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The Indian Summer.

TIMOTHY E. HOWARD, '63.

SCARCE touched with the faintest chill of death,
The full, fair Indian Summer comes,
By morning draped in hoary breath;
Her noonday robes of strange perfumes;
At even trailing weird-like shades;
O'er midnight still her beauty looms;
As e'er, through fields and opening glades,
She drives the dark November glooms.

Not yet, she cries to the winter wind;
Not yet, to the frosty starlight clear;
Not yet, to the northern snows that blind;
Not yet, not yet, while I linger near!
How vain the cold, cold phantoms surge,
While the Queen of Autumn shakes her spear,
And smiles, despite their mournful dirge,
Last, lovely smile of the dying year!

Fair image of life's departing hour,
When days well-spent have brought the soul
To smile, supreme, at the utmost power
That fiend or phantom can control.
And shalt thou smile, serene, erect,
Though death's dark shades begin to roll;
And shall that hour for thee be flecked
With flashes from the spirit's goal?

Bold thought, that man, like nature, pure,
Should smile when he comes, at last, to die,
Or deem his future glory sure
As that which waits the spring's warm sigh!
Ye heavenly friends that guard frail men
When muttering fiends of air press nigh,
And the darkness grows, O guide us then
Till God's true summer beams on high.

A Poet of the Past.

FRANK C. STANFORD, '13.



WHEN the American colonies rose in their wrath and shook off the trammels of the mother country, the surging enthusiasms and aspirations of the whole of Europe were set free and social shackles that had bound for centuries were thrown aside for a new ideal. That period is called the "Age of Revolution," and the new ideal is the ideal of 'liberty,' beautiful in its conception, inspiring in its thought, and compelling in its realization. It was not merely in political circles that the dream of liberty was realized, for a new era in literature was born also, in which liberty of thought and freedom of expression were just as much the ideals of the literati, as civil independence possessed the minds of the reformers of state polity.

The strict rigor of classicism held with its inflexible laws the minds of the poets before this renaissance of wonder; a close adherence to custom was demanded, and imitation and narrowness were the inevitable results. With the birth of civil liberty, however, came the birth of literary freedom; the age was weary of the restraint of formalism, so it turned to the original and picturesque.

Just what Romanticism means is difficult to say. Dr. Beers defines it as the "Reproduction in modern art of literature of the life and thought of the Middle Ages." Drs. Hedge and Pater add to this the element of mystery, aspirations and an appeal to the emotions by the method of suggestion. Indeed, romance may be said to be founded in wonder,—in interest in the strange, the remote, the dangerous, the mysterious. In romantic poetry shadow

and color rather than contour are employed to produce the highest effects. The verse thrills with the spirit of the poet; it abounds in rich suggestion and thrilling uncertainties. Romanticism may well be considered the antithesis of classicism for it was an attitude of the mind, a passion for new material and novel expression of self-conceived ideal. In a word it was a departure from all laws—a law unto itself.

In the long list of illustrious poets who enriched English literature during the period of Romanticism, there are a few who are pre-eminent: Wordsworth, the poet of nature; Coleridge, the dreamer; those priests of visionary ideals and revolt; Byron and Shelley; and Keats, the apostle of pure beauty; but the great representative of the literary mind of this period is Sir Walter Scott. He strikes the new note in the symphony of poetry; he opens up a vista of larger intelligence for both nature and life; a deeper insight into the past and a freer, clearer eye for the present than any other. It is Scott indeed who offers the most ideal conception of English Romanticism.

Romantic poetry may be considered under two different aspects: the subject-matter and the form. The revival of Gothic tastes and the renewed interests in chivalry and mediævalism, of which Scott is the culmination, can be conveniently called the "objective" as distinguished from the "subjective" side of the movement which deals merely with the mood of the poet. The great representatives of these two classes are Byron and Scott. Of all the illustrious romancers of mediævalism Scott is unquestionably the most romantic in his themes; and of impressionistic sentimentalists Byron is undoubtedly the most romantic in his moods. Though a liberal in politics, Byron is haughty and aristocratic in his verse; he refers to himself all things that he sees, and sentimentally effeminate at times the discontented lord of Newstead Abbey labors in his pride and vanity.

His verse glows like a steady flame, yet beats upon the sensibilities of its reader as the angry wave lashes the rock-bound coast. Scott, however, wrote for the people, and no trace of affectation, no shadow of cant, is found in his works; he draws aside the curtain of his soul and "rends the veil of egotism." His verse is like the rivulet, flowing smoothly and clearly along, always gentle, always harmless; it is suggestive of the mountains and the blue

depths of the sky; it fills the ear with sweet, simple music. Byron, however, nourishes a consuming desire for the startling innovations of a pantisocracy, while Scott drifts along easily, loving nature in his own majestic way, never tiring, always interesting. He gives us the men of past ages and leaves us to analyze their moods; he uncovers the great canvas of his soul on which he has painted even in his youth the rich beauties of the landscape, the deep colors of the heavens, the glittering pageants of ancient times. He enriches our imagination, pleases our taste and subtlety, unconsciously teaches us the greater meanings of things; and as passion swells upon passion we are made to contemplate ourselves and rejoice that we live and love.

True it is that Scott is inferior to Byron in intense passion; Wordsworth possesses more of profound sentiment, and Moore excels him in delightful fancy, but none possesses his picturesque power of imagery, manners and actions. Few pictures are more tense and strong than his description of a winter scene in *Marmion*:

The sheep before the pinching heaven
To sheltered dale and down are driven,
Where yet some faded herbage pines,
And yet a watery sunbeam shines;
In meek despondency they eye
The withered sward and wintry sky,
And from beneath their summer hill
Stray sadly by Glenkinnon's rill

Marmion abounds in such passages. Composed for the most part in the saddle it has the dash and stirring vigor of the cavalry; and it is doubtless if there is anywhere in all English literature so perfect a description of war as is found in the battle of Flodden. "Not one," says Cunningham, "since the days of Homer, has sung with such an impetuous and burning breath, the muster, the march, the onset and all the fiery vicissitudes of battle."

Ruskin calls Scott "the epitome of his epoch;" Dawson says that "among the men who did most to direct the course of literature in the beginning of the nineteenth century, the most colossal figure is that of Walter Scott;" and Ward would place him below none in imagination, excepting perhaps Homer and Shakespeare. Hazlett besides referring to him as the most popular poet of the age, styles him the "lord of the ascendant" for the time being. "No writer since Shakespeare," says Whipple, "has displayed such power in the creation and delineation of character, or such freedom from idiosyncrasies and personal prejudices, in de-

scribing life and manners;" and Robert Louis Stevenson says that "Scott is out and away the king of the romanticists;" and even Carlyle concedes that, considering the wretched "vamping up of old tatters then in vogue, Scott's excellence may be called superior and supreme." In the light of such authorities as these it would seem almost arrogant to cite more modern and pretentious critics.

Humility is a praiseworthy virtue, but it is not necessary that one underestimate his powers, for consciousness of ability is potency in itself. The truly great man, however, is sincerely humble. Wordsworth was often affected in his simplicity, Byron and Shelley were proud and vain and self-assuming, and even Keats was somewhat of an egoist; but Scott never obtrudes himself to prevent our seeing the subject. He wrote from his soul, feeling that he could not well do otherwise; he knew that he was great, but he did not think much of himself on that account.

Keats lived apart from society content to worship beauty in his own violent way, but his sympathy was not so much for nature as it was for himself; Byron and Shelley perceived less of nature and trained their minds more to self-contemplation; Wordsworth can not forget that he is a philosopher, confirmed in habits of mystical reflection. Scott, however, never took his cares to nature, philosophizing and drawing all manner of lessons from her contemplation, for his love for her was entirely humble and unselfish. He does not regard her as dead or merely material, nor altered by his own feelings; but as having an animation and pathos of her own—as being powerful as the human soul. He is not concerned with analysis and description alone, but he feels intensely and makes us feel the same passions that he experiences. In the reading of a great poem, in the hearing of a noble oration, it is not the skill of the writer, but the subject; not his power but his passion, on which our minds are fixed. It is not the author that we see, but the things that he sees; we feel as he feels, we are fired by the passions that thrill his soul, and we think of him as little as possible; and so in reading his poetry we do not hear or see Scott, but view and listen to the souls of past ages and the voices of God's sweet nature.

From these considerations, then, we may conveniently divide the world of poets into two divisions: the "thinkers" and the "seers."

If we were to examine our own thoughts and our efforts to arouse deep sentiment and emotion in others, we would discover that it is far easier to analyze and describe our feelings, than it is to tell others what we have seen, in such a way as to arouse in them the same passions we experience in a particular situation. Description is of a lower rank than narration, for the poet who really sees feels intensely also; he does not so much describe his feelings, but rather tells us what he has heard and seen and leaves us to discern the moods of his characters and of himself. To enter into a description of a distinct emotion is comparatively easy; we are all capable of deep emotions and can make others understand our state of mind in a more or less perfect degree; but to tell a story well requires of the narrator a complete grasp of the entire mind of every personage concerned; he must know what they feel and how they are affected by whatever may transpire. The "thinker" need only feel himself, but the "seer" must *in addition* be able to assume unto himself the entire character of others; and it is for this reason that we conclude that the great mass of sentimental literature, even when it is of a high degree as is found occasionally in Byron, Keats and Tennyson, is of an altogether lower rank than the creative poetry of Scott.

Unlike most poets there is not so much the forms of things that Scott gives us in his descriptions, as the bold strokes of color; he does not trouble us with size or shape; but he does give us in a few broad dashes of color and a surprising freshness of imagery the bold outlines of the picture, and leaves the rest to our imagination. He will not tell us how the white tents are mingled among the oaks; he says no word of the form of either tree or tent; but he tells us that a

Thousand pavilions, white as snow,
Chequered the borough moor below,
Oft giving way, where still there stood,
Some relics of the old oak wood,
That darkly huge did intervene,
And tamed the glaring white with green.

And so too we can vividly see the tents at Flodden as

Next morn the baron climbed the tower,
To view afar the Scottish power,
Encamped on Flodden edge.
The white pavilions made a show,
Like remnants of the winter's snow
Along the dusky ridge.

Scott's love of nature and his appreciation of the beauties, combined with an understanding of her secrets, were probably unequalled by any other writer of his time, but his greatest passion, perhaps, was his attachment to place and his spirit of patriotism. It was a personal passion no doubt, but it was not, as the lyric poetry of his contemporaries, conceived in an egotistical mood. Who of the old ballad writers, or who of the sentimentalists, could have written the opening lines of the sixth canto of the "Lay of the Last Minstrel."

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
"This is my own, my native land!"
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a foreign strand!
If such there breathe, go mark him well;
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch concerted all in self,
Living shall forfeit fair renown,
And doubly dying shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

There is no indulgence in philosophical mediativeness in Scott; no strain of weak sentimentality; no endeavor to dip deeply into the history of his country; he merely turns back to the renaissance and middle ages, and from the fulness of his knowledge, singles out only the meet and the delectable. There is nothing in his poetry of the severe and majestic style of Milton, little of the elaborate elegance of Wordsworth, or of the redundant diction of Southey; but there is a medley of bright and glowing images, broadly cast with the careless grace of spontaneity; there is a simple and unaffected diction tinged with the lighthearted richness of Shakespeare; a vivacity of spirit ranging from extreme to extreme and abounding in delightful moods and images.

He ennobled the historic past and appealed to his nation's sympathies by recalling the spectacular, and more particularly the military side of generations long past. The most real romantic scene became only romantic for him when he had filled it with the people of his imagination and the life of a vanished age; and then, imagining the chivalric ages peopled with heroic characters and clothed with romantic scenes, we may justly call Scott the "historiographer royal of feudalism." What

matters it if his interpretation of history is at times at fault so long as he was successful in encasing under the old breastplate and helmet the everlasting, eternal human nature which he knew so well! The romance of real life he well considered better than fiction, and he believed that if it is possible to know what men feel, and do, and say in strange situations, the outcome will be more intensely impassioned, more infinitely audible and gratifying than the "fine spun cobwebs of the brain." To know how well he succeeded one need only read, in particular, his "Lady of the Lake" and "Marmion;" for in these he has touched with a great measure of the vivid homeric delineation the gallant courtesy and chivalry of a long past period; and he has softened the whole with the airy, fascinating inventions of Italian romance, and the natural melody of his own language.

Romanticism may be viewed in a great number of ways. In France and Germany it assumed the character of analytic sophistry; in England it was weighted down with philosophical reflection. Rousseau and Goethe found its inspiration in sexual sentimentalism; Wordsworth in solitary nature and his own philosophy; Byron was obsessed with a repulsion for social restrictions, and Keats was aesthetic in the extreme. But with all these the impulse of poetical expression was given by a "self-consciousness out of harmony with the traditional development of civil society." In Scott, however, none of this is found; for in him we find an humble love for nature, an unselfish spirit, a natural, easy, clear and unoffending expression of a simple mind and majestic passions of attachment to place and patriotism. Do not these virtues appeal to our sensibilities and awaken our emotions; do they not thrill our souls with finer passions; are they not more ideal conceptions of the true spirit of poetry, and romantic poetry in particular, than the impassioned, sensual verse of Byron and Shelley, the philosophical refrain of Wordsworth, and the weak sentimentality of Coleridge, Keats and others of the same order? Are we not justified then in pointing to Scott as the "middle point in culmination of English romanticism;" can we not look to him for the convergence of all the lines of the romantic revival; can we not exclaim with Ruskin: "He was the greatest literary man whom the age produced?"

Together.

Great waves of silver sea between us lie
And on the shore long leagues of fallow sand,
Yet in the soft sweet night, love, you and I
Like phantom birds soar over sea and land.

Storms may hold back the sailor from the main
And keep our glowing faces far apart,
But all their raging fury is in vain
To stay the homeward journey of a heart.

The Better Part.

JAMES O'BRIEN.

Clara Howe sat at the large front window of her dwelling and gazed out blankly upon the street. She was not aware as she sat there that the roar of the city was being hushed into silence, that the city lamps had been lighted, that the bell of the corner church had sounded the Angelus. She did not notice the figures that came like ghosts into the circle of yellow light cast by the gas lamp across the way, and vanished as quickly into the darkness.

She was building castles in the shadows, weaving fairy dreams of future life unmindful of the busy world around her.

The sharp gong of a car bell brought her to herself, a heavy wagon creaked and groaned under its burden as it turned out of the track, followed by a clash of curses between teamster and motor-man. Up the street a shower of lights burst into the darkness revealing a nickelodian, an auto snorted and sped by giving the air a scent of gasoline.

She arose nervously and took down the receiver of the telephone. "Main 259 please." The nickel rattled into the box and she gazed out into space. "Hello?....259?.....Is Mr. Howe there?.....No?.....What's that? He left an hour ago? Very well." She hung up the receiver, stopped a minute before the parlor mirror to adjust her hair and returned again to the window. "Where could he be?" It was the first time since their marriage that he had not been home before dark. The light across the way flickered through a crust of sleet that was forming over it, the women walked cautiously holding onto the railing of the grass-plot as they passed, a newsboy slid over the slippery pavement, with a shout and dis-

appeared down the street. She took out her watch, opened it and slipped it back into her belt without noticing the time. She was very unhappy at his delay; she had never fully realized how lonesome life would be without him. She had heard nothing of the rumbling noise as the girl upstairs tried out her roller skates on the kitchen floor,—she only knew she was lonesome, that she wanted Jim to come home.

A pale and somewhat worn-looking woman appeared before her for an instant but turned immediately into the house across the way. "Poor Helen," she murmured to herself as the woman closed the door behind her, "the world has not been good to her. What has she to show for her long hours of toil but poverty and worry. For the last five years she has scraped and labored, saving a penny here and there, and there she is to-day with the same dull plume upon her hat she had four years ago. She recalled the bright-eyed slip of a girl in the neat white dress and the pretty blue ribbon in her hair as they sat side by side in school; she remembered too that she was the centre of attraction at the high school dances; she saw Helen in the parlor all unconscious of her beauty going over her trip to the Pines for the boys. She noticed that Jim Harding left her side to sit by Helen; that the boys gathered around Helen's chair to look at the camp pictures. "And look at her to night!" There she is over the way after her hard day's toil, trying to soothe and comfort four howling children, washing the sticky candy from the face of one, taking off the coal-black dress of another that was put on starched and shining in the morning—and she really thinks she's happy, she has—the bell rang and Clara tripped out to the door meeting Jim with the usual kiss that melted the sleet on his lips. He had been detained on business, but she read in his eyes that the day's work had been a more than prosperous one. She knew that the deal he had been engaged in for the last month had gone through, but she would not ask him. She would not take one iota from his joy. He must tell her, he must surprise her. She lifted her little gleeful face up to him to be kissed and at the same time he bent down and whispered his secret in her ear. The deal had gone through, and the mansion on the Sheridan Drive would soon be theirs—It was the dream of their lives since marriage.

.....
The morning sun blazed down upon the awaken-

ing city. It burst open the buds that hung like swarming bees upon the tulip trees along the avenue, it stirred the blue-eyed violets from their slumber, it crept upon the faces of the children as they lay asleep in their little white beds. The great wheels of the city were beginning to turn, volumes of smoke rolled out of endless stacks along the river; men, women, and shop girls pored over the morning paper as they waited for a car. A crowd of city gammons followed after the sprinkling waggon with a shout of joy, pushing, pulling, and upsetting one another, and leaving it finally to paddle in the puddles it had left behind.

Across the way the shades were drawn, a black crape hung suspended from the door and now and then a woman of the working class or a neatly dressed girl or boy entered the house of silence. Helen was dead. One of the children had taken typhoid fever in the early spring and Helen had left her work and stayed beside him day and night till he was up and out. But scarcely had she started work again when she was taken sick with the fever, and two short weeks had closed her tired eyes. It was just five years since the death of her husband.

"Poor Helen," said Clara as she looked across the way and felt within her heart the feeling of terror the sight of a crape awakens. "What a life of toil and suffering and sorrow! A wasted life that never had a future. And to think that she might have been our equal or our better. Don't you remember, Jim, how prosperous she and Joe started out? Ten years ago today I stood here at the window and could have cried to see Helen getting her piano. I believe I envied her; I hated the smile which drew her friends to her. Here we are today, Jim, happy and prosperous. We have our own house, our maid, an auto and all that makes life worth while; and she, poor thing, has wasted her life for a few miserable children that never gave her a minute's peace and were finally the cause of her death. They've been a bother to the neighborhood with their crying, and there they are her monument.

The house on the Sheridan Drive had been purchased and Clara and Jim had spent most of the day arranging the rugs and furniture and hanging the gorgeous curtains. They were to spend one more night in their old home which was to be sold on the following day, and thereafter their life would be a dream in this new

palace of comfort. As they sped homeward in their auto they looked into a wide, wide future. Everything had come to them in abundance, and neither care nor sorrow had once darkened the smile upon their lips. Fame was advancing and they would go to meet it, faster and faster as they sped tonight in their auto. They turned into the concrete road that led through the cemetery, and in the twilight the monuments rose and fled by them like ghosts; the young moon burned like a fire in the polished granite of the vaults, and the falling leaves brushed against their faces. They were approaching the gate when Clara suddenly motioned Jim to stop. He shut off the gas, applied the brakes and drew the car up in the middle of the road. As he did so she stepped quickly out, lifted from a sunken grave a bunch of faded flowers that had been an eyesore to her for the last week, and placed them in the refuse box.

"Poor Helen," she murmured again, "even her grave is a ruin. The grass is growing wild upon it, and see"—she lifted out of the clay a little statue that had sunk with the grave, and placed it upright. As she stepped back into the car her eyes rested on a little boy coming out of the shadows. His face glowed with the simplicity of youth, his chubby hands were clasped around a bunch of golden-rod, and his white soul glistened in his large blue eyes. He knelt down upon his mother's grave, lifted his ragged hat from his head, and raised his face to heaven.

The auto wheeled off leaving behind it a stream of dust and smoke, and as it turned out of the cemetery gate Clara sobbed out:

"Our life has been a failure, Jim, and a ruin. I'd rather be Helen sleeping out there under the cold night stars than own the wealth of kingdoms."

The Final Lesson.

WALTER L. CLEMENTS, '14.

I have seen the day fade in the evening sky,
Seen the smiling heavens turn to gray from blue.
I have heard the love songs in the tree tops die,
Seen the verdant forests turn to Autumn's hue.
I have felt myself change with the passing years,
Felt your happy laughter vary with your tears;
But how things we love change, dear, I never knew;
Till this fickleness, this change of heart in you.

Mr. Allen's Motto.

ANDREW J. SCHREYER, '14.

"Yes, Mr. Turner, I don't believe in allowing the women to manage household affairs. All this Suffragette trouble is due to those husbands who permit their wives to rule them. Not long after our marriage, Mandy began her boss tactics, but I soon proved to her who was boss of this house. No woman ever ordered me about. If all men did the same, Mr. Turner, wives would soon learn obedience. My motto always was: "Husband say and wife obey."

"James, oh James! I say, where are you? Playing cards is it? Didn't I tell you to rock Willie to sleep?"

"Why-er-er--Mandy dear, I forgot. Mr. Turner came, and so I entirely forgot the baby."

"Forgot! Such childish excuse! Mr. Turner, I'm sorry to break up your card-game, but there are really so many things for James to do."

"You needn't mind, Mrs. Allen. I was preparing to go."

"Now James, go to Brown's and get me some sugar, bread and oil. Mr. Turner will accompany you part of the way. At the same time, stop at Riley's meat market and get me two pounds of veal. Hurry on!"

"Now look here, Mandy, you have no right to act so. You have, moreover, two hours' time before supper."

"Hush, James! now what's the use to go on like this? You know that whenever I tell you to do anything I want it done immediately. When I married you I didn't expect that you would ever oppose me. I never thought that domestic life would become a burden to you. What I believed would be a garden of undying flowers has turned out to be a battlefield. But let me tell you, Mr. Allen, if it's to be a battlefield, I mean to be the only general. Now hurry up, James! I want these things for supper. Don't stop to talk to the boys in front of Murphy's saloon, don't listen to Mr. Hayes if he stops you to inquire about the money we owe him. You know how it grieves me not to be obeyed, so run right off."

"I didn't mean to make you angry, Mandy! I'll go right now."

"Husband say and wife obey," whispered Turner to Allen, as they went out.

Varsity Verse.

SONNETS OF A LOAFER.

Just sometimes when I buzz around this place
A-doing nothing only killing time
Or frittering away the sportive dime
And more, I think of what a rank disgrace
To waste my old man's dough, and scarce a trace
Of worth-while dope jammed in my bean.—A crime
It blame near is, so I resolve that I'm
Sure going to cut hitting up the pace.
A day or two I dig into the stuff
And burrow through the tomes with faked-up zest,
But soon conclude that I have crammed enough.
My dome grows foggy so I take a rest.
Then when exam time rolls around I'm sore.
My head is just as vacant as before.

H. V. L.

THE BANISHED MOOR.

The Banished Moor sighed for his home
Among Granada's verdant trees,
Where he might sit and pass his hours
By listening to the humming bees
Which round about the garden flit
And hang on blossoms under howers.
He sighed for all that freedom gives—
The flowers of variegated hues
Which brighten every wooded way;
Whose fragrance unsurpassed imbues
The world about with rare perfume,
And brings fresh pleasure every day.
He sighed to see again the brook
Whose cooling waters might impart
Some ease to his impassioned brain
And calmness to his aching heart
Which ever since his banishment
Had seemed to break with throbbing pain.
He sighed,—but sighs appeased him not,
For he was doomed to spend his life
Upon this barren desert sand
Where calmest days brought naught but strife;
Thus lived and died the Banished Moor,
An outcast of his native land.

W. L. C.

DARKNESS AND LIGHT.

Dismal the sun and dark broods the day,
Dear, when you're away.
Years long are the minutes, the hours forever,
That you and me sever.
How bright is the sunshine, how fair is the weather,
When we are together.
Forever is only a moment or two,
Dear, when I'm with you.

H. V. L.

Washington Irving.

JAMES CURRY, '14.

It is over fifty years ago since the most popular of American prose writers, Washington Irving, died. Although Charles Brockden Brown acquired some literary recognition, Irving was the first American to receive national approval, and, for some time, was the first American to obtain acknowledgment beyond the seas.

He was born in the city of New York, April 3, 1783. His father's family was one of the most respectable in Scotland, while his mother's ancestors were of old English blood. Irving received but a common school education. He possessed an insatiable desire for reading, but an unnatural abhorrence towards mathematics. At the age of sixteen, he began the study of law. He had a passion for music and loved the theatre. In his younger days, he devoured books of travel and voyages. In 1804, he visited Southern Europe for the purpose of regaining his health. After a two years' stay he returned to New York. In 1809, "The History of New York by Diedrich Knickerbocker," one of the first fruits of his inventive pen, appeared. We find him visiting England in 1815 where he remained seventeen years. He only intended a short sojourn, but the sickness and financial embarrassment of his brother lengthened his stay.

Soon after Washington Irving's return to America, he presented his "Sketch Book" to the American public. The first instalments of the book, "The Wife" and "Rip Van Winkle;" "the one full of tender pathos, because it was recognized as a genuine expression of the author's nature; and the other, a happy effort of imaginative humor—one of those strokes of genius that recreates the world and clothes it with unfading hues of romance," was received with great favor. The book was completed in September, 1820, and it soon reached England. Then followed "Bracebridge Hall, or The Humorist," a series containing sketches of English rural life, and his "Tales of a Traveller," a work greatly inferior to its predecessors. He then went to Spain in connection with the United States Embassy. There he studied the romance and the customs of that country, and in 1828, published "The

Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus," and "The Voyages of the Companions of Columbus." It was during this period that he gathered material for his "Conquest of Granada" and "The Alhambra." After seventeen years in Spain he returned to America. His pen continued to be busy. "The Life of Washington" was his last work. He died in 1859, at his home, Sunnyside, on the banks of the Hudson.

The two predominant qualities in Irving's writings are humor and sentiment. His history of New York is a whimsical and comical creation. In a humorous vein, it tells about the early Dutch settlers, their struggles, and their neighbors. "In the midst of Irving's mock heroics, he always preserves a substratum of good sense." His "Sketch Book" is a series of brief stories, a mixture of the humorous and the pathetic. Although it contains sketches that will keep the book labeled "good reading" still it is kept before the mass of readers because of its two very delightful stories "Rip Van Winkle," and "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow." The author is at his best in these sketches in painting Dutch manners and the habits of the early New York settlers.

"It may almost be claimed that Irving did for Granada and the Alhambra what he did, in a totally different way, for New York and its vicinity. "We find him just as capable of lending his genius to Oriental and mediæval romance as to plain and domestic scenes of New Amsterdam. The richness of style and the brilliancy of coloring of "The Conquest of Granada" proves conclusively the literary genius of Irving. There is, though, one objection to the "Conquest." A spirit of bigotry permeates the work. He has a tendency to treat priests and monks in a very ironical manner. This can not be explained unless it be due to bigotry. Prescott refers to the "Alhambra" as the beautiful Spanish sketch book." The work is full of interesting and delightful legends so flavored with the author's airy humor that our interest never lags.

As an author, he has been received with open arms by the British public as well as by the British critics, while in America he is the most popular of our prose writers. It is not as a biographer or a historian that he finds such a warm spot in the hearts of the people but as a story-teller. As a historian, he is surpassed by Prescott; as a biographer, he gives way to

Southey, but as a story teller, he is not equalled in America. "His writings are meant to please the many rather than the critical few who demand deeper treatment and a greater consideration of life's problems." His style is simple and at times ornate. It is always exceedingly smooth and melodious. Some critics, both here and abroad, say that the "Sketch Book" should have first been in England, for Irving was an English writer. It might just as truthfully be said that the "Conquest" and the "Alhambra" is by a Spanish writer for the material is strictly Spanish. Though in heart and soul, Irving was an American, still, in as far as literature is concerned, he was a cosmopolite. English tradition awoke his fancy and he wrote as an Englishman. Spanish romance and the attraction of the climate of Southern Europe influenced his southern stories.

Richness of style, splendor of description, wholesome humor and originality are the earmarks of his work. As a man Irving possessed a most genial disposition. Mr. George William Curtis says about him: "There was a chirping, cheery, old-school air in his appearance which was undeniably Dutch, and most harmonious with the associations of his writings. He seemed indeed to have stepped out of his own books; and the cordial grace and humor of his address, if he stopped for a passing chat, were delightfully characteristic." As a biographer of the life of Columbus, he failed to show to his readers the spirit of faith which urged the great discoverer to patiently carry out his plans.

In conclusion the words of Chambers might be given weight: "Modern authors have too much neglected the mere matter of style; but the success of Irving should convince the careless that the graces of composition, when employed even on paintings of domestic life and the quiet scenes of nature, can still charm as in the days of Addison, Goldsmith, and Mackenzie.

What's the Use.

We can not all have faces fair

And skin as soft as down,

But each can wrinkle up his brow

And wear an ugly frown.

It takes time to grow meek and sweet

Its trying to be humble,

But anyone who lives today

Can sit around and grumble.

T. D.

Thanksgiving.

He cured ten lepers when the hand of death
Had set on them its seal,
Yet only one came back to give Him thanks
And at His feet to kneel.

So now He spreads His sunshine over all
And for each soul hath care,
And as in days of old, only a part
Whisper a thankful prayer.

R. D

Easy Money.

F. GUSHURST.

Just a moment, John, I would like to speak to you.

What's that, you are in a hurry? Yes, you are always in a hurry when I wish to see you. This is important.

A bank meeting, did you say? Well that is just what this is going to be, a bank meeting. I should like to draw a little of your bank account.

You haven't any money with you, and these are hard times? That is just what you always say when I want a little money; but I want you to understand that I want some money, and want it soon. Here's your check book. Now make out a check to me.

Goodness me, what don't I need it for! But that is not the question; I need the money and therefore I want it. You sit right down and sign this check which I have made out.

How much? That makes no difference, so sit down and sign.

Never mind that bank meeting will keep, and besides you will not leave this house until you have signed that check.

No, I'll not wait until tomorrow. No sir, I shall have that check tonight, so there will be no peace in the family until I do get it.

Trying to break you? Now look here, if you are so stingy with your money that your wife has to beg every time she needs a few dollars, then you may keep it. I will never ask you for another cent. I shall take in washing and make my own spending money. Good night.

Did you say to come back? You have signed the check? Oh, I knew you would, you always were so good to me when I needed money. Now, dear, don't stay out too late, you know you haven't been feeling well lately.

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—There are fewer things which will prepossess a man in the eyes of the world more than the ability to keep a close mouth under trying circumstances, strict

Military Drill. obedience to the orders of a superior and an erect and manly appearance. Here at school we find few, if any, phases of life which do more towards developing these qualities and characteristics than the military drill, which the preparatory students, freshmen and sophomores go through three times a week. Most of the students realize that they are being benefited by the discipline and strenuous exercises which feature the drill, but, as usual, there are the few discontented "grumblers" who see nothing beyond the trouble and inconvenience necessitated, and who seem to have no other object in view than to create disorder in ranks and to show themselves in as bad a light as possible. "One bad apple will spoil a barrel" and the same applies to military drill. The student who dispenses cheap wit and causes disturbances in ranks, not only does an injustice to himself, but prevents the more willing workers from acquiring the full benefit of the drill. The student who attends drill regularly and carries out the commands of his officers in silence and who does not grumble with the little hardships entailed, will find in the end that he has got more real good from a strict and faithful performance of duty than he would have gained from the few hours sacrificed each week.

The Chicago Operatic Quartet.

The initial appearance of the Chicago Operatic Quartet in Washington hall was a decided success, and the flattering reception accorded each and every member of this company of distinguished artists, bespoke a true appreciation on the part of the audience of classical selections perfectly sung. To attempt to enumerate each number remarkable for its flawless technique and perfect rendition, would necessitate inclusive reference to the whole program. The operatic selections by Mr. Arthur Middleton, rendered in a basso voice of rare strength and purity, were, by a slight margin, deserving of mention as the real features of a wholly delightful evening. Sopranos appear to be the preferential choice of local music lovers, a fact quite evident in the extreme popularity of the several solos by Miss Leonora Allen. Certainly of equal merit was the Aria, "O Don Fatale," by Miss Frederica Downing, and worthy also of special mention are the numbers by Mr. John B. Miller, tenor, and the Edgar Nelson pianist. Rivalling "El Toreador" by Mr. Middleton are the ensemble numbers, Flotows "Spinning Song" and "Goodnight" from "Martha." The Chicago Operatic Quartet have firmly established their popularity with Notre Dame audiences, and we trust that future concert courses will give this exceptionable concert party the patronage they so well deserve.

Personals.

—Walter Duncan, Ph. B. '12, and assistant athletic manager '10-'11, made a brief call on friends at the University during the week.

—Mr. Nat F. Franklin (Student '87-'88) is President of the First National Bank of Deadwood, South Dakota. In a letter recently received he sends greetings to old friends.

—"Pete" Meersman, of the Varsity Debating team of '12 and '13 and a Lawyer of '13, has taken up the practice of the law in Moline, Ill. With the same "pep" shown in debates, "Pete" should win cases with ease.

—We regret to announce the death of Mr. Adolfo Henkel, father of Gustavo, who passed away at Toluca, Mexico, October 11th. We extend to the bereaved family assurance of sympathy and prayers. *R. I. P.*

—Walter J. McGuire (M. E. '13) recently

accepted an important engineering position with the Northern Pacific Railroad Company. Walter is stationed at the Cemo Testing Laboratories of the company at St. Paul, Minnesota.

—A card from George W. Sombart, a student at Notre Dame in '10-'11 joins the jubilation over the football triumphs of the Varsity. George is now connected with the Boonville Ives and Laundry Company of Boonville, Mo.

—Old friends of Emile V. Molle will be interested to know that he is at present an instructor in the College of St. Thomas, at St. Paul, Minnesota. As a student, and later as an instructor at the University, Emile was a popular man with the old boys.

—Daniel R. Foley has become quite prominent in the legal circles of Deerfield, Michigan, as the result of his connection with several recent cases of much importance. "Dave's" success has been most marked since June, 1911, and we congratulate him upon it.

—Our two old friends, Patrick A. Barry (A. B. '12) and Edward J. Howard (A. B. '12) are still at Grand Seminary, Montreal, Canada. "Pat" and "Del" share our common joy over the doings of the Varsity and send their best to the team and to all the old boys.

—Genial as ever, Edward J. Glynn (B. S. in Chem. '10)—otherwise "Cupid" Glynn—paid us a visit on Thursday last. Travelling in the interests of a large manufacturing company, "Cupid" took advantage of an opportunity to renew "auld acquaintance."

—We note the recent marriage of an old Notre Dame boy, Joseph Pflaum, to Miss Helen Nugent, which occurred at St. Joseph's Church, Franklin, O., on Wednesday, Nov. 5. Joe is an editor on the board of the *Catholic Messenger* of Dayton, Ohio. Congratulations and best wishes.

—"Al" Hilbert, writing from Butte, Montana, says he enjoys the best of health and is making good in commercial life. "Al" has been with the Continental Oil Company since his graduation in 1911, and he has been granted several promotions during his employment by the Continental Company.

—The marriage of Miss Hildegard Alice Berteling to Mr. John Patrick Hayes is announced to take place in St. Patrick's Church, South Bend, Indiana, November 29th.

The bride is an unusually accomplished and beautiful young woman and is the daughter of

Dr. and Mrs. John B. Berteling of South Bend. The groom is a graduate of the class of '01 (Litt. B.) and has many warm friends among the alumni. To the new couple we offer cordial good wishes on so auspicious an occasion.

—Messrs. James and Thomas Curry were called home Tuesday by news of the death of their father. Mr. Thomas Curry, of Hartford, Connecticut. The deceased was an exemplary Christian gentleman and highly respected in the community. To the bereaved family we extend sincere sympathy. *R. I. P.*

—Raymond J. Sieber (Litt. B. '13) has drifted into newspaper work for adventure. He has had some thrilling experiences since he associated himself with the *Chicago Civil Service Weekly* last summer. "Ray" expects to be one of the auditors at the President's Day appearance of the Players' Club of which he was a prominent member last year.

Resolutions of Condolence.

WHEREAS God, in His Providence, has seen fit to call the mother of our classmate, George McCoy, to her eternal reward,

BE IT RESOLVED that the Senior Law Class extend to him its sincerest sympathy and condolence in his bereavement, and be it further

RESOLVED that this expression of condolence be published in THE SCHOLASTIC and a copy thereof be sent to him.

F. CANNING.

E. MEE.

C. BIRDER.—Committee.

Local News.

Cheer up! The exams are over and Thanksgiving is coming.

—The fellow who is complaining about the rainy fall weather will be the first to "crab" when winter finally arrives.

—The oratorical contest for the Breen Medal will take place early in December. Students who intend to enter this contest should be working on their orations.

—The Ancient Order of Hibernators has recently been organized with an enrollment of twelve members. They promise to make merry during the long and weary hours of winter.

—Corby hall will go to Fort Wayne next Thursday to meet the Friars in their annual Thanksgiving Day game. The Friars are

exceptionally strong this year and a great game is expected.

—The Hill street cars have been following a new route for a fortnight. We have, not, however, noticed any change in the service. One can still experience all the sensations of an ocean trip on the way down town and it costs only a nickel.

—Wednesday afternoon the Carroll hall team laid low a much heavier team from Brownson. The larger the players that the Carrollites have against them the more spirit and fire they seem to show forth. Men like O'Brien, McCarren, Stonehill and Blackman, who say nothing but who dive straight at the ankles of their opponents will make good Varsity material in the future.

—The November meeting of the Architectural Club was held on Tuesday evening, the 4th inst. A well-rendered concert by P. Wieland, violinist; R. Collins, vocalist, and Jas. Foley, pianist, opened the program. Following this, W. Redden, M. Trudell, R. Schaub, J. Campbell, and R. Graham gave short, well-prepared addresses. A short social session took place before the adjournment.

—Interest in the Walsh-Sorin game, which is to be played tomorrow afternoon, is intense. Neither team has been defeated this year. The interhall championship depends on the outcome of the struggle. Walsh played a tie game with Corby, while Sorin has won all her games; hence a tie in Sunday's combat will give Sorin the advantage, but Walsh is confident that there will be no tie. Both teams have been practising diligently in preparation for the combat, and it should prove one of the greatest interhall games ever played at Notre Dame.

—The Sophomore Class reorganized on Tuesday night and elected the following officers: Louis J. Kiefer, president; Raymond McAdams, vice-president; Wilmer Finch, secretary; Joe Flynn, treasurer; James Foley, sergeant-at-arms; E. R. McBride, reporter; and Hugh O'Donnell, athletic manager.

The traditional Sophomore Cotillion was discussed at length and a meeting scheduled for the appointment of a dance committee. It is the intention of the class to give a banquet also, some time in the spring.

—Last Tuesday evening Fr. O'Donnell delivered a lecture to the students of Brownson

Hall on "Books and Reading." He pointed out the advantages of reading solid books, and the harm done by devoting all one's time to reading magazines, newspapers or even the current novels. "Fiction, while all very well when read in moderation, should not be indulged in to excess." He referred to the Apostolate of Religious Reading as one of the most unique educational libraries in the country, and urged the students to use it while they had the opportunity.

—William J. Mooney, Notre Dame's delegate to the Indiana State Oratorical Association, has been chosen president of that organization. Wabash, Butler, DePauw, Earlham, Franklin, Hanover, and Notre Dame are the schools that make up the Association, and the office of president is held by the different schools in regular order. Hence the honor comes to each school but once in seven years. Mr. Mooney will, we are sure, fulfil the duties of his position well and we bespeak success for him and for the Association under his leadership. The new president has called a meeting of the Association to be held in Indianapolis on November 28. At this meeting the judges of manuscript and of delivery for the state oratorical contest, which will be held on the fourth Friday of February, will be chosen. The winner of the Breen Medal Contest, which is to be held in December, will represent Notre Dame in the state contest.

—The first practice of the Notre Dame Rifle Association was held on Monday evening. A new lighting system has been installed in the gymnasium and we now have a first-class shooting gallery. Regular practice will be held from 3:30 to 5:00 o'clock on Tuesday, Friday and Saturday afternoons of each week. Those who can not attend at the regular hours may have the use of the gallery immediately after dinner each day. About sixty-five members have enrolled with Secretary Walters and the Association is in a flourishing condition. Brower, who established an enviable reputation for himself as a sharpshooter in the United States Army, led in the shooting on Monday evening, but he was hard pressed by Derrick, Bott, Figlestahler, Sullivan and other stars of last year's rifle teams. A number of the new men made a promising showing, and there is no doubt that the rifle teams that represent Notre Dame this year will be on a par with those of any university in the country. It is

not yet too late to join the Association and new members will be welcomed.

—The program given by the members of the Holy Cross Literary Society last Sunday evening, was the best that has been rendered for some time. It was distinctly intended as a presentation of musical ability, being entitled "The Musical Night." A violin selection, "Romanza from Mozart, given by Mr. Frank Remmes, opened the program. The piece was excellently played and thoroughly enjoyed by the members. A humorous sketch with negro jests and songs, by Messrs. Dolan and Eckel followed. A recitation called "The Old Professor" was given by Mr. Matthew A. Coyle. Messrs. Holdreth, Dolan, Eckel, Brown and Kelley formed a chorus and sang many pleasing melodies. The inaugural address by Mr. Norckauer followed, his theme dealing exclusively with the opportunities which the society afforded. A piano selection, impromptu, by Schubert, was given by Mr. Spear Strahan, who showed much talent as a pianist. An exact portraiture of Ikey and Hans in the persons of Messrs. Brown and Kelley entertained the members. Mr. Brown's skill in singing German dialect, and Mr. Kelley's aptitude for Jewish poses held the audience every minute. "Sweet and Low" by Tennyson, was sung by the chorus. This with short speeches from the new members closed the program. The members of the executive committee are to be commended for their delightful program.

Athletic Notes.

THE TEAM LEAVES FOR THE SOUTH.

Early yesterday morning Coach Harper and his band of champions left on their last incursion of the year. They play Christian Brothers College, St. Louis, this afternoon, and will leave tomorrow morning for Austin, Texas. Austin is fifteen hundred miles from Notre Dame, and this is probably the longest trip ever taken by a gold and blue team to play football. In Texas University, the Varsity will meet a worthy foe. Although not in a football climate, Coach Allerdice of Texas, with the help of three assistants, has put together the strongest Longhorn team in history. From tackle to tackle the line weighs 195 pounds, and the team is by no means slucky with the forward pass. Texas, like

the Varsity, will enter the battle with a clean slate, having won the Championship of the Southwest by defeating Oklahoma, Kansas and the Kansas Aggies. Besides these Sewanee and other strong Southern elevens have fallen before them this season. Some idea of the strength of the team may be gained by a look at the results of the Texas games. The Longhorns won from the Kansas Aggies 42 to 0, while Nebraska beat the Aggies by only one touchdown. Likewise Texas beat the Haskell Indians decisively, while the Indians held Nebraska to a 6 to 7 score. Another line between Texas and Nebraska is established through the Oklahoma game. The Lone Star eleven won from the Sooners 13 to 6; Oklahoma beat Kansas, while Kansas lost to Nebraska.

The Varsity will arrive in Austin Monday evening, and will stay at St. Edward's College, a branch institution of Notre Dame. Thus they will have plenty of time to recuperate from their wearisome ride. The difficulty that the Texas water might not agree with our men has been overcome by sending water down from here. The only circumstances that can possibly work against us are the weather and the foreign field. The Varsity has met with such splendid success at West Point and State College that we do not think being away from home will disturb them, but a great deal depends on the weather. The Texas weather man may present us either a lazy summer day such as we have seen in August, or he may send a "norther" that will knock the bulb off the thermometer and drop the mercury close to zero. If he's good to us he will send the blizzard; if not,—then it'll be "hot stuff," and our men working against odds. It is likely, however, that it will be neither immoderately hot nor cold, in which case we feel certain that the team that drubbed the Army can hold its own with the Longhorns.

As the season has advanced, and each Saturday has brought tidings of battles won, our already high opinion of Coach Harper has risen more and more. We were highly pleased, therefore, to find the following account from the pen of Harvey T. Woodruff, illustrated by the inimitable pen of Sydney Smith, printed in the newspapers of the country, all the way from the *Portland Oregonian* to the *Key West Sea Gull*:

From West Point, N. Y., to Austin, Tex., is considerable change of scenery for a football eleven in

quest of worthy opponents, but that is only a part of the program which Coach Jesse C. Harper found necessary to secure foemen for the Notre Dame football team this fall. Visits to Pennsylvania State and St. Louis are sandwiched in between, and still the coach and his charges are clamoring for more action, offering to play a post-season contest with the University of Nebraska, which jumped into prominence by an early defeat of the University of Minnesota eleven, one of the strongest in the "Big Nine."

When Harper left his berth at Wabash, where his coaching had raised the Little Giants to a high plane in baseball, football and the minor sports, to become athletic director at Notre Dame, he found it was not fashionable for the leading colleges of the West to meet Notre Dame in athletic contests. Games in the near-by territory were impossible to secure, so Harper went out and accepted dates with strong elevens wherever they could be found.

The new coach declared at the outset that hereafter the excuse of eligibility would not hold as a reason for refusing to meet Notre Dame. He proposed a standard of scholarship and eligibility at Notre Dame similar to that prevalent among the Conference colleges and others claiming athletic purity in the West.

Whether justly or not, Notre Dame has been looked at askance by what would seem its natural rivals, and innuendoes concerning its players have brought heated replies from the athletic authorities at the Catholic institution. The Conference colleges have annual fixtures enough without seeking as hard a foe as Notre Dame, while Michigan broke off athletic relations several years ago by cancelling a football game following a dispute as to the right of two Notre Dame players to compete against the Wolverines.

As a result Notre Dame has been compelled to be satisfied, or more correctly speaking, dissatisfied, with what solace could be gleaned from occasional selections of its players for places on the honorary all-Western elevens.

Coach Harper asserts he has started a campaign which will bring rightful respect to the college—he certainly started a campaign which will bring it the respect accorded victors.

The young man who thinks he has an athletic mission to perform for Notre Dame is just thirty years old. He was born on a farm in De Kalb County, Illinois, where his family lived until he was ten years old, when the household lares and penates were removed to Madison, Wis. There Jesse attended the public schools and took part in the athletic activities.

In his boyhood days young Harper was much the same type as during his later college athletic career, never sturdy or rugged in appearance, but rather of the wiry type, with great powers of endurance and the fierce intenseness of the nervous temperament.

When Jesse was old enough for preparatory school he chose Morgan Park Academy, then a secondary school for the University of Chicago, which he attended in 1901 and 1902. He played halfback on the academy eleven and center field on the baseball nine.

Completing his preparatory school course, Harper went to work for Swift & Co. to accumulate a bank roll to help him secure a higher education. He specialized in hams; in fact, he became so expert that he

can detect a "ham athlete" at first glance and relegate him to the side lines.

In the fall of 1902, when 19 years old, Harper entered the University of Chicago as a student of commerce and administration. With the small capital he had saved from his packing house job as a nucleus he earned his own way through college, took part in athletics and student activities, and was initiated into the Phi Delta Theta fraternity.

Harper made halfback on the freshman eleven despite his light weight and was an outfielder on the baseball nine. In his sophomore year Stagg needed a catcher, so Harper donned the mask and protector and filled the rôle to satisfaction, also becoming one of the most reliable stickers on the squad. He captained a successful team in 1905, and returned to the outfield when a backstop was developed the following spring. He was a whirlwind on the bases and led his team in pilfering for three years, while running up a swatting average over .300 for each season.

While handicapped by his lack of weight, Harper in his senior year was a member of the Western championship football squad which did not lose a game and won from Michigan, 2 to 0, in the final game of the season. He played end and halfback and understudy to Eckersall in the quarterback job.

Following his graduation from Chicago, Harper became a canvasser, selling atlases in Missouri for a Chicago publishing house. His success in disposing of map books was not as marked as the romance which followed his meeting a certain Miss Campbell in the course of his wanderings, for the young woman is now Mrs. Harper.

In the fall of 1906 Harper accepted a position as athletic director at Alma College, where he remained three years, winning the State baseball title in 1907, when little Alma vanquished the University of Michigan nine.

Harper transferred his athletic coaching skill to Wabash in 1909, where he directed the fortunes of the baseball, football, basketball and track teams. It was the sturdy battles waged by Wabash against Notre Dame that eventually secured his present berth at South Bend. In his four years at Wabash the Little Giants three times won the championship of the secondary colleges in football. Purdue was humbled in defeat in three of those four years, while in 1911 Notre Dame itself recorded victory by the narrow margin of 6 to 3.

With this record of success at Wabash Harper has directed Notre Dame to a 35 to 13 victory over the Army eleven and a 14 to 7 victory over Penn State, both on foreign fields. Harper is an advocate of the open game. It was his coaching that enabled the light Wabash team to beat heavier opponents, and it was the open game which played an important part in the Army and Penn State teams.

Following the game at West Point, where eight Army players were removed at various times, because of injuries, and twelve substitutions in all were made, while Notre Dame substituted only one player and took time out once for a player to tie a shoestring, Harry Tuthill, trainer for the Army and holder of a similar position for the Detroit Tigers during the baseball season, asked to meet the Notre Dame trainer.

"There he is over there," said one of the Notre Dame huskies.

"But that's your coach," remonstrated Tuthill.

"Well, he's trainer, too," said the player.

That's true. Harper is coach, trainer, and to a certain extent business manager, for upon him devolved the framing of the best schedule Notre Dame has had in recent years.

In his new position Harper will have supervision of football, baseball, track and basketball. With the excellent athletic material at the Catholic college ready to be molded into the finished product, Harper at least has a field where he can give his coaching ability full sway. Notre Dame appears to be fortunate in its choice.

DEAR WAKE:—I note you are going to make selections of all-American, all-Conference and all-Western football teams. In selecting your all-Western, why not save time and trouble by naming the entire Notre Dame team.

J. J. W.

We are not trying to save ourselves time and trouble. Besides we had almost decided to pick that bunch for our all-American—

R. W. L.

R. W. Lardner in "The Wake of the News" column in the *Chicago Tribune*.

According to Dr. Williams the West this year has several teams that are on a par with Harvard, Princeton and Yale, and it is the opinion of the Minnesota mentor that the rest of the Eastern elevens would be easy victims if they were to face Chicago, Minnesota, Notre Dame or Michigan. He further opined that any of the four teams named above would give the West a gridiron distinction if a game were played with any of the three leading teams of the East.

Deducting from the statements made by the Minnesota inventor of football tricks, Chicago, Notre Dame and Michigan lead the rest of the western teams in present ability, with Minnesota but a short length away. This may be in the line of an alibi for the defeat of Minnesota Saturday, but for many years Dr. Williams has been considered one of the best critics of football material and one of the headiest coaches. Being a graduate of Yale and familiar with the style of game played by the Eastern elevens an assertion from Dr. Williams of this order would place a great deal of weight on any claims Chicago might make toward national honors.—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

BRAVES GO DOWN IN HARD-FOUGHT BATTLE.

Coming from behind in the last half of the game, by a wonderful display of open playing, Sorin defeated Corby in their annual battle, 12 to 7. It was the Braves' first defeat of the season, and it certainly was no disgrace, for they put up a plucky battle all the way. In the first half they had things mostly their own way, and scored a touchdown, when a Maroon warrior covered a punt on the Bookie's 20-yard line, and a moment later, a pretty pass

put the ball just inside the goal line. A line plunge counted the tally.

In the second session, Sorin woke up. With five forward passes in a row, four of which succeeded, they carried the ball to Corby's 25-yard line. Two plays by Cofall then took it over. With but one point between them, both teams fought desperately, but a risky play that went wrong turned the tide. On his own ten-yard line, Gray tried a forward pass, that Cofall picked out of the air and converted into a touchdown. This ended the scoring.

To the victors' backfield must go the great credit. Cofall played his usual star game, and was ably backed up by Newning and Clifford. Hynes ran the team in great shape, and the triumph was due largely to his generalship. The four backs put up a splendid defensive exhibition, and aided by the stellar work of the ends, limited Corby's gains to line plunges. In the line O'Donnell, Ward and Fenesy did good work for Sorin.

The whole Corby team put up the best game they knew how, although the removal of Bachman in the second quarter weakened the line considerably. Gray at quarter closely rivalled Cofall for individual honors, and the other backs made several good gains through the line. At the ends, Dorwin and King took care of all that came their way.

WALSH CRUSHES BROWNSON.

Walsh continued her victorious march to championship honors when she gave Brownson the worst drubbing of the season last Sunday, hanging up a final count of 31 to her opponent's six. Father McNamara's aggregation played rings all around the Brownsonites, and scored almost at will. It was the prettiest exhibition of precise, organized playing seen in interhall football this year.

Following almost perfect interference, the fast Walsh backs skirted Brownson's ends, or tore through her line for repeated gains. Matthews' sensational work at halfback was the feature, although Kowalski gave the finest exhibition of bullet-like plunging seen in many a day. Hitting the line with tremendous speed and force, he never failed to break through for substantial gains. Wright and Grady were able partners to the others. From end to end the Walsh line was almost impregnable; and Baujan and McQueeney took ample care that nothing went outside of them.

Brownson, though completely outplayed, put

up a game fight. In the first five minutes, Holmes and Morales, her two mainstays were injured and had to be taken from the game, thus weakening the team considerably. Capt. Reidman, McGrath and Miller put up a good defensive game in the line, and Finnegan, at fullback, tried in vain to stem the tide. Next Sunday Walsh meets Sorin in the Championship encounter. Honest, we wouldn't miss this game at any price—the Yale-Harvard contest can't compare with it.

Safety Valve.

The Brownson team was completely demoralized last Sunday by the loss of Morales. Hence the large score.

ECHOES FROM THE EXAMS.

Chivalry is a wild, barbarous people that can not be tamed.

Co-eds are girls that go to a boys' school.

A *human act* is an act that you don't do, but you do it anyway.

Tradition is something that is not perfect but is sufficient to forgive sins.

A *Co-ed* is a girl who is working her way through college.

Last Sunday at the football game we thought two students were mixing it from the large crowd gathered at the gate. On our arrival, however, it turned out to be only Goofie Welch. The Carrollites were embracing him.

"O I can run and I can jump," said Pliska to his friend, "I'm not afraid of any football mob."

"That's nothing," said his sturdy friend, "I, too, can run and jump,

"And every time I do it Eichenlaub."

Another proof that our quarterback is first in the scale, and a man of some note—*Do-re-mi-fa-sol-la-si-do*.

The Fair One (at last Sunday's game)—Why, they are actually using brute force to prevent that man from running with the ball!

"Nig" Kane, whose familiar face has been absent from the campus for some weeks, is again with us.

Anyone can wear a green hat, but it takes a junior to convert an O proposition.

Who was it that said Nowers was the best man on the Sorin football team?

No more is it Fenesy's "Goops!" Fenesy has been canned to the bush league, and is now the centre of the Sorin regulars.

"I can not go away," quoth she,

The baby's got the croop.

My husband spends each nickel that he earns Dan's Shoumlin, and Jack is Young, and through the livelong day.

Tom's Sauer and our little Peter Yerns.

Dorais says he doesn't believe St. Mary's has any students this year—at least not that one could notice.

Prefect of Discipline (to new student)—Well, what qualifications have you that would permit you to enter this institution?

N. S.—I have several qualifications. To begin with, I've never skived a class; I've never got demerits for staying away from military drill; no teacher has ever sent in an absentee slip with my name on it; no rector of a hall can point me out as the fellow he saw in town the day before.

P. of D. (with a sigh)—Well, I suppose you'll have to learn. Go over to Walsh hall and get a room.

ILLUSTRATING THE INSTABILITY OF THINGS MUNDANE.

Take a diamond, now. Hard as that diamond is, still if you could look at it ten billion years hence through a microscope several million times more powerful than the ones we have these days, you might be able to note minute changes even in that.—Psychology: A thing a diamond merchant should worry about.

The Valve—An invention designed to furnish material for amateur wits to crab about.

O safety Valve, you are a hoax,
You do pull off the rankest jokes.
At your most piteous stabs at wit
You never make me smile a bit.
I tell you now, quite candidly
Your line provokes my sympathy.

TIRED READER.

Oh Reader, why so harsh, so gruff.
We dassn't pull our funny stuff.
O. W. Holmes once tried his wit.
His valet chortled in a fit.

Now if old Holmes with his poor gaff
Produced this almost fatal laugh,
'Twould homicidal be—Parbleu!
For us to spring our best on you.

THE FOOTBALL STAR'S SOLILOQUY.

As from off the field I go,
Head bent down and walking slow,
Each step takes me near those lines,
That I crossed so many times;
Crossed them 'mid a round of cheer
That to me was always dear,
Crossed in victory or defeat,
Those white lines my eyes would meet.
But today they told a tale,
One that made my face turn pale,
Just one step more,—I take a breath
And slowly cross those lines of death*

WILLIAM D. CASE, '17.

Problem poetry.*