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My Loves.

FRANK W. HOLSLAG.

I LOVE

The rancored fury of a storm at night,
Wreaking its vengeance on the earth below;
The deaf'ning crash, the lightning's blinding light
And these black cliffs, defying every blow!

I love

The muffled grind of ice out on the lake;
The lone wolf's howling at the winter moon,
Dense forest's depths, where night with shades opaque
Enshrouds the deep white snow with its black gloom.

I love

To scan those mystic realms undefined,
That lie beyond the dimmest stars that glisten:
The soft, low moaning of the autumn wind
Telling strange tales to those who know and listen.

I love

The strange enchantment of a rainy day,
The blood-moon rising, when the day is done;
A distant bird, piping its roundelay
And flowers dreaming in the summer sun.

I love

The peaceful charm of orchards old; just when
The ancient trees doze in their own perfume;
The memory of my mother's face—and then,
The consolation of a quiet tomb.

Plato and Oratory.

ERICH HANS DE FRIES, '13.



LATO'S views on rhetoric and eloquence have not always received the attention which they deserve. Even voluminous works on this subject from Aristotle to the present time mention mostly

his criticism of ostentatious sham-oratory and his pressing and persistent plea for a philosophical basis and a higher aim of the art of rhetoric; but do not credit to him that he laid the positive foundation of all true oratory and demonstrated the principles which will be the permanent guide of this uplifting and ennobling higher art. Aristotle refutes and modifies Plato's polemic against the distasteful contemporaneous rhetoric as expressed in the Gorgias, while he is not only silent as to the Phædrus, but adopts and develops the there

interpreted elements of rhetoric. Spengel rightly maintains that all the real valuable matter in Aristotle's rhetoric was already contained in the writings of his great teacher.

It seems that most of the later writers followed Aristotle. While Plato is frequently treated in a slighting and superficial way, they devote ampler space to Aristotle's rhetoric and give him a great part of the honor justly due to Plato.

Though Plato alludes to rhetoric in connection with other discussions, the main sources of his views on rhetoric are the Gorgias and pre-eminently the Phædrus. A systematic presentation of Plato's views on rhetoric has not yet been attempted in spite of the numerous books and essays on all phases and parts of his philosophy. It seems, therefore, to be a timely and worthy endeavor to present in a

systematic order the elements of rhetoric as elucidated by the flashes of Plato's foreseeing genius. Such an effort may convince us of the momentous importance of Plato's principles of rhetoric, which signify a turning-point in the development of rhetoric. As the intellectual history of man knows of no greater revolution than the philosophy of Plato, which lifted the human mind over the transient and fleeting sense-world to an immutable world, a realm of thought-entities, so with his principles of rhetoric he started a new era in the history of this philosophical art.

At the time of Plato rhetoric was degenerated by the sophists to a trifling and spurious art. The fundamental principle of their philosophy was: "man is the measure of all things, of things that are, that they are; of things that are not, that they are not." For every man, that is real and true which appears so to him. Hence there can be only a subjective and relative truth and not an objective and universal truth. If there is no universally valid knowledge and truth, there can be no universally valid law. For everyone, that must be right of which he approves. The human will freed itself. The absolute subjectivism ends in nihilism. Nothing exists; if anything existed, it could not be known; if it were knowable, the knowledge could not be communicated. There is no objective reality. Everything is appearance, and all knowledge is appearance, knowledge or opinion. In this intellectual and moral subjectivism and anarchy rhetoric is the great power for general application of sophistic doctrines. The rhetoricians, accompanied by troops of disciples, swarmed through Hellas, skilfully catering to the whims of the great animal Demos in all its moods and tempers, basely flattering folly and greed, using ignorance to induce persuasion, undermining the moral sense of the people and perverting their view of the world. They undertook to speak on any subject whatever, whether they had knowledge of it or not. By their juggling with glittering words they could make small things appear great and great things small, the old new and the new old, and anything its exact opposite. The greatest stress was laid upon the figures of speech, the poetic coloring, symmetry and rhythmical swing of the sentences, which rolled along with sham beauty and pomp. A museum of ornaments, jingle making, maxim making, image making, pretty

expressions and metaphors, were at their disposal to create a harmonious diction and to excite the masses. No rhetorical trick was spared for arousing the passions of a crowd and quelling them again when aroused. Their total blindness with regard to justice and injustice, virtue and vice, made the work of the sophistical rhetoricians truly disgraceful though it was lauded by the masses of simpletons.

The divine Plato, disgusted with such dangerous show oratory exploded the doctrine of the sophists; he tore the mask off their appearance philosophy and frivolous art, laid bare the immoral principles of their rhetoric, and showed the emptiness of the foundation of it and demonstrated for all ages the permanent psychological and logical basis of true rhetoric.

What is rhetoric? What is its value? What real power does it possess? These are the questions which Gorgias attempts to answer. Though this vain and boastful sophist is a celebrated orator and teacher of rhetoric, he can not give a definition of his own so highly exalted art: Rhetoric is the art of persuasion. This definition is too general. What is the exact nature of persuasion? Several attempts to obtain a definition of rhetoric are made in the *Gorgias*, but the results can not stand a closer examination. Gorgias is unable to explain how the orator can teach or rather persuade us with any knowledge of the subject of the discourse. If he has no knowledge of the subject he can not instruct and give knowledge. So the entire art of his spurious rhetoric is a juggling with words, intended to flatter the hearers, to cause a certain delight and gratification and to make them believe Plato contended that rhetoric is of two kinds: one which is mere flattery and disgraceful declamation; the other which is noble and aims at the training and improvement of the souls of the citizens and strives to say what is best, whether welcome or unwelcome to the audience. But where are the orators of the latter type? Callicles can not point out a single one among the living rhetoricians. There was no true orator in Plato's sense. The true orator, who has art and virtue, does not flatter, he does not mind the likes and dislikes of his audience; he seeks to implant justice in the souls of the citizens and to fight injustice; to implant every virtue and to fight every vice; to implant temperance and to take away intemperance. The real object of rhetoric is to impart true knowledge,

to convince, to persuade and to lead. Rhetoric in general may, therefore, be considered as a method of leading men's souls by means of words, not only in courts of law and other public assemblies but also in private gatherings. Hence the aim of rhetoric is to lead the souls in a methodical way from appearance knowledge, false opinions and deceiving errors, to the real truth, to justice and virtue. The true orator, who is inspired by heaven's grace, lifts the hearers over the sense-world and bears them aloft to the meadows of the good, the true and the beautiful, where they find suitable pasturage and are rapt in the beautifying contemplation of the divine. Such is the value and power of true rhetoric.

Now tell us from what source and by what means we acquire the real art of rhetoric, asked Phædrus. The power of becoming an accomplished orator is of necessity subject to a general law. This law embodies three main requirements. No one can become a distinguished speaker, who is not endowed by nature with a talent for speaking, who has not received a thorough training in science and who does not practice daily. In whichever of these three requirements he is wanting by so much he will fall short of perfection. All the higher arts require over and above their immediate discipline a subtle and speculative acquaintance with science. Pericles, the most perfect orator that ever lived, added to the advantage of being a great natural genius assiduous speculative studies regarding the nature of things and the principles of the universe under Anaxagoras, and draughted from those researches into the art of speaking whatever was suitable for it.

There can be no efficient orator without scientific training. The particular sciences if they are rightly considered, fall under philosophy, the science of the essence of things. The various forms of knowledge perception, opinion, reflection, lead only to the threshold of philosophy, and find their end in dialectic. The true orator must be competent, philosopher and dialectician and rise to the real essence, the supermundane world of ideas. The philosophic impulse of the soul—*eros*—the passionate desire for the possession of truth, is his only reliable guide. If this impulse, the love of the beautiful sciences with their highest object, the idea of the good, is strongly developed in him it will raise his soul out of the ocean of

sense, over the world of worry and decay, to the pure field of absolute reality, and turn his mental eye to the fountain of light and truth. Without this the noble aims of eloquence, the guidance of souls can never be accomplished. Great labor, unceasing practice is necessary for the attainment of excellence. The gods gave nothing to the mortals without earnest and persistent effort; they put the sweat before the fame, as Father Homer expresses it. The wise man ought to devote such perseverant labor to his ideal task, not with a view to speaking and acting before the world, but for the sake of making himself able both by word and deed to please God as best he can. Furthermore, a good orator realizes several special requisites to insure success. He must have a universal mastery of the subject in hand, a thorough knowledge, not only of the essentials but also of its parts and its relations to other things and conditions. No just and good man will ever talk at random. No one ought to speak on a subject—like the sophists—without being conscientiously instructed about it. Since the efficacy of speech is to guide men's souls, it follows of necessity that the intended speaker must be acquainted with all kinds of souls and their particularities. Now, of these kinds, there is a certain number, each being of a certain sort, whence result different characters in different individuals. The speech must adapt itself to the different characters. Persons of a certain character are by speeches of a certain character easily persuaded for certain reasons into certain things, while persons of a different character are, under the same circumstances, hard to be persuaded. These distinctions must be competently understood; but even when understood, the speaker must be able to follow them rapidly with his perceptive faculties and to read the character at a glance. If he is possessed of such knowledge and has learned moreover the proper time for speaking and the proper time for being silent, and has further learned the seasonable and unseasonable use of the different styles—the sententious, indignant, pathetic and others—then his art is wrought into a beautiful and perfect work.

The arrangement and embellishment of a discourse must be suited to the nature and kind of the soul. Simple souls require simple discourse, while scientifically trained souls of high intelligence may easily grasp discourse of

complex structure, rich in science and wisdom and embellishments. The orator must have knowledge of the means to treat and impress the individualities, to write with insight into the hearers' souls the knowledge which he intends to impart, the good, the true and the beautiful, which he beholds in his soaring mind. Men who devote their life to such earnest uplifting and ennobling work, we may not call wise—because wise is God alone—lovers of wisdom or philosophers or some name of this kind would be of better taste.

Plato's estimation of the ordinary rhetoricians and their method and devices, was, indeed, very low. The entire sophistic technique of rhetoric, lacking a scientific foundation, is not rhetoric itself, but only propædæutic or the preliminary to it. Neither Tisias nor Gorgias with their books on speech making, nor Polus with his museum of ornaments, give more than such informations which must of necessity precede the art itself. If they believe these acquirements are rhetoric in perfection, they are just as much mistaken as the man who could produce vomitings and purgings, fancied himself a physician, while in reality he knew nothing about the real science of medicine. Most men are blind to the fact that they are ignorant of the essential character of each individual thing; imagining, therefore, that they possess this knowledge, they come to no mutual understanding at the outset of their inquiry. If we want to avoid this fundamental error, there can be in discourse only one mode of beginning for those who would deliberate well. They must know what the subject is which they are deliberating, or, of necessity, go entirely astray. Hence, a definition of the subject under discussion must be stated and accurately marked. By so precisely defining the nature of the subject, everyone understands what we are intending to discuss and the speech appears clear and consistent. The method of forming definitions and apprehending general ideas is dialectic. The true orator is a complete dialectician. He proceeds in a twofold direction; first, rising to the universal,—comprehending the scattered particulars connected with the subject and bringing them together under one general idea—and secondly, returning from the universal concept to the particular, separating the general idea into its subordinate elements by dichotomy, just as the body has a right and a left set of members, and dividing

each side into smaller and again smaller parts until he reaches the indivisible. He reduces the many kinds of experience to one genus and again divides this genus into its species, and so applies the synthetical and analytical power of his mind with a lover's assiduity. The parts of a discourse must not appear to have been thrown together at random. Frequently the orator—with a gentlemanly independence—puts in the first place whatever comes first into his head; one sees no necessity why the sentences are appearing in the position which he has assigned them. But every speech ought to be an organic entirety and its parts put together like a living creature, having a head, a body with extremities and a foot, every part in perfect keeping with one another and the whole. This may suffice as regards the scientific method of a discourse, but the question of propriety and impropriety in speaking and how to make it inelegant or graceful remains to be considered. Frequently we have the desire to wash out by fresh and sweet discourse the brackish taste of the stuff we have just heard. The orator stands in the service of the idea of good, the sun in the celestial world of the pure essence—the idea,—so he will find his guide in the sacred rule that whatever he speaks must be pleasing to God in substance and form. They will never attempt to purchase gold and honor on earth at the price of some offence at the high court of heaven.

Raphael in his "School of Athens" represents Plato as pointing toward heaven. Plato's relation to the world is that of a superior spirit. With the eye of his ideal soul he penetrated the mutable, ceaseless, fleeting sense-world and beheld above the mutable, the immutable, the true essence and the true reality, a thought world, dominated and pervaded by the absolute good and true and beautiful. He scaled the heights of human thought as one who is inspired with a passion for truth, whose soul is glowing with an irresistible desire for true knowledge. Scientific rhetoric, founded on psychology and logic, was for him a powerful means to impart real knowledge, to lead the souls to the invisible realm of the good and true and beautiful and to further and promote immortal idealism in every bosom. Plato had left the world of sense behind him and stood for goods that are invisible and eternal; if we forget them, our hearts will wither and the springs of idealism run dry.

Varsity Verse.

Blues.

TODAY I feel my courage sink,
 I have no more desire to roam;
 I'm sad and lonely now, I think
 Because I dreamt last night of home.

A little dreaming of the past,
 Of sights and sounds that made me glad,
 A thought of joys that couldn't last
 Suffice to make the heart grow sad.

One stone removed, the arch will quake,
 One dismal thought, and peace is crossed,
 One cruel word, a heart may break,
 One sordid thought, the light is lost.

W. P. H.

Limerick.

"All nature is po'try sublime,"
 I raved to a friend, on a time.
 "Sure thing. Just observe,"
 He said, with some verve,
 "That even the white frost is rime."

H. V. L.

Farewell to the Birds.

Farewell, O birds, our summer's cheer,
 You can not brook the wintry gales;
 In other climes your younglings rear
 Till spring shall call you to our vales.

There sing your carols sweet and low
 And chirp beside the lispings springs,
 When summer zephyrs gently blow
 You'll take swift flight on joyous wings.

P. D.

Winter.

It is winter in the skies,
 For the fires above,
 In the freezing blue,
 Like lifeless embers lay.
 It is winter in my heart,
 For the fires of love,
 As they burned for you,
 Are ashes,—cold and gray.

MORRISON CONWAY.

The Humiliation of "Doc" Watson.

J. CLOVIS SMITH, '15.

"Did I ever tell you how we initiated 'Doc' Watson into the Lambda Ro's?" Jack Benning was in a reminiscent mood. "No? Well, that was one of the happiest times of my life. There wasn't a single dark moment—'Doc's' sunset hair was too much in evidence for that.

"It was back in my second year at Yarmouth, when all the fellows were coming back to school. The scenery was green with Freshmen; whole droves of them came in by every train. Jack Marsh, the Big Chief of our fraternity, and myself were perched on an old fence on one side of the campus, passing caustic remarks on the general make-up and meek, docile appearance of the newcomers. Finally a chap passed, more aggressive looking than the rest, whose red head glittered like a golden dome in the sunlight. Jack hailed him: 'Say, sonny, cover your head; the Prexy will have you up for causing undue disturbance!'

"'Not if he sees you first,' was the apt retort, for Jack's physiognomy had come into rude contact with a baseball the day before, and his left eye was swollen and discolored.

"'Good work, son,' laughed Jack; 'What's your name?'

"'Geo. Watson, but I'm usually called 'Doc'—by association, I guess,' he added comically.

"'Well, *Doc*-tor up that hair if you're wise,' and Jack, laughing at his own poor pun—an old habit of his—sauntered across the campus.

"The next night we held a council meeting at the 'Sheepfold' as our frat house was called, to determine just how many good Lambda Ro's could be made from the row of lambs we saw filing across the campus the day before. I suggested 'Doc' Watson's name, and Jack instantly backed me up with the assertion that 'Doc' was good material, but would need a lot of initiating to be lowered to the degree of humility proper to a Freshman. A committee was appointed to visit 'Doc' and other likely candidates, and show them how much superior our organization was to any other at the school. 'J. Pierpont Morgan, the Wright Brothers, and Doctor Cook, are all members of our frat,' Jack would loftily tell some awe-inspired Freshman, and they all fell for it. In less than two weeks, Doc-of-the-red-hair was parading

around the grounds with a Lambda pledge pin proudly exhibited in his buttonhole.

"Some time later, all preliminaries having been gone through, Doc's real tests began. To be a Lambda Ro necessitated great endurance, fortitude and patience, but Doc possessed all these qualities along with an unflinching good humor. This sometimes nettled our Royal Potentate, especially when Doc, after a particularly trying experience, would come through grinning—and he had the biggest grin I ever saw.

"The rest of us felt a good deal as Jack did, and we finally cooked up a plan that we thought was a hummer. Yarmouth is a co-ed school, though not so much for the "co" as most of its kind. Still, the fair sex gave two or three dances every year just to brighten things up. The best of these was a Hallowe'en Frolic, conducted by the girls of the Junior class. It was an ancient tradition that no Freshman was allowed to attend. Well, we doped it out that we'd tell 'Doc' in a friendly way that it was the custom for Freshmen to ask some girl to the dance on Flag-day, when all the girls would be gathered in front of their dormitory for the annual flag-raising festivities. Meanwhile, we would pick out the girl, and have her primed to give him a crushing refusal, right in front of the whole assembly. The idea looked great—kind of crude, you say? Well, maybe; but then we just wanted to see that infernal grin disappear for once, and a real humiliated look take its place. And when a fellow is young there is nothing more certain to accomplish said process than the contempt of a bunch of pretty girls. As I was saying, we had this all planned. The girl we selected—Marsh did all the selecting—was one whom that gentleman had been interested in for the last year—taken her to the games, dances and so on. We called her the 'Princess' and the word was just coined for her. Never did I see a prettier girl, or one more haughty when some one displeased her. She just gave you a straight steady look that made you feel like asking her permission to go out and kick yourself. Marsh persuaded her to play the part, and impress on that red-headed Freshman his own extreme insignificance. A committee was appointed to put the case before her, and she agreed, but not before we told her who the victim was, and the nature of his crime. I remember now that I was surprised at the quiet way she acted at first, and the open delight she

took in finally arranging plans. As for Doc, when we showed him his intended partner, he just grinned and said there was no one he'd better like to take. I guess that was the truth, too.

"By the time Flag-day came around, the Sheepfold was like an over-charged electric wire. Everybody was awaiting this intensely new and novel experience of seeing Doc Watson 'fussed,' while that young gentleman, all unconscious of his coming fate, put on his most festive garments for the occasion.

"Somehow, word of our prank had spread around, and everybody was out in force, including our dearest enemies, the Kappa Deltas. At the appointed time, the young ladies poured out from Anderson Hall, and demurely grouped themselves on one side of the flag-staff. They looked demure, all right, but that only showed they knew what was up. An address proper to the day was first, and the dear old Prexy recounted the history of the flag from the original Betsy Ross, down to the latest star of the lusty infant, Arizona. He broke the tape finally, and the flag went up, but the faculty were the only ones to leave. Then it happened.

"Doc, his red hair ablaze, stepped up to the princess with a deep bow. 'May I have the pleasure of taking you to the Hallowe'en dance, Miss Dale?'

"We could hear the words distinctly, and our Royal Potentate jabbed me in the ribs joyfully: 'Now for the explosion.' Then came the reply, and crushing it surely was: 'Thank you, Mr. Watson, I'll be very glad to go with you.' And she ran up the stairs of the hall.

"For a moment, nothing happened, then a roar broke out like a Jewish wedding. I looked at Doc. He was coming toward us with the happiest grin I ever saw on mortal man. Then I glanced at Jack. He was staring after the Princess with an expression that a circus clown would trade his mother-in-law for, and think he had the best of the bargain. All eyes were turned toward him, but he was game. The fixed, astounded expression faded, and a smile broke out. He advanced to meet Doc. 'You win, Doc, but how in the name of Sherlock Holmes did you ever do it?'

"That was easy. The Princess lives near me at home, and I—I—er—know her pretty well, you see. She told me about your stunt, and we fixed it up together.

"Doc was made a Lambda Ro that night."

Hamlet.

LOUIS EICK, '14.

Hamlet, the melancholy Dane, the most widely read and most discussed character of all Shakespeare's creations, is an ideal character. He was a very intelligent young man, a good student, a lover of justice; and, above all, he idolized his father. He was slow and deliberate as is seen from his actions during the play.

Fresh from school at Wittenberg, where he had pursued his studies diligently, he returns to the kingdom of Denmark to find his mother married to his uncle after his father had been but two months dead. His great grief at the sudden death of his father and the sudden marriage of his mother and his well-founded suspicion that all was not well are shown in that intense soliloquy: "O that this too to solid flesh would melt and thaw, etc." His suspicion becomes confirmed by the wonderful news of Horatio, who imparts the knowledge of having seen the dead Hamlet's spirit in arms walking in the dread hours of the night. Hamlet pleads their secrecy and with them, on the next night, holds the watch, where, to his dread and fear-inspired soul, his father's spirit reveals to him the deep damnation of his sudden taking off. The treachery of his brother, who, amorous of his queen and eager for the possession of his kingdom, poured into his sleeping ear the leprous distilment which caused his sudden death, is told Hamlet by his father's spirit. He commands Hamlet to revenge his foul murder, but to leave his mother to heaven. His determination is taken then and there, and drawing his sword he vows vengeance. To none of his friends but Horatio does he communicate what the spirit has told him, and he swears all to secrecy of what they have seen. He tells them that no matter how oddly he shall bear himself thereafter, no matter what things he shall do or say, should disturb them in the least.

His first thought is, then, to revenge his father's murder. Being a true lover of Ophelia, and finding that on account of his action the uncle-father and Polonius are watching him, he puts by his love for Ophelia and all his fond dreams of future happiness, and plans what to do to carry out his vow. Then becoming suspicious

lest the father's spirit might be the devil—for the devil hath power to assume a pleasing shape—who might draw him into madness, he has the strolling players produce a scene the counterfeit presentment of his father's taking off. This is enacted before the king and queen, and he begs his bosom friend, Horatio, to rivet his eyes upon the king to learn of his guilt. For, he says, that guilty souls, sitting at a play, have been so struck by the presentation that presently they have proclaimed their malefactions. For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak with most miraculous organs. The play is produced, and Hamlet, his eyes riveted upon his uncle-father, watches the effect. In the poisoning scene the king cries out: "Give o'er the play," and shouts for lights, rushing in frightful guilt from the scene. Hamlet, in almost mad frenzy, consults with Horatio, is assured of the king's guilt, and now plans his destruction. His mother, grieved at the seeming offense Hamlet has offered her husband, calls him to account. In fear lest he might do her harm, herself feeling guilty, she has Polonius stand guard within the arras; Hamlet accosts his mother, and when she calls him to account for having offended his uncle-father, he wrings her heart with filial love and duty, so that she looks into her very soul and sees the inmost part of herself. He compares the brothers, and in his great love and admiration for his father, brings forth the living picture to his mother, showing at the same time the treachery and the deceit of her present husband. She cries for help, and Polonius, hiding behind the curtains, echoes her call; Hamlet, thinking it is the king, in the excitement of the moment runs his foil through the curtain, killing the "wretched, rash, intruding fool." Calling his mother to task for what she has done, he so upbraids her that one would almost think he is about to do violence when his father's spirit appears and cautions him. He leaves his mother to her own conscience and then plots the destruction of the king. He finds him kneeling in prayer and hesitates lest, in killing him now, he should send his soul to heaven. His uncle-father, fearing the rage of the people and of Laertes, in the killing of Polonius, sends Hamlet to England. He escapes from the ship and returns at the burial of his love, Ophelia, who, through Hamlet's professed love and his sudden change of character together with the

death of her father, became dethroned of her mind and drowned herself in the weeping brook. In the graveyard scene, Hamlet overhears Laertes begging the grave-digger to bury him alive with his dead sister. And his grief becomes outspoken, and with all his love for Ophelia returning, he proclaims that love. Laertes, infuriated at the presence of the murderer of his father, rushes upon Hamlet, but they are separated.

The king then secretly informs Laertes that he will challenge Hamlet to a duel, and lest Hamlet should win, he will have a poisoned cup prepared whereof, if Hamlet drink, it shall end his being. Laertes tells the king that he has an unction, brought of a mountebank, with which he will anoint his sword; and if he do but scratch Hamlet it shall be his certain death. The duel is arranged before the king and queen. Hamlet, an excellent, swordsman, wins the bouts; he is scratched, however, by Laertes, and then wrenches from him his foil. He offers his own to Laertes, and taking Laertes' foil, they begin again. In the next bout Laertes is wounded. The king offers Hamlet the poisonous cup; but he declines, and the queen drinks to his success. She is poisoned, and tottering from the throne, reveals to Hamlet the treachery of her husband. Hamlet calls for the doors to be locked, and Laertes, now dying, tells Hamlet all and begs his forgiveness. Hamlet, with the poisoned foil still in his hand, pushes aside the guards and kills the king. Himself, upon the throne of Denmark, breathes his last in the arms of Horatio who says: "Now cracks a noble heart. Prince, farewell, and flights of angels guard thee to thy rest."

The Topaz Ring.

MARTIN E. WALTER, '14.

He was a strange old man. Now, I am not usually interested in any old man who happens to totter across my path; but in this case I was strangely attracted. He was in the habit of sitting by a big oak table in the quaint library I often visited in my student days. It was a strange, solemn place, all in one great room of a huge old mansion, hidden among the towering elms of a side street. Row upon row of musty old volumes covered the shelves and littered the floor. Many of them were

rare and ancient, and would have brought the owner thousands had he cared to sell; but he preferred to rent them out to students like myself who imagined that reading forgotten books and manuscripts would, in some mysterious manner, open the door to literary fame and success. In the morning the sun streamed in from the east and flashed from the dusty shields and spears that hung everywhere. In the evening it fell soft and mellow upon unending rows of books in dark oak casings, and a score or more complete suits of armour of all types and periods. The old man usually sat at his carved table poring over Spanish manuscripts. I was able to help him one day in a small matter by lifting from a heap a book that he could hardly move. He thanked me and from that day, slowly but surely, our acquaintance ripened into friendship. The manuscripts were all in Spanish and our conversation always led to the Spain of old.

"Oh, Castile, thou beloved land of romance!" he would say in his sad, wistful manner; and so I was not entirely unprepared when he ventured to relate a story that had its setting in sun-kissed Castile.

"Don Pedro was very strong and happy one day in June, even as you now are," he said, "for that day he left for Cadiz from where he would go to New Spain there to gather gold and silver as had Cortez and Pizarro. Friends and relatives had said farewell and now he was alone with Francesca. Her eyes were filled with tears and she seemed so small, so young and beautiful as she faltered pleadingly, half fearfully:

"Don Pedro, you will not forget.' And he with the assurance of youth answered passionately:

"Francesca it would be easier to forget myself than to forget you."

"As he was leaving, Francesca drew from the finger of a little hand a fragile topaz ring.

"I am giving you half, Don Pedro, to keep me in your mind. When you unite this ring I will know that you have come to marry me."

"Don Pedro took the ring and exclaimed: 'May the Lord never let me die until I have united it.' As he gazed upon her there in the bright sunlight of the fair June morning, Don Pedro felt brave and strong and sure of his love. Kissing her tenderly he turned and strode away—to America, the land of gold.

"Little Francesca had waited seven years.

before he returned and then she stood on the outskirts of a crowd that hailed him as a hero and conqueror. For he had killed many Aztecs, robbed many sacred temples and his ship returned weighted down with gold and silver. Why should he, the conqueror, the favored of the court, sue for the favor of a girl from an insignificant province? He was the idol of all the dark eyes in the court, and from the circle of feminine hearts Don Pedro thought he had chosen well; yet sometimes the haughty beauty, proud and reserved, did not seem preferable to the warm-eyed, clinging girl he had loved in the days of his youth.

"He was at a banquet one night, seven years after his marriage, when a courtier handed him a little crumpled note. Don Pedro opened it and there dropped out tinkling on the tiled floor the smaller half of a topaz ring.

"I am releasing you, Don Pedro, from the oath you made when you said that I should be your wife. May the Holy Mother grant that you be forgiven the neglect that has caused me seven years of misery and despair."

"He laughed then," said the old man with unusual force in his voice, "but God knows he never laughed again."

I did not see the old man again for several days, and his story of old Spain was but a fading memory when I happened once more to visit the old mansion that had been the scene of so many pleasant hours of study. The old gentleman was not in the little ante-room to greet me with a few words as was his custom, but since it was a beautiful June evening I concluded that he was walking upon the banks of a little stream that flowed through the grounds of the mansion. I was entering the library as usual when I paused in the door arrested by the knowledge that some other person was in the gloomy, half-darkened room. I could hear his feet rasping over the dusty floor, and noting that he flashed the light from a candle about the room, I backed into the protecting darkness of an ancient cabinet.

"Jesu, Maria," I heard him mutter and I knew it was my old friend. As the small circle of light illuminated one by one a whole row of armour that stood along the wall with a weird suggestion of other days, days of mystery, a feeling of vague uneasiness surged through my frame. The half light of the dying day revealed the old man strangely erect and active. Eagerly he examined each of the bronze and

steel suits and muttering he shook them, then straightening up to his full height tried to peer into the helmet through the opened visor. The last one, but recently received, was covered with a piece of dingy red silk. With eager hands he tore off the rotted cloth. A carved, bronze breastplate reflected the rays of the light, and with a scream, the intense emotion of which I can never describe, he tried to pull down the helmet. The big bronze frame tottered, then like a stricken giant it toppled forward crushing him to the floor. I ran forward, groped about the floor until my hand touched the candle. A single beam revealed the old man's face white with the pallor of instant death. Reverently I loosed his hands from the helmet which they clasped with the death grip. As I did so the rays of the candle flashed in the headgear and a beam of light reflected back into my eyes. I stooped and there embedded in a small piece of aromatic wax on the inside of the helmet was the larger part of a fragile topaz ring.

Over the Telephone.

FRANCIS KEHOE, '14.

Hello! Is this Dr. Palmer?—O Doctor, our Eddie is so sick; he wont eat; he whimpers and refuses to be with the rest of the family."

Constipation? Well, perhaps.

What did he eat for supper?

Why, his evening meal was very light. Some chicken, cake, pie and a dish of ice-cream. Perhaps the pie and cake were too rich.

Keep him covered, did you say? Very well, Doctor, I will put his cot near the heater and cover him with blankets.

LATER.

Hello, Doctor!—Doctor I treated Eddie just as you instructed, but he does not seem any better. He tosses about and refuses to remain covered. Besides he is always scratching himself.

No, he has not been to any of the neighbors.

Why, yes. That little O'Hara boy brought the laundry this morning and I allowed Eddie to play with him and his dog.

What did you say?—Rub him with vaseline? Why doctor, how dare you! Your are insulting. I'm positive Eddie has no fleas. He's much too aristocratic a dog for that.

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—Some one has said that an examination is like pulling up a flower to look at the roots. It gives the examiner a splendid idea of how long and how hardy the roots are, but it doesn't seem to do the flower any good. Whether or not this be true we will not stop to argue here. What we wish to say is that the quarterly examinations will take place next week, and there is need of not forgetting all about them in the midst of our rejoicing over the many football victories. For those who have applied themselves daily to their class work, who have set aside a certain period every day for the study of each class, examinations will present little dread. For others who have been putting off their work from day to day with the intention of beginning tomorrow the quarterly test will not be at all pleasant. To endeavor to cram a quarter of a year's work into one's head in the short space of a week is far from interesting—not only that, it is actually more hurtful than helpful to the student. All of us no doubt started out with the intention of doing our work conscientiously every day. How many of us have kept to our resolution the test will show.

Death of Professor Petersen.

Professor Charles Petersen, who died on Thursday, October 30, 1913, at his home, "The Lilacs," Notre Dame Avenue, and whose obsequies were celebrated on Monday, Nov. 3, with unwonted solemnity, will be missed poignantly and long by many at Notre Dame, where his faithful work and buoyant, sociable

disposition have left a lasting impression. Professor Petersen was not an ordinary character. He was a man of many excellent traits. Socially, he was friendly, cheerful, honorable; in his work, punctual and painstaking. A man of refinement, he was candid beyond the ordinary, and his home was a place of generous hospitality.

Professor Petersen came to Notre Dame in September 1890 as instructor in French and German. Soon his qualifications as a musician brought about his appointment as head of the department of music, with immediate supervision of the University musical organization, a position which he held till the close of the scholastic year 1912-1913, when his illness became suddenly acute.



He was born in Cologne, Germany, July 18, 1859. He was educated at Frederick Wilhelm's Academy and the University of Bonn and studied also in Paris and London. Later he served in the German Artillery, and in 1884 came to the United States. After one year spent in New York and Pennsylvania, he went to Nelson County, Kentucky, where on May 4, 1886, he married Miss Julia Wilkinson, and a year later he became Professor of Music at St. Joseph's College, Bardstown. When this College was closed, in June, 1889, he taught music, and acted as organist in several large churches till September, 1896, when he took charge of the department of music at St. Mary's College, Kentucky, which position he occupied till he came first to Notre Dame.

Brilliant Forward Passes Overwhelm the Army

WIDE-OPEN GAME BEATS WEST POINT.

"Notre Dame, 35; Army, 13." This with a few meagre details was all that came over the wire last Saturday to tell us, who stayed at home, of the greatest gridiron victory in our history. Then the Sunday newspapers came with accounts of dazzling and spectacular playing by our men and of a bewildered Army eleven, and it was only when our team came home Monday afternoon that we found out that the Army really played a terrific game and that the Varsity had to strain every muscle to win as it did. From a dozen or more good accounts of the game we have chosen the one which we give below, taken from the *New York Times* of Sunday morning, not only because it is one of the most thorough, but because it is a true and gripping story of the game.

The pleasure of victory is heightened not only because the Army is one of the hardest fighting teams in the East but also because it is one of the most sportsmanlike. Our players, on their return, one and all, declared that it was a pleasure to play in the game; that hard, clean football was played throughout; and that the vast crowd of spectators, although Army partisans for the most part, was fair at all times, refusing to try to drown our signals, and giving generous applause when a brilliant play was executed by our boys. The Army proved themselves good winners in baseball last spring, and they proved themselves good losers last Saturday. But the account of the game is the thing:

NEW YORK Times, Nov. 1.—The Notre Dame eleven swept the Army off its feet on the plains this afternoon, and buried the soldiers under a 35 to 13 score. The Westerners flashed the most sensational football that has been seen in the East this year, baffling the Cadets with a style of open play and a perfectly developed forward pass, which carried the victors down the field thirty yards at a clip. The Eastern gridiron has not seen such a master of the forward pass as Charley Dorais, the Notre Dame quarterback. A frail youth of 145 pounds, as agile as a cat and as restless as a jumping-jack, Dorais shot forward passes with accuracy into the outstretched arms of his ends, Capt. Rockne and Gushurst, as they stood poised for the ball often as far as 35 yards away.

The yellow leather egg was in the air half the time, with the Notre Dame team spread out in all directions over the field waiting for it. The Army players were hopelessly confused and chagrined before Notre

Dame's great playing, and their style of old-fashioned close line-smashing play was no match for the spectacular and highly perfected attack of the Indiana collegians. All five of Notre Dame's touchdowns came as the result of forward passes. They sprang the play on the Army seventeen times, and missed only four. In all, they gained 243 yards with the forward pass alone.

The top-notch forward pass performance of the game happened in the second period when Notre Dame carried the ball nearly the entire length of the field in four plays for a touchdown. Rockne caught McEwan's kick-off and was downed on the fifteen-yard line. Little Dorais then got five on a quarterback run. He then hurled a long pass to Pliska which netted thirty yards. Dorais followed this with a beautiful placed heave of thirty-five yards to Rockne. Another forward pass to Rockne carried the ball to the five-yard line and then Pliska was jammed through the Army forwards for a touchdown.

Football men marveled at this startling display of open football. Bill Roper, former head coach at Princeton, who was one of the officials of the game, said that he had always believed that such playing was possible under the new rules, but that he had never seen the forward pass developed to such a state of perfection.

Except for a short time in the second period, when the Army team got going and hammered out two touchdowns by driving, back-straining work, the Cadets looked like novices compared with the big Indiana team. Just before West Point's second touchdown, Notre Dame made a great stand under the shadow of its own goal. The Cadets had the ball on the one-yard line and Hodgson, Hobbs and Capt. Hoge hurled themselves at the line, but it would not move. A penalty gave the Soldiers their first down and again the Army backs pushed the rigid wall of giant Westerners. Five times they hammered at the line and on the sixth crash, Pritchard bulleted his way through for the touchdown.

This was the first time Notre Dame has ever been on the army schedule, and a crowd of 5000 came to the reservation today to witness the game. Report had the Indiana team strong, but no one imagined that it knew so much football. Dorais ran the team at top speed all the time. The Westerners were on the jump from the start, and handled the ball with few muffs. The little quarterback displayed great judgment at all times, and was never at a loss to take the Cadets by surprise. He got around as if on springs, and was as cool as a cucumber on ice with the forward pass. Half a dozen Army tacklers bearing down on him in full charge didn't disconcert the quarterback one bit. He got his passes away accurately, every one, before the Cadets could reach him. He tossed the football on a straight line for 30 yards time and again.

The Army folks from Gen. Leonard Wood down to the youngest substitute on the scrubs were shocked at the way the Army team was put to rout. Head

Coach Charley Daly paraded up and down the sidelines nervously as he watched the depressing spectacle of the giant fullback, Eichenlaub, tearing the Army line to shreds. The Cadet corps in the stands yelled encouragement at the Soldiers until they were hoarse, but it was a losing fight from the start.

There was little of encouragement in the Army's showing with the Navy game four weeks away. Their best playing was shown only in streaks. At times the Army backs punched through the Notre Dame line with genuine power behind their driving charge, but after they had hammered out two touchdowns much of the snap was gone from their attack. In the last period the Notre Dame team also was pretty well played out. Going at top speed all the time slowed them up considerably at the end. But the wonder of it all was that, covering all the ground they did, they didn't tire earlier. They had the ball most of the time, and were always eating up distance which separated them from the Army goal line.

McEwan kicked off for the Army and Dorais had taken only a few steps when he was buried under a pile of Army men. Eichenlaub tried the army line, but it would not yield, and then the Cadets let out a yell when the Army got the ball on a fumble. Both sides were penalized for holding. Hodgson and Capt. Hoge jammed through the forwards for big gains, but Hodgson was finally forced to kick. He booted the ball to Dorais on the five yard line and the quarterback wiggled his way back to the 35-yard line before he was brought down. Pliska got around the end for five yards, and then Dorais tried his first forward pass, and it failed, so the quarter back punted to midfield.

Dorais was tackled so hard after catching Hodgson's return punt that he fumbled the ball, and the alert Meacham fell on the ball for the Army. Eichenlaub and Finnegan tore big holes in the Army's front and Dorais' second attempt at a forward pass failed. McEwan, the army centre, was hurt in the melee which followed and had to retire for awhile, but trainer Harry Tuthill patched him up and he got back in the game in a few minutes.

Then Notre Dame cut loose. Some vicious line smashing by Eichenlaub and Pliska carried the ball down to the 25-yard line and Dorais hurled a beautiful forward pass to Capt. Rockne, who caught it a few yards from the goal line and rushed it over for the first touchdown. Dorais kicked the goal. Before the first period ended, Dorais got off several spectacular forward passes to Pliska and Rockne. A successful forward pass by the Army, Pritchard to Louett, carried the ball to Notre's Dame 15-yard line, and from there Hodgson and Hobbs plowed their way to the goal line, Hodgson hurling himself over for the score. Woodruff was rushed in as a pinch kicker and booted the ball over the crossbar, tying the score.

Soon after play was resumed Merrilat was tackled so hard by Rockne that he was laid out, but came back into the game smiling just as soon as he got his wind again. Pritchard then drove the Army team at top speed, and a fine forward pass, which he threw to Louett, landed the leather on the five-yard line. Three times Hodgson and Hobbs tried to batter their

way over the goal line, but got only as far as the one-yard mark. Here Notre Dame was penalized for holding and the Army fortunately got a first down. The Notre Dame team was making a desperate stand with the ball only six inches from the goal. Hodgson slammed himself into the scrimmage twice only to be turned back. On the sixth try, Pritchard hurled his way over for a touchdown. Hoge missed the goal. The Cadets went wild with joy, but their happiness was short-lived, because Dorais then executed a string of forward passes which put the Army team completely in the air.

After the Army's touchdown, Notre Dame, starting from the fifteen-yard mark, sailed serenely down the field for a touchdown, from which Dorais kicked the goal and put the Westerners in the lead, 14 to 13. Dorais fell back and the Notre Dame team spread out across the field. Dorais hurled the ball high and straight for twenty-five yards and Rockne, on a dead run, grabbed the ball out of the air and was downed in midfield. Dorais lost no time in shooting another pass at Pliska, which netted thirty-five yards. The ball went high and straight, and Pliska was far out of the Army's reach when he caught it. The partisan Army crowd for the moment forgot that the Army was being defeated, and burst forth in a sincere cheer for the marvelous little quarterback, Dorais, and his record toss of thirty-five yards. The ball again shot up into the air and was grabbed by Finnegan a few yards from the Army goal line. Pliska, behind compact interference, skirted the Army tackle for a touchdown, and Dorais again kicked goal.

Notre Dame had West Point on the run, and there was no stopping their wild, reckless advance. Dorais kept at his great work and had his ends and half backs dashing madly around the field chasing his long throws. Just before the end of the period Notre Dame had the ball on the Army's 45-yard line close to the east side of the gridiron. Dorais barked out a signal, and the whole western backfield and ends rushed across to the west side of the field. Dorais received the ball from his centre and ran back several yards before he tossed the ball. He set himself and waited just a second too long. His throw was a wonder. It sailed far and straight through the air for nearly 40 yards, soaring towards the outstretched hands of Rockne. If this pass had been executed it would have been a dazzling trick, but just as Rockne was about to grab the ball, Pritchard hurled himself high over the Notre Dame captain's head and caught the ball. Then the first half ended.

The teams fought stubbornly in the third period, the ball see-sawing up and down the field from one team to the other. The Army was fighting hard and stubbornly and threw back the Notre Dame charge. It was in this period that Dorais attempted a daring stunt. He dropped back to the midway mark, when Eichenlaub's tearing rushes had been stopped, and tried to kick a goal from the field. There wasn't a chance of his making it because the ball rose over the Army line only a few yards, and rolled down to the goal line.

Hodgson, Hobbs and Millburn then began to tear up the Notre Dame line for generous gains, and

marched down to the Notre Dame 15-yard line. Millburn was fresh in the game, and on two plunges he carried the ball 12 yards.

Notre Dame was penalized for holding and it was the Army's ball on Notre Dame's two-yard line. Then the Westerners made the best stand of the game. As Hodgson threw himself into the scrimmage, he was lifted bodily by Rockne, who hurled him back for a loss. Millburn, too, was forced back for a loss by the fighting Notre Dame forwards. Pritchard, as a last resort tossed a forward pass over the goal-line, where Merrillat was waiting for it. The ever-awake Dorais was again on the job and caught the ball, saving Notre Dame from a touchdown.

In the last period Finnegan made a fine twenty-five yard dash around Merrillat's end, and after several bull-like rushes by Eichenlaub, the fullback, who would not be denied, the ball was finally carried over for a touchdown, after which Dorais kicked the goal. Notre Dame continued to run wild all over the field. The forward passes began to sail around in the air again, and hardly before the cadets realized what was happening, Pliska, with the ball tucked under his arm, had galloped down the field to the five-yard line before the Army tacklers jumped on him and rubbed his leather-covered head onto the green turf. From here Dorais heaved a forward pass to Pliska, who caught it back of the goal line and scored another touchdown, and Dorais booted the ball over the cross bar with graceful ease.

There was no stopping Notre Dame now. They had a score thirst which would not be quenched. A forward pass, which was received by Finnegan, brought the ball to the 30-yard line, and the Army was penalized 15 yards for off-side play. From here the Notre Dame scoring machine got together and hammer and hammer relentlessly at the tiring line of stubborn soldiers. Yard by yard they fell back before the rushing Westerners. Notre Dame, through the fierce plunges of Finnegan and Eichenlaub, slowly but surely decreased the distance which separated them from another score. The Notre Dame fullback pounded his way along without check until he was thrown over the line exhausted and as limp as a sack of meal. The line-up:

ARMY (13)		NOTRE DAME (35)	
Jouett	L. E.	Rockne (Capt)	
Wynne	L. T.	Jones	
Meacham	L. G.	Keefe	
McEwan	C.	Feeney	
Jones	R. G.	Fitzgerald	
Weyand	R. T.	Lathrop	
Merrillat	R. E.	A Gushurst	
Pritchard	Q. B.	Dorais	
Hoge	L. H.	Pliska	
Hobbs	R. H.	Finnegan	
Hodgson	F. B.	Eichenlaub	

Referee—Morice (University of Pennsylvania). Umpire—Roper (Princeton.) Head linesman—Laurhing (Northwestern). Time of quarters—twelve and fifteen minutes. Scoring by the Army—Touchdowns—Hodgson, Pritchard. Goals from touchdown—Hoge. Notre Dame scoring: Touchdowns—Rockne, Eichenlaub (2), Pliska (2). Goals from touchdowns, Dorais (5).

Substitutions—Army: Packard for Wynne, Wad-

dell for McEwan, McEwan for Waddell, Goodman for Meacham, Hutson for Goodman, Britton for Merrillat, Ford for Hoge, Hess for Hobbs, Woodruff for Hess, Hobbs for Woodruff, Lanphier for Hodgson, Millburn for Lanphier. Notre Dame: Larkin for Finnegan.

NOTRE DAME CHAMPIONS WIDE-OPEN GAME.

More than one paper sees in the Varsity's victory over the Army a great triumph of Western over Eastern football methods. It is, we think, a great triumph of the new game over the old-style of play; but it is rather a triumph of Notre Dame's style of the progressive, wide-open game over the rest of the country's conservative attack than a victory of the West over the East. The forward pass was used with almost as much effect against South Dakota as it was against the Army. As a result of our splendid successes against both South Dakota and the Army the new game is admittedly a superior style of play to the old-fashioned line-plunging or even the semi-open game attempted heretofore. It is superior for ground-gaining purposes; it is less dangerous to the players; and it makes a prettier game to view from the side-lines. Notre Dame taught the football world the field goal from placement, and now it is the foremost exponent of the brand-new game. It looks like we're a school for better football, and it is a pleasure to be recognized as such. Outside of the style of game played, the Varsity's victory certainly did honor to the Middle-West:

Western football showed its class in two important intersectional struggles Saturday, and as a result of these contests it is difficult to see how critics can concede supremacy to eastern elevens. Notre Dame's overwhelming victory over Army, 35 to 13, and Michigan's equally decisive drubbing of Syracuse, 43 to 7, puts the western representatives in the limelight and precludes the suggestion of eastern superiority.

Notre Dame's victory was especially important in view of the Colgate-Yale game. A week ago Army had defeated Colgate, 7 to 6, a contest in which the cadets played all the real football, and this week Colgate turned around and beat Yale, 16 to 6, administering even a worse beating than the score would indicate. Colgate outplayed Yale in every particular, and when the whistle blew there was not a question in the minds of spectators as to which was the better team.

In the West three teams remain to dispute the sectional honors—Chicago, Notre Dame and Michigan Agricultural College. As the Aggies play freshmen and have no scholastic requirements for the first year men, it would be an injustice to Chicago and Notre Dame, both of which live up to the Conference rules which virtually govern national football, to put the Lansing men ahead of them....

Notre Dame and Chicago look like the best teams in the West, and there is far more likelihood of the South Benders going through the season without defeat than there is for the Maroons. Notre Dame has only one real game left on its schedule—with Penn State next Friday—and from the showing against Army the South Bend outfit ought to win by a comfortable margin. Chicago on the other hand, must tackle Minnesota in two weeks, and with the Gopher's great guns going the prospect for Chicago is not particularly brilliant.

Coach Harper undoubtedly has put together the best eleven which ever wore the Gold and Blue. The team is almost perfect in every detail of technical play, and in addition possesses two stars of the first magnitude in Eichenlaub and Dorais. With a line that can either hold or smash up the forward wall of an opponent, the Hoosiers will face no dispute when they lay claim to an equal right to the western championship with any other contender which may be put forward.—Lambert G. Sullivan in the *Chicago Daily News*.

Outside of several surprises which were sprung on the gridiron Saturday one of the most interesting topics suggested from the results is whether the Western coaching methods have not done a lot more to develop the possibilities of scoring than have systems in vogue in the East. In the East out of twenty-nine of the leading college games only ten of the elevens on the losing end were able to tally, while in the West seven out of eleven of the losers tallied. It is therefore easy to see what the difference in percentage is. The victories of Notre Dame over the Army and of Michigan over Syracuse apparently emphasize the fact that the Western attack is superior to the Eastern. It is not that the Eastern coaches have less brains than those in other sections of the country, but it appears that in this section of the land they are not willing to take chances in opening up the game for all that's in it.

One of the most remarkable things in this respect noted Saturday was the extremely spectacular character of the Notre Dame team's play. Many critics have been condemning the forward pass as a happy-go-lucky play at best, one that will fail far oftener than it will succeed. Since the play was designed to help the possibilities of tallying, it is true that some of the big fellows have made a lot of use of it, but the majors have stuck more to conservative methods of other days. Well, along comes Notre Dame to open the eyes of football lovers here with a record of twelve successful forward passes out of fourteen attempts. Nothing like that was ever seen in an Eastern game of any importance, and it is doubtful if such a thing ever happened in any game east of the Alleghanies.

Just what the Indiana eleven could do against Yale, Harvard, Princeton or Dartmouth is a mystery, but the Army beat Colgate, and no one who saw the defeat of Yale by the latter can say that Colgate was not a vastly better team than the Blue.—*New York Herald*.

The victory of Notre Dame over the Army, 35 to 13, was a great triumph for western football. This is by

far the greatest score that has been run up on the Cadets in years, and any eleven that can pile up such a total must be rated highly. The South Benders showed their worth in the last two periods when they scored 21 points.....

The sterling Notre Dame backs, directed by the great little general, Dorais, plowed through the Cadets' wall for steady gains and drove off tackles and skirted the ends for consistent distances. In the open style of attack, Notre Dame's superiority was shown especially in the last two periods. The westerners deserve credit for their victory and must be given consideration at the end of the season.—Walter Eckersall in the *Chicago Tribune*.

In all the years that "new" football has been hanging around, the possibilities of the game were never better or more fully exemplified than they were in the game between the Army and Notre Dame. It took a so-called smaller college to come East and display an attack, versatile and dazzling, that may revolutionize the style of offensive play throughout this section of the country.

It would not be surprising if the majority of the college and university football teams adopted the wide open style of attack next season that Notre Dame showed to such advantage. Those who attended the game were afforded an excellent opportunity to study the semi-open game as played by the Army, with the radically open game as played by Notre Dame, and not one who saw that game can gainsay that the Notre Dame system proved itself by far the better.

Notre Dame gained nearly three hundred yards by the use of the forward pass alone. The Westerners attempted it seventeen times and failed to execute it but twice. Their success was not due so much to the Cadet's secondary defense as it was to the secondary defense's inability to cope successfully with the accurate passing and catching of the Notre Dame players.—*New York Evening Telegram*.

Of all the happenings that took place on the various gridirons Saturday two of the most notable, and probably the most pleasing to western fans, were the feats of Notre Dame and Michigan against their Eastern opponents.... The Notre Dame victory is the more notable of the two, as the Army is considered a far stronger aggregation than is Syracuse, although the Wolverines must be given credit for so outclassing the same eleven that held Princeton to twelve points only two weeks ago.

The West Point players are as hard a fighting football team as there is in the country and any group of artists who can lick them on the Soldier's field as the Hoosiers did must not only be strong offensively and defensively, but must be physically fit for a grueling battle.

The Cadets have little mercy on their opponents, but that the Easterners used up the energy of twenty men, while Coach Harper sent in only one substitute, and his players had time out but once.

The overwhelming victory on the part of Notre Dame ranks the Hoosiers as not only one of the foremost in the West, but puts them on a par with the most formidable aggregations in the country.—*Chicago Post*.

Football coaches are learning slowly but surely this season that the open running game has the greater scoring possibilities under the present rules. They are realizing that with all its risk and difficulty of execution the forward pass is the best ground-gaining play that can be developed under present day grid-iron conditions. The East learned a lesson from the Middle West at West Point on Saturday, when Notre Dame showed a greater development of the possibilities of the forward pass than Eastern eleven have undertaken to master. While the Army's defense against this play may have been weak, the Westerners had the play so well timed and planned that the player on the receiving end was always in a place to take the ball, and there was always sufficient interference about him to keep the opposition away from him until he made a sure-fire gain.

Notre Dame's ends and half backs were so thoroughly schooled in this play that it worked with machine-like smoothness. Of course, the team was fortunate in having such an accomplished player as Dorais for throwing the ball, but nevertheless the receivers of the pass so placed themselves as to catch the ball before the defense could smear the play. There was always that element of uncertainty about where and to whom Dorais was going to throw the ball. It never went to the same player twice in succession. Both half backs and both ends were equally skillful in catching it. Often one of the Notre Dame players was off to one side all alone to take the pass and Dorais didn't even have to hurry to get it to him.

While there was a predominance of open play in Notre Dame's game, there was enough of the line-smashing play to keep the style of attack varied. With this combination of both styles of attack the Army players were kept in constant doubt about the solution of play. The Westerners used excellent judgment in choosing their plays. The team had thorough drilling and showed that it was possible to play the wide-open game without the numerous fumbles which have marred many of the games this season. The Notre Dame eleven is coached by Jesse Harper, who used to play with Chicago. There is no doubt that teams of the Middle West have made greater progress with the forward pass than teams in the East. The big elevens of the East have always given much attention to developing a defense against this play, but have always viewed it as a risky plan of attack to use in big games—*New York Times*.

This story could end right here with the plain statement that the reason for the Army's defeat by Notre Dame was that the cadets were outclassed and outplayed in every department of the game. But there are always curious persons who want to know the way and to them this is addressed.

Why the Army lost: To begin with, the cadets admittedly went on the field with the utmost respect for their opponents already lodged in their minds. This was eminently proper inasmuch as no team that has met defeat only once in four years can be treated lightly. To the Army's credit it must be said that the fact made little difference in their playing. Therefore, with all other conditions which might affect the game as favorable as could be asked, the Indiana

lads showed, particularly in the second half that they could run circles around the fleet soldiers and that in the giving and receiving of forward passes the Army still has much to learn. It was in this feature of open play that all the success lay. What score was made by the cadets, it must be admitted, was well earned, but Notre Dame showed that when it had made up its mind to prevent further scoring the decision was irrevocable—*New York Evening Sun*.

CONCERNING SECTIONAL CHAMPIONSHIPS.

Now that the football season is well advanced the weaker teams have been eliminated from the championship struggles. Harvard, with its best team of a decade, looks like it will take the Eastern honors in a walk. The Navy may be in the race, but it is not a favorite. In the West, Nebraska, Michigan Agricultural College, Chicago and Notre Dame are all undefeated thus far, but the Gold and Blue has shown more class than any of the other elevens, and is easily the favorite for the all-Western honors. All-American honors can be given only on estimates, and the Varsity, being the stranger in the field, will receive the lesser consideration, but our evident superiority to Army and Yale ought to make the critics think.

Considered individually, our Gold and Blue team boasts of two gems of the first water. Dorais, we have reason to believe, is by far the best man in his position today. He is the gossip of the Eastern critic, and the idol of the Western. Eichenlaub, our other top-notch, is not equalled by any other fullback that we know of. But don't take our word for it; read these:

Whether Minnesota or Chicago wins the Conference football championship this year, it will be a rather empty honor. The winner will not be in a position to say it is the best team in the middle west. Notre Dame will have as good if not a better claim to premier honors

Individually Notre Dame has some of the finest football material in the country. Eichenlaub and Dorais have no superiors in their positions and the team work and spirit of the school is excellent.

The team is coached by Harper, who has shown himself a great football instructor. West Point is coached by Charlie Daly, a former Harvard star, and recognized as one of the really great coaches of the country. The Army team is rarely beaten badly, even by Yale or Harvard.

The playing of the Western team was a revelation. It is the greatest exponent of new football in the country. What team has equalled the record in forward passing made Saturday? The Army team looked like a lot of novices. The first half was close, but West Point was lucky. In the second half it was outplayed in every department of the game.—*The Chicago Evening Journal*.

The Catholic team travelled to the Army stronghold and bewildered, cuffed and kicked the Army into submission, 35 to 13, a score that is not only decisive, but stamps the Notre Dame men as a team of unusual strength. When it is taken into consideration that the Army has beaten Colgate, 7 to 6, and Colgate humiliated Yale, 16 to 6, the only deduction possible is that Notre Dame is far ahead of most eastern squads.—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

The Westerners proved themselves stars individually and collectively, and if there was a weak spot in the team, the Army failed to find it. The Western linemen played hard and charged fast. Their tackling was unerring and deadly and they laid their men out all over the field. Dorais was dazzling in his running back of punts and general open field work, and his goal kicking was perfect. Eichenlaub smashed his way through the Army line time and again shaking off would-be tacklers with apparent ease.—*New York Sun*.

The winners proved, too, that they could play straight football, for through the big holes opened in the Army forwards they drove their backs for long gains, and when the whistle ended the game were smashing the Army defense to pieces. Eichenlaub, Dorais and Pliska were the stars of the Hoosier team.—*New York Herald*.

In the last quarter the visitors scored 21 more points and only the whistle saved the Army from a bigger defeat. All of Notre Dame's touchdowns came as a result of their wonderful forward passing, Rockne, Pliska and Finnegan, all doing fine work, with Dorais tossing the ball. The latter kicked all five goals from touchdowns. Eichenlaub and Gushurst were the other stars on the Notre Dame team.—*New York World*.

John Larkin held a jollification in front of the Tribune bulletin board Saturday evening which was none the less enthusiastic because he was all alone in his glory. The cause of Mr. Larkin's jubilation was Notre Dame's football triumph over the Army eleven. "Wheel!" said Larkin, "Wheel!"

Then he explained that, so far as he knew, he and John C. Ryan were the only Notre Dame men in Johnstown, with Eugene A. Delaney, Berwind White's engineer of mining, as the third representative in this vicinity.—*Johnstown (Pa.) Daily Tribune*.

If Dorais of Notre Dame is not an All-American quarter, he comes pretty near being so. As for Eichenlaub, the Notre Dame fullback, he works like a Coy and a Wendell in one. The Army was never in the hunt, and had even a worse time than its distinguished confrere at New Haven. For a while the Cadets responded under the lashing call of Pritchard, but they worked themselves out against the superior attack of the Western eleven. No matter how hard the Army struggled, Notre Dame stayed in front. The Indiana team did not have to hammer at the line for scores. It just had to toss the ball over to an end and another touchdown was chalked up for Notre Dame.—*New York Press*.

A Comedy in Three Acts.

Nov. 3—The Chicago-Notre Dame Alumni Association yesterday decided to make an effort to arrange a post-season game between Notre Dame and the Michigan Agricultural College eleven, so as to eliminate one contender from the Western football championship. . . .

November 4—Coach Macklin of the Michigan Agricultural College football team said today there would be no post-season game between Notre Dame and M. A. C. this year.

Macklin opposes post-season games because they necessitate keeping the team in training too long after the close of the regular season.

Nov. 5—There will be no post-season game between the Michigan Aggies and Notre Dame for several reasons, among which are Eichenlaub and Dorais.

—All from *Chicago Record-Herald*.

—Notre Dame, 14; Penn State, 7. This is all we can give now of yesterday's game, but we'll try to do it justice next Saturday.

—A whole section of the bleachers at West Point was reserved for the Notre Dame followers. Alumni from all parts of the East were present. Among the younger set of Notre Dame men were Joe Byrne, last year's cheer leader; Pritchard of last year's track team, Dan McNichol, George Lynch, "Red" McConnell and "Skeets" Walsh. "Mike" and "Hullie" were among the Gold and Blue cheerers all the way from South Bend.

—Joe Byrne writes that "Every day impresses deeper into the Eastern critics' minds the fact that Dorais is really a wonder." Joe is hoping with us that our sterling little quarterback will land all-American honors.

—It is reported that, should war be declared with Mexico, the Notre Dame eleven will be sent against our neighboring republic instead of the Army.

—Feeney's intercepting of forward passes was one of the features of the Army game.

—Coach Harper saw fit to put in only one substitute during the entire four quarters. Time was taken out once by the Varsity—Pliska had to tie his shoe-string.

—If "Deac" Jones were to cut a notch on his shoulder-blade for every man he laid out in the West Point game, his shoulder-blade would look like a rip-saw.

—We wish to thank Father Moloney, Messrs. Earl Dickens, Joe Byrne and Harry Poulan, through whose kindness we are able to quote the many newspaper write-ups which appear in this issue.