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Guido's Cenci.

G. H. S.

A PALE ethereal flower is thy face,
Like misty stars the radiance of thine eyes,
Transplanted by seraphic hands from skies
Of sapphire, tinged with twilight's sombre grace.
Through gentle resignation one can trace
The tragedy of innocence that lies
Therein; unuttered tears and anguished cries,
Hushed in the heart as in a desert place.

And yet withal there is a loveliness,
An inner beauty radiant from thy soul,
That sanctifies the scars of life and makes
Of hideous grief a thing of almost bliss,
That softens woe to render back his toll,
Transmutes to good all evil, all mistakes.

The Price of a Soul.*

What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?—*Mark, viii., 37.*

SOME years ago a prominent educator, a professor and afterwards a President of Cornell University, published a volume entitled "The Warfare Between Religion and Science." It was not an epoch-making work in the sense in which Darwin's famous book was epoch-making, but it gathered into one volume the itinerant doubt and criticism of the period, the accumulated infidelity of the century from the time of Voltaire and the encyclopedists in France down to and including the time of Ingersoll in America. It was not in any sense a great work, but it afforded a convenient text for world-wide discussion of the new attitude of university men to the old problems of faith and conduct.

Any well catechised child knows that there can be no conflict between true science and true religion. Both come from the same divine source, the one being natural and the other

supernatural. For example, by reason man may know of the existence of God, of His goodness as manifested in His works, of God the first cause of all things, of God the rewarder of good and the punisher of evil. To these natural truths revelation adds many more,—God's love for man, the mysterious doctrine of the Trinity, the Incarnation of Christ and the body of supernatural truths that came to us through Christ and the Church He founded. Now these various truths, natural and supernatural, can never be in conflict with each other because they emanate from the same divine origin, and therefore there can be no divergence between science and faith, each rightly understood. Whenever they seem to be in conflict it is either because of a misuse of reason or a misunderstanding of religion.

And yet this challenge of criticism and unbelief is no new experience for the Church. It is a part not of the "Warfare between Religion and Science," but of the implacable and eternal warfare between the Church and what our Lord called "the world." In the beginning Christ said: "If ye were of the world, the world would love you, but because you are not of the world, the world will hate you and persecute you and put you to death." When first the Church emerged from the shadowy chamber where the Disciples shuddered together in fear of their enemies, and where the illuminating and heartening Spirit of God first came upon them, the synagogue thundered against them as idolaters and perverters of the nation. When the infant Church knocked for entrance at the gates of the Roman Empire persecution with its thousand hands sought to strangle her at the threshold. And when at last the thirst for blood was sated; when the smoke of pagan incense ascended no more from the altars of Jupiter and Venus; when the blood-

* Discourse delivered by the President of the University on the solemn religious opening of the school year, September 20.

dripping, uplifted sword fell to the earth and the persecuting arm rested through very weariness; when Constantine made Christianity the religion of the world, forthwith began that long struggle between the Popes and the Emperors, between the secular power and the forces of Faith, that lasted, with only occasional interruptions, down to the great religious revolt of the Sixteenth century. Then creeds screeched maledictions upon rival creeds; then kings and emperors laid waste the world with pillage and persecution; then, for the first time in Christendom, humanity was cursed with the domination of theology over theology and creed over creed which has dissipated so much of the intellectual and moral energies of the last four hundred years.

Neither let it be supposed that the revolt of the mind is a new experience. As there has been a hierarchical succession of secular persecution and a hierarchical succession of heresy from the beginning, so, too, there has been from the beginning a hierarchical succession of criticism and skepticism, a conflict of philosophy with philosophy, an almost uninterrupted propaganda for naturalism and the old paganism side by side with the world-wide and unending propaganda for the Faith of Christ. And as each heresy has begun by laying undue emphasis upon some partial view of truth, so each philosophy has taken its origin from an exaggeration of some right principle. The absorption of the Middle Ages in theology made the Renaissance possible as a protest. The devotion of theologasters and sophists to inconsequential discussions prepared the way for the tyranny of physical science over the mind and imagination of man. In this country particularly a new concept of the State was formed, and men set out to frame a government of all the people and for all the people. To materialize this beautiful dream it was necessary to materialize human life. There must be no more formal recognition of religious bodies; official life must be blind to theology; churches, while encouraged in a general way, must not be specifically assisted; education, as it must be common, so must it be free from sectarian offense—in a word, while America deep down in her heart sincerely desired universal reverence for religion, she was constrained to arrange in all her official functions for complete separation from religious influences.

Generations of young men reared in the

secular schools and having less and less religious training in the home and in the Sunday school, naturally grew up into a condition of weak and anaemic faith. And so the heart of man itself became, through the lapse of time, more and more secularized. Then appeared the eloquent and blasphemous Ingersoll, whose part in popularizing infidelity in America has never been rightly estimated. One merit alone he discovered in Christianity—it enabled a clever lawyer to make five hundred dollars a night declaiming against it. He went up and down the world lecturing against Christianity, and multitudes of the bored or more thoughtless of the people flocked to hear him; and men who had already lost much of their practice of Christianity now lost more of their reverence for it. The magazine and the newspaper too often aided this propaganda of irreverence.

Finally the influence of the infidel universities of Europe and particularly those of Germany introduced agnosticism into the school from which religion had already been banished. Nearly all of the professors in secular universities have been trained either in these foreign schools of infidelity or have received their education under masters who had been thus trained. A mournful example is that distinguished educator, who, for nearly half a century, presided over one of the most famous of American universities. Professors in many schools looked up to him as their chief; generations of professional men had been trained under his direction; multitudes of teachers, great and small, throughout America looked reverently to him for leadership. A few years ago he retired from the presidency of Harvard and shortly afterwards formulated into amazing speech his thought on the subject of religion. He rejoiced in what he called the decay of the old churches and the old creeds. The religion of the future, he said, would not acknowledge the providence of God; would not believe in prayer or in heaven or hell; the religion of the future would be a religion without mystery and without miracle, without altar or priest or sacrament. After a long life spent in the work of university education, after long study and much refinement and accomplishment, after loyal and loving veneration as a leader in great schools, all that this pathetic old man could leave the world as his final message was a thin and arid philosophy—not a religion, observe, for a religion without miracle or

mystery is an absurdity—a rare and attenuated philosophy which deprived God of personality, religion of grace and humanity of prayer. Can anyone doubt the influence of the non-religious college when the venerable Dr. Eliot gave public and emphatic expression to such views? Only a little while ago a magazine writer startled the world by assembling quotations from the lectures or books of American university professors. Not Voltaire in his palmiest days, nor Ingersoll, the orator of laughter and applause, in his most sportive and scurrilous mood, ever uttered more anti-Christian or blasphemous words. They amounted to a denial of all the essential truths of Christianity. I make full allowance for exaggerated and partisan and perhaps calumnious statements, and yet I am compelled to believe that the so-called secular universities in practice amount to schools of skepticism. Unbelief is not often inculcated directly and formally, perhaps, but the professor of Literature, for example, may unconsciously and most effectively teach unbelief by exalting those authors whose philosophy has been un-Christian or even anti-Christian, while paying small tribute to men of genius like Scott and Dickens who were religious minded. The professor of History may charm away Providence out of the past, may make chance or lust of ambition the only determinant factors of history, or he may so far crucify the truth as to contend that the Church has been the enemy of learning and progress and prosperity. Professors of Political Economy may inculcate false doctrines of morality like Malthus or propagate Materialism like Marx. Sociologists may outrage Christian ethics and biologists war against God. All of this may be done without the appearance of direct attack, but the effect is for this reason all the more disastrous. And even where the subject-matter is essentially neutral and the professor reticent, the young man falls under the spell of admiration for a favorite professor. He may teach matters as innocuous as mathematics or engineering, but he is known to live decently and to be an unbeliever, and the young hero-worshipper, with his raw, untrained mind, begins to wonder whether religion is really the all-important thing it seemed to him before he went to college. Apart, then, from the influence of blatant infidels or sensational agnostics, the subtle thing called atmosphere is a mortal peril in the non-religious school.

I have been at pains to discuss this at some length for you in order that you may understand the meaning of such a school as Notre Dame and the more willingly submit yourselves to its influence. Notre Dame is the Alma Mater of faith and morals, as well as of learning. It is a citadel which flies the flag of faith. In pain and privation, in sweat and in blood, in patience and in poverty, its foundations were laid by missionaries in the forest. In faith and hope and love their successors labored to perfect the work; in humility and zeal and devotedness such as no ambition could inspire, no wealth purchase and no emolument reward, the priests and brothers and professors of to-day continue that work. Do you ask why youth and talent and learning dedicate themselves to such enterprise as this with no other return than the peace of Christ here and the promises of Christ hereafter? It is for the same reason that religious men, consecrated by vocation and empowered by sacramental unction, have, in all ages, labored to spread the faith of Christ—as missionaries, as monks, as parish priests, as educators. Against the schools where everything in the universe may be studied save the Master of the universe, where every name in history is mentioned save Christ, the Teacher of mankind, such a school as this is a protest and a challenge. No fragment of human knowledge must be withheld from its students; here learning must be as broad and deep and strong as elsewhere. In so far as this school should attempt to withhold or darken or attenuate any particle of human knowledge, this school would fail and fall short of her duty not alone to science but to that God whom she professes to worship and to serve. Here, too, there must be speculation upon matters that lie along the borderland of knowledge, but it will be speculation by religious minded men, lovers of God and of Christ and not unbelievers. Here, as elsewhere, theories will be discussed, but they will be discussed by Christian men and not by destructive critics. "What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" cries our Lord, and too often the college man gives his soul in exchange for what is called an education. "What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" and this University reverently answers that life in all its fullness and sweetness is open to you; that liberty of mind and heart and body is yours in abundance; that the deepest fastnesses of thought and the

darkest depths of philosophy are your free hunting grounds, but that Faith shall go before you as a light and Christ shall walk beside you as a guide in all your searching and striving. This school exists in order that Christian youth may have the best and most modern education in the land without paying the monstrous price of doubt and desolation and despair.

The religious school is also a nursery of morals. In general practice faith and morals blend imperceptibly into each other. Broadly speaking there are two standards under which men march—Brutality and Idealism. The first assembles around itself all low views of life and duty and conduct and the possibilities of human nature. Its appeal to the human heart lies in indulgence, its accomplishment in human history has been destruction. Through divorce it destroys the family; through tolerance of free living it assassinates chastity. It worships comfort and exalts money into the place of God. It never bred a nation nor built a city nor created a civilization nor inspired a good life. Idealism is white and clean and star-eyed. It turns its face to God as naturally as the morning flower to the sun. It believes in purity and prayer and gentleness and all the good and true and noble things of life. It has inspired all the great dreams of the prophets and priests and poets of humanity and all the great deeds of the empire-builders and reformers and apostles. It is never lost except with the loss of faith and morals, and it knows that its morals are the custodian of its faith. It has lived through all the ages of time, and it knows that the long lesson of human history is that no individual and that no nation was ever destroyed except by sin.

This school is the sworn enemy of brutality and the guardian of the clean, manly life. Its stern rule of conduct is the mandate of Christ: "If thy eye scandalize thee, pluck it out and cast it from thee. . . . If thy hand or thy foot scandalize thee cut it off and cast it from thee. It is better for thee to enter into life blind and maimed or lame than having two hands or two feet to be cast into everlasting fire" (Matt. xviii., 8). To the young man who feels that sin and immorality is any essential part of college experience this university utters the solemn warning that good as mental training is, ineffably precious as education is, it were better never to have got an education than to have purchased it at the price

of sin and shame and disease. So says our Lord Himself; so says the Catholic Church; so say the father and the mother who have nurtured you from infancy in the love of God and of virtue. Beware, therefore, of evil companions and of bold and brazen vice that solicits to sin and corruption. Accursed is the tongue that persuades a young man to sin, accursed are the lips that utter impure conversation; accursed in bitterest words by the gentle Jesus, the lover of souls and the Judge of men, is he, who, by speech or example, perverts a young man to iniquity. "Woe to him by whom scandal cometh. It were better that a millstone were tied around his neck and himself cast into the depths of the sea." A question of tragic moment to the University and to you is this: Shall the school determine the character of the students or the students determine the character of the school? If you willingly hear and loyally practise the lessons taught by this school you will grow infallibly into rich and strong and honorable manhood. If, perverting your free-will into evil, you set up a counter influence of sinful speech or sinful example, then on your head will inevitably fall the woes and the anathemas denounced by Christ upon scandal. Here in this holy place where so many missionaries and saintly men have lived and labored, the life of faith and the life of purity is the normal life. Here, the grace of God is poured forth abundantly on you, more, perhaps, than anywhere else in America. Holy counsel and good example lie around you everywhere. Be yours the grace to profit by them.

Of the duty of earnest study I need not speak. As play is the chief business of childhood, so labor is the chief business of manhood. As men labor in the store and counting-house and office, so must you labor in the school. As the grown man who shrinks from daily toil is scorned and repudiated as an idler and a tramp, so the college student who does not do a day's work in study is a spendthrift and an outcast from honorable manhood. Your fathers at home grow old and bent and pinched in uncomplaining toil, stinting themselves even of those simple comforts that properly belong to age or to middle life, that you may have opportunity to develop mind and soul and body into strong and educated manhood. Mothers at home pay a fearful price in loneliness and heart hunger that life may open sweet and large

and beautiful on the children whom they love next to God. Unspeakably shameless and unworthy is the son who cannot appreciate these sacrifices, who squanders his time by idling about the town, and dissipates his mind on games and spectacles and foolish entertainments and unprofitable conversations during study time and rare and exotic pleasures bought almost with the price of blood and home.

One of the weak spots in the American home is the insane attitude towards amusement and entertainment. In God's name what right have you to amusement, until you have first labored? Your parents by the obligation of parenthood are obliged to supply you with the necessities of life during your childhood, but what right have you to spend money on luxuries and incessant entertainment until you have earned it for yourself?

I beg you to assume a right attitude toward college discipline. Every regulation of the school is a prudential restraint to secure the great aims of religion and morals and education. If the University did not promulgate these regulations the earnest student in self-protection must needs formulate them for himself. In state and secular institutions every decent, earnest student does surround himself with just such protection.

Finally, pray for success. The more profoundly you are penetrated by the spirit of religion and prayer now, the more your life here is enriched by grace and sacraments, the safer you will stand when the storms of temptation rage about you in the after years. During the Mass to-day form high and holy resolutions for your guidance. Frequently during the year renew these resolutions, and every day in prayer call down upon them the blessing of Almighty God and the sweet favor of Notre Dame, Our Lady, the Woman of the Seven Sorrows, whose feast we celebrate to-day, the Mother of fair love and holy-hope, under whose sweet patronage the most beautiful years of your life are spent, whose honor must ever be dear to your heart as Notre Dame men and, whose welcoming smile, when your life is spent, will be one of the first and sweetest delights of Paradise.

A MAGNIFICENT picture in the Church of Santa Catherina, at Pisa, represents St. Thomas treading under foot the vanquished heresies and receiving from Christ the divine light.—A. F. Rio.

Varsity Verse.

NOT SO BAD.

I hate to study geometry
And science makes me sore,
But if I were in Germany
I'd have to go to war.

I don't like hash, and find the steak
A trifle hard to chew,
But if I were in England—well,
The soldiers get canned stew.

I like to go down town at night
I find the evenings sad,
But if I were in Russia I'd
Be cooped in Petrograd.

I'm not just having my own way
As these swift days go by,
But no one's shooting bombs at me
From way up in the sky.

Considered all in all, I think
I'm rather glad I came,
Just look across at Europe, and
You'll stay at Notre Dame.

R. S.

THE FIRST WEEK.

He comes from home a simple youth
With sox of white and shoes of tan,
He settles down in Corby Hall
And thinks himself a man.

A fellow dressed in overalls
Enters his lodging like a dream,
And starts to disconnect the pipes—
The Freshie pays two bucks for steam.

Again at eve he's met by two
Who say he's getting very lax,
And after twenty minutes' talk
He pays his yearly water tax.

His pocket-book is getting thin,
His dollar bills are mighty few,
But Sunday comes, and Percy rents
A very high-priced parket pew.

When Christmas comes along at last
A very wise boy goes back home,
And thinks himself a lucky child
Because he didn't buy the Dome.

A Cry from Hagar.

BY MARK L. DUNCAN.

The winds whistled up and down the valley through the old pine and fir trees and the night was made dismal by the unearthly growl. The winter was snappier than it had been for many years, and the few scattered inhabitants in Cut-Throat Valley had kept their doors bolted tighter and had used more strips of old rag carpet in seaming up the cracks around the windows. To the older people this month of January resembled the time when the valley had received its awful name.

Thirty years ago Hagar Pence lived in the only substantial house of the valley. It's the one that still stands beside the brook where the tallest trees lift their trunks. It's a rambling old house with peaked dormer windows and decaying porch. The vines and shrubs about it all give it a weird appearance, especially in the winter, when the foliage is gone and the empty branches and dried brush swish against the walls and closed shutters of the old house. Hagar lived with a child whom she called Faith. None of the children in the valley played with her, but the keeper of the toll-gate talked with her one day and said that the child was much like a wild animal—timid, but beautiful, and scarcely able to talk. Faith was always dressed in white, while Hagar's clothes were black. Hagar had money, but spent it sparingly upon herself and Faith.

So Hagar and Faith continued to live alone. One night when all the valley people were safe within doors from the terrible cold a piercing scream was heard over the whole valley. The men and women who were still up rushed to their windows, shoved back the curtains, and held candles to the panes, peering out into the snowfall of the night as if they might see some unexpected form. Another shriek soon followed this, but nowhere was anybody visible.

"It must have been the wind," said most of the inhabitants of the valley.

But they were not satisfied with this belief, for the scream was too human, and pierced the night air as no gust of wind or wild animal's scream might have pierced it.

The toll-keeper said to his wife: "I believe it came from Hagar's."

"It can't be," she replied, "for Hagar hasn't

the voice to scream like that. Besides, who'd be bothering her, anyway?"

The following day the snow was unswept from Hagar's doorstep. She had never before failed to sweep it. The toll-keeper's suspicion became the suspicion of the whole neighborhood. But who would investigate? Nobody wished the duty to devolve upon him.

"I'll go," said the toll-keeper.

"Not without me," said his wife.

So the toll-keeper and his spouse forced their way into the old house, while a few fairly brave people stood outside in the yard.

Hagar Pence and the child lay half dead on the floor. Their throats were cut. If her money had been taken, nobody knew it, for its hiding-place was unknown. If there had been a murderer, he left no traces within the house; and outside the snow had covered up every footprint that might possibly have been made. Had Hagar cut the child's throat and then her own, or had the two been murdered?

So after thirty years the deed was still fresh in the minds of the few who had heard the two screams, and the younger generation who had heard the tale repeated so often. The man most interested in the story in the vicinity of Cut-Throat Valley was George Cole, a half-crazed creature who lived in a cabin up in the hills. The deed was all he talked about whenever he came into the valley. George's only companion was a big white hound which was always with him. The old fellow became so excited over the events that the people began to think that if George was already half-crazed soon he would be quite insane from thinking about the Pence murder.

Hagar Pence's house was almost in ruins, and nobody had the courage to live in it. Rumors that it was haunted had gone over the valley, for peculiar sounds were said to be heard, although no figures were ever seen there. The morning after the thirtieth anniversary of the crime, George came into the valley wild with fear, and said that the night before, as he had passed Hagar's house, he had seen Hagar herself, with the child following after her about the garden. And when he had whistled, the two figures had run into the house by the side door. The whole valley became excited and several volunteered to watch on the following night. George shuddered nervously and said he was going back to his hut

in the hills and would never show himself again in the valley.

That night a half-dozen or more of the bravest folk stood at the roadside in the snow beneath the big fir trees and watched for Hagar and the child. Sure enough at ten o'clock (that had been the fatal hour thirty years before) the two figures appeared, from behind the house and started to walk about. The onlookers were amazed.

"Whistle," said one.

"You do it," replied another.

"I can't," he answered, trying his best to pucker his lips. He was too frightened.

"I'll do it," volunteered the young man of the party.

As he whistled rather lowly, the two figures stood still a moment and then hastened into the door at the side of the house.

The people looked at one another aghast.

"Do you s'pose it's really Hagar and Faith?" asked one.

"Who else could it be?" said the young man.

"And Faith was in white, like they say she always dressed," said the dead toll-keeper's son.

"Yes, and Hagar was in black," whispered an old man.

The next night three or four others braved the spectacle, although none of those who had witnessed it the previous night would return. The two figures appeared again at ten o'clock and ran into the house when they heard the whistle.

And thus it happened each night for a week.

The seventh night the young man who had whistled took two companions with him and waited for the figures to appear. They saw them at ten o'clock and noticed that they walked slower than formerly.

We "won't whistle," said the young man.

"Yes, we'll see what they'll do if we are quiet," agreed one of the others.

As Hagar and Faith reached the side door—half waiting for the expected whistle—a terrible coarse cry pierced the air and Hagar fell upon the step. Faith ran to her side, but did not cry out. The three young men ran madly down the snow-covered road and darted aside from the shadow of every pine.

"It was terrible!" they told the assembled inhabitants of Cut-Throat Valley the following morning.

"We must go and remove Hagar from the doorstep," said the toll-keeper's son.

"And poor little Faith must be frozen by this time if she has stood over Hagar all night," said an old woman who remembered having seen the real Hagar and Faith thirty years before.

The toll-keeper's son and the young man, followed by a few others, wended their way toward the old house. They approached the side door nervously and saw the fallen black heap beside the door. Was it really Hagar, and the white body Faith?

"Heavens!" cried the young man, as he stepped back from beside the figures.

"Is it Hagar?" implored the little flock.

"It's George Cole!—his throat cut!—his!—"

"And Faith?—"

"Cole's white dog—frozen—his head on his master's face!"

A Turn in the Road.

BY E. MCBRIDE.

"Come out of it, Joe. Brighten up a little and have a drink. You ought to be happy after fooling the police on that last job of ours. Think, we might be spending these days up the river but for your stunt. Instead of that here we are with plenty of change and Danny McGee ready to serve us the back bar if we want it."

The speaker, Swifty Wilson, called for the drinks and waited for some sign of life from the other occupant of the table. Joe Kalb and Swifty had been partners in many "hauls." Their last adventure had been the blowing of a bank vault which worked out successfully and netted them enough to supply themselves for the winter, with a sum left over to keep them out of such dangerous work for months. The comradeship of the two men was known to the underworld of New York City as surpassing the love of one brother for another. Swifty, a ferocious looking individual at his best, seemed to take on a more care-free and happier look when Joe was about, and Joe, following out his admiration for Swifty, was usually "about." To-night, however, a melancholy gaze had settled over the latter's face—a face that still showed traces of refinement despite ten years of dissipation and association with the tribe of the lower New York underworld.

"Somehow or other, Swifty, I can't get a hold on myself to-night. Just thinking, you know, of other times, when the bulls weren't watching me, of times when I was happy and care-free at home. Yes, I had a home at one time, and I meant to have a home of my own and children too that I could work for and give things to, just to see them "look" their thanks. But things didn't turn that way and just now I was picturing things as they might have been. What's the use though? You know I never did like this game, but I flew in His face and since that time I don't give things a thought. I might get reckless."

"That comes to all us crooks, Joe. We all think sometime or other of home and other things. I never heard you mention it before, so out with it. Maybe telling me will ease you up a bit and then for a walk."

"It aint a long tale, Swifty, and it sounds mushy, but it's true. My brother got careless with bank change one day, and when they found out, he came to me. I was working in F—— & Co. at the time and used to handle a lot of cash. I slipped four thousand, just what he needed, and he put the coin back before they got him. I was saving for wedding bells and figured that I could raise the balance to square my lift. They got me and I went up. She was all right and willing to let me say that I was innocent, but luck broke against me and the company hollers about another shortage. I was pretty badly knocked out about going up the river and I let them believe it. That broke up the wedding march. Before I got out she married and she got the real crook, my brother. Two years later he skipped and left her with the kid. He died last year in South America, but he did the square thing. He wrote her before he died and told her everything. I saw her yesterday and she looks pretty bad. Working too hard I guess to keep things right. She had the kid with her and she is just like her mother. So you see, Swifty, that's why I am thinking and picturing to myself what might have been. The kid's about ten now, and I'd be mighty happy."

"It is tough, Joe," Swifty remarked, "but why didn't you let the brute take his medicine? Being a hero doesn't pay. Let's take our walk."

The two started out and in the course of an hour were strolling along Broadway through the shopping district. Two plain clothes men followed them close behind.

Joe turned to Swifty.

"The bulls are spotting us, so keep in the open. They might think we're up to something."

They continued along gazing in windows and laughing with the crowd at any incident showing the happiness of people in preparing for the opening of school.

At a crossing of one of the streets the gong of a fire engine sounded and the crowds swung back to give the truck plenty of room. Swifty and Joe were on the outside edge as the engine approached and were gazing intently at the powerful machine. Suddenly a small hat blew past Joe, and a child followed it right into the path of the machine. Women screamed and the crowd turned away sickened with fear at the sight. As the child passed Joe in pursuit of her bonnet, he clutched at her clothing and missing her, lost his balance for the time being. Immediately on straightening up he dashed for the child, and not having time to lift her and carry her bodily out of harm he threw her aside from the machine and then seemed to jump clear of the thing. The side of the machine struck him and hurled him to the ground, stunning him. The crowd gathered, but Swifty seeing his friend's plight started for a telephone to call an ambulance.

When Swifty returned Joe had been carried into a store and was sitting on a chair with the little girl whose life he had saved. As soon as Joe recognized Swifty he rose and took the arm of the girl's mother and said, "Swifty I am spending this week at home and you're to be our guest."

Joe's wish had been realized, and Swifty meekly fell in behind Joe and the woman, but Swifty had the little girl for company, and a satisfied smile came over his face. He muttered to himself as he walked along "I calls an ambulance and they wants a preacher."

Recompense.

Let me my life consume
A holocaust,
The darkness to illumine
For sheep now lost.
Here do I lay me, Lord,
Thy victim, down.
Do Thou the flame afford
And, then the crown.

Worry of Students.

No more the music or the dance
Sweet voices now are stilled,
And my poor head with Latin verbs
And cube roots now are filled.

I used to think life was a road
Of roses rich and rare,
But college life has made my head
Apparent through my hair.

Advice to the Journalists.

Somewhere I have read a story (by O. Henry, I think) of a bank president, who, receiving an unexpected visit from the state examiner, kept that busy gentleman in a private office imparting advice on the manner in which a bank should be conducted, while the cashier slipped out the back door to borrow enough currency to veil a startling deficiency in the vault. Some readers may think that the examiner needed the advice, others that the pres—Well, it's all a matter of opinion.

To get back to the subject—I haven't been there, but must find some way to arrive—it is a prevalent concession that, in the rough, uneven field of Journalism, the college graduate experiences more drawbacks than advantages. It is comforting, however (to the graduate, of course), to know that the uneducated man encounters the same drawbacks unaided by the advantages.

To the young Journalist, about the first thing drawn back is the curtain of elusion. The bursting buds, the trilling brook and the blossoms—the pink and white of them are rolled away. That wondrous palace of stone is gone with its proud lofty pillars, marble steps, grated iron gates. It was not exactly an air-castle, but it has taken the same route. The gorgeous, the egregious was only painted: you are confronted by the cold brick walls, and the fake scenes and shams of the stage of life. There is disappointment. You had expected fortune, fame and fiz. You had dreamed that the future should hold pink teas, perhaps cheeks (or, you might hold them yourself) of the same hue: that when the designs were drawn for your creation, you were intended for something more than a world of dreary difficulties.

The spotlight of Success is small, but it

always seeks the biggest man. And, you need the spotlight. No star gleams bright enough without it. You must be there with the double strength peppermint, the speed, the self-reliance—a 1915 self-starting, 60 H. P., 6. You must be a real man, a descendant of Adam, and worthy of the name, a man plus, a man raised to the nth power, a man, all the way from your four-dollar Stetson to your rubber soles.

Do not squander valuable hours conjugating *lieben*, *amare*, or *aimer* (according to the patois of her ancestors) with Sue or Mary in the objective case. Never bequeath the world to any one of them until you have earned it. Nature may have given her beauty, but, anyway leave her in the delicatessen store. Saint Mary's and picture albums are also good places for her. Remember, you haven't time.

Select the paper you wish to grace. Take your choice: it's the only way to get it. Approach the editor. His face will mimic the expression of an ice-cream freezer. You will experience a sensation not unlike that of passing from a turkish bath into a cold storage plant. But don't shiver: remember the Spartan boy. He (not the Spartan boy) will take your address; that means he doesn't want you. But, come again the next day, and the next. Find the weak spot, and you are sure to succeed. If he doesn't fall, tackle him lower: no one is greater than Achillis—except Eichenlaub.

In New England.

Ah, my heart is cold and weary,
Of the deserts, barren, dreary,
And I long for dear New England
And the place where I was born
Where the moon's pale gleam was brighter;
Where the summer's touch was lighter;
Where the roses bloomed a fairer
Hue, to grace a fairer morn.

There my hopes and dreams lie hidden,
Till at night they come unbidden,
And I live the old days over
In a country less forlorn.

Where the moon's pale gleam was brighter;
Where the summer's touch was lighter;
Where the roses bloomed a fairer
Hue, to grace a fairer morn. A. L. M.

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—Once more the students have come upon the field to prepare for the coming contests; all seem fresh and hearty after the summer holidays and ready to settle **Starting Well.** down to hard daily work. As in physical athletics so much depends upon the first days when the athletes are being hardened and whipped into shape, so in mental athletics the first days are by far the most important. They mean just as much to the student as they do to the football player or wrestler, for unless he lays well the foundation upon which his year's study is to rest, unless he works steadfastly and unceasingly to understand the rudiments of his science or art, he may rest assured that the structure he will erect during the year will be weak and tottering. The student who comes back to school and does not leave the things of vacation behind him, who writes letters to everyone he happened to meet during his vacation, who squanders his time in the room of his fellow-student or in going often to the City, might better have remained at home. Everyone is not expected to be first in his class, but everyone is bound in conscience to do a day's work everyday, and not to throw away the opportunity given him to become a strong man in every sense of the word. Now is the time to begin practice for the first contest which takes place November 18. If you are not active everyday and especially during these first days, you will be found among the losers on November 18.

—Any scheme or plan that causes comment and brings the names of American people before the world will always find a number of ardent supporters in **The Christmas Ship.** this country. It matters not what the cause may be or who is the originator of the plan, if it but make people take notice it is sure to succeed. Just at present one of our large newspapers is engaged in collecting money for the purpose

of sending a "Christmas Ship" laden with toys to the children of Europe who will be deprived of many pleasures on account of the ravages of war, and the subscriptions are pouring in every day because the idea is a novel one. These same subscribers to this fund live in cities and towns within a stone's throw of poor children who pass Christmas after Christmas without toys and it never occurs to them to secure toys for the little ones because it would not turn the eyes of the multitude upon them. But the "Christmas Ship" is heartily endorsed. They will send dolls and drums and picture books and play-blocks to children who perhaps have no roof over their heads and no bread to eat because of the frightful devastations caused by war, and they will expect to see the children happy and contented at Christmas. Charity is certainly a great virtue, but when it is based on sensationalism it ceases to be genuine. If we are to send a "Christmas Ship" to Europe let it be a useful one. Children who are starving and homeless will find little pleasure in toys.

—The great conflict which is raging over all Europe has already opened up a vast field to American commerce and industry. It now presents an even greater opportunity to the universities and colleges of this country.

The educational institutions of Europe have been almost completely paralyzed by the operations of this gigantic war. Learned professors and students alike are enlisting in the armies of their native countries. Renowned universities are being used for staff headquarters and hospitals and many of their walls will be raked by artillery fire. The world knows not how long this condition will continue but looks to America for progress in education. Our schools are not so old as those of Europe, but we have always maintained that there are many just as good. Now is the time we must make our boast good. Large numbers of students from Mexico and South America who have been attending European schools are now looking toward our colleges and universities. This number could be greatly increased by efficient management. The extensive efforts which are being made to secure the South American trade should be followed by equally effective means to induce the students to enter American schools. The burden of

this work falls especially heavily upon the Catholic institutions of this country. Hosts of young men will be coming north for their education, and it is our duty to see that they have the opportunity to enter Catholic colleges. Closer relationships must be formed. A warmer feeling of friendliness must pervade us all so that we may successfully co-operate for the fulfilment of this great project. The world already looks with admiration upon the progress we are making. As the scope of this work is now increased and more grave duties are placed upon us, our efforts must be redoubled.

—To the freshman just beginning his college course, the question of his attitude toward school life is a profoundly significant one.

Shall he measure up to the
College Ideals. high ideals of college activity, studying earnestly and progressing honestly along the path of intellectual acquirement, or shall he choose the course of flippant unconcern and nonchalant disdain for the work he has come here to do? It seems inevitable that the students at an institution of learning, should ultimately coalesce about the two opposing standards. The number rallying about the latter, here at Notre Dame, is fortunately very small, but they are nevertheless an entity. To them, in order to be a "regular fellow," it is necessary to "skive" a few classes each week, and "flunk out" a subject or two at each examination. Their code of supercilious superiority further requires that they speak contemptuously of all duly constituted authority, ridicule application on the part of others, and affect a certain blasé boredom with all of the routine work of University life.

It is unfortunately all too easy for a freshman to acquire a false perspective. To the uninitiated there may be a certain glamour about the fellows who are (as avowed by themselves) "too big for the place." He has seen much inane admiration bestowed upon their ilk, he has met their prototypes in fiction. They are, in his appraisal, considerably superior to the plugger and the "grind" who never do anything spectacular, like making the delinquent list, or registering a certain number of absences per week.

Four years, more or less, are required to catalogue the members of a college class. When that time has elapsed, the non-sensational "grind" graduates with honors, while the

flashy fellow flunks or is dropped from the rolls. And out in an unsentimental world, where the credentials of success are knowledge and ability, the plugger achieves distinction, while the other fellow is enveloped in the colorless mist of early obscurity.

To finish well, one must start right. And it were well for the beginner that he enlists with the standard of honest application. For after all, college life is but a brief pause in a lifetime, and the vociferous approval of the time killer isn't negotiable when the graduates have passed out into broader spheres.

—England is bewailing her former laxity in the matter of military drills in her schools and colleges. The round-shouldered, hollow-chested men who apply at
Military Drill. the recruiting offices, are the despair of military authorities.

Unused to discipline, unfit for rigorous campaigning, unable even to affect a proper carriage, they are but the chaff of martial wheat. Military training in youth would have corrected, in large measure, these deficiencies. Recognition of the fact in the midst of a terrible conflict, only emphasizes the futility of their former course. The United States should profit by Great Britain's blunder. Not in anticipation of war, certainly, but chiefly for the reason that the youth of the land, if ever called upon, may be physically fit. In an emergency, the hollow-chested, shambling individual is worse than useless. He clutters and clogs the wheels of efficiency. He lacks the alertness, the stamina and spirit that make for success. Whether it be a battle, a business or a professional field that he enters, he is at a decided disadvantage. Contrast the appearance of the army officer with that of the average civilian. The comparison shows the latter at a decided disadvantage.

We may not be military men. We may never be called upon to bear arms in international strife. But the training acquired in college military exercises is of incalculable value. It imparts an ease, grace and 'savoir faire' that serve in good stead on all times and occasions. So turn out for drill. Every hour spent in a cadet uniform is an investment of time that pays big dividends in health and superior bearing. The discipline imparts self-control and self-reliance. Time and events have vindicated military training.

Book Reviews.

BALLADS OF CHILDHOOD. By Michael Earls,

Is a collection of thirty-five poems written especially for young folks. The author has put into these verses all the simplicity and candor of childhood without losing any of its beauty. The volume is neatly bound in red cloth with gold border, and would make a pretty and useful present for a child. Benziger Bros

THE SPIRIT OF CARDINAL NEWMAN. By C. C. Martindale, S. J.

Another addition to the series "The Spiritual Classics of English Devotional Literature," is a volume of some two hundred pages made up of jewels from the writings of Cardinal Newman. The compiler has endeavored to put into this volume the passages which best show the spirit of the great English Cardinal, and we only wish he had indicated where each excerpt had been gleaned from, as many, no doubt, will be interested enough to read some of the sermons and essays in full. Some poems as well as prose selections will be found in this edition among which are the "Dream of Gerontius," "A Thanksgiving" and others. The book is beautifully bound and has for frontispiece a very fine engraving of Cardinal Newman. Published by Benziger Bros.

Personals

—Jerome J. Sholem (Student '13-'14) is now courting the journalistic muse in the University of Illinois. The *VALVE* will miss him.

—Mr. Jim Martin of the Indianapolis *Star*, an old student, gave a lecture on the "feature story" to the Sophomore and Junior Journalists last Wednesday.

—The marriage of Miss Agnes Marcella Murteugh to Leo Francis Garrity, an old student, is announced to take place September 30th at Chatsworth, Illinois. Mr. Garrity is well-known to all the men of the last six years. Congratulations and good wishes.

—William A. McKearney ('02-'05) of Cleveland, Ohio, former resident of Carroll and Sorin Halls, has recently been appointed Business Manager of the Catholic Universe Publishing Company, Publishers of the *Catholic Universe* and other publications.

—From the *Express Messenger* we learn of the retiring of James F. Giblin from the Wells Fargo Co. Mr. Giblin graduated from Sacred Heart College, Watertown, Wisconsin, during the presidency of the Rev. Father Corby (later Provincial of Holy Cross Congregation in the United States) and has been in active work

ever since. Since 1887 he has worked for the Wells Fargo Co., and the *Express* gives a glowing appreciation of his services and of his exceptionally high qualities.

—From the Line O'Type in the Chicago *Tribune* we copy the following:

The degree of Doctor of Philosophy in Cause was conferred on Jose Angel Caparo, C. E., M. C. E., E. E., M. S. in Math., Sc. D., of Peru, South America. Thesis: "The Theory of the Geometry of Hyperspace as Applied to a Space of Four Dimensions and the Derivations of the Fundamental Magnitudes of a Quadruply Orthogonal System."—University of Notre Dame Bulletin.

What does he mean "in Cause"? Nothing like that in the N. D. Bulletin.

—The Standard Chemical Company of Naturita, Colorado, is the largest manufacturer of radium in the world. In fact it makes four-fifths of the world's supply of radium, having one hundred and fifty mining claims between Colorado and Utah. It employs about two hundred miners scattered over as many miles of mountainous country. The Superintendent of the eight mining camps thus distributed is John I. Mullen of the class of Civil Engineering '01. There may be some who would not recognize in Superintendent John I. Mullen the redoubtable "Jack" who spread terror among our football rivals in the late nineties. We congratulate Jack on his signal success.

—The Chicago *Tribune* of July 27th contained a telegram from San Francisco to the effect that Mr. L. B. Gallagher, aged twenty years, had, after studying stenograph only two years, written two hundred and eighty-four words a minute and that he could have made even a better record had anyone been able to read more rapidly. This despatch recalls the fact that this young man's father, Robert Gallagher, held for many years the championship of the world in stenograph. Robert Gallagher was a student at Notre Dame in the eighties in a class of fifty or sixty that numbered among its members the late George Clarke of South Bend, his brother Matthew Clarke, now of Washington, the Reverend Dr. James J. Burns, of Holy Cross College, Washington, D. C., Mr. Neal Ewing and Professor Unsworth. The teacher of this remarkable class was the venerable Brother Stanislaus, C. S. C., who this year returns to Notre Dame after an absence of twenty-eight years. Brother Stanislaus is credited by Mr. Pitman with having contrib-

uted very materially to the perfection of his famous system of shorthand.

—Ed Reulbach and Herbert Kelley, both former Notre Dame pitchers, worked against each other for the first time Friday in a closely contested game. Ed is with Brooklyn at present, and Herb with the Pirates. The game went to Brooklyn by the small margin of one score after Kelley's team had made three errors. This is Kelley's first season in the league and he seems to be making good.

Obituary.

JOHN P. MARCUS.

We regret to announce the death of Mr. John P. Marcus, who passed away at Martinsville, Indiana, on September 11th, after an illness of several months. Mr. Marcus was a model Christian and a model citizen. His devotion to his duties as a Catholic may be judged from the fact that on one occasion he travelled a hundred miles on purpose to hear Mass on Sunday. The University extends condolence to the bereaved family and particularly to his son Edward, a student in the College of Arts and Letters.

JOHN C. WAGNER.

Mr. John C. Wagner, a student in the days when Judge Timothy E. Howard taught the commercial course at Notre Dame, passed away in Detroit last month. For nineteen years he was proprietor of the old Union House in South Bend, and for eight years was a prominent politician of St. Joseph County. His father was one of the pioneers of Northern Indiana. *R. I. P.*

Local News.

—Only thirty-five more weeks!

—This year we have the largest Freshman Class in the history of the school.

—The first meeting of the Board of Editors of the SCHOLASTIC was held Tuesday evening.

—George Schuster is kept busy these days defending the policies of the Kaiser against the attacks of the Sorinites.

—Chemistry Hall has undergone extensive painting and repairing and is certainly a thoroughly up-to-date laboratory.

—Dorais, Miller and Cook, all brothers of old football stars, are members of the Freshman Class. History will surely repeat itself

in one instance at least. Another "Red" Miller or "Gus" Dorais will be welcomed at Notre Dame.

—The pew-rent list has been published in Brownson. Bob Burns is making a fortune in the second-hand business.

—Father Lavin has taken up his old position as Rector of Sorin. Father Farley reports scarcity of permissions in Walsh.

—Yes, this European scrap is pretty bad, but it can't hold a candle to the one scheduled for October 17th at New Haven.

—Large crowds have been attending football practice every afternoon. The general opinion seems to be one of sorrow for Yale.

—College has really opened. There was a wedding in the church Wednesday morning, although none of the students were invited guests.

—The concert given on the campus last Sunday evening by Elbel's band was a very enjoyable feature. It formed the first number on the University's Concert and Lecture Course.

—Among the graduates who have returned to Notre Dame to further their education are John Hynes, Joseph Smith, Emmett Walter and James Riddle, all of the class of 1914, and Eric De Frees, '13.

—With such names as Culligan, Callahan, Ryan, Whalen and Meighan, enrolled on the Freshman football roster, it certainly looks as if the Irish were coming into their own again at Notre Dame.

—On account of the crowded conditions in Brownson Hall an annex has been created out of Professor McCue's engineering class-room on the third floor of the Main Building. It will accommodate about twelve men.

—The Brownson Hall Literary Society will hold its first meeting of the year Sunday evening. Many of the old men will be among the members and a successful year is expected. The election of officers will take place Sunday evening.

—The new post office is nearly completed and it is hoped the postmaster may be able to move into it this month. The size of the new building is twice that of the old so that each student will undoubtedly receive twice as much mail.

—"Moke" Kelley got his first chance with Pittsburg the other day and he was there with the goods. He pitched for five innings.

against the Braves, who seem to be running away with the National League Pennant and he gave only one hit.

—The first football game of the year was played on the Carroll Campus last Thursday morning. Two Carroll teams mixed it for an hour or more, and when the whistle sounded in the final quarter the team headed by "Whitie Walter" was twelve points to the good.

—The preacher of the Students' Retreat this year (October 27 to November 1), will be the Rev. Wesley James Donahue, C. S. C. (Litt. B. '07). Father Donahue is an eloquent preacher and the Retreat is sure to be a pleasant as well as a profitable experience.

—At the first Faculty meeting of the year, held September 16th, a committee of lay professors was formed to supervise student dances to assure proper financial arrangements, etc. The committee is composed of professors Benitz, Farabaugh and McInerny.

—Some of the men who have lived in Corby the past three years have experienced the thrills of a real moving-day in getting located in Sorin. It's amazing how much junk accumulates about a room. But maybe some of it can be left at the sign of the three balls' shop when hard cash begins to grow scarce.

—A new piano has been purchased for the Carroll Hall recreation room and we may expect to hear strange noises in that vicinity in the near future. All who enjoy singing in Carroll should get together in the evening. It is a most enjoyable way of passing a recreation hour and it affords also pleasure to others.

—The "Day-dodgers" will reside in Carroll study-hall this year instead of Brownson. Brownson is crowded to the door, and still they come. We surmise that it must be the popularity of the prefects that draws so many to this hall. In the middle of last year we heard of boys who left Corby and Walsh to go to Brownson for a month or more. What does it mean?

—And still the old students insist on renting pews to the new-comers but with not so much success as formerly, owing to certain customs prevailing in some cities. When asked the other day by an old student whether or not he would pay his pew rent, a slender youth replied: "I'd much prefer to stand up in the back of the church so I can get out quickly."

Athletic Notes.

Practice more strenuous than anything yet attempted marked the work of the past week on Cartier Field. Last Saturday Coach Harper put his forty odd candidates through a gruelling scrimmage to see how much they had benefited by the previous weeks of elementary work. For an hour straight the first and second teams fought up and down the field, battling all the way, and when a halt was called at sundown, the Coach's face was wreathed in smiles.

And so it ought to be. We're going to have one mighty fine team this year—even Brother "Bonny" admits it. No first team line-up can be announced as yet, as the coaches are shifting the men constantly, but it is safe to say that from tackle to tackle, Notre Dame will have about the best as well as the heaviest line in her history—and that is claiming a great deal. The linemen are being drilled especially in offensive tactics, and with these perfected, and with backfields as heavy and fast as Notre Dame will have this season, it will necessitate a defense of the rarest sort on the part of her opponents. Of the ends, Elward, Mills, Baujan and Kelleher are showing up exceptionally well, and it looks as though two very good men will be found for the positions. At quarterback, both Cofall and Thorpe are handling their teams in fine shape, and will prove capable of caring for the place.

The Coach's system has been to alternate scrimmage practice into days of drill in new signals and personal instructions to the men as to the proper way to play their positions. The splendid effects of this method were evident Thursday, when the first and second squad fought for nearly two hours in almost mid-season form. Of the forty candidates, there are very few who have not a fighting chance, and every one is giving his best. Though the veteran linemen of last year are pretty certain to keep their places, a set of substitutes is being developed but little inferior to the first string.

So far, the hospital list has kept within normal limits, only one serious injury being reported. Daly, the ex-Corby centre, broke his arm early in the week and will be out of the game for the rest of the season. Captain Jones, Finegan, O'Donnell, Duggan, Larkin

and Mills are all suffering from minor injuries but not of such importance as to keep them out of the game for more than a few days. If things keep up this way, the Coach will have a chance to test the full strength of his squad in the tilt with Alma next Saturday. This will furnish his first real opportunity to try out the new plays, and will be of more than ordinary interest from the line it will give on the team which meets Yale a fortnight later.

FRESHMAN REPORT.

A most gratifying squad of half a hundred husky freshmen, heroes of prep schools from California to Massachusetts,—greeted the Coach at the Gym Thursday for the first practice. Asst. Coach Joe Gargan will have charge of the Freshman team, and expects to whip them into such a shape that they can soon give the Varsity a tough tussle. From the looks of the squad, it is safe to say that even the great Freshman eleven of last year may be surpassed. Practice will be held daily on the Brownson gridiron. The class of '18 is certainly to be congratulated on the spirit it has shown.

INTERHALL FOOTBALL.

The splendid form shown by the Varsity men in their workouts has aroused unprecedented interest in football, that points to an interhall season even more successful than that of 1913. "Fighting Irishmen" but little inferior to the Varsity men, are bobbing up in every hall and are offering their services on the gridiron.

Brownson, always early in the field, has elected "Mike" McGrath captain and he has his men working hard. McGrath, Glynn and Morales of last year's team are back in Brownson and should form the nucleus of a strong team. Callahan, an experienced centre, is expected to add strength to the line. Matthews, an eastern man, will be tried out at quarter. There are a number of promising freshmen available for the team.

Corby's first practice was held Thursday. Dorwin, Kirkland, Welch and Daly of last year's team are still in the hall. Jerome Miller, Hayes, Centlivre and Royce, all of whom formerly played on the Fort Wayne Catholic High School team expect to try out. A number of stars will undoubtedly be found among Corby's freshmen. Whalen, a heavy halfback and

Ryan, a speedy end, should make good with a bang. Walter Miller, a brother of the famous "Red" will be a star if he is even half as good as his older brother.

A mass-meeting was held Wednesday in the Sorin rec room. Shorty McLaughlin was chosen manager of athletics and Shorty Hynes was made captain of the football team. Steffan, McLaughlin, O'Donnell and Hynes are the members of last year's team who have returned. Shaughnessy, Stack and Matthews, formerly stars on the Walsh team, have moved to Sorin. Culligan, a new man, is expected to prove a star quarter. Sorin will undoubtedly be strengthened by Varsity reserves after the season has opened.

Though somewhat handicapped by a lack of strong material, Father Farley is expected to develop a good team in Walsh. His expert coaching ability and fighting spirit have never failed to make his teams contenders, and this year should be no exception.

St. Joseph will have a team in the race again this year. Sylvester, O'Donnell, Bartell and Beckman are some of the old men who are expected to show up well. There is good material among the new men.

A schedule will soon be framed, and within another week all the teams should be rounding into shape. The memory of last year's exciting race makes everyone anxious for the start and some splendid games are expected.

The Eastern papers have already begun to compute the relative strength of the Eastern and Western elevens that will meet on the gridiron during the coming season. Some of the comments are interesting and instructive.

Charley Brickley has arrived at Newport for a brief preliminary practice at booting field goals. No wonder Yost looks with envy upon the strength of Germany's aircraft. Seven Zeppelins would fix him up nicely for October 31.

Yale may feel the same way about it when Notre Dame arrives on October 17. Only it would have required a good many more than seven Zeppelins to have helped the army shine up last fall when Dorais and Rockne hit their groove.

Frank Hinkey has drawn a baptism of fire as director of the blue. The only tough teams he has to meet are Notre Dame, Colgate, Washington and Jefferson, Princeton and Harvard. Notre Dame and Colgate for 1914 are yet unknown quantities. But W. and J. is coming on with the best eleven in her history and one of the best in the land; Princeton has the finest material in many seasons and Harvard returns nine

regulars and four or five strong reserves. The programme Yale faces is by all odds the hardest she has ever known.

The only tough teams Yale has to beat this fall are Notre Dame, Washington and Jefferson, Colgate, Princeton and Harvard. Just as the only tough batsmen Boston or Giant pitchers will have to face in the world series include Collins, Baker, McInnis, Strunk, Schang, Murphy, Oldring and Barry.—Gratland Rice in the *N. Y. Mail*.

If Yale can get away with Harvard and Princeton, to say nothing of W. and J. and Notre Dame, in football this fall, it is almost possible that they will survive the loss of the golf championship.—Sinnot in *N. Y. Mail*.

Safety Valve.

If a hostile army were to invade our country and were at the gates of our University, what would you take with you when retreating? Answers of different students:

A Beginner's Greek Book.

A copy of the Delinquent List.

Lemonade and Sixes.

My bill of studies.

Eichenlaub's football shoes.

A certificate showing I had permission to take Military drill at N. D.

Several of the professors were bothered last week by a new boy who was looking for Father Sorin.

Walsh Haller (to rector): Did I understand you to say that I could not have permission to go to town?

We favor only England in this war because we find it impossible to spell the Russian, French and German names.

After attempting to hit the fortifications of Paris for a long time without success, the Germans have dropped back for a forward pass.

The professor who informed the students that the first hour Friday noon would be devoted to Christian Science was a little mixed.

A LIMERICK.

There was a young fellow named Schwartz
Who wanted a "sheep-skin" in (w)arts*

He came to our college

To pick up some knowledge

But left it a "master of hearts."

*The teacher having informed a student that Schwartz and arts didn't rhyme, was somewhat surprised to receive the limerick back with the rhyme corrected.

New Student (entering room 330):—"It looks more like a dormitory than an engineering classroom. Yes, my bill of studies says room 330.

The first student to return this year was Tony, the pop-corn man. His course is domestic science.

309 Corby has been taken by the Germans after a three days' siege.

ENGLISH II NOTABLES.

George Washington Kowalski.

Columbus Conboy.

Robert Burns.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

First in War, first in Peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen; and first in the Kowalski family.

Student (talking of Walsh Hall):—"Yes, that's what I told you. It's not a college hall at all, it's a reform school, that's what it is."

NEW RULING.

He who hesitates is lost—at Place Hall.

Freshman (on seeing Peter Yerns):—"Is that fellow the professor of Socialism?"

Carroll Hall has a large edition of "Fat Harper" in a new arrival who goes by the name of Ignatius Krine.

HEARD IN BRO. LEOPOLD'S ANNEX.

"No, you poor boob. You're not in Belleville now. He don't roll the bones for drinks here."

Bro. Alphonsus reports that the species of bugs known as the *Genus Boobum* are more in evidence this year than ever before.

The censor has allowed the following questions of the "new" students or boarders—as the case may be—to go through:

In Walsh—"Can you direct me to the golf-links?"

On Brownson campus—"Do they ever let you go down town?"

Near the Carrollites' "rec"-hall—(Sixteen year old Junior): "Do you have to go to bed at eight-thirty every night?"

Against the Corby Monument—"How do they know whether you get up or not?"

Out in front of Sorin—"Is Eichenlaub here yet?"

STUDIES IN RHYME.

Lilac Burns

and

Boat-house Yerns.

The Germans in Walsh Hall refuse to bowl any more—they don't like the alleys.

Student:—Where is the Post Office now, is it in the basement of the Church or in the Sacristy?