seventeen wounded.

—Nobody was seriously hurt.

—Capt. Rockne and "Plunging Bill" Kelleher were kept out of the game by injuries.

—In Capt. Rockne's absence, ex-Capt. Dorais assumed "Rock's" responsibilities in the Coyote-Varsity game.

—The one on-side kick of the game was made early in the first quarter by Dorais and was recovered by a coyote.

—"If we had played as good a game against Minnesota as we did against Notre Dame," said Capt. Brown of South Dakota in his speech after the game, "we would have reversed the score on them."

—The Coyote side of the result, as they told it in Vermilion, is learned from the Sioux City *Argos-Leader*:

Coach Henderson and his Coyotes are home from their defeat Saturday at the hands of Notre Dame University, 20 to 7. The boys, while not complaining of the result, their treatment, or officials, do feel that if the South Dakota line-up could have been kept

intact as it entered the game, the Catholics could never have crossed the South Dakota goal line, and that the game would have been different.

—We know Mid-Western critics too well to hope for the Western Championship this year, but the soundness of the following article from the pen of Lambert G. Sullivan in the *Chicago Evening News* must appeal to every fair-minded follower of the game in the West:

Surprise crowded upon the heels of surprise on western football fields Saturday afternoon (last), and as a result the championship situation presents its strangest aspect in years. Failure of Wisconsin to beat Purdue was the least unexpected of the results. Defeat for Minnesota at the hands of Nebraska, 0 to 7, and for Michigan at the hands of the Aggies, 7 to 12, were the principal surprises, but scarcely a contest was played which did not show something of the nature.

As a result of the contests only four major teams of the west have a chance to win an unclouded title. Of the four—Chicago, Notre Dame, Nebraska and Illinois—only three can be reckoned with seriously, for Illinois has given no indications of championship class. The situation narrows down to Chicago, Notre Dame and Nebraska, with the last named pair the better equipped for the struggle.

Notre Dame's 20 to 7 victory over South Dakota shows the South Benders have another great team. Although the score was not impressive, the fact that Notre Dame put a crippled team on the field accounts for the narrow margin. South Dakota took the South Benders by surprise, but after the first score Notre Dame held like a stone wall.

Safety Valve.

Carroll Haller (looking at the popcorn man on Cartier field)—Gee! but George Hanlon has changed since last year.

Visitor—Is that what they call a college yell or a rough-house?

Inhabitant of Main Building—No. That's Brownson hall quietly taking a smoke before going to bed.

"Money talks" when it's going, but it speaks *broken* English.

Silence raised to the *n*th—The Carroll Hallers going to bed at 8:30.

Then, too, Brother Hugh should be thanked for waking up two horses and urging them to pull our float last Saturday.

DEAR VALVE:—The fence you spoke of in last week's issue was put up by the prefects of the junior department during baseball season. Some of the city boys who were in the habit of playing "over the fence is out" wanted it built.

Now that Emmeline Pankhurst is in this country we may expect Gibson to take her picture.

Is that iron structure that stretches between the second story of St. Edward's hall and the Students' Infirmary a fire escape or an elevated road?

It's a bad five dollar bill that takes a fellow further than Mike's or Hullie's.

HEARD IN PSYCHOLOGY.

Open the window, I've got a hot consciousness.

IN METAPHYSICS.

Professor—Why is a rainbow called beautiful?

Soto voice—Because it leads to a pot of gold.

Another—Because it stops the rain.

That you can't keep a good man down was illustrated last Saturday. Unlike Jeffries, Jones came back.

FROM A HISTORY PAPER.

In the middle ages there was an order of monks called Sanfriscans, which reminds us of Dickery and Thackens.

FAMILIAR PHRASES.

Drop the nickel please.

Not to-night; the lid is on.

It hurts me as much as it does you, but—

Ha! ha! Feel better now, don't you?

Judging from the freshman class, this year's nut crop is sure to be large.

Only 62 more shopping days before Christmas.

Church—Originally a house of prayer, but now frequently confused with dormitory.

Even the best of us become *bored* while *drilling*.

We have recieved a communication reading in part as follows: "It would be interesting to know the Safety Valve Editor's idea of humor."

We would gladly give it only that it might interest people, and the Valve was not meant to interest people, but to bore them. To introduce humor into the Valve would be like making faces in church.

LIKE THE VARSITY, THE LAUNDRY COMES BACK.

Don't send your clothes to the laundry unmarked.

Don't mark with India drawing ink!

Don't mark with fountain pen and then wonder why you don't get your clothes.

Mark your linen with indelible ink, or better, take them to the clothes room before they are soiled and have them marked, then you wont have to receive the "It's too bad" payment.

We have beaten the Coyotes. The question now is Can we beat Alma?

Fenesy requests us "to lay off" that Fenesy Goops stuff in our columns. He disclaims all connection with the "Goops," he being merely captain of the team.