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Winter.

WHITE robed like Pontius Pilate comes he forth,
Dooming the sweetest flower in his glee;
And flinging wide the storm gates of the North
He sets the murderous wind Barabbas free.

Legitimacy of Society Verse.

RAYMOND J. SIEBER, '13.



IN this cold work-a-day world amid the ravages of time and the distracting noise of a busy metropolis, even in the most select social gatherings,—in clubs as well as in peaceful homes—we hear the same time-honored question discussed: What is poetry? Men of all nations have endeavored to define it, and after more or less successful efforts, have laid their task aside. Lately when English society verse became exceedingly popular this discussion was renewed. But a new and more particular question has arisen, and that is: Is society verse a legitimate form of poetry? I propose to show that it is. But before attempting to affiliate society verse with poetry as such, it is necessary to have an intelligible definition of both.

The poetic "spirit" seems almost indefinable. Through experience, we know it to be a certain subtle and compelling force, differing mainly from other energies in that it is most difficult to analyze. Nevertheless it is the most vital form of expression. Our profoundest pleasure in reading poetry, arises from the discovery of the poet's message to his world of readers. The message having been given to him for delivery, the true poet makes it forcible by a musical utterance, and impressive by many a luminous picture. Coleridge in

his "Lectures on Shakespeare" defines poetry as "the species of composition opposed to science, as having an intellectual pleasure for its object, and as attaining its end by the use of language natural to us in a state of excitement,—but distinguished from other species of composition by permitting the pleasure from the whole consistent with a consciousness of pleasure from the component parts." Milton says poetry is that which is "simple, sensuous, passionate." By simplicity he distinguishes it from science in that it is rural rather than urbane, taking the shaded roads through Elysian fields instead of the artificial roadways of science; by sensuous, he means its appeal to our apprehension of beauty through the five senses natural to us; by passion, he marks the animating qualities of both thought and expression. Carlyle in his essay on Burns, lays stress on the test of melody as enabling us to discriminate between prose and poetry. Aristotle called poetry "imitation;" Bacon "imagination," and Arnold expressed it as "a criticism of life." From all these definitions we deduce, that poetry is the expression of the thought, passion, or insight of the soul formed most commonly into regular numbers to excite pleasurable emotions or lofty ideals.

Society verse is not so extensive as the limitless range of poetry as such. As the name indicates, it concerns the affairs of people in their social relation, particularly in the lighter moods of life; for example, Pope's "Rape of the Lock," or the verse of Praed or what people mean by the verses of Praed, "My Own Aramanta," and "The Belle of the Ball." Society verse is a fanciful and polished treatment of some topic of interest rather than a lofty and remote contemplation of some extensive theme. It deals with the real things of life rather than with the romantic. It belongs to social everyday life and is written for men of the world.

The writer of society verse must excite sympathy and create ideals. He is rather a humorist than a critic. The value of society verse is due, not to the extent in which it is a criticism of life, but rather to the degree in which it reproduces nature and life. This is the fundamental truth of all society verse.

Poetry and society verse are identical in meter. They differ to the extent that the subject-matter of society verse is limited to social interests as such. Hence the spirit of poetry has a wider range and is capable of arousing deeper emotion. Yet the strength of society verse, as of poetry, lies in its interpretative power,—the power of dealing with things so as to awaken in us a new intimate appreciation of them and of our relations with them. Both are receptacles of beautiful word crystals having the same aesthetic perfection. Both arouse interest, pleasure, and passion, differing only as to the intensity of the passion aroused. In both we breathe the same old world charm and mysticism. Society today consists practically of the same elements that made up the society of Rome, and the romantic ideas that inspire present-day poetry are the same which existed in the time of Homer. In poetry,—considered in the absolute sense,—we often find the requirements of light verse,—its charm, its pathos, its banter; and often in skimming the surface of society verse we find expressions from the depth of the human heart; for example, part two of Austin Dobson's "Dead Letter."

As parody stands on the border of "Vers de Societe" it loses its true identity if it overpasses the boundary, so society verse tends to lose its true characteristic under a kind of necessary law of ascent. In other words, the poet, in using an atmosphere of society to serve a musical or aesthetic end, tends towards drawing his inspirations from above it. This is illustrated in the works of many writers of society verse; for example, are "The Sundial," and "Incognita" of the late Austin Dobson, "Vers de Societe" or poetry of a high order? After a careful critical analysis they will be declared both. In general a line of distinction between poetry and society verse can not be drawn with any hope of finality or even as a working basis.

It is certain, that poets at work on "Vers de Societe" have often imbued them with touches beyond the artificial plane. Hence

many writers of society verse have been true poets and wrote more than society verse. Although "Vers de Societe" is a new title given to this type, nevertheless it has formed part of the poetry of many countries. Traces of it can be found in Greek literature and in the writing of Anacreon and Theocritus. Horace, the philosopher and political reformer of the artificial period of Rome, is known to all as the master of Latin lyric poetry. Yet, notwithstanding the despondent view which he has of his own life, the state of society in which he moves, is constantly cropping up under various guises and in passages where they are least expected. The philosophy of Roman society is well illustrated in Horace, C. iii. 9.

"HOR. What if our former love returns and unites by a brazen yoke us once parted? What if Chloe with her golden locks be shaken off, and the door again opened to slighted Lydia?"

"LYD. Though he is fairer than a star, thou of more levity than a cork, and more passionate than the blustering Adriatic; with thee I should love to live, with thee I would cheerfully die."

True, he has neither the pity of Virgil, nor the imagination of Lucretius, yet—judging from his poetry,—we feel he is one from whom we can learn much in knowledge of the world, in manners, culture and good sense without considering him too far removed from the sphere of our ordinary life and associations. Humor, banter, and satire permeate his best efforts, and the rich quality of his light society verse has won him the title of "Father of Vers de Societe."

Petrarch, in some of his sonnets, approaches the sphere of society verse, notwithstanding his depth of passion for Laura, which should have steadied his flights so as to prevent any curvings into society verse, for example, Sonetto V:

If love her beauteous eyes to earth incline,
And all her soul consenting in a sigh,
Then breathe it in her voice of melody,
Floating clear, soft, angelical, divine;
My heart, forth-stolen so gently, I resign,
And all my hopes and wishes changed, I cry:
"O may my last breath pass thus blissfully,
If Heaven so sweet a death for me design!"

But the rapt sense, by such enchantment bound,
And the strong will, thus listening, to possess
Heaven's joys on earth my spirit's flight delay
And thus I live, thus drawn out; and wound
Is my life's thread in dreamy blessedness,
By this sole Syren from the realms of day.

In English there is a host of poets who are essentially writers of society verse, led by Praed, Hood, Henley and Dobson. The Horatian tone of vague regret is reproduced in the works of Prior and Cummings. Of all these, Dobson has perhaps been the greatest contributor to "Vers de Societe." His superiority, to some extent, is due to his extensive knowledge of recondite references, old illusions and classical by-play. He seems to have more artistic finish than the others. At first thought it seems difficult to consider him as belonging to the Victorian period, so entirely is he saturated with the spirit of the eighteenth century. A careful study of his verse, reveals the fact that the era of George the Third and Fourth, seen through the vista of his poetic imagination, is divested of all that is coarse, dark and prosaic. The light, tripping strain of his "Dora Versus Rosa" and "Tu Quoque" are typical examples of society verse spirit. The stanzas exhale an aesthetic aroma of flowers and herbs. His verse is woven like some magic web. We wander through quaint gardens and trim hedges; lean by sundials watching the shadows of time; enjoy the sight of gay belles and their association with gallant beaux. Just as the scent of rose leaves, musk, and lavender rises from antique Chinese jars, so Dobson's delicate verse reconstructs "a life of fashion gone and half forgotten ways."

His society verse, can we call it poetry? Although we do not find the passionate outburst characteristic of Poe, nor the pathos of Longfellow, nor the homely grace of Whittier, still we find that there is a deep, resonant, and abiding note. The impulse is always fresh, his reflections always stimulating, and in his best efforts we have a depth of feeling accompanied by a melodious rhyme that subdues, holding at times both heart and ear spellbound; such as, "The Young Musician" of Dobson. Every line is a picture hovering in light and beauty about the poet's brain. His verse appeals to our better selves and produces a sympathy with nobler feelings that elevates and purifies us for the better fulfillment of those same material tasks that threaten to crowd out beauty and truth from our lives, and finally enables us to look beyond to their meaning. If society verse does this, what more shall we ask? Is not that the singular purpose of poetry? If quality is to decide a writer's position, then must Austin

Dobson stand with the few poets of England.

A vein of freshness and vividness runs through most society verse, and is conspicuous in Dobson. It is of the actual and the real that the writer of society verse ever thinks and writes. This quality of vividness is characteristic of poetry. Humanity asks for such lovely tints and hues as are offered by Keats. A hundred generations of fighting men have sung the victories of Homer. The gray-haired plowman sings the genial notes of Burns. The furnace man as he groans and sweats is happier because Schiller sang the song of the bell. So the power of fresh and vivid delineations, of beautiful objects in nature, is always a true mark of poetical genius,—and this we affirm is found in society verse.

The fact that society verse has always played an important part in poetic literature; its close alliance with poetry in the more absolute sense; the tendency it has to elevate itself to the poetic plane, and to animate itself in poetic expression, are sufficient reasons to declare society verse a legitimate branch of poetry. And from the observation that many writers of "Vers de Societe" have been true poets, we can rightly conclude that the artificial atmosphere of society is a legitimate field for poetic endeavor. For the specialty of a writer of society verse lies not in any definable elements distinguishing him from the poet pure and simple, but simply in the choice of subject-matter and in the varying manner in which the subject-matter is treated, which may so far be an accident.

Summer Clouds.

WALTER L. CLEMENTS, '14.

At repose in the shade on a young Summer's day
We reviewed the white clouds in the deep overhead,
As they sailed down its slope farther out and away,
Until lost to our vision beyond the vast spread.

And we dreamed youthful dreams in the Summer's
first glow
As fantastic and bright as those shapes upon high,
But alas, we have seen nearly all our hopes go.
Casting shadows they fade like a cloud in the sky.

Yet those clouds were not lost. Though passing from
sight,
They returned whence they came bringing life-
giving dew
To the tired earth asleep in the dead of the night,
So youth's faintest dream shall return to us too.

The Rat Root River Mine.

ARTHUR J. HAYES, '15.

Familiarity had bred in the simple soul of "Lutefisk" Larson, no contempt for the environs of his one room cabin home. Every dawn found him awake, and listening eagerly for the murmuring of the morning breeze in the pines, the roaring of the turbulent rapids, and the soft thudding sounds on the tar-papered roof that heralded the big gray squirrel's matinal search for pine cones. And when it stole down the side of the cabin to stare insolently through the diamond-paned window, the huge homesteader's pallid features broke into numerous striations that grotesquely counterfeited a smile.

For smiling was a lost art with "Lutefisk" Larson. It cost a conscious effort, and conscious efforts sapped at his rapidly ebbing vitality. The trivial exertions of former years were beginning to assume the proportions of difficult and onerous tasks. It grew daily more burdensome to prepare his meagre breakfast of bacon, flapjacks and black coffee. Sometimes he deferred the operation until early evening, thus making one meal suffice for the day. He told himself as he lay inert for long hours upon his bunk, that he was merely lazy, that at any moment he could spring up briskly and light the fire with the alacrity of earlier days. But back in the dimmest recesses of his brain, as if it feared discovery, there lurked the real reason for his procrastination. The big Norwegian was nearing the end. His huge frame was but a skeleton, over which there stretched a moist, flaccid, lusterless parchment, that each day grew yellower and more pasty. The paroxysms of coughing, constantly recurring at more frequent intervals, racked his whole body with dull agony, and brought flecks of bloody foam to his purple lips.

But his wide, light blue eyes shone forth with a friendly frankness that partially atoned for the repulsiveness of his shrunken cheeks, protruding mouth and yellow teeth. And they burned as if with a fixety of purpose that defied his impending doom. For the emaciated homesteader was existing with a fierce determination that vivified every jaded cell in his near spent frame.

Scarcely thirty feet below the cushiony

muskeg that carpeted his one hundred and sixty acres, the soil turned to an abrupt red, which gradually darkened into a lustrous blue-black. Larson, while sinking a well near his cabin, had discovered this peculiar formation, and immediately dispatched a score of samples to a prominent assayer's office in Duluth. With wisdom born of long habitation in the Northern solitudes he said nothing of his discovery to the infrequent cruisers and trappers who chanced to travel the almost obliterated Rat Root River trail. News travels speedily and mysteriously in the wilds, especially such news as this, where every one is alert for ore, and not influenced by ethical considerations, when the desideratum is upon another man's property. Some weeks later, the secretive Scandinavian received a communication stating that his non-Bessemer Hematite ore ran 57 per cent pure iron, and his Bessemer Black 68 per cent. Then he knew that the Rat Root bottoms had at last yielded ore, and that his dreams of affluence, cherished as a boy in far-off Norway, and long since dispelled by hardship and adversity, had found their realization in fact.

But enthusiasm ever militates against discretion, and when "Cornerpost" Fraser, a tall gaunt Steel Trust Cruiser came through, Larson, unable longer to retain his secret unshared, showed him specimens of the ore, and the assayer's slip. The taciturn cruiser had said little, but he scrutinized the heavy blue-black chunks carefully, and then glanced sharply at the homesteader's too bright eyes and pallid cheeks flecked with feverish red at the cheekbones.

Scarcely a week later, a suave, unctuous individual, in carefully tailored corduroy, arrived, and after critically inspecting the premises made a casual offer of sixteen hundred dollars for the big Norwegian's claim.

Larson refused to sell. After much argument, he was prevailed upon to permit his land to be drilled "without entailing thereby, any obligations, or compulsion to further negotiation," as he of the tailored corduroy was pleased to phrase it. For weeks thereafter, diamond drills chugged and clanked in the pine wilderness, startling the noisy jays, and disturbing the velvet-footed denizens of the wilds, who lurked curiously just outside of the area of flame and sound. Day after day the black diamond teeth bit deeper into the soft red

Hematite or hard blue-black Bessemer. As each successive foot of "core" was exposed, the unctuous individual became more jubilant, and even the phlegmatic drill men cursed their astonishment that an ore blanket should be so rich and deep. But Larson was never permitted to see the drill cores until after the gentleman in the tailored corduroys had inspected them rigidly. And invariably, when finally exhibited, they had undergone a strange transformation, having metamorphosed in fact, into neutral tinted shales and granites. None of the drills, they told him with cleverly simulated disappointment, save the one near the well, had even struck color. And that, Sutton, the corduroyed one, assured Larson, was only a float deposit of paint rock and magnetite. Inasmuch, however, as they had seriously inconvenienced the owner with their drilling operations, the offer of sixteen hundred dollars remained good.

Still the big Scandinavian was obdurate. "Ay tank ay ent going for sall," he declared with quiet finality, "ay guess ay skoll kip it leetle while."

Drillers, teamsters and drills departed, the former jolting noisily and profanely over the old logging road. Sutton, sans his suavity followed in high dudgeon, and silence again descended upon the sombre green expanses of the upper Rat Root.

Larson's coughing spells became continually more protracted and violent, and the slightest exertion brought drops of perspiration out upon his pallid, pasty brow. And thus, week in and week out, he lay quietly in the rough pine bunk, listening to the soft thudding of the gray squirrel upon the roof, and the moaning of the pines blending with the incessant, unvarying roar of the Rat Root.

But the distress that clouded his haggard features was occasioned by considerations other than that of his solitude and his cough. A letter long since dispatched to the patient wife and golden-haired girls in Flekkefiord, remained unanswered, although its tenor countenanced no delay. A second epistle, scrawled in painful fragments, was ready to carry the good news of his discovery, but it was forty miles to the nearest post-office, and that distance now meant death, which Larson had formerly been able to traverse in a day.

During the long cold winter that ensued, the dry frosty air seemed to impart new life

to Larson's wasted frame. He enjoyed a period of brief immunity from the racking cough and dread hemorrhages, and employed in cutting firewood, the days when it was too stormy to hunt or trap.

Spring found him in possession of about three hundred dollars worth of mink and otter skins. But his stock of supplies was dwindling rapidly, and the balmy moist air soon precipitated the threatened relapse.

So that was why Larson was lying supinely in his bunk throughout the long spring days, watching the morning sunlight flooding the homely room with effulgent glow, and the evening shadows lengthening and enveloping the familiar furnishings of the floor and walls. That was why he awaited the saucy squirrel with such eagerness, and listened so wistfully to the interminable whispering of the pines, and the incessant brawling of the turbulent Rat Root.

With the advent of June with its sultry nights and myriads of droning mosquitoes, there came again the Steel Trust emissaries, Sutton and Fraser; Sutton cultured and immaculate; Fraser, tall, gaunt and uncommunicative, indigenous, yet hostile, to his surroundings—a poverty-stricken, discouraged homesteader, who had sold his services to a great mining company, that he might victimize hundreds of poverty pinched settlers like himself, and wrest from them by fraud and deception the acres that were known to contain iron ore.

So they came, these two, renewing their offer of sixteen hundred dollars, and counseling Larson to accept, in order that he might die in civilization, instead of "going out" like a dog in the silent, un pitying wilderness. But neither suffering, loneliness nor death could shatter the big Scandinavian's indomitable spirit, nor alter his determination. He would not sell.

Then fearful of treachery, but having no other alternative, he proffered his pitiful little packet of furs, imploring them to take them to a furrier in town, that they might enclose the draft they would procure in a letter to Flekkefiord. It was the request of a man upon his deathbed, and even the minions of United States Steel, he thought, could not refuse. Fraser muttered a grudging assent, and they departed.

Half a mile from the little clearing, Fraser dropped the packet, and paused.

"What in hell will we do with these?" he queried.

Sutton hesitated a moment. Before him rose the vision of a pain-racked skeleton, whose wide blue eyes had brightened with renewed hopes, when they agreed to take the skins.

"If she," he said indicating the letter, "ever gets over here, there will be the devil to pay." He motioned toward the Rat Root, whose rapids creamed and whirled beside the path. "Better chuck 'em in."

They had temporarily domiciled themselves in a set of deserted lumber camps, a mile or so from the claim they were so intent upon securing. Three big log structures, they were, situated high up on the precipitous bluff where the Rat Root turned and tumbled noisily toward the West. The region abounded in scrub pine and second growth hardwoods, and the abandoned camps, because they were invisible around the first bend in the old trail, had fewer than a dozen chance visitors in a decade. The bunk house had been selected as best fitted for human habitation, and there Sutton and Fraser played smear in the evenings, while the flickering candles cast fearsome shadows about the dusty and forbidding interior, and the scrub pines moaned incessantly, and the roar of the Rat Root River rapids rose eerily into the night.

There they cursed their mission, Larson, the company, and every person or incident connected with discovery and subsequent negotiations over the Rat Root River mine. At all times it was a matter of much vague speculation how long the "big Swede," as they termed him, could hold out.

"The big stiff's all in, that's a cinch," declared Fraser, "so we'll have to keep our eyes peeled that he doesn't cash in some night."

"We don't want to fake his signature if we can help it," agreed Sutton with elaborate nonchalance, "but if it can't be helped—" he shrugged his shoulders just as Dustin Farnum used to do in "The Virginian."

Each morning, and not infrequently in the afternoon, they visited the moribund homesteader, arguing, threatening, and cajoling. Sutton painted roseate word pictures of the comforts and allurements of civilization, its white beds, dainty dishes and tender care. Fraser flashed the gold before him, telling him that it would purchase all these things, that he

was a "gone goose" anyhow and a "damned fool" not to sign.

Larson was immovable. The wife and the little girls, he explained patiently in his halting English, would need some means of support "when he was gone." He knew that the claim contained a fortune in iron ore. The substituted drill cores had not deceived him. It mattered little about himself, but for their sake he could not sell his mine for a song.

They raised the offer to two thousand dollars. Then they rose a thousand dollars a day for two whole weeks. At that figure it remained for almost a month. The big Norwegian's adamantean attitude in the face of greater inducements was exasperating. Sutton discarded his suavity. Fraser grew daily more coarse and abusive. And the sick man's serene eyes began to cloud with vague fear as the days wore on. His letter had been very explicit. It had recounted the necessity for haste, and described in detail every step of their journey from storm-swept Flekkefiord to the pine fastnesses of the roaring Rat Root. From early morning until late at night he awaited with tense, feverish expectancy the rattle of wheels upon the old tote road that would convey the welcome intelligence that "they" had not arrived too late. That was why he lived when "any other ten men," as Fraser remarked with mellifluous expletives, "would have been dead six months."

But sometimes while Larson listened, a strange languor crept over him, and even the Rat Root seemed to cease its noisy brawling, and he would find himself a boy again climbing joyously among the rocky cliffs of his native land. And when he aroused himself from the dream and the sound of the rapids rose loud and clear, he found his shrivelled frame bathed in chilly perspiration. And at such times he knew instinctively that the end was not far off.

When he regained consciousness after these lapses, the fear would seize upon him, and he would shriek aloud the names of his wife and children; then as if realizing the futility of his prayer, he would scream mocking curses and bitter blasphemies against the fate that had condemned him to an obscure and unattended death in the Northern solitudes. The big gray squirrel would flee chattering with fright at these vociferous outbursts, but impelled by insatiable curiosity, would return to perch upon the window ledge as if it would look

within. And to "Lutefisk" Larson, in his delirium, it would assume the form of a fearful and unnamable creature that gloried in his misery, pointing at him derisively and laughing hollowly and long. Or again it would appear to be a laughing, yellow-haired child, with great blue wide eyes like Larson's own, which came ever toward him with outstretched arms; yet when he sought to clasp the evanescent apparition in his arms, it always became faded and blurred and gray, and assumed the shape of the squirrel again. Then Larson would sit up and laugh himself, with demoniacal shrillness until he fell back exhausted to be torn asunder by the vibrant agony of his shattering, rasping cough. Sometimes in his dreams the patient little wife and the golden-haired girls would seem to have arrived, but before he could cry out his delight, they would resolve themselves into the sinister figures of Sutton and Fraser, and he would hear them saying; one to the other, as if from a great distance, "Well, the old boy's nearly gone."

And while he sobbed brokenly into his lumpy canvas pillow, Sutton would seem to chant endlessly, "Fifteen thousand dollars for the deed," and Fraser would flaunt before his glazing eyes, bank notes and yellow gold. Thus it went on, week after week, and then suddenly, without warning, the long tense vigil was ended, and the siege on Larson's little cabin was lifted.

They found him late one afternoon chalk faced, motionless, breathing stertorously, with blood upon his colorless lips. They sought to arouse him without avail. Then, in desperation lest death should balk their purpose, Fraser held up the wasted frame, and Sutton, bending Larson's stiffening clammy fingers about a fountain-pen traced the dying homesteader's angular signature at the bottom of the deed to the Rat Root River claim. They were not concerned over the absence of witnesses. With commendable discretion, several such attestations had long since been affixed.

The gold, bank notes, and checks for the remainder, they enclosed in a leathern wallet, which they slipped into Larson's open shirt. It would figure favorably in the testimony for the defense if any litigation arose. Nor was the sum they left there fifteen thousand. Their last offer, like their first, was sixteen hundred dollars. For United States Steel is conservative, and dividends must be declared.

Not long after Sutton and Fraser had sham-

bled awkwardly, shamefacedly, out into the dark, Larson, aroused from his lethargy, and groping with rigid, insentient fingers, in his shrunken bosom, encountered the wallet, and recalled, as if in a dream, the hazy circumstances of the forced sale of his claim.

Shrieking, cursing, sobbing, he extended his fleshless arms to the ceiling, imploring of the Arbiter of all ages; justice for the wife and children that he would never see. Gradually, as the first ecstasy of emotion spent itself, the insane light died out of his eyes, and was replaced by the repressed fire of a fixed, but rational resolve. Larson's last act would be his greatest. He would summon all his failing strength, muster all his waning vitality, for a single effort. And he would trail the despoilers of his children's birthright to their camp, there to compel them at the point of a rifle to surrender his deed. That once destroyed, he hoped to face the inevitable smiling.

The enormity of the injustice was borne more fully upon him as he staggered along the obscure and tortuous trail. He struggled forward doggedly; tripping over roots, stumbling through heavy undergrowth, panting, sobbing, respiring with the slaving intonation of an exhausted dog. One foot enmeshed itself in a creeping vine. He stumbled heavily, and fell prone.

His rifle!—he groped frantically about in the moist fragrant moss, but could not find it. His cry of despair rose above the mocking, jeering jargon of the Rat Root. Without it his last mission was a failure—they would only laugh—and in the morning—why fool that he was—he would never see morning!

With a laugh whose crescendo quaver bore a new and unmistakable menace, he was again upon his feet, and plunging forward, peered through the gloom with bright, distended eyes, from whence the light of reason had fled.

Fraser's departure for the settlement to dispatch the code telegram, left Sutton to his own resources. He wandered aimlessly in and out of the three great, vault-like structures.

The huge barn, with its long rows of malodorous stalls, small windows, and colorless, sickly grass shoots, claimed Sutton's transient attention. A porcupine, gnawing at a salty manger, caused him to start and curse with nervous annoyance. It was beastly inconsiderate of Fraser to start off at nightfall with a thunderstorm impending. Morning would have sufficed for his purpose.

He paused at the threshold of the musty, murky "cook camp." He would not enter. He had seen it all in prosaic daylight, when it wasn't so damnably creepy. He slumped listlessly into the "bunk house." Here it was that they had eaten and slept during the long weeks that they had harrassed the beleaguered Larson. Yet this last he hated worst of all. Its long rows of double deck bunks, with their musty hay and lurking shadows, seemed places of evil omen. They could harbor such unutterable things, and,—well, when one is alone at dusk, the grewsome tales of the North assume a strange and disquieting plausibility. He thought now, with a premonitory chill, of Bemidji Benson, who had died in this same "bunk house," with the "snakes." It had been related of this notorious character, that he roared forth his blasphemous defiances till the last, and assured his shuddering companions, that though he were in the deepest pit in hell, he would come back to the scene of his last carnal activities. Tennessee Harding attested this, and Tennessee had been there when he died with five men holding him down.

Suddenly above the roar of the rain, above the howling of the racing winds, there rose a long quavering shriek. Sutton started with a peculiar gurgling noise in his throat. Again the quavering wail rose clear above the confused tumult of the wind, and the noisy rush of the racing Rat Root. Cursing impotently, sobbing with terror, Sutton leaped into the upper tier of bunks, and grovelled in the musty hay. He listened.

The chips in the yard began to rustle and clatter, as if some creature were walking or dragging itself over them. Then something that made strange, guttural noises, clawed and pushed at the door. It groaned and creaked an ashmatic protest as it swung back on rusty hinges. The thing that sobbed and slavered with a frightful gurgling intonation was inside and thumping slowly and uncertainly over the creaking floor. The door squeaked again, and acquiring a gradual momentum, slammed itself shut.

The thing ceased its progress. Sutton paled with fear, wondered if the thing would hear his heartbeats or scent his presence. Then the boards creaked again as it resumed its onward course. Again it made hideous slobbering mouthings, and sometimes something infinitely more awful and repellent,—

a grunting, wheezing series of barks, like the labored threats of an aged "huskie." The noises were of all pitches and intonations, and some of the awful gurglings seemed like weird human words in some outlandish tongue. Its footsteps were not a clearly defined tread, neither were they a crawl. They were something between the two, like the lumbering locomotion of some paleolithic monster. Sometimes the thing paused, and clawed horribly at the stanchions as if it were attempting to climb up.

Then the thing began to clump along again, and the awful gibbering and inarticulate moaning was resumed. It was coming up the left side. Sutton repressed a hysterical inclination to scream. If once apprised of his presence, the thing might—but at the potentialities of the situation, Sutton's head swam and his reason reeled.

Hours, years seemed to elapse as the thing, alternately pausing and proceeding, approached the bunk where the young man in the tailored corduroys cowered, vitiated with terror. Finally there below him, in the evil-smelling, Stygian void, the thing stopped. Almost within reach of his hand it mouthed and slavered and moaned incoherent things. Sometimes it desisted briefly from its horrible noise making, but always it respired as if the operation were painful and difficult.

Sutton's right hand claspings the opening spasmodically, closed about a polished wooden handle. Hardly daring to rustle the hay, he slid his hand along it. Yes, it was an axe. A huge, double bitted, rusty, "swamper's" axe, a favorite, no doubt, with some "lumber-jack" who had hidden it there, and then, perhaps, had never returned. He clutched it with frenzied eagerness as a last resort—His left hand delving with equal aimlessness in a pocket of the sweat soaked corduroy jacket, brought forth the fragmentary portion of a match. To light the match, to see and strike at the thing,—anything was preferable to the inactivity that makes for madness. It swished along a board and burst into flame.

There in the circle of flickering light, crouched the thing. It was—good God—it was a man! A man who crawled on bloody hands and knees, whose great pallid face was scratched and bleeding, yet creased with many striations that grotesquely counterfeited a smile. A man whose mouth worked horribly and incessantly,

drooling ropy saliva and bloody froth; whose chest had withered away, leaving great shoulders that flapped like huge osteoid wings; whose distended, protuberant blue eyes burned with a loathsome light. Then that gurgling, awful thing that had been a man, stretched up a fleshless bloody arm, and laughed.

The match, dropped from Sutton's nerveless fingers into the musty hay of the lower bunk. Groveling, screaming, sobbing, he seemed almost to have descended to the level of the thing that caused his fright. Then again the thing was clumping forward. The door creaked open. The scuffling noise died away. The thing had departed. But Sutton hardly heeded. Quivering in every fibre he crouched and sobbed affrightedly in his bunk.

Then again the chips in the house were rattling. With the revulsive recklessness of advanced hysteria, he seized the axe and leaped from the bunk. That thing should not come back. A light, from he knew not where, cast grotesque, dancing shadows as he stationed himself stealthily behind the door, axe poised to strike. This time the action was swifter. The door swung briskly open, and Sutton struck from behind. The light from the burning bunk played upon the Thing as it fell. It was Fraser. Then from out of the dancing shadows behind the stove, something that slavered and gurgled stretched out a fleshless hand and clutched at his leg.

Shrieking in exquisite terror, the young mining engineer fled out into the dark. He recked not whither he sped. To leave behind him the burning camp with its corpse and its maniac—Then a void opened before. A dwarfed pine half way down the bluff set him to gyrating crazily as he sprawled grotesquely through space. He did not cry out before the brawling, hurrying waters of the Rat Root closed about him. Nor did he ever come up, for the rocks, like the mills of the gods, grind fine.

In the camp the fire spread rapidly. The thing had ceased its moist mouthings. It regarded the crackling flames curiously. Then the huge, pallid pasty countenance was cracked with many striations, and a new and more horrible noise emanated from the throat. The thing that had once been a man was laughing.

Outside the wind had died down and the rain had ceased. But the Rat Root River rapids, as they raced precipitously toward the Rainy seemed to roar forth their triumphant scorn of man.

The Broken Way.

He was a smiling, happy youth,
And she a merry maid,
Within whose tender, care-free heart
Love's beaming sunshine played.

Led by her childish, wistful eyes,
He wandered to her side,
Held captive by his simple soul
The maid became his bride.

Out of the fulness of their love
A timid flower grew,
A smiling boy, the living pledge
Of union of the two.

In his small veins their blood swift flowed,
His heart was theirs in one,
And all of him and all of her
Was living in their son.

But now the day has come, and lo!
That union is undone,
And man and wife tread different ways—
Two broken halves of one.

Though youth and maid both wholly came
To that fair wedding day,
At parting neither youth nor maid
Could wholly go away.

And he who was the living pledge
Of union of the two—
The tender flower of their love,
Is fading where he grew.

The bloom upon his cheek is dim
And withered is his heart,
His love was strong, but man and wife
Have wrested it apart.

What wonder if his love shall fail,
And round his heart the frost
Hang thick and fast—what wonder if
His innocence be lost.

The steadfast love of youth and maid
Lit by God's glowing grace,
Was the white heaven unto which
The child should turn his face.

It was his strength and warmth and peace
His sunshine and his light,
But parting they have left his soul
To grow up in the night.

S. T. D.

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—Few schoolboys have not read the story of "The Great Stone Face" and noted how the contemplation of the benign expression on a face, hewn by nature in the cliffs of Pictures. a mountain, so ennobled the life of a man that he finally possessed in his soul the same goodness and beauty reflected from "The Great Stone Face." Yet few realize how applicable is this story of Hawthorne's to real life. Some one once said that if he wanted a boy to become a great general, he would place in his room pictures of battles and soldiers. The same thought has been recently brought home to us in the first sermon of our retreat. What kind of pictures have we in our rooms? Are they pictures that are giddy and at best without meaning, or are they pictures that may ennoble those who behold them? The room of a Christian young man should betray signs of Christianity. The student who keeps about him the image of Christ crucified will learn to shape his life more and more according to those eternal truths taught upon Calvary. It was the Madonna represented in churches, homes, and public places and impressed on the minds of the people that, during the Middle Ages, made their lives purer, and elevated woman to a place of dignity and honor as queen of the Christian home. Let us retain these images that have done so much to uplift men in the past. Let us avoid the picture that is empty and meaningless.

—Nowadays we are continually coming upon articles in the daily papers and monthly mag-

azines suggesting various reforms and improvements in the management and equipment of our prisons.

Prison Reform.

Some few of these articles are written by experienced persons,—men who have had charge of prisons or who have had opportunity of visiting many institutions of this kind and inspecting them thoroughly. More are written by people who have little knowledge concerning the working of a prison, who pick up from sensational writers what are supposed to be facts, and who discourse at length on the horrors of state penitentiaries. It would seem that there is altogether too much worry on the part of some for the "poor prisoners," and altogether too much sympathy lavished upon lawbreakers. To strive to make their state a heaven on earth, to provide them with every comfort and convenience, while honest, upright, hard-working men who are a credit to the community, are toiling in factories and shops every day for the bare necessities of life, seems to us absurd. There can be no doubt that in some places reforms are necessary, and these should be quickly forthcoming. A prisoner is not a beast and should not be treated as one. To expose him to pneumonia, consumption or other such diseases, as has been done in some cases, is criminal and should not be tolerated, but to provide a prison with all the comforts of home as some desire, to give prisoners conveniences which can not be obtained by hard-working, law-abiding citizens, is to place a premium on crime, and is positively a menace to society.

—Every season develops its full quota of public nuisances. The fellow that stands up "down in front" at the football game is ever with us. So is the intellectual nonentity that insists on regaling

The Intermission Pest. his neighbor with his own choice line of wit during a lecture or a sermon. Then there is the stoop-shouldered anemic youth who fears that his manly carriage would be impaired by military drill. To further enumerate, we have never discarded the anthrepoid character whose sole aim in existence is to "bum" tobacco, or the gentleman whose unique conception of true humor impels him to throw doughballs in the refectory. But he of whom we fain would discourse is of the species "Quadrumana" indigenous to Washing-

ton Hall, and commonly styled the "intermission pest." He generally sits in the middle of the row, so that in the course of his peregrinations to the front steps he can discommode eight or nine members of the audience, and create enough racket to drown out the voice of the speaker, while he is returning to his seat. Then, when an intermission of two or three minutes is announced, he must needs scrape and squeeze past his disgusted associates, for a smoke or an exchange of repartee on the steps or in the ante-chamber. About five minutes after the lecture or concert has resumed he returns to repeat the discourtesy of his ingress, to annoy the speaker or singer, and to brand himself as an intellectual microörganism. By contrast with him the "anti-militarist" is a model of propriety, and the doughball artist, a gentleman. The practice of disturbing the performers and audience during intermission periods should be stopped. It unfavorably advertises the school among touring companies, and is a contravention of etiquette and elementary courtesy. It is unnecessary and inexcusable, and if the mere admonition bears no fruit, it ought to be summarily discouraged by more direct and drastic means.

—"There are good and bad winds; good and bad friends;" and there are good and bad sleeps. Sleep—solace for weary brains and rest for tired bones—is one of

On Sleep. God's greatest gifts to men. It is meant to be enjoyed in bed at

night. There is another kind, a sort of languorous, day-dream producing sort, that we find in church, during lectures and in the class rooms, that is emphatically not God-given. It is, instead, the student's enemy. It comes from nowhere and leads nowhere. If you don't take enough interest in your class to keep awake, you can't expect the professor to take enough interest in you to teach you anything. Sometimes we must overcome that impulse to "wander" from the subject either because the subject is obtuse or because it is not presented interestingly, but it is to our advantage to overcome it, because something at least is learned by paying attention, while absolutely nothing is gained by letting our wits go "wool-gathering." The best way to assure interest in your classes is to prepare them before going into class. You have only one college life to live; don't sleep it away.

The Chicago Male Quartet.

In the initial concert of the season, the Chicago Male Quartet delighted their audience with a program at once individual and charming. To the conventional classical numbers—including that popular and inevitable veteran, the "Sextet from Lucia,"—they added a goodly number of lighter and equally meritorious selections. The ensemble numbers were uniformly well rendered and characterized by perfect technique and finished expression. Of the solos, those by Mr. Smith were probably best received, but the selections by Mr. Beinard and Mr. Collins never failed to receive a well-merited encore. The members of the Quartet displayed commendable judgment in selecting pieces peculiarly adapted to the tastes of their auditors, and although the individual voices may not have been so good as some others that have appeared in recital in Washington Hall, it is safe to say that if all ensuing concert companies maintain a parity with the Chicago Male Quartet, there will be but slight grounds for expressions of dissatisfaction.

Book Reviews.

VENERATION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN by Rev. H. B. Rohner, O. S. B., adapted by Rev. Richard Brennan, LL. D., and published by Benziger Bros., is as clear, concise and practical an exposition of devotion to Mary as we have seen. "Devotion to the Blessed Virgin in General;" "The Blessed Virgin Honored in Church Festivals;" "How the Blessed Virgin is Honored in Church Devotions," and "How the Blessed Virgin is Honored by Religious Orders and Confraternities," are the four general divisions of the volume. The reader can not fail to be enlightened and edified by the perusal of this book, and it will aid the ordinary person to assist at devotions to the Blessed Virgin and to recite the prayers in honor of Mary with greater attention and devotion. The volume is well printed and neatly bound.

The *Ave Maria* press has recently published a splendid comedy for male characters entitled "Robert Martin, Substitute Half-Back," by Henry Gunstock. The scene of this play is laid in a room of the Carroll Academy training quarters on the occasion of the last game of the season with a rival academy, and the plot

is cleverly developed, every page teeming with life and spirit. For the staging of this comedy but one setting is required and no costumes are needed except the clothes worn on the campus every day by high school or college students. The young actor may, indeed, feel at home in whatever rôle he assumes, for he is not only witnessing like events day after day, but he is actually taking part in them and knows what each part requires. The naturalness of the characters, their trueness to life, the vein of college humor running through the acts, and withal the artistic development of the whole, will, we think, recommend this little volume to all who enjoy real comedy.

Sunday's Sermon.

On October 26th, Rev. Father McGinn delivered an eloquent sermon, choosing as his text the words of St. Paul, "The Wages of Sin is Death." He admonished the students never to cease fighting against their arch-enemy, the devil. "There is no family," said Fr. McGinn, "no home and no sanctuary so sacred that this enemy will not enter." Sin is, really, the only failure in life, because it deprives us of our right to heaven. Sickness and adversity are temporal failures, but sin is eternal. We must guard ourselves against the three chief avenues leading to destruction: dishonesty, intemperance and impurity. The blighting effects of intemperance and the terrible consequences of impurity, morally and physically, were depicted by Fr. McGinn. There is but one remedy and that spiritual: it is the grace of God which can be obtained by prayer and the frequentation of the Sacraments.

Personals.

—The "old boys" were glad to receive a visit from "Bob" McCune, of Lima, Ohio, who was at Notre Dame on Sunday last. "Bob" is engaged in the real estate and insurance business in his home city.

—We note with sorrow and regret the sudden death of Arlie W. Stull, which occurred during the week at Waynetown, Indiana. Mr. Stull was a History and Economic student of '11 and '12, and a popular man with his fellow-students. May his soul rest in peace.

—Ignacio Amondarain is another of those

1913 Engineers who is showing the stuff that counts. As designing engineer for the Knobloch Heidman Company of South Bend, he has demonstrated his ability on several occasions in the perfecting of automatic machinery and electrical devices.

—John W. O'Connell of Elgin, Illinois, enjoyed the past week-end with friends at the University. John is in the Underground Construction Department of the Bell Telephone Company of Chicago, and has already established a high reputation for the 1913 Electrical Engineers.

—The Notre Dame Club of New York City, headed by their president, the Rev. Luke J. Evers, '86, are to occupy an entire section at the Army-Notre Dame game this afternoon. They left New York this morning on a special Pullman, and after the game will banquet the gridiron defenders of their Alma Mater's glory.

—The friends of Father Barry O'Neill, C. S. C., associate editor of the *Ave Maria*, will be pleased to hear that he has been called to Washington, D. C., by President Wilson to assist in the selection of chaplains for the United States army and navy. They will also be interested in the following bit of information which we quote from the South Bend *News-Times*:

Father A. B. O'Neill of Notre Dame, Indiana, known by his intimate friends as the "pedestrian priest," because of his feats on foot, shook hands with President Wilson today. Father O'Neill has been too unassuming to talk about his walks, but one of his companions declared that the priest had walked a distance equal to the circumference of the earth in the last six years. Edward P. Weston, the aged pedestrian, who has crossed the continent several times on foot, states that he covered the distance of the earth's circumference in fourteen years. Father O'Neill, according to his friends, backed by his own statements, has walked this same distance in less than half the time taken by Weston.

—An October wedding of much interest to the "old boys" at Notre Dame, was that of Paul A. Rothwell and Miss J. Grace Klatenbach, which occurred on October 15, at Buffalo, Wyoming. As an Electrical and Mechanical Engineer of 1912, and a captain in the Notre Dame battalion of that year, Paul is well known to the boys. He is now Manager and Treasurer of the Buffalo Manufacturing Company and a prominent business man of that city. All joy and bliss to the happy couple.

Calendar.

Sunday—25th Sunday after Pentecost. Sermon by Father Hagerty "Love of our Neighbor."
Brownson vs Sorin in football.
Brownson Literary Society, 7:45 p. m.
St. Joseph Literary Society, 7:30 p. m.
Monday—All Soul's Day.
Wednesday—Newman Travelogue, Rome, 7:30 p. m.
Thursday—Walsh vs. Corby in football.
First Friday Confessions, 7:00 p. m.
Friday—First Friday Communion.
Saturday—Varsity vs. Penn State at State College, Pa.

Local News.

The Quarterly Examinations will be held on the 14th and 15th of November instead of on the 16th and 17th as announced in the catalogue.

—The Mining Engineers and Metallurgy classes, under the guidance of Prof. Smith, spent Saturday at Gary, inspecting the iron ores, blast furnaces, gas products, open hearth steel furnaces and rolling mills of the Steel Co.

—One of our promising young journalists was recently delighted by the receipt of his first pay check. The check was good for twenty-five cents in cash. No wonder those positions on the *Tribune* at twelve dollars a week were considered "choice plums" for the scribes.

—Last Sunday morning the third team of Walsh was taken into camp by the Carrollites and defeated 29 to 0. The Carrollites played a stellar game from start to finish and out-classed their rivals in every department. The Walsh eleven played well considering the little practice they had before the game.

—The Notre Dame Law school receives a very favorable notice in the fall edition of the *American Law School Review*. Improvements in the law library and changes in the faculty are mentioned as is also the contemplated innovation of requiring two years of college work for admission into the law department.

—Sergeant Campbell is conducting a class in Military Calisthenics in the gymnasium on Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings at seven o'clock. Thus far about fifty men have reported and the class is progressing nicely.

—The Senior Law class held an important meeting last Wednesday evening. The class, which, by the way, will be the largest law class that Notre Dame has ever turned out,

will maintain a stronger organization than those of previous years. Frequent meetings will be held and several new social and educational features attempted. A committee, composed of Ed Larney, Charles Dorais and Charles Vaughan, was appointed to arrange for further meetings.

—Professor Cooney and the Sophomore Journalism class were the guests of the editor of the *South Bend News-Times* on Tuesday afternoon. The students were shown through the entire office. A special demonstration of the working of the linotype machines was given. Particular attention was also paid to proof-reading. In fact it was a practical lesson that showed exactly how a modern newspaper office is conducted and the benefits will be greater than those which are gained from several lessons in theory.

—Walsh Hall defeated Muncie last Saturday without difficulty, the score being 38 to 0. Led by a band of thirty pieces and a rooting association that outnumbered that of Muncie, Walsh entered the field of the enemy and romped off with their scalps in easy fashion. Though the field was so muddy it resembled a box of mortar it did not hurt the chances of the Walsh eleven whose terrific onslaught from the beginning was too much for the Muncie squad. The working of the forward pass, again and again, for large gains, with an occasional end run by Matthews for sixty yards, gave the Walshites their scores. The team as a whole played a fine type of football and kept the other eleven a safe distance from their goal throughout the contest. The showing of the team last Saturday at Muncie proves that Walsh is going to make a desperate fight for interhall honors this year.

—The freshmen Lawyers held a meeting in the Walsh Hall law room last Friday evening, and decided to organize a debating society. The society is to meet every Thursday evening and the officers of the class will serve as the officers of the society. At the first meeting, Father McNamara and Father O'Donnell will address the members on the purposes for which the society has been organized and the benefits that may be derived from it. The class contains some very good speakers, and the interest displayed in the organization indicates that it will be a success. A freshman debating society will be a benefit to the school as well.

as to the members of the class, for it will give the Varsity orators and debaters of coming years an excellent opportunity for practice and development. The newly organized society will also look after the social interests of the class and a smoker is already being planned to take place in November.

Athletic Notes.

ALMA IS NO MATCH FOR THE VARSITY.

When Alma came last Saturday, we hardly expected to see a hard battle, and we were not disappointed. The Alma eleven was lighter, slower, not as experienced, and not coached as well as the Varsity, and although they had the necessary "scrap" their inferiority is well indicated by the score of 62 to 0. But even this one-sided story of the game might have been more lop-sided than it is, if Coach Harper had not used the reserves the better part of the last two quarters.

There were few sensational runs; few long gains during the game, but the Varsity gained consistently. Five, ten, and fifteen yards were made time after time, and once the ball got into the gold and blue's possession, it generally remained there until a score was made. On the other hand, the Michigan visitors made one futile attack after another against our line, and their open plays were broken to pieces by our vigorous offense.

A noticeable improvement in the work of our line could be seen, which gave the fans encouragement and caused many N. D. supporters to pin their faith on our boys in the Army game. The Alma line was not a great deal lighter than our own, but their attempts to open holes proved uniformly to be failures, while our forwards opened up roads, streets, promenades, boulevards and other avenues of progress. The success of our forward passes had been demonstrated in the South Dakota game, so that Coach Harper directed most of his plays against the line, and although the Alma men were nothing so strong as the "coyotes" still it was easy to see the vast improvement the team had made in straight football during the week previous to the game.

Last Saturday was a day which brought out line stars. Fitzgerald, more than any one else, was in evidence throughout the contest. The big Westerner's line-smashing was irresistible. He broke through the Alma line on almost every

play, stopping runners, blocking kicks, and recovering fumbles. "Fitz" has rounded into form, which we are glad to see, for we will need him today and next Saturday. "Deac" Jones was also conspicuous. He played his usual game—not spectacular but in the game every minute. The plays directed against his end of the line were worse than useless, for they never meant gains and often counted for a loss. Feeney, too, played a good center, but he was noticed most from the sidelines because of the basketball he played, intercepting three forward passes in the clouds, and returning the ball a noticeable distance each time. It is seldom that "Al" gets his hands on the ball after it is put into play, but when he does he knows what to do with it. The rest of the regular line as well as the substitutes held at all times and seldom failed to deliver the opening called for when the Varsity carried the ball.

One of the greatest pleasures of the game was the sight of Capt. Rockne at his old end position. Although his rib is still giving him some trouble, he did not give evidence of the fact in Saturday's playing, for he made flying tackles, carried the ball on line plunges, and grabbed forward passes in mid-air like he has always done when in the best of form. At the other end Gushurst maintained the pace he set for himself the previous week. And in the substitute ends we had fit working-mates for the lannigan line.

Ex-Capt. Dorais didn't have on his catching gloves, for he let several punts get away from him, but these never caused any trouble. He did, however, provide the sensation of the game, when he caught an Alma punt and carried it through an open field some sixty-five yards for a touchdown. Besides, he made several lesser runs of the same character which would, under ordinary circumstances, be called spectacular. He tried eight kicks from touchdowns and negotiated all of them. This in itself is a marvellous feat, and should any of our future scores this year be so close as 7 to 6, we feel sure that we will be on the seven end. Eichenlaub, Pliska, Finnegan, Duggan—in fact all the back-field men—won distinction. But what is the use of enumerating the individuals? Their big work is today and next Friday. In the reports of these games more can and will be said.

NOTRE DAME		ALMA
Rockne, (Capt.)	Mills L. E.	C. Hyde
Jones, Cook, Sharp	L. T.	Austin
Keefe, King	L. G.	A. Johnson

Feeney, McLaughlain	C.	Anderson
Fitzgerald	R. G.	Crossway, Spiney
Lathrop, Voelkers	R. T.	F. Johnson
Gushurst, Kelleher	R. E.	Spiney, M. Hyde
Dorais, Bush	Q. B.	Vogt
Finnegan, Larkin	L. H.	Shultz
Pliska, Bergman	R. H.	Cole
Eichenlaub, Duggan	F. B.	Wood (Capt)

Touchdowns—Pliska, 3; Eichenlaub, 2; Finnegan, Dorais, Gushurst, Duggan. Goals from touchdowns—Dorais—8. Referee—Metzler, South Bend. Umpire, Edwards, Notre Dame; Head Linesman—Romine, Wabash. Time of quarters—15 minutes for first three and ten minutes for last.

OFF TO THE ARMY.

Coach Harper, with a band of nineteen gold and blue warriors, left Thursday noon for West Point, where for the first time in the history of Notre Dame football, the Varsity will meet the Army eleven. We are putting our full strength in the field this afternoon against the soldiers, and are ready to put forward all our substitutes in case of accident. If we are beaten, we must concede superiority to the West Pointers.

The squad arrived in West Point yesterday morning, and ran through a light signal practice yesterday afternoon. They have had a good rest and are prepared for the battle.

The Army has a team somewhat heavier than ours, and should the field be heavy, this fact will militate against our chances. However, on a dry field, there is no reason to suppose that the Varsity is inferior to the cadets. The Army enjoys a clean slate thus far this year, having won from Stevens by a 34 to 0 score, from Colgate, 7-6, and from Tufts, 2-0. The last two scores indicate a weakness, but both games were played on heavy fields, and are no criteria for just appraisal. It is safe to say that the Military Academy has one of the strongest teams in the East, and should the Varsity prove superior to them, we can rank ourselves as among the best in the country.

The regulars who start today's game are: Capt. Rockne and Gushurst, ends; Jones and Keefe, tackles; Lathrop and Fitzgerald, guards; Feeney, centre; Dorais, quarterback; Pliska, and Finnegan, half-backs, and Eichenlaub, fullback. The substitutes who will be available are: Elward and Nowers, ends; Cook, tackle; King, guard; Voelkers, centre; Berger and Larkin, halfbacks, and Duggan, fullback.

BROWNSON AND CORBY IN TIE.

The interhall season opened with a rush last

Sunday, with Brownson and Corby staging one of the prettiest contests seen in many a day. Both teams played in mid-season form, and with a good field and weather that injected lots of "pep," they uncovered some real, fast football. Neither was able to gain consistently, and though the Corby goal was in danger several times, Father Farley's men managed to escape with a 0 to 0 score. Had the Brownson line held when goals from the field were tried, the result might have been different.

Brownson realized at the start that line bucks were useless against their heavier opponents, and so opened up her play; Corby soon followed suit, and in consequence the ball changed hands continually on intercepted forward passes. This nearly proved fatal to Corby when, in the last two minutes of play, Holmes intercepted a pass over the line, and carried the ball to the Corby 15 yard limit.

In such a contest where all were good, it is hard to pick out any individual stars. Morales of Brownson played a very strong defensive game, piling up any attempts at his end, and often downing the Corby backs before they got started. Thorpe and Yeager at halfback had all the speed in the world, and made several nice gains around end, while Finnegan, at fullback, though unable to gain through the strong Corby forwards, was a power on the secondary defense. Tommy Glynn at quarter ran the team in fine shape. The Brownson line, though lighter than its opponents, managed to stop their line plunges for little gain.

For Corby, Nigro and Kinsella, by their terrific line plunging, more than once brought the ball into Brownson's territory, only to lose it. Bachman, the giant Freshman fullback, was perfectly at home and smeared all the plays directed at his side of the line. Capt. Carmody and King at the ends were two good reasons why the fast Brownson backs failed to gain more frequently on end runs.

Corby kicked off to Brownson to start the game, but the latter was unable to gain through the Corby line and punted. Corby, by a series of fake kicks and line bucks carried the ball into Brownson territory, but lost on a fumble. After this, each team successively tried forward passes, but all were intercepted. After a shift of positions at the second quarter, Bachman made several end runs that brought the ball to Brownson's thirty-yard line, but it was lost on a forward pass, and Brownson punted out

of danger. From that time to the end of the half the play went back and forth, and the whistle blew with the game on the Corby thirty-yard line.

The Brownsonites got busy with a jump after time was called, and in three minutes, by a long forward pass to Finnegan, had the ball on Corby's 15 yard line. An attempted place kick was blocked, and they lost the ball on downs. Corby punted poorly, and the opponents again had the ball on the Corby 35 yard line when the quarter ended. At the resumption of play, they lost it on a forward pass. Play then hovered about the middle of the field, until Holmes intercepted the pass that brought the ball to Corby's 18 yard line. Three bucks were tried and failed, and then Morales essayed a drop kick. As the Corby line blocked it, the whistle blew.

Safety Valve.

OUR WEAKLY ESSAY: ROCKEFELLER HALL.

Situated on Gymnasium Court a two minutes' walk from the Hotel de Dome, stands one of the oldest rooming halls at the university, namely Rockefeller Hall. A hall where the inmates come and leave at their own free choice—the only hall at the university where general permission is exhibited. Though small in size and number nowhere at the college is such a spirit of democracy displayed. The residents of this hall are generally men that are here for business.

Their course is not the studying of text-books, but a course that affords them actual experience in their chosen professions—chosen by Brother Hugh. These men are generally students of horticulture, agriculture and dirt-modeling. In these courses unlimited equipment is furnished for the pursuit of a practical working knowledge. Every man in this hall is working his way through college. In fact these students are so busily engaged in their work at all times that they rarely attend the athletic contests. The only thing that they share in common with all other students is the advantages of the pleasant surroundings that we read about in the catalogue. Their liberties are many, they are not compelled to attend the concerts at Washington hall, and—But what more could you ask?

R. Downey.

THE ABSURDITY OF IT.

The Pullman porters decided in their convention this week that unless larger tips are forthcoming from passengers, the whisk broom will be put aside and grips will be carried by their owners. After beating us with a whisk broom till we were out of wind, after looking through all the inside pockets of our coat while pretending to brush us, after taking our suitcase and depositing it on the platform with twenty others of the same kind so that we had to open it to be sure it was ours, they expected us to pay them

a day's wages. It's absurd. It's like paying for Bro. Leopold's root beer.

Did you witness the Alma Martyrdom last week?

Carroll hall demolished those "Spring Chicks" last Sunday as though it were a feastday.

BEFORE THE GAME.

Corby—We'll beat Brownson by two touchdowns.

Brownson—We'll beat Corby by twelve points.

AFTER THE GAME.

Corby—If we had only used the shift more and hit the tackles we would have had a cinch.

Brownson—If we had hit the line instead of trying the forward pass Corby wouldn't have had a look in.

Both teams will win next time.

And many a smart boy who won't lift his "lid" to the authorities, wants the authorities to lift the lid for him.

IMPORTANT GAMES SCHEDULED.

It is a pleasure to announce that our teams are beginning to get the recognition they deserve. Heretofore difficulty has been experienced in scheduling games with the larger teams of the Middle West. We have, however come into our own, now that the Corby "wolves" have signed to play Sealey's Auto school, and Fenesy's "Goops" have arranged a contest with Moler's Barber College.

The Delinquent List is a bi-weekly publication with a large staff of contributors. Students who can't make the *Scholastic* or newspapers have been put on the staff of the D. L. without working for it.

Don't make your upper lip ridiculous. A bald head and bowlegs are afflictions, but a mustache is a man's own fault.

Peter Yerns—It's a moral impossibility to get the St. Joe team out on account of many ramifications and inertia.

There's no time like ragtime.

O would some power the giftie gie us,
To see the prefects before they see us!

THE CARROLLITES PHILOSOPHY.

The nearer the bone the less the meat.

THINGS THAT SEEM IMPOSSIBLE.

A "spike" in the apple sauce.
Better service on the Hill Street line.
A Notre Dame-St. Mary's ball.
Warm buns on Sunday morning.
General Permissions.
A small delinquent list.
Notre Dame in the Conference.
A war with Mexico.