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My Loss.

THE moonlight like a withered flower
Waves in the untilled skies,
It were not so as hour by hour
It lived in your soft eyes.

The sunken sun smolders awhile
In ashy cloudlets lost,
Once, on the ripple of your smile,
Bright-heartedly it tossed.

Since you are gone all heaven's lights
Have faded in the blue,
For I had learned to know and love
Lights as they burned for you.

M. C.

Supremely Characterized Becky Sharp.

FRANCIS J. BRESLIN, '13.



HE primacy among Thackeray's characters should be awarded to Becky Sharp. One can not deny in her a high degree of wicked perfection. She has the advantage of coming earliest among his leading heroines, for although Katherine Hayes precedes Becky Sharp, she is too clearly a satire upon a certain sort of criminal heroines to survive as a personality. But Becky Sharp has just that blend of good and bad which convinces of reality in creation; she is selfish and cruel, but she has her moments of generosity when she is willing to do a good action which can not disadvantage her, and she is, with all her wickedness, ostensibly kept within those limits of decency dear to Anglo-Saxon fiction. She runs her course largely in good society,

and bad people in good society are always memorable. She has the help of circumstance, though without adventitious aid. Becky Sharp would still be a great figure. She is great almost in spite of her inventor.

The great incidents of her history present themselves in successive tableaux: We have Becky in her manifold flirtations with James Sedley, and George Osborne, and Rawdon Crawley; Becky making her way into the esteem of Sir Pitt Crawley after her marriage with his brother; Becky's first appearance into high society, cruelly ignored by the women and at last mercifully recognized by her unwilling hostess, the Marchioness of Steyne; Becky surprised by her husband the Marquis of Steyne's company at her own house; Becky in the shabby hotel at Ostend courted as an angel of angels by those worthless German admirers of hers; and finally we have Becky doing the good angel when she tells the stupid, constant Amelia that George Osborne had made love to her and asked her to fly with him. These are scenes which remain from any reading of "Vanity Fair," and have the property of recalling to the reader's mind similar happenings of his own experience.

In Becky's admirably naughty presence, Beatrix Esmond shows thin and factitious, and Blanche Armory dwindles to the measure of her literary affectations. If Thackeray had done nothing else, Becky must have immortalized him; and he did a multitude of figures, all so much better than his method of doing them that one hesitates whether to wonder more at means so false or results so true. This first great creation of his is first of all so tempered that she can not even illogically arrive at any other end than she reaches, though she sometimes stands off at the parting of the ways, and now and then advances a little in the right way. She is destined to make others her prey,

not because she is stronger, but because she is weaker; she might be able to do good if she thought goodness would avail; and she is at her worst because certain things are left out of her rather than because she has done certain things. She has defects of her nature; she is incapable either of passion or affection; she loves neither her husband nor her son; and these defects are imputed to her as evil, but they hardly constitute guilt. Her guilt is in telling and acting lies; but she tells them and acts them because she is weak and has no other means of offence or defence that seem to her so effectual. She is not incapable of gratitude, and when she can with safety do others a good turn she sometimes does it.

There are a hundred proofs of Thackeray's greatness in "Vanity Fair," and whenever he deals with Becky Sharp he is great, but at which moment he is greatest we can not well say. The obvious climax, of course, comes when Becky, having made her way into society under the patronage of Lord Steyne, and preyed upon his purse to the common advantage of her husband and herself, has her husband—still in their joint interest—shut up for debt. While she is receiving Lord Steyne at her house, Rawdon Crawley, getting out of prison, unexpectedly comes home. "Rawdon thrashes Lord Steyne and says to his wife, 'Come up stairs.' 'Don't kill me, Rawdon,' she says. He laughed savagely, 'I want to see if that man lies about the money as he has about me. Has he given you any?' 'No,' said Rebecca. 'This is—' 'Give me your keys,' Rawdon answered, and they went out together. Rawdon flung open boxes of wardrobes, throwing the multifarious trumpery of the contents here and there, and at last he found the desk. It . . . contained a pocket-book with bank-notes . . . and one was quite a fresh one—a note for a thousand pounds which Lord Steyne had given her. 'Did he give you this?' 'Yes,' Rebecca answered. 'I'll send it to him today,' and he left her without another word.

Left her; and the reader is left with the impression that this blackguard, who had as literally lived upon his wife as if all that Lord Steyne had said were true, is somehow better than she. But he is not. He is not her superior in nature, but distinctly her inferior in mind. It is a false and wrong touch in the scene, but still it is a very great scene, and managed very quietly, very intensely. It ampicates nearly

all there is of poor Becky—past, present and future without any apparent interference on the part of the author.

There are half a dozen passages in Becky's history almost as good, but not one in the history of Beatrix Esmond which approaches this in power. To be sure she is never directly seen, but always through the eyes of that conceited fellow, Henry Esmond, who is always gazing upon his own perfections. Even if she had been directly seen, however, I doubt if there would have been much real drama in her, though plenty of movement. There are several instances of this in her career, and chiefly that when Esmond and her brother find her at Castlewood with the young Pretender, and prevent her for the time from giving her worthlessness to his worthlessness. If one reads the story dispassionately, it is hard to believe in it at all, it is at every moment so palpably and visibly fabricated; and perhaps Beatrix is no more of a doll than those other eighteenth century puppets; but compared with Becky Sharp, a doll she certainly is. It is only in her impersonation of Madame Bernstein, in *The Virginians*, that she begins to persuade you she is at best anything more than a nineteenth century actress made up for her part. She suffers, of course, from the self-parade of Esmond, and has not, poor girl, half a chance to show herself for what she is. Her honest, selfish worldliness is, however, more interesting than her mother's much-manipulated virtues; but it is to be remembered in behalf of Lady Castlewood that Beatrix has at no turn of her career such a false part to play as that of a woman who falls in love with a boy, and then promotes his passion for her daughter, and at last takes him herself when her daughter will not. Indeed, I do not know why she should be so much blamed for her heartlessness; and, after all, the heartlessness of Beatrix is shown chiefly in her not loving Mr. Esmond, who is not an unprejudiced witness. The solemn scolding he gives her when he breaks the news of the Duke of Hamilton's death to her seems to me quite preposterous; but then he is at all times preposterous. When he interferes in her intrigue with the Stuart whom he is helping put on the throne, it is no wonder that she hates him; mischief for mischief, hers is far the less. Esmond, it will be remembered, scolds the prince in much the same temper that he has scolded Beatrix

for running down into the country after her, when he ought to have been waiting Queen Anne's death in London—and then the prince gives him and Lord Castlewood the satisfaction of a gentleman for his pursuit of their sister and cousin by crossing swords with them.

"The talk was scarce over when Beatrix entered the room. What came she there to seek? She started and turned pale at the sight of her brother and kinsman.

".... 'Charming Beatrix,' said the prince with a blush that became him very well, 'these lords have come a-horseback from London where my sister lies in a despaired state, and where her successor makes him self-desired.... Mademoiselle, may we take your coach for town?' 'Will it please the king to breakfast before he goes?' was all Beatrix could say. The roses had shuddered out of her cheeks; her eyes were glaring; she looked quite old. She came up to Esmond, and hissed out a word or two. 'If I did not love you before, cousin, think how I love you now.'"

This, I will confess, seems to me great rubbish, of true historical romance sort, the mouthing and praising and all; and of the whole group it is Beatrix alone who seems natural. But doubtless one ought not to praise her, and I will admit that she is preferable only to the good people of the story.

I am rather glad, however, to get away from her to Blanche Armory, who is a flirt of as modern a make as Becky Sharp herself, but of lighter weight, and a lamb that is whity-brown where Becky is blackest. Blanche Armory, whose first name was really Betsy, wrote verses in both English and French; she sang and played and drew and danced divinely; and she looked the part. "She had fair hair, with green reflections in it; but she had dark eyebrows. She had long, black eyelashes which veiled beautiful brown eyes. She had such a slim waist that it was a wonder to behold; and such slim little feet that you would have thought the grass would scarcely bend under them.... She was always smiling, and a smile not only showed her teeth wonderfully, but likewise exhibited two lovely little pink dimples that nestled in either cheek."

Of course a lady so equipped by nature and art to take the hearts of men boxed her brother's ears in private, and mocked herself of her fat, good-natured mother, and made all the trouble she could for her reprobate step-father. Her

real father is even more reprobate, being an ex-convict and homicide who lives on his wife's second husband by threat of turning up and claiming his own. When he finally does so, his daughter has run through her two great flirtations with Pendennis and Harry Esmond, and is in a position to be married to a French nobleman and to shine as a lady of the drawing-room in the Paris of the Citizen King. She is a cat and a minx; and it may be said in her behalf that she is no worse behaved, however badly, than Pendennis. And the critic Anthony Trollope has this to say of Pendennis, "Pendennis was not, in truth, a very worthy man, nor did he make a very good husband." The trouble is not so much that she is malevolent as that she is mendacious, but still she is mischievous, and likes to stick pins into people for the pleasure of seeing them wince.

The worst of it all is that Thackeray can not let her alone. He must keep satirizing her, and making a parade of her pretty wickedness instead of allowing it to show itself in what the poor thing does and says. She is really very clever, and, as we have seen, very pretty. With half the expenditure of force, she might be much more effective, even in the direction of her ambition, if she would be a little more honest; but that is not in the flirt-nature, which in her Thackeray recognized first in all the importance it has kept since in fiction.

Lady Castlewood, too, is surpassed by Becky Sharp. She seems to me a beautiful creation of which too much is asked. If she could have been kept quietly a widow, and Esmond been allowed or required to console himself for Beatrix with some other, or no other, if need be, she would have remained one of the most perfect figures in fiction. But as it is her loveliness is blotted, her perfection is marred, by the part so improbably attributed to her. Women marry a second time, and they are not unapt to marry men younger than themselves in such cases, but Lady Castlewood is apparently the only woman who brought up a boy as her son, and after she had witnessed his unrequited love for her daughter, whom she tries to have marry him, marries him herself. It does not seem either nice or true; if it were true, that would go a great way towards consoling one for its not being nice.

Indeed, we have seen that Beatrix Esmond, owing to her lack of personality, is but little

more than an actress made up for her part; and compared with Becky Sharp is but a doll. We have seen that Rawdon Crawley, Becky's lecherous husband, is not Becky's superior in nature, but distinctly her inferior in mind. He is a blustering, blundering fellow, so ignorant that Becky turns him around her finger at will. We have seen that Blanche Armory is a pretty, clever, mendacious character who might be more effective if she had been a little more honest. But Thackeray could see no good in a flirt nature, and, unknowingly perhaps, relegated her beneath Becky Sharp. We have seen that Pendennis received not a word of praise from a single critic. Trollope said of him, "He was not, in truth, a very worthy man, nor did he make a very good husband." We have seen that Lady Castlewood is a beautiful creation of which too much is asked. If she had remained a widow she would have remained one of the most perfect figures in fiction. But, as it is, her loveliness is so blotted, her perfection is marred by the part so improbably attributed to her. Finally we have seen that nine-tenths of the critics are agreed that Becky Sharp is better characterized than any other of Thackeray's characters. Walter Pollock says, "There is a personage unanimously recognized as Thackeray's masterpiece, Becky Sharp, an intricate and bad character, but a superior and well-mannered person." In his criticism of "Vanity Fair," Anthony Trollope says, "When we speak of 'Vanity Fair' it is always to Becky that our thoughts recur. She has made a position for herself in the world of fiction, and is one of our established personages."

Much more might be said to prove that Becky Sharp is better characterized than any other of Thackeray's characters; it is sufficient and not altogether unbecoming to conclude with W. J. Dawson, who knew Thackeray and his characters as well as did Anthony Trollope, that Becky is not only better characterized than any other of Thackeray's characters but she is one of the supreme creations of modern fiction. Mr. Dawson says, "Colonel Newcome is one of the noblest characters in fiction; but noble as he is, his nobility too often verges on a simplicity which lessens our respect for him. Amelia, with all her virtues, is silly, and Dobbin is a good deal of a fool. But where are there any characters in fiction drawn with such superb art as Becky Sharp and Beatrix

Esmond? Becky Sharp is the supreme creation of modern fiction. We see her under a variety of circumstances, and in all she is absolutely consistent and artistically impressive. Her cunning, daring, greed her fundamental good nature, her contempt of principle, her wonderful skill in acting any part that serves her ends, her quickness and subtlety of mind—all are rendered with a sort of dreadful truth... We follow her, repelled and yet fascinated, from first to last."

Over the Telephone.

Hello, John.

Yes, this is me.

The meeting will be over in about an hour.

Why, we went on a little parade.

Yes, we met the police.

We didn't give them a chance. We attacked them first.

Yes, I got one.

Well, they took him to the hospital.

Why, we went around to the Government Building.

No, we didn't burn them.

We met a few Lords.

No, they weren't hurt much.

I got a wig and a monocle.

Yes, I'll bring them home. You can hang them in the parlor as a souvenir of my campaign.

We went back to the clubhouse then.

We didn't get a chance. Everybody kept out of our way.

Yes, I'll be back soon; and be sure and have supper ready and the baby asleep, or you can bet there'll be trouble.

Good-bye.

Varsity Verse.

AN AUTOGRAPH.

IN the long, dim, distant future,
 When the sun of youth has set,
 As you gaze back o'er the days gone by,
 Perhaps in sad regret,
 Think not, sweet girl, that all those friends
 Whom in your youth you knew,
 Have like most things we cherished
 Alas, but proved untrue.
 For one I surely, surely know,
 Though he be far or near,
 Will deep in sweet remembrance
 Forever hold you dear.
 So when that time of sadness comes,
 And your thoughts roam fancy free,
 If you see those days, through a dreary haze,
 Wont you sometimes think of me?

W. H.

AMBIGUOUS.

He stole a kiss;
 Demure young miss
 Quite angry grew;
 "'Twas only one," he plead.
 She coyly turned her head.
 "As great will be
 The penalty
 For one as two,"
 She said.

H. V. L.

REVENGE.

I do not know what was the cause
 Of all the noise that came last night
 From South Bend folks' colossal jaws,
 But certainly 'twas impolite.
 The din kept ringing in my ear,
 When I some slumber tried to get,
 And then I swore 'twould cost them dear,
 For having thus my sleep upset.
 And so to brand them with disgrace,
 I thought I could not treat them worse
 Than make them fill the menial place,
 Of subject of this wretched verse.

B. V.

"SHIFT."

The style in hats is changing fast,
 The bow's advance is swift;
 It's coming to the front at last
 And Walsh will have to "shift."

Y. Z.

Wade's Mine.

MARK L. DUNCAN.

Henry Briggs and Rogan Wade became filled with the one burning enthusiasm of the day and were earnest in their belief that only success awaited them in the gold fields of the far West. They left in the same party, while their little families remained in the East. Upon reaching the land of gold Briggs and Wade went into different regions; Briggs continued to work for a mine owner while Wade took up a claim of his own and met with much success. It was not long until Briggs came to him and wanted to work for him, and Rogan Wade was only too glad to give his old friend employment. But in many little ways Rogan saw that Henry was not the Henry of old; that he seemed to be wanting to take advantage of him in different ways; and that he always seemed anxious to be studying Wade's papers of his claim. Rogan was cautious and drew up duplicates of the papers representing his claim and always gave these to Henry to examine instead of the original ones. Briggs, however, did not know this.

Wade wrote a letter to his wife, telling her of his good fortune, his claim, and of Henry Briggs who was with him; but he did not mention Henry's little eccentricities, for he knew that the news would only tend to worry his young wife. His whole letter breathed of the coming spring when she should join the party coming West. How happy he would be to see their little Bobby! Although the letter was many weeks old when Mrs. Wade received it, she felt that it was a message just delivered from the lips of Rogan, and she cherished it dearly.

One day Rogan Wade suddenly left his mines. He had been acting somewhat strangely during the morning but it was not remarked upon until after he had left. Taking the path which led away from the camp he went on toward the trail which led to Kiskadden's Divide. From here he turned directly up the Divide and took the path toward the hills.

About midnight the same night some one rapped at the door of George Brock's little house in the hills. George was ill and called to his young daughter Amelia to go to the door. After lighting a candle Amelia opened the door and beheld a pitiful spectacle. A man, haggard

and worn, staggered in at the door and asked to be kept over night as a friend. True to the western hospitality, Amelia gave him the spare room and within a few minutes after he had touched the bed they could hear his breathing of sleep. Amelia and her father secretly wondered who he could be, but they decided to wait until morning to find out. He was called for breakfast and when he appeared he seemed dazed and asked where he was. Brock answered him and asked him his name.

"It's—it's—George—No, it's—I can't remember. Everything seems so strange to me and I can't remember. Here," he said, drawing some papers from his pocket, "take these and keep them for me."

And thus Rogan Wade gave little Amelia Brock the original papers of his claim. It was evident that Rogan had been doped,—whether by his own act or by another's the Brocks would never know, for all his old life had passed out of his mind. Rogan continued to live with the Brocks, working for them and helping Amelia care for the father. Thus he spent the remainder of his days, never leaving the place for fear that something dreadful might befall him.

Henry Briggs took possession of Rogan's mining property, burned what he thought were the papers representing Rogan's claim, and had papers made out in his own name. He wrote to Wade's wife, telling her that Rogan had died and had squandered all his gold except enough to pay for his funeral expenses. The young wife grieved; but she felt in her heart that something was wrong, for it was not Rogan's way to squander his money, and the letter she had so recently received from him by returning westerners had been filled with enthusiasm. Later Briggs came East, his family began to live in affluence, and he made trips back and forth into the West, but continued to keep his family in the home town. Poor Mrs. Wade was compelled to earn a living for herself and child until Bob became old enough to work. He grew up into a strong and healthy young man, with an air of defiance which seemed to be bred by the knowledge of his father. It was only natural that the families of Briggs and Wade became unfriendly, and Mrs. Wade had caused her son to believe as she believed—that Henry Briggs had dealt unfairly with Rogan Wade.

Time brought changes. Henry Briggs and

Mrs. Wade died. Henry Briggs, Jr., and Bob Wade had never got along together and a feud seemed to exist between the two families. Bob Wade married and had two children, Gordon and Lucy, two of the proudest and handsomest children of their town,—proud, perhaps, through the history of the family feud which had come down to them. And it was not unnatural that this old feeling of hatred should exist against Kent, the son of Henry Briggs, Jr. Rarely does a family prejudice culminate into the aversion which this third generation bore one another, but never did a Wade cross the path of a Briggs, nor a Briggs that of a Wade. Kent Briggs was brought up in the midst of wealth, while Gordon and Lucy were the children of only a modest household. Kent was well liked and so were the Wade children; but their parents kept them apart.

As Gordon grew older he pondered over the situation until it seemed to him that the injustice was so great that he could hardly bear it. And of what avail was merely a family feud when nothing was done to further or hinder it? So it was with an enthusiasm greater, perhaps, than that of his grandfather Rogan Wade, that Gordon Wade made ready to start West in search of evidence which might substantiate their theory that old Henry Briggs had unfairly got possession of the Wade mines. The story was so real to him, its interest was so human and vital, that he felt it was his own mine that had been taken from him by Kent Briggs. How he fairly hated the name of Briggs! Each letter seemed to him a serpent in itself and as a child he had been proud that Wade and Briggs had not a letter in common. Some men of less noble training than Gordon's would have been so fired with hatred that foul play might have been engendered; but Gordon's character was of another kind, and it was only the truth that he sought.

Kent Briggs' idea of the feud was always a little puzzling. He knew that his grandfather had been accused by the Wades of having done them some injustice. Beyond that there was a vague nothingness to it all, and it was chiefly as a matter of family tradition that he held the name of Wade as something not to be respected. He had never associated with Gordon and Lucy, but frequently saw them on the street, and once, as a boy, he ventured to say to his father:

"I know who's the prettiest girl in town."

"Who is she?" asked Henry Briggs, Jr.

"Lucy Wade," replied Kent.

The scene that followed so frightened Kent that he ran out of the room and never mentioned the name again.

So Gordon Wade crossed Kiskadden's Divide, went down into Patterson County, and obtained work in the gold mines of Wilson and Sons' Company. Their mines were directly adjoining the vast territory owned by the Briggs' Mining Company. Gordon eyed the Briggs' land curiously enough and his big frame drew up to its full height, his eyebrows lowered over his deep-set blue eyes, and his whole appearance was that of a man with the power to command himself—a man who might do great things when the proper incentive moved him. There was more than the mere incentive moving him now; there was a powerful brain working with the idea of righting a wrong.

Gordon was successful in his work; he showed an uncommonly good will; his mind was active; his energy was untiring. By degrees of promotion he was soon in a position to display his executive ability, and he was given a place in the administrative end of the business. All the time he was on the lookout for any information which might give him a clue to his claim to the holdings of the Briggs' Mining Company. On a few occasions he had asked some old men in that vicinity if they had ever known Rogan Wade, but they all replied in the negative.

One day Gordon came back from a short trip and was informed that Mr. Kent Briggs of the Briggs' Mining Company had been in town and that he was at present in the hills near the Divide. Gordon, although moved, received the news rather indifferently and went about his work as usual. The next day Wilson and Sons sent young Wade on an inspection trip to some of their holdings near Kiskadden's Divide. He mounted his horse and sped down what had once been the old trail. That afternoon, as he neared the Divide he checked up his horse and tightened the rein. Just around the Big Bend at the Divide, Gordon heard a peculiar rustle and a cry of pain. The horse lurched and came near throwing Gordon from the saddle. He hastened to the outer end of the Bend. There he saw that a horse and rider had fallen over the embankment. Gordon could see that the man was terribly cut and

bruised and that perhaps he was killed. The horse had rolled over the rocky ledge to its death. With great difficulty and danger to himself Gordon reached the rider who lay with his head hanging over the rocky ledge, face downward; a few inches more and he would have rolled over to his death. Gordon picked him up and as he turned him over was shocked to see that the injured man was Kent Briggs.

No thought of leaving Briggs to die entered the mind of the other feudalist. Gordon Wade was a man, and he would do a man's duty. With great difficulty he raised him and carried him carefully up the incline, measuring each step carefully. When he gained the Big Bend from whence Kent had fallen, he laid him down on the ground and examined his wounds. He was badly bruised and cut, but Gordon determined that there were no serious injuries. Kent had not yet gained consciousness. Gordon lifted him up over the saddle, supporting part of the body on it and part on his own shoulder and thus made his way toward a small house whose roof could be seen among the hills. It was not until they had reached the little house and Gordon had laid the young man on the piazza that Kent awoke. He stared about him in dismay and at last he spoke.

"Gordon Wade! It's not you?" he asked.

"Yes, Briggs. Be quiet and we'll look after you," replied Gordon.

An old spinster, lived alone in the little house there in the hills. She was a sweet-faced kindly old woman and administered to the needs of Kent without being the least bit distracted.

"Bring him inside, sir, and lay him here on the bed," she bade Gordon. She bathed Kent's wounds, soothed his aching head, and he slept without asking any more questions. He seemed quiet fatigued and even his pain did not keep him awake.

"He's quite easy now," remarked the good old lady. "Tell me about him."

Gordon told her the story.

"My name is Gordon Wade," he added.

She started.

"Wade!" she repeated, rather suddenly.

"Yes," said Gordon. "Have you known someone by that name?"

"Years ago," she replied. "But I shall never forget him. He came here when I was a young girl and lived with us until my father

died; and he continued to care for the place until he himself died."

"Was he a miner? Did he ever tell you of himself?" asked Gordon anxiously.

"I know nothing of his past. But from some papers I have I know his name," she replied.

"Was it Rogan Wade?" he inquired.

"Yes, how did you know?" asked the little, old lady, as she raised her hands in surprise.

"It must have been my grandfather," answered Gordon.

And they exchanged stories of all they knew. Then, going to a little cupboard, Amelia Brock brought from it the old papers that Rogan Wade had given her the morning after he had come to the little house in the hills.

"The papers are yours, Mr. Wade," said Amelia, "and I hope you will prize them as a keepsake."

"I thank you, Miss Brock. Perhaps they will be more to me than merely a keepsake. I shall let you know about them if they are."

The next morning Gordon and Kent bade Amelia good-bye and returned to the mines. No reference was made to the old feud; for Kent was too grateful toward Gordon for having saved his life, and Gordon was thinking only of the mines. Gordon said nothing to Kent about the papers but took them to the county recorder's office where he had them examined. The recorder admitted that they cleared up the claim to the territory of the Briggs' Mining Company to which there had always been a rather hazy title.

The real meaning of the situation was more to Kent than he had ever imagined, but the papers were positive proof of Wade's ownership and the mines reverted to Gordon. Thus Gordon Wade came into his own, and Kent was admitted as part owner in the mines. It was a fair end to an old feud, and the two young men had righted the wrong.

Gordon no sooner obtained the mines than he sent for his sister Lucy, and it was not long before Kent had told her much more than he had once told his father,—which was merely that "Lucy Wade is the prettiest girl in town."

The Shell.

Dashed by the envious waves upon the strand,
Undaunted by the mad sea's roar and whirl,
Like sweet Tarcissus, sleeping on the land,
Thou holdest safe thy pearl.

The Taming of the Shrew.

ANDREW I. SCHREYER.

The "Taming of the Shrew," although classified by some critics as a comedy, is often called a farce. Since it bears only a slight resemblance to the other comedies of Shakespeare, the latter term would be the more fitting. It is a difficult task to determine just how much of Shakespeare's originality it possesses as there were several plays written before his time bearing a similar name. This we know, however, that there is a striking similarity between the "Comedy of Errors" and the "Taming of the Shrew." Adriana in the former and Katharina in the latter are both shrews, while Luciana and Bianca are noteworthy for their gentleness. Such likenesses in character, as also in plot, would naturally lead us to attribute the authorship to the same man.

In the above-mentioned farce we find two parts or sections. One is taken up with Lucentio, a well-bred student, who woos Bianca, a fair maiden of almost like temperament. The other depicts the course of Petruchio's wooing a still coarser Katharina. This last, perhaps, is the main plot and affords the author ample material for evoking humor and wit. Disguise is one of the leading, though not the only characteristic. As to the characterization, it is rude and lacks the polished tenor so prevalent in other Shakespearian dramas.

It is a "play within a play," but the link binding the two parts is weak, and as a result there is a lack of unity. "Hamlet," we may say is also a "play within a play;" yet the skill with which the "interweaving is wrought in this play surpasses that found in the "Taming of the Shrew."

The farce opens with Christopher Sly, a drunken tinker, who being discovered by a hunting party, is, in jest, elevated to the rank of a nobleman. He possesses all the luxury and wealth belonging to that station of life. The servants who wait upon him, and even his late wife, all bear the stamp of nobility. The object of this splendor is to make the tinker's past life appear a dream. Here the element of deception is introduced which proves to become the keynote of the farce. It is found running through the entire play. Then follows the play which is given in Sly's kingly

mansion; this also is based on deception.

Baptista, who places himself as an obstacle between the suitors and his daughters, constitutes the opposing force. The foreign suitor Lucentio with his servant Tranio then appears. He is of noble parentage and lives near Pisa. We wonder, at first, why Shakespeare goes into detail while treating this character, but after a second thought we learn the reason. It is principally to show that both in learning and parentage he is the equal of his love Bianca. Another reason, perhaps was to reveal the natural aptitude for learning existing in both lovers.

Petruchio also a foreign suitor, seeks the hand of Katharina. He is depicted by Shakespeare as a man well-grounded in the ways of the world. Hardened by countless hardships both on land and sea he appears a fit husband to encounter the shrewish Katharina. For anger he metes out anger and blow for blow. He is not urged to wed by love as Lucentio, but rather by a more modern impulse,—a strong desire for wealth. Yet, we can not say that money is the only motive in marrying since he possesses a desire to tame a shrew.

After Baptista leads in Bianca and Katharina it is not difficult for the reader to point out the heroine of the farce. We conclude at once that Katharina is an ungovernable maiden and will turn out to be the shrew. She lacks the education of her younger sister, who is sought by many suitors, and for this reason is at enmity with Bianca. The belief, that, perhaps, she may never obtain a husband has much to do in moulding her sullen and peevish disposition.

Bianca is, in many respects, the direct opposite of her elder sister. Her disposition is mild and better suited for love and friendship. Grenio and Hortensio are rivals for her love. The first is an old but wealthy man, while the other resembles Petruchio in that he is led on to wed by greed for wealth. Baptista is a mercenary type of character, since he barter his youngest daughter for money. This wrong, and the fact that he laid upon her the command not to marry before her elder sister, gave her considerable grief. Later in the play, she manages to repay her father for his cruel treatment, by marrying without his consent or knowledge. He becomes suspicious, and demands that Lucentio's father pay the required dowry. Here Shakespeare finds another opportunity for humor. An old schoolmaster

is chosen to represent Vincentio, the father of Lucentio. When the real Vincentio encounters the disguised schoolmaster several lively conversations take place, but Lucentio comes upon the scene and confesses his fault. After the deception of Bianca's group has reached its climax, the complications are unravelled.

Then the second group, that supporting Katharina is introduced. This is the more important of the two. Petruchio turns out to be a mirror for Katharina in which she may see her true self reflected. At no time does he permit his wife to evoke his humor. He begins his severe treatment as early as the marriage ceremony, by striking and abusing the one officiating. This he continues on his return by half starving Katharina and refusing her the necessary rest. What touched her most, perhaps, was the cruel act of her husband when he sent back her new dress. We have room here to question whether Shakespeare does not go a little too far in his depicting of Katharina. She is now denied the very freedom of her senses; for when Petruchio chooses to call the sun the moon, or night day, she dares no longer to disagree with him.

It is really strange how a woman so obstinate as Katharina could be so transformed in disposition. Soon after meeting each other we notice a change in Katharina. For instance, when he (Petruchio) does not return immediately for the marriage, she is heard to sigh, "Would Katharina had never seen him." This outburst indicates that she loved him.

At the close of the comedy we learn that Bianca and Katharina have changed places with one another. Katharina the unruly and high-spirited girl, has become a submissive and humble wife. Through her obedience she wins a wager for her husband. The reader is inclined to smile when he learns that Katharina is lecturing other women on the subject of disobedience to husbands. Such radical changes, however, are permissible in comedy and farce.

Shakespeare's deep insight into human life and his creative power, are the causes for such humor and light-heartedness. Although he depicts human infirmities he never sneers at them, for he possesses a wider scope of nature than some of the lesser lights. Since his excessive mirth springs from the love of humanity we are not offended by his humor. Therefore, a comedy or a farce, as the "Taming of the Shrew" ought to be relished by all.

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—If the college graduate, who is just starting upon his career in the world, had some way of finding out his future success, more than likely his first question

Getting Along in the World. would be: "How large will my income be?" One of the false ideals so detrimental to

the world of today lies in considering mere money the standard of success. It is the source of graft in politics and of the injustice that goes on in the industrial world. Employers seek the maximum amount of work at the minimum amount of wages. Employees act vice versa. Self-aggrandizement is the one ideal. Mellen, former president of the ill-fated New Haven railroad system, has recently declared that a big portion of the salary paid to corporation presidents is a waste, and that they could do as much good on \$25,000 as on \$75,000 a year.

In fact, the principal thing that ails the system, of which Mellen was formerly president, is that it has been operated according to the dictates of high finance and private interest regardless of public welfare. The man who thinks too much of his income, thinks too little of his work. On the other hand, those who have done the greatest good in the world have been willing to work more for the joy of the doing than any material gains. The greatest thinkers and workers have been great enough to pay little attention to money. One of the things that the college man should learn at school is that income is far from being the ultimate standard of success.

Dr. Walsh on Spiritualism.

Dr. Walsh, always a favorite with Notre Dame audiences, lectured in Washington Hall Monday afternoon on the subject of Spiritism and spiritualistic mediums. Dr. Walsh, whose very high standing in the scientific world lends the greatest weight to his opinions, is inclined to be extremely sceptical of all so-called "spiritualistic" seances. Without treating the question in all its aspects, he discussed in some detail several of the more prominent "mediums," showing the artifices used by these tricksters to ensnare the gullible. He mentioned the famous "Fox Sisters" whose "spirit rapping" fraud deceived the scientific world and the general public for several years. These notorious "mediums" mystified everyone who witnessed a seance, by the simple expedient of producing the "supernatural" rappings with the ligaments and bones of the feet. Treating the more recently renowned Italian medium, Eusapia Palladino, he described in detail the mode of her exposure, after she had duped such well-known researchers as Hereward Carrington and Zoellner. Other less palpable "fakes" Dr. Walsh attributed to mental telepathy, and overwrought imaginations. Some people would not be convinced that the evidence submitted by the learned Doctor had at all undermined the case for spiritualism, but certainly in the limited time allotted to him, Dr. Walsh made short work of many of the more common "phenomena" that are the stock in trade of a multitude of self-styled "mediums."

Newman on Rome.

It is entirely fitting and consistent with climactic effect, that Mr. Newman's farewell lecture should be the best of the series presented in Washington Hall this season. His final travelogue treated of "Rome," and certainly his portrayal of the "Eternal City" left but a slight margin for improvement. In her wealth of historical background and associations "The City of the Seven Hills" far eclipses all other cities of the world. From the world-famed Appian Way to the remotest and least striking ruin, there is ever present an indefinable charm that even the oldest and most marvelous of Egyptian or Babylonian ruins fails to produce. Wednesday, under Mr. Newman's capable

guidance, we saw all the points of historic interest from the Colosseum to the Pantheon, and all places of general charm, from the most ancient to the most modern and beautiful structures in Rome.

The masterpieces of the arts galleries, the wonderful mosaics of an earlier era, and the finest sculpturings of all ages, were depicted in their natural colors by Mr. Newman's marvelous views. Deserving of special mention is his marine motion picture, 'a sunset at sea.' The exquisite coloring and flawless photography of this one scene, would amply compensate a long journey to view it. Mr. Newman concluded his lecture and the series with a thorough treatment of St. Peter's and the Vatican. Every view, every motion picture in the whole travelogue, was a distinctive feature of the whole and deserving of special notice. We trust that with the advent of another autumn, Mr. Newman will be with us again.

Meeting of Our Chicago Alumni.

An enthusiastic opening meeting of the Chicago Alumni was held at the College Room of the Hotel Sherman Tuesday evening last, the principal object of the meeting being the election of officers for the ensuing year.

The proposition of a meeting between the football teams of Notre Dame and Nebraska stimulated interest, and "the boys" are on edge in expectancy over a post-season game.

Plans for numerous get-together meetings for the winter months were discussed, and it is believed that one of these meetings will be in the nature of a ball to be given during the Christmas holidays.

The club was unanimous in its approval of the excellent results achieved by the retiring President, Francis H. McKeever, who has been untiring in his efforts to promote loyalty among the local alumni.

Among those present from out of the city was the Hon. J. J. Conway (LL. B. '85) of Ottawa, Illinois, who extended a hearty greeting to the members, and spoke in praise of Judge Charles C. Craig of Galesburg, Ill., a loyal alumnus who has brought honor to his Alma Mater through his recent appointment to the Supreme Bench of Illinois.

The following officers were chosen: John

B. Kanaley, President; Thomas G. Sexton, vice-President; John C. Tully, Secretary; Rupert D. Donovan, treasurer. In addition to the above the following were selected to serve on the executive committee: Fred Steers, Mark M. Foote, John O'Connell, William Devine, Daniel Madden, and the Hon. Michael Francis Girtan.

Resolutions of Condolence.

WHEREAS it has pleased Almighty God to take from us our friend, Professor Charles Petersen, and

WHEREAS Professor Petersen was a faithful member of our Faculty, kindly and sympathetic with students and frank and genial with his fellow professors, and

WHEREAS his fatherly care and solicitude can no longer protect, cheer and console his faithful wife and loving children, be it

RESOLVED, that we, his former associates of the Faculty of the University express hereby our profound regret at his having been called from among us, that we extend to his afflicted family assurance of our heartfelt sympathy, and that this expression of our condolence be published in the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC and that a copy thereof be presented to the bereaved family of the deceased.

WM. D. HOYNES

M. McCUE

J. M. COONEY.

Obituary.

We regret to announce the death of Mr. James B. Gray (Commercial, '77). The *True Voice* of Omaha, Nebraska, speaks of him as follows:

In 1906 he formed a partnership with his half-brother, John W. Guthrie, to carry on the insurance business, and they have built up one of the largest clientele in western Nebraska. For a number of years past he has been a daily communicant and was not satisfied with going to one Mass on Sundays, but went to two, and oftentimes when possible to three and also to Benediction. The day was never too cold nor too hot nor the snow or rain too heavy to deter him from going to church, and frequently he was seen serving mass when no altar boys were present.

This is a noble eulogy and must have softened the grief of the bereaved relatives. The Mr. Guthrie referred to was a graduate from the University in the class of '86.

We note with regret the death of Mr. Timothy Nestor, who passed away in Marquette, Mich. Nov. 3. Mr. Nestor was a devoted friend of the University where he counted many warm friends. We ask prayers for the repose of his soul.

Personals.

—Mr. Leo Cleary has been in Paris, France, since September, being employed as Efficiency Engineer by a large firm there.

—Desmond O'Boyle, '11-'12, of Corby, was another visitor at the University during the week. Desmond enjoyed a few days with the old timers of Corby and Sorin.

—Paul Byrne, assistant University librarian for some years past and a member of the class of '13, is now at Albany, New York, pursuing further study in the science of library management.

—The "old familiar face" of "Cy" Williams greeted us on Monday last. Fred took a trip from Chicago to see the old boys again and tell how the B. S. in Arch. feels after one year's service.

—Jesse Herr was on hand last Saturday to join in the celebration of the Varsity victory. "Jess" spent Saturday and Sunday with friends in Sorin hall, and talked of the doings of the 1913 boys.

—Herbert Boldt (B. S. in Chem. '13) is located with the Snyder Catsup Company at Tipton, Indiana. "Herb" is doing chemical analysis for the Snyder Company, and from all reports is doing it well.

—James E. Deery (LL. B. '12) was elected City Judge of the City Court of Indianapolis November 4. Mr. Deery is one of the best-known Notre Dame men of recent years. Congratulations and good wishes.

—William J. Corcoran (B. S. in Biol.) is another of last year's classmen who has taken up studies in medicine. "Bill" is at Northwestern University, Chicago, and sends consolation to students of Biology here.

—The marriage is announced of Miss Elizabeth Keliehor to Mr. Joseph D. Sinnott, (E. E. '08) at St. Mary's Cathedral, Portland Oregon, November 6th. Joe was a popular man and a clever student. We offer felicitations and good wishes.

—Congratulations to the Hon. Ralph S. Feig, recently elected City Judge of Mishawaka, Ind., on the Independent ticket. The office had just been created and Judge Feig is its first incumbent. We forecast a brilliant career for him.

—One of the prospective M. D.'s at Michi-

gan University is John Burns, our old friend and class President of 1912-13. John continues to show the spirit that brought him honor at Notre Dame, and we wish him much success in his professional studies.

—A card from Frank J. Breslin (Litt. B. '13) informs us that he is studying medicine at the University of Southern California. Frank sends his best regards to all at Notre Dame, and says: "I am doing fine, but I am doing it from 8:00 a. m. to 5:00 p. m."

—Fred J. Stewart, engineer-in-charge for Hall and Adams, Construction Engineers, recently completed an extensive highway improvement in Leon, Iowa. Fred has been making things hum in his line since 1911 and is rapidly forging to the front.

—"Bill" Dolan is another of the "old boys" whom we were glad to see on the campus once more. "Whiff" is engaged in engineering work in Michigan City at present, and took advantage of the opportunity to enjoy a visit with the fellows at the University.

—It is a pleasure to announce the founding of a medal for Philosophy by Mr. Isidore B. Dockweiler of Los Angeles, California, whose sons, Tom and Henry, were graduated in the class of 1912. The medal is a memorial to Mr. Henry Dockweiler, father of the founder.

—Pleasant recollections were aroused in the older students last week by the appearance of Erich Hans de Fries on the campus on Saturday. Erich is still as long as ever, but found his old place in Sorin comfortable enough to remain over Sunday. Erich deplors the scarcity of food in Chicago, and sighs for the days of '13.

—Mr. Charles J. Mulcrone (Short Elec. '06) of St. Ignace, Michigan, and Miss Lucy M. Eddy of the same place, were united in holy matrimony in Sacred Heart Church, Notre Dame, Thursday morning, November 6th. The groom is popular among the men of his time, and the bride is a young woman of unusual charm.

—An enthusiastic note from Samuel O'Gorman, of New York City, on the Army-Notre Dame game adds to our appreciation of last Saturday's victory. Sam was a Varsity baseball star some years ago, and gave the boys many opportunities to rejoice over an athletic victory. He is now with the Third Avenue Railway Company in New York City.

Local News.

—Corby Deacons, 19; Walsh Chicks, 0.

—New things to worry about—Military delinquent list.

—"Deac" Jones has lost his job as prefect of the third floor in Corby. Father Just is his successor.

—The Brownson hall library has recently received from Fr. W. Moloney forty volumes of the latest fiction.

—A new gridiron has been laid out just south of the Brownson baseball diamond. It will be used for interhall contests.

—New shower baths have recently been installed in St. Joseph hall. The showers were promised to the St. Joseph hall boys when they won the football championship last year.

—Next Tuesday evening at eight o'clock Fr. C. O'Donnell will address the students of Brownson hall on the subject of "Books and Reading." Students of the other halls are invited.

—The Sorin Lollypops defeated the Corby Deacons by a score of 20 to 0 in the first game of the year among the secondary teams. It is rumored that the Deacons may protest the game on the ground that Frawley and Feyder of the Lollypops are professionals. The feature of the game was the playing of Clements, Sorin's 130 pound end from Kentucky.

—At the first meeting of the year the Philopatrian Society elected the following officers: Everett Blackman, president; William Hefron, vice-president; Joseph Carey, recording secretary; Norman Barry, sergeant-at-arms. An executive committee was appointed with James P. Smith as chairman. Refreshments were served after the election. The first regular program will be given next week.

—The first meeting of the Freshman Lawyer's Debating society was held last Thursday evening. Father McGinn, who is to act as critic for the society, gave an interesting and valuable talk outlining the work of the society. Father McGinn is an old Varsity debater and eminently fitted for the position of critic. Current questions will be discussed by the society and each member will prepare a short speech on the question selected for discussion.

—There was a shower of telegrams of congratulation after the West Point and Penn

State games. Special mention ought to be made of W. P. Kelly, Mobile, Alabama; Carl White, Chatanooga, Tennessee; William Fox, Indianapolis, Indiana; W. F. Wilkins, Bay City, Michigan; Right Rev. Monsignor O'Brien and the priests of his household, Kalamazoo, Michigan; and John Hogan, Decatur, Illinois, a former student and player.

—Professor Bender, who has charge of vocal training at the University this year, is organizing a Glee Club. The club meets every Wednesday afternoon at four o'clock. The attendance at the first practice was satisfactory, although there was a scarcity of first tenors. Every singer in the University should report for practice. Notre Dame can and should produce a Glee Club that will rival those of other universities. We have the material and the opportunity. All that is needed is "pep."

—The Brownson Neversweats defeated the Walsh Chicks Sunday morning, 25 to 0. For the benefit of new students, we would state that all students who are not members of the regular interhall teams and who have never secured a Varsity monogram, are eligible for the secondary teams. Regular football rules are applied in these games whenever practicable. Eleven men (Lollypops, please note) will participate on each side unless a special agreement to the contrary is made by the captains of the respective teams.

—With two debates scheduled with Holy Cross for the first two Sundays in February and encouraging prospects for a third with a Catholic debating society at Valparaiso, the members of the Brownson Literary Society have plenty to do for the next three months. Only freshmen are eligible for the team which will oppose the Holy Cross; and H. Wildman, P. Duffy, and H. Tiner were chosen to represent Brownson. Resolved: That the Initiative and Referendum shall be adopted in Indiana, is the subject of discussion. The teams will debate both sides of the question; Brownson upholding the affirmative the first Sunday and the negative the next.

Another team made up of J. Lawler, W. Donovan, and J. Boylan has been selected to oppose the regulars in two practice debates both on the affirmative and negative aspect of the Initiative and Referendum question on Nov. 23 and Dec. 7. It is probable that there will be a junior debate between Holy Cross and Brownson some time in April.

Athletic Notes.

Varsity Downs Penn State on Their Field.

Although wearied by the long trip to West Point, the gruelling Army game, the homecoming and the almost immediate return into the East, the Varsity played a good brand of football at State College Friday, November 7, and succeeded in beating Penn State by a 14 to 0 score. The victory is particularly pleasing because it is the first that has ever been scored on Penn State on its home field since they began playing football there nineteen years ago.

Penn State has been beaten by Washington and Jefferson, Harvard, and Pennsylvania this year, and by larger scores than the Varsity beat them, but all three of Penn's previous losses were sustained in the enemy's territory and to teams unwearied by wearing travel. Besides this, Penn had determined to make good for its previous poor record in its first big game at home. Furthermore, it was Penn Day—the big day for their college. But notwithstanding all Penn's incentive to fight, the Varsity went in to win, and succeeded in doing so, the final count being 14 to 0.

The game held particular interest because Dorais, who is acknowledged to be the best quarterback in the West, was pitted against Miller, the Penn quarterback, who was mentioned by several critics last year for All-American. We would naturally be inclined to consider our own man the better, and although we have no doubt of Dorais' superiority, we choose to bring in a non-partisan critic to state our convictions. The following from the *Philadelphia Evening Bulletin* is our exact sentiment.

Billy Morice at Least Sees Over the Alleghenies.

Billy Morice says that the best quarterback in America is Dorais, the Notre Dame pilot.

Morice was a visitor at Franklin Field the other afternoon, and he boosted the little Notre Dame lad to the skies. "He's the best quarterback in the country," said Morice. "I go all over the country officiating, and I will say that he is the king of them all this season. He can toss that pass like a baseball. He throws it, he flings it right at the man; he does not lob it so that while a fellow is waiting to get it, some one else comes along and nails him. He runs with the ball in front of him like Fred Geig, the Swarthmore coach did when he played. That enables him to shift it to either arm, and use the other arm to straight-arm off a tackler. He is a great open-field runner, and, above all other things, he is a great

field general. There is nothing in the East as good as Dorais, and while a few of the critics will not see him play, and they may miss him in their selection, I'll take him as my selection."—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin*.

Dorais was particularly brilliant in his open field running in the Penn game, returning punts from twenty to thirty-five yards regularly, and once he caught the ball on the thirty-yard line and carried it the length of the field—dodging practically every member of the Penn team—for a touchdown, only to be called back because he stepped out of bounds when catching the ball.

Penn State won the toss and kicked to Dorais who returned the ball fifteen yards. The ball see-sawed from one eleven to another, Penn gaining most of its yardage on fake end runs while line-smashing proved our forte. The Varsity grew dangerous toward the end of the quarter, but were unable to score.

The second quarter proved to be more exciting. Penn State worked the ball down to midfield only to lose it on downs. Miller punted to Dorais, and after a couple of plays Penn recovered a fumble within striking distance of our goal. Lamb dropped back for a field goal, but his trial was smeared by Lathrop who blocked his kick. When the Varsity recovered the ball, it uncorked a little of its old life, displaying the form that won victory for them at West Point. A well-executed forward pass from Dorais to Pliska was carried down the field forty yards. Dorais followed immediately with a thirty-five yard end run, and another pass, Dorais to Rockne, put the ball the entire length of the field in three plays for a touchdown.

Even more exciting times were in store during the third period of play. Displaying their brilliant form, the Gold and Blue warriors received the ball from Penn on the kick-off and never lost possession of it until they had carried it all the way down the field for a second score. Line bucks, principally by Eichenlaub, but also some of very material assistance by Pliska and Finnegan, were responsible for three-fourths of the yardage on this wonderful incursion. Forward passes were almost invariably called back because of off-side plays, or were smeared by opposing interference. A few were successful, however, and these and end runs account for the rest of the distance. Dorais, whom we are beginning to believe infallible with his toe, kicked goal. The Varsity received the kick again and worked the ball past the middle of the field, but our backs began to

tire and the ball was punted to Miller who was downed immediately. Then a series of fake end runs by Miller, interspersed by line bucks by Berryman and Tobin, brought the ball within fifteen yards of the Varsity's goal, when the only successful Penn forward pass put the home team across our goal for their only score of the day, making the score 14 to 7, where it remained till the end of the game.

Penn State (7)		Notre Dame (14)	
Morris	L. E.	Rockne (Capt.)	
McDowell	L. T.	Jones	
Bebaut	L. G.	Keefe	
J. Clark	C.	Feeney	
Sayre	R. G.	Fitzgerald	
Lamb	R. T.	Lathrop	
Barron	R. E.	Gushurst	
Miller (Captain)	Q. B.	Dorais	
Welty	L. H.	Pliska	
Berryman	R. H.	Finnegan	
Tobin	F. B.	Eichenlaub	

Referee—Dennis (Pennsylvania). Umpire—Leuring (Chicago). Head Linesman—Bibbey (S. Dakota). Time for periods—15 minutes each. Notre Dame scoring—Touchdowns, Rockne, Eichenlaub. Goals from touchdowns—Dorais (2). Penn State—Touchdown—Lamb. Goal from touchdown—Miller. Substitutes—Penn State: H. Clarke for Tobin; Wood for Baron; Baron for Welty; Welling for McCowell; Tobin for H. Clarke; H. Clarke for Tobin.

NOTES.

We have often wondered where Notre Dame would stow all her pennants if her football players showed as much strategy on the field as do the students when they "skive" to South Bend.—McEvoy in the *Chicago Record-Herald*.

Salmon Placed on the All-American All-Time Team By G. W. AXELSON.

After having scanned through pages of history for the truly greats of the gridiron and assembled them as to the worth and ability of their respective colleges, it is fitting that these men be lined up in good old-fashioned style formation. While it is not the purpose of the writer to try to supplant any previous selections of an all-American eleven for all time, it seems that an opportunity has unfolded itself through the canvass of the different universities of the country where the individual selections were recently made for the *Record-Herald*.

LINE-UP OF ALL-STAR FOOTBALL TEAM.

Sanford White, Princeton.....	End
A. J. Cummock, Harvard	End
Truxton Hare, Pennsylvania	Tackle
Percy Haughton, Harvard	Tackle
"Babe" Benbrook, Michigan	Guard
"Pudge" Heffelfinger, Yale	Guard
J. C. Tipton, Army	Center
Walter Eckersall, Chicago.....	Quarterback

William Heston, Michigan	Half Back
Ted Coy, Yale (Captain)	Half back
Louis Salmon, Notre Dame.....	Fullback

The scoring machine, the quarter of irresistible ground gainers, all have earned their places and could be no other than the great Salmon of Notre Dame at fullback, Ted Coy of Yale with Willie Heston of Michigan at the halves and Walter Eckersall of Chicago as the field general of the outfit....

Salmon earned his place several years ago when he hammered every line in the West for so many yards that even statisticians have been unable to keep track of his gains. He was never a hurdling full back, but relied on his own power and ability to keep his feet to shove him through the opposition. That Salmon was able to carry the ball nine times out of ten and to make his distance every time stamps him as the greatest line-plunging fullback in the history of the game and easily makes him the choice as the running mate for the others.

One man at least knows how Marquard feels when Baker comes to bat; he is the lone tackler who stands between Eichenlaub of Notre Dame and a touchdown. *Chicago Record-Herald*.

DORAIS OUT-GENERALED.

Dorais, the great little general, was completely outdone last Monday. The football team was tendered a banquet at St. Mary's after which they were taken through the building by a prefect. In spite of Dorais' generalship the team never got nearer than a corridor's length to one of the St. Mary's students: The St. Mary's guide was some general. Attention Walter Camp.

WALSH AND CORBY IN THE BATTLE.

Last Thursday, Walsh and Corby met in the fiercest struggle of the season, and when the smoke of battle cleared away, the score stood seven to seven. Walsh had a little the better of their opponents throughout, excelling in open play and straight line bucking. Their touchdown was secured after the orange and black backs had carried the ball down the field by a succession of long end runs, mixed with hard drives through the line. Corby scored when, on a Walsh fumble, Kirkland snatched up the ball and ran sixty-five yards for a touchdown.

The whole Walsh backfield played a strong, fast game. "Matty" tore off several brilliant runs, slipping by one tackler after another. Kowalski ripped up the Corby line for good gains, and Baujan proved his value by playing at three positions.

For Corby, Bachman and Kinsella gained the most ground, while Bergman was at the receiving end of several forward passes.

Safety Valve.

MARY AND HER LAMB.

(As Dorais would have written it.)

Mary had a little ram
Which same she used to tote
To school each day, until one morn
The prof got Mary's goat.

(As Jones would have written it.)

R. I. P.

The death of Mary's little lamb,
So moves her, now and then,
That Mary in memoriam
Casts sheep's-eyes at the men.

(As Pliska would have written it for class.)

.....
.....
.....*

(As Al Feeney would have written it.)

Mary had a gentle, young and pretty sheep,
Its coat of wool was soft and white and fleecy.
Both went to school; when she was told to keep
Her lamb at home she said, "It is not easy."

(Rockne's Version.)

Yes, the little girl's name is Mary.
And where is the little girl going?
The little girl is going to school.
Whose little lamb is that with Mary?
That is Mary's own fleecy white lamb.
Does Mary like the little lamby?

Well, I should say she does.

Does the little lamb go to school with Mary?

Yes, but only as far as the door.

What would the teacher do if Mary

Brought the little white lamb into the school?

(Here, dear reader, let us gently draw the curtain
ere your sympathetic heart o'erflow.)

(As Bill Cook would have written it.)

Mary had a small lamb that used to follow her about
with its white wool.

(As Finnegan would have written it.)

No doubt you've heard of Mary's lamb
That followed her about.
It was as white as snow, we're told,
But there was some left out.

Once Mary thought she'd take a ride;
To Pittsburg she did go.
Of course the lamb was at her side
It always was you know.

And here a sad thing happened
That's true but hard to tell,
When Mary's lamb left Pittsburg
It was as black as—coal.

(As Rupe Mills would have told it.)

MARY'S LAMB DEFEATS HOOSIER DISTRICT SCHOOL
Mary with her little black warrior "Billy" left

*Writer didn't take any time to this—just dashed
it off, zip, like that.

yesterday morning for the District School at Pike's
Crossing. She arrived there about an hour later and
had her little ram go through some light running and
bucking practice in order to keep him in trim for
the coming contest.

On entering the chalked arena the students gave a
rousing cheer. The bell rang "order" and the teacher
rushed at the intruder. She and the little lamb were
in the best of trim and staged one of the prettiest
contests ever seen. But the inexperience, lack of
training and total absence of the "stick-to-it" quality
made the contest rather one-sided. The teacher's
defense was plucky, but the terrible onslaught of the
marble-headed, fiery monster began to tell on her.

(Hayes' Version of Jack and Jill.)

John and his beautiful sister Jill cavorted up the
elevation carrying a liquid receptacle in their man-
ual extremities, for the purpose of obtaining a quantity
of nature's nectar. This feat accomplished, the descent
began, but a sorrowful incident happened to upset
the dignity, equanimity and equilibrium of the joyful
couple. John lost his equilibrium and came in con-
tact with mother earth, rendering his head less capable
of cognition. Jill, not to be surpassed by her illus-
trious brother, followed his example but with less
success. Two redolent, incarnadine grease spots
are all that furnish an inkling to their mysterious
departure, but these followed assiduously to their
logical conclusion furnished evidence sufficient to
unravel this distressing incident.

(Eichenlaub's Version of Jack and Jill.)

"Here, carry this bucket up the hill, will you!"
said Jack. "I don't want to, I'm tired," replied Jill.
"Well, let the darned old bucket go, then, I don't care."
"Oh, I suppose I'll have to carry it up as usual, you
hot head." Thus they went up the hill and when
the bucket was filled there followed another scrap.
"There, take that," said Jill as she landed Jack
one on the bean. Jack didn't even say good-bye
but rolled like fury down the hill, and right through
the cottage door and under the stove. The door was
hardly closed when Jill's head opened it and she
landed on Jack's neck with the words, "Gee, are you
here?"

THE LAST LEAF.*

I saw him once before
As he passed by the house
And again
The pavement stones resound
As he totters o'er the sidewalk
With his crutch.

And if I should live to be
The last leaf on the bush—
In the spring,
Let them smile as I do now
At the old forsaken limb
Where I hang.

WANTED—Recruits for the Army.

* NOTE.—Rimes of Mike Nigro substituted for
those of Holmes.