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Tears and Blood.

MID the golden sheaves of his harvest field,
He hears the call from far.
Then goes, himself to be the yield,
Of the blood-smeared reaper War.
Then here's to War, rough-visaged, grim,
Whose widows trail the years!
O drink, ye kings! you've filled it brim.
The sparkling cup of tears!

On a blackened land, for its million dead,
He dreams of his fields afar.
The stark, still corpses round him spread
Are the sheaves of the reaper War.
Then here's to War, blood-spattered, grim,
Begot of a mad king's mood!
O drink, ye kings, who've filled it brim,
The red, red cup of blood.

M. A. C.

Daniel Webster, Greatest of Orators.

BY JOHN F. HYNES.

AT critical moments in the world's history, great men have appeared and swayed nations by their eloquence. Monarchs have been sustained, monarchs have been dethroned, republics have been inspired and preserved, wars have been prevented and instigated by the power of eloquence. It is in the extraordinary occasion, the moment of great emergency, that the master orator appears. The ordinary displays of eloquence are familiar to the people of every age; but the supreme genius of oratory appears only once in several centuries.

The history of eloquence naturally divides the great orators into two groups, ancient and modern. Among the ancients are many names worthy of consideration. Most prominent among them are the names, Demosthenes and Cicero. Of the orators of the last two

centuries, the English-speaking statesmen seem to have the lead, and among these Webster and Burke are foremost. All four of these men have been masters of the art of conviction and persuasion, and far surpass other orators of any age or century. In order to judge each correctly we should see how far each measures up to the qualifications of the ideal orator.

In none of the spheres of human activity is such a rare union of mental and physical qualifications demanded as in that of oratory. "For its ordinary displays the prerequisites are clear perception, memory, power of statement, logic, force of will, and passion." But the master orator must possess more than these few qualifications. Eloquence demands physical as well as mental qualifications. The strong enduring frame, the well-formed body, a voice clear, musical, and flexible, a natural gracefulness that begets respect, all are a part of the great, ideal orator. Finally, "is demanded that commanding will which, as it is one of the most valuable mental gifts, is also one of the rarest and is still more rarely found in union with the brilliant and dazzling qualities that are the soul of the very art which is to subdue and captivate mankind."

First in point of time, of the four great orators named, comes Demosthenes. A Grecian by birth, he inherited all the emotional qualities of that great people. It was when the Greek nation, despoiled and weakened by the civil wars, was threatened by the encroachments of Philip of Macedon of the North that Demosthenes arose in all his passion and power and delivered the renowned philippics. His best-known orations, besides the philippics, are, "On the Crown," "On the Embassy," and "On the Peace." Demosthenes possesses in a great degree the characteristics of a great orator, but not in such abundance as many are wont to believe. He had a theme at his command and a force of delivery that few have possessed. "His orations are strongly animated

and full of the impetuosity and fire of public spirit." Physically, he was pleasing to behold, and by hard training he partly overcame the effects of a weak voice. But his feebleness of health he never fairly overcame, and under great stress his voice would become harsh and tend to distract his hearers. In his style and oratory itself we find something lacking. "It seems difficult to find him in that studied, but concealed number and rhythmus, which some of the ancients are fond of attributing to him." At times, particularly in his early philippics, the style is hard and dry and lacks smoothness and grace. He fails entirely in his attempts to be witty, and his opponent's examples remain unmolested. The chief objection to the oratory of Demosthenes, especially as it is evidenced in his philippics, is that it is not an appeal to the reason, but to the senses. Every artifice of the trickster is at his command and he does not hesitate to use it. He realized that the Greeks were emotional and catered to their passions. He boldly abuses them, but immediately recalls the glories of their ancestors. Philip must be attacked, and the very plans of Demosthenes must be pursued. These are the thoughts of the philippics. They are wonderful appeals. Yet, as we read them, the tricks of the crafty politician betray themselves in every line. He is bold, yet afraid; commanding, yet supplicant. "He scorns the expedient, and points only to the path of glory and duty." This is the weak point in the oratory of Demosthenes, and, in fact, in all ancient eloquence.

Probably Demosthenes' greatest effort was his celebrated oration "Pro Corona" delivered against Æschines. Æschines, his rival in business and a distinguished orator, opposed the conferring of honors on Demosthenes contrary to the provisions of the law. Demosthenes bore down on Æschines with a torrent of oratory that completely overthrew the enemy. Great as Demosthenes' victory was, it should be remembered that he was pleading against the law, and not for it. All the oratory of Demosthenes gives the impression of rather forced earnestness. It is the hard, dry appeal of the politician, worded in sweet-sounding words to suit the ears of the passion-governed Greeks. Sentiment was substituted for reason, patriotism for justice, passion for logic. There is no clearly defined argument, all is confusion. It is this lack of logical reasoning, combined

with the absence of a perfect style in his orations that, *ipso facto*, prevents Demosthenes from being ranked first among orators.

Next in point of time and also probably in merit is Cicero. He, too, appeared at a critical moment in the history of a nation. When class strife had sapped the strength of Rome, when the days of the republic seemed to be numbered, when the blood of her magistrates was being spilled daily, then it was that Cicero with his admirable eloquence pronounced his denunciations of Catiline. In all of Cicero's orations we find evidence of a high art. His method of proof is painfully exact, his words apt and expressive, his tone strong and grand. He is always smooth and easy, never jarring nor offending. Cicero had also the faculty of witty repartee, intense sarcasm and irony. His wealth and smoothness of diction and argumentative style, combined with his power of amplification and exaggeration, never failed to produce admiration and respect, but it very often failed in that chief test of oratory, persuasion.

Cicero's qualifications as a great orator cannot be denied, but his faults, some obvious and others hidden, prevent him from being given first place. He possessed more of the logical basis than did Demosthenes, but his weaknesses both moral and physical, induced him to appeal to the passions of the Romans rather than to their intellects. His weakness of character is most clearly exemplified by his attempts to gain the favor of both Pompey and Caesar. By nature he was of a weak constitution and his voice had a high pitch that was unpleasant to the ear. His bodily weaknesses caused him to make a timid and none too prepossessing appearance. He himself says, "I declare that when I think of the moment when I shall have to rise and speak in defense of a client, I am not only disturbed in mind, but tremble in every limb of my body." Plutarch states that Cicero, even when he had worked into the main part of his speech, could be plainly seen to tremble. The style of Cicero is too artificial. It possesses an air of insincerity and of much amplification for the mere purpose of eloquence. His delivery was impulsive rather than passionate. Greatest of Cicero's faults was his lack of a commanding will. With his insinuating efforts to please and captivate he tainted all of his oratory. In reading his two best orations, "Defence of

Milo," and "Manilian Law," we are distracted by his ostentatious display of words. He attempts too much art. Admiration, but not persuasion, fellows. Cicero seems to be talking for the gratification of Cicero's ears. Again, in his "Pro Archias" copiousness is his greatest fault. The spirit of the oration is that of a poem, rather than an appeal. It is only in his speeches against Catiline that he departs from his usual loose, declamatory habits, and becomes really vehement and earnest. "His orations, indeed, all his works, leave the impression of a good man, but withal of a vain man."

Burke, the great English orator, rests his fame upon his speeches at the trial of Warren Hastings, in the advocacy of the freedom of the press, freedom of America, and for Catholic emancipation. He shows evidences of a more logical arrangement in his speeches than does either Demosthenes or Cicero. He presents a clear perception of his subject and a force of will in delivery. With his superb imagination he amplifies his subject, presenting it in a finish, gorgeous and wonderful. It is this richness that detracts from the thought of his orations. They are to be read and studied in the library rather than heard. He is diffuse and stiff, totally lacking any sense of humor and pathos. In handling his subject, instead of seizing, like the ancients, upon the strong points of the case, he stopped to philosophize and to instruct his hearers: The tone of some of his invectives destroys his cause rather than strengthens it, as for example, when in his speech against Warren Hastings he compares him to "a sow," to "the keeper of a pigsty wallowing in filth and corruption." Burke's physical appearance was not in his favor. A form tall and thin, awkward in gait and gesture, and a severe miserly countenance, marked his outward appearance. When he spoke it was in an Irish brogue and with a harsh loud voice. Burke was huge in his strength and huge also in his weaknesses and faults; but, "as an orator he too often forgot the great objects of oratory, conviction and persuasion."

The remaining orator, Webster, proved no exception to the rule that great men appear in times of great emergencies. The United States was divided—pro-secession and anti-secession. The South contending for secession concentrated its forces under the leadership of the brilliant young South Carolinian, Colonel Hayne.

The North contending for preservation of the Union possessed no leader. The life of the nation was threatened. Hayne had advanced apparently irrefutable arguments for the doctrine of state's rights. The horizon was darkened with clouds of discontent and doubt, and in the South could be heard the rumbling of the gathering storm. If ever the North needed a leader, and the Union a defender, they needed one now. Daniel Webster responded. He had prepared himself for years for such an occasion, and when he spoke it was the sum and substance of his whole life. With the strength of a giant and in eloquence never equalled by any orator—living or dead—he swept away the doubts and fears, and riveted around the Union unbreakable bands of constitutional doctrine, "light as air but strong as steel." The whole North rejoiced in the victory of their gladiator over the gallant South Carolinian. Webster's reply to Hayne was his greatest effort—his experience, his work in the world. His hour had come and he had responded willingly, and both were glorified. Other orations worthy of his great genius are, "The Anniversary of Plymouth," the "Bunker Hill Monument," and "Jefferson and Adams."

In physical appearance and strength he approached the ideal orator. He was large in stature and graceful in every movement. "Whoever looked upon Daniel Webster, with his massive Herculean frame, his beetling brow, deep-set, searching black eyes, and imperial port, felt instantaneously that a Titan stood before him." He looked the orator and never disappointed his hearers. Carlyle exclaimed, "One would incline to back him at first sight against all the extant world. The tanned complexion; the amorphous, crag-like face; the full black eyes under the precipice of brows, like dull anthracite furnaces needing only to be blown; the mastiff mouth accurately closed,—I have not traced as much of silent Berserker rage that I can remember of in any man." Demosthenes is the only orator that may be compared with him in physique; but the voice of the Grecian was far from being the deep, melodious voice of Webster. "The swell and roll of his voice struck upon the ears of the audience in deep and melodious cadence as waves upon the shore of the far resounding sea."

Not only did Webster look more the orator than did other great orators, but his style

far surpasses that of any oratorical composition. It is simple, massive and powerful. In comparison, Cicero's utterances and Burke's sublimity seem as frail as houses of straw beside a house of stone. Demosthenes, only approaches him in the matter of style. Webster rarely wastes a word as did Demosthenes in his crude attempts to gain favor. "In discussing a subject he loses no time in circumlocutions or digressions. He uses no scattering fowling piece that sends its shot around the object to be hit, but plants his rifle-ball in the very center of the target." In all its simplicity, Webster's style is powerful—containing that subdued power which suggests more power. It developed a feeling of awe in his listeners as the oration developed. This is best exemplified in his reply to Hayne.

Much of the instantaneous effect of this great speech arose from his wonderful delivery. We can see only the printed page. Yet the strong impressive oratory contained thereon brings before us a picture of the master orator. Calmness and earnestness run through every line of his introduction. We can see him standing in the midst of that distinguished assembly and calmly asking for a reading of the resolution. With breathless interest we follow his attack upon that resolution as it gradually involves itself into a defense of the North and an assault on the grim, spectre-like arguments of secession. We rejoice in his triumphs and grow confident of his powers. As he nears the end of the speech the language is charged with pitiless logic and reason; the irresistible torrent of oratory overthrows all before it. As a fitting climax to his greatest effort, he utters those inspired words—a prophecy, a prayer—dear to the heart of every American: "Everywhere, liberty and union, now and forever, one and inseparable," and the speech is finished. "The speech was over, but the tones of the orator still lingered upon the ear, and the audience, unconscious of the close, retained their positions." So, too, with the reader; he feels the simple earnestness of the lines still running through his mind, and his pulses throb in response. He realizes that, truly, here are the words of the master orator.

Webster was always earnest, always sincere. Other orators have been quick to espouse a popular cause for the mere sake of effect. But Webster spoke only as his heart dictated. His life history is a record of constancy and

sincerity. It was not merely by chance that he always appeared on the right side. Though he always emerged from the battle a victor, still justice and morality were also victors. In logical presentment of subject, Webster is easily first among orators. It is this that differentiates him from Demosthenes and Cicero. "While ancient oratory neglected logical reasoning and cultivated appeal to the sympathies, modern oratory recognizes reason as the judge upon whose bar must be placed its final appeal." Webster's logic is compact and vigorous, but it is as clear as it is strong. He was emphatically the orator of the understanding, the intellect, while not totally neglecting sentiment. Whereas, both Cicero and Demosthenes were emphatically orators of the senses, the passions. They did not attempt to incite action through reasoning, but through appealing to the passionate, to the sensitive side of the people. Too much emphasis cannot be placed upon this great weakness of the ancients and upon the advantage it gives to Webster in comparison. Burke more closely resembles Webster in his use of logical foundations for his appeal. But the listener loses the thread in Burke's narrative, while Webster's vigor and force keep the thought constantly before the hearer. "The eloquence of Burke is like a broad river winding through a cultivated landscape; that of Webster is like a clear mountain stream, compressed between walls of rock."

Daniel Webster surpassed Cicero and Burke, and equalled, if he did not surpass, Demosthenes in physical appearance. In the matter of voice, Webster far outclassed all his competitors. His rich, melodious voice will go down through the ages as the most flexible and penetrating voice of all orators. In style Demosthenes and Cicero fall far behind. Burke approaches only within hailing distance. For logical reasoning Webster as an orator stands in a class by himself. With a forceful will penetrating every subject and with the searchlight of reason illuminating every point, he struck home his arguments as with a sledge hammer. Other orators have been great in a limited sense. "But Webster combined everything. No thought more profound and weighty. No style more terse and telling. No illustrations more vivid and clear-cut. No voice more deep and thrilling. No manner more impressive and admirable. No presence so grand and majestic as his." Where Demos-

thenes concentrated his efforts against the law in his masterpiece "Pro Corona," Webster in his supreme effort, strained every faculty in defense of law and justice. Which then is the greater, the one who attempts to subvert the laws of his country to his own glory, or the man who spends his life in defending the law? Whose oratory is to be ranked first, that of the destroyer, or that of the protector? Webster's oratory is a combination of the Grecian boldness and fire and the Roman grandeur and strength with a simplicity that was his alone. His orations are thunderbolts of eloquence hurled out of the mountain by a Vulcan. As an orator he had no faults. His only weaknesses were those of character. He was the most marvelous expounder of facts the world ever produced. Every subject he touched seemed illuminated. His matchless eloquence saved a nation from destruction. In composition grand and simple, he left to the world invaluable lessons in true statesmanship and patriotism. Webster's oratory was supreme earnestness, sympathy and reason—that of the master orator.

Nothing need cover his high fame but heaven,
No pyramids set off his memories,
But the eternal substance of his greatness
To which I leave him.

The Woman Hater.

BY ANDREW L. MCDONOUGH.

Billy McGan and Roy Carter, both twelve years of age, were students at Dalton Corner's magnificent new six room school-house. They had always been enemies to a certain extent, but their relations were, if possible, even more strained just now. They would not look at each other as they passed in the school yard, and as for shooting in the same marble match or playing in the same tag game, it was out of the question. They were simply through with each other.

Now the whole thing in a nut-shell was this—there was a woman in the case. The woman happened to be one Edna Stewart, a fellow-student with whom Billy had fallen violently in love. It had happened a week before, during a blackboard session, when she had whispered the solution of a certain problem which Billy's less capable mind had failed to see.

Everything had looked rosy for a while and

then came the shadow. Carter, who, according to Billy, "never could keep his nose out of other people's affairs," had scraped up an acquaintance with Edna, and, moreover, after the day Roy whipped Pete Moran, they had been alternating in the matter of carrying books. Billy did it one day, and Carter the next.

Now every boy in the school knew that the fight with Moran was only for the purpose of "showing off" before Edna, and for that reason Billy despised his rival even more.

It was on the night of Decoration Day that things finally came to a climax. Edna had received an invitation to a certain party to be held on the opposite side of the lake; and she was to go over with the Blacks in their new motor launch.

On the afternoon before the party, Roy, who had not been invited, was lying in a hammock at his home, racking his brains in an attempt to think up a scheme which would settle Billy's part once and for all. He was almost discouraged, when suddenly a brilliant and original idea came to him. He had already noticed during his twelve years of experience that women were highly sympathetic, and that an appeal to that sympathy was of inestimable value in a case like his.

The idea was simply this,—he would take his father's boat that very night, go out a little distance from the shore; and when the big launch in which Edna was to travel came along, he would merely fall overboard, splash around a bit, to make them think he was drowning, be picked up by them, and then,—why after an affair like that Billy wouldn't stand a show in the world.

That night Roy did as he had planned. He got out the boat and rowed out a short distance from the shore. Then he pulled in his oars and waited for the launch.

Meanwhile, Billy, having nothing else to do, decided to take a trip across the lake, and even if he wasn't invited, he could hang around the outskirts of the place, and see what kind of a celebration it was. Then too, it was just possible that he might run into Edna over there. Even the chance was worth trying, so he stole silently around behind Harding's house, quietly untied George's canoe, and started out.

The night was so dark that one could hardly see ten yards in front of one's boat. Billy had gone only a short distance when he heard the

chugging of a motor behind him and coming his way. He looked back and seeing the powerful searchlight, he recognized the boat as Black's Launch. She was coming fast, so Billy whose paddling was drowned out by the noise of the oncoming launch, turned aside to get out of her path.

Just as he turned aside he saw an indistinct vision of a boat ahead of him and he drew up his paddle. Suddenly a man stood up in the boat, and seeming to trip, he "fopped" over the side into the water. This unexpected affair startled Billy so much that he dropped his paddle and lost it.

Then he heard the man in the water screaming for help and thrashing around as if he were drowning. Now swimming was a second nature for Billy, so he never hesitated a moment. Seeing that a canoe without a paddle was no good, he dove over the side and in a few strokes he reached the spot and had his man.

Meanwhile the launch had turned toward them and run alongside. Willing hands reached down and grasped the two youngsters. They laid Roy in the bottom of the boat and started to restore him from the unconscious state which it was part of his plan to assume.

Then they turned on the light and Billy was recognized. Immediately all began to crowd around him, shaking his hand, patting him on the back, and otherwise demonstrating their admiration. Billy simply threw out his chest, took all the praise as his natural due, and told them all about it, but at the time he noticed that Edna had not even spoken to him yet. She was still bending over the now restored Roy who had kept up the "possum" part until he recognized Billy's voice.

Billy, however, thought it only natural for a girl to be helping out in a case like this, so it was not until they reached shore that he walked up to her.

"Well?" said he.

"Well?" she replied.

"What on earth's the matter now?" asked Billy wonderingly.

"You know right well, Billy McGan," said Edna, "and if you don't know, I'll tell you here, once and for all, that I wouldn't have anything to do with any boy that would try to drown another. Don't ever speak to me again."

That's why Billy is a woman-hater to-day.

Varsity Verse.

PIECE.

There is war indeed in Europe
 But the countries all want piece
 And they'd stop strife in a minute if they got it,
 They've been offered terms and settlements
 And everything like that—
 They want piece—but calm and quietness is not it.
 The piece that every country wants
 Is surely very large
 And they can't agree how it will be divided.
 So they'll scrap it to a finish
 And they'll use their last brave man
 And maybe then Dame Fortune will decide it.
 And when at last they have it
 Though the piece is very large,
 They will look upon their land, and say, "dogon it."
 And they'll wish it was in Hades
 Or beneath the briny sea,
 For they won't have any men to live upon it.

UNDECIDED.

When I go out to Notre Dame
 To get my life's degree
 I want some other kind of fame
 Besides that Ph. B.
 Although I want my Ph. B.
 Which is a mark of knowledge
 I hope to earn a big N. D.
 To feel I've been through college.
 Now what I want to know, you see,
 Is which will bring me most—
 A big N. D. or Ph. B.?
 Which best shall back my boast?

F. F.

NOBODY HOME.

There are many little pet names
 That are pinned to us each day,
 For we're really not particular
 About what people say,
 But when some one comes to greet us
 With his finger on his dome,
 We fly off the perch and fight him
 If he says, "Nobody Home."
 One may call us names like "rough-neck"
 "Skinny," "red" or even "bone,"
 And his lamps, when he is finished,
 Will be shining where they shone,
 But we lay him in a winding sheet
 Neath thirty feet of loam,
 If he dares to simply mention
 That he thinks "Nobody's home."

The Usual Way.

BY SPEER W. STRAHAN.

Carter became vaguely aware that some one was looking at his paper over his shoulder. He did not draw away, that would be impolite, he waited. Presently he managed to get a sidelong glance without moving his head. What eyes! what a wealth of golden hair! what dimpled cheeks and ruby lips! With all his British pertinacity Robert Carter would have been willing to stay in that same position for endless ages could the same face be always as near him as now. He might even have been there much longer had not the train taken a sudden lurch that a moment later necessitated blushes and awkward apologies.

"Oh, pardon me," the girl behind began, "I was just glancing at your newspaper—"

"Yes," Carter smiled as politely as he knew how. "Wouldn't you like to have it—to look over, you know?"

"Oh no, thank you! An article just attracted my attention. No, it doesn't matter at all!" The girl smoothed her hair with one tiny hand, "My! isn't it warm travelling."

"Beastly, don't you know. I told mother before I left home that I'd die in the attempt to see America."

The girl smiled again.

"Yes, you are from England? What a grand old country it must be. Now just yesterday Dad told me he had to take a trip over to London, so I said I'd come to Kate Windsor down in New York. Kate's an old chum, you know."

"Why, how interesting. So you are going to New York, eh? I'm going down there myself. I've been staying with friends in Vermont."

She leaned slightly forward and from behind the plush seat, the Englishman heard the click of a chatelaine purse. Then she raised her head, and he felt those glorious eyes meet his. One stray wisp of golden hair fled rebel-like from its bindings, and made a tantalizing little curl. A smile played about her lips as she faced him.

"And how do you like America—Mr.—ah—(Carter supplied the name)—Mr. Carter?"

"Wonderfully fine, don't you know. And the best thing about your country is (if you'll allow me) Miss—'oh yes—Miss Vanvelt'—is your women. You're the most beautiful women in the world."

The girl wondered if he meant singular as well as plural, and so the talk drifted on.

A group of college boys sat across the aisle. One of them winked at the other: "D'ye think its catching?" the conductor's eyes lit up for an instant, and he half smiled when he saw the pair. He was accustomed to such sights. The train-boy sold more magazines and candy that day than he had for a week.

Outside the fields, rivers, forests and pastures fled by unnoticed, the sun sank slowly toward the horizon, and was lost in the curtains of cloud that shrouded the sky.

"You didn't know my maid was with me, did you, Mr. Carter? She's in the coach ahead chatting with dad's chauffeur. He's going to New York to order a couple of fall cars."

"And is there one for you? But, by the way, Miss Vanvelt, might I ask your father's business?"

"Oh, dad! He's head of a real estate firm. I think its called a 'Why-Pay-Rent' Company. Dad's very good to Ted and I—Ted's my brother. Dad gives each of us two yachts a year."

There was a moment's silence. The man lowered his voice and turned to the girl.

"Miss Vanvelt," he began, "I—I want to beg your pardon! I've been four-flushing to you! I'm no rich Englishman, I haven't a hundred dollars to my name. I'm a waiter in a three-cent restaurant in Brooklyn. There, I've angered you, haven't I," and he got up to leave. But the girl's eyes filled with tears as she motioned him back.

"Angry?" her voice had become very soft and sweet. "Why, Mr. Carter, how could I be angry at you for not being rich! What does money count for anyway?"

"No, but I thought,—" the young man leaned forward,— "I thought you would be angry at my pretense."

"Oh—oh please, don't think of it. Let's not let money make any difference to us at all." She paused. "And Mr. Carter," she went on, "do you know I hate money! Yes, I really do. All I hear in New York year-in and year-out, is money, money, money. I'm sick of it all."

Their voices grew lower and lower as the train rushed on. Now the lamps were lighted and the world outside was lost in the fleeting blackness. Still the mighty engine leaped on and on over hills and valleys in its frantic haste

closer and closer to the great city. Here and there within the car, people were arranging their luggage. The college boys, each with a couple suitcases were already on the platform as with a final crash and roar the great limited drew into the station.

Most of the travellers had left the car when the man and girl stepped down. All was noise and confusion. With the girl at his side Carter made his way through the crowd and out through the station. There she motioned to him to come aside. When they were out of the crowd she stopped.

"Good-bye," she murmured. "You—you must leave me now. There—" she made a motion with a tiny gloved hand—"there is the chauffeur beside our machine. Good-bye, and,—and I don't think that either of us will ever forget that we met each other."

And as she offered him her hand, he grasped it and looked down at her, wondering how it had all come about that they should be there in the crowded street.

Then before he knew what had happened, she had turned and crossed the sidewalk to the curb where the auto was waiting. He stood there until he saw her approach the driver (probably to give him a direction) and then turning he allowed himself to be swallowed up in the crowd.

At the club that night, Carter managed to write a little note to his father:—

DEAR DAD:—Don't despair about the money. Met an heiress to-day. Experiment I, Favorable. Will locate her to-morrow. Wire your blessing,

R. C.

If Carter had waited a few moments longer he might have seen the girl leave the chauffeur and walk away into the darkness. If he could have found her the next day he would have gone to her. But he could not. In private life she was Rachel Gojelewski who sewed on buttons at Bernstein's Clothing Store on the lower East Side.

WHEN in life's journey we are checked by some apparently insurmountable obstacle, we often say, with Mary Magdalene in the Garden of Gethsemane, "Who shall roll away for us the stone from the mouth of the sepulchre?"

—Lady Fullerton.

The Vintager.

Oft in the seekings of my childish mind
When night's dark clouded locks are shaken wide,
When dawn's new fires and sunset embers hide
Low 'neath the glooming hills, I seek to find
And ask of God why bleeding hearts and kind
Must suffer more His Cross; why He who died
In pain lets sorrow live. But there beside
That crimsoned Tree the bands that held me blind
Fall at an *Ephata* half-hushed and sweet.
O Vintager of hearts! Tear-dimmed I see
How Thou each sordid heart must crush alone
Beneath the treading of Thy wine-red feet.
So that when from the world hast made us free
Thou Bridegroom-God mayst come and take
Thine own. S. S.

His First Scoop.

BY PAUL J. MEIFELD.

Billy Greene was the new reporter on the Pittsville Morning *Screecher*. He was a high school graduate but as yet he had displayed no benefits of his education. He had lived up to his name in every particular. He didn't get the news, in the first place, and he failed to show signs of being able to report a "story" properly if he ever would get one. He was in grave danger of losing his position.

Billy realized that he knew very little concerning the art of the reporter, but he was ambitious; his sole aim in life was to earn the title of "newspaper man." For this reason the city editor still held hopes of finally rounding him into shape when the proper occasion presented itself. The man at the desk would give the "cub" but one sentence of advice, however, and that was "Read the city dailies." The newspaper game—as William called it—held forth certain fascinations for him which he could not resist, as it has and will for innumerable others. As a boy he had owned a regular paper route up and down one street and he had attended to it faithfully. Long before the papers were out in the morning, he would be at the office watching with untiring interest the ingeniousness of the make-up man, the skill of the linotype operator and the wonders and enchantments of the flat-bed perfecting press which the paper boasted.

His parents were at a loss to account for his

inclinations, as the newspaper profession was entirely foreign to the business of the family which for years had been that of merchandizing. They had attempted to dissuade him, but in vain. They knew nothing of the magic influence of the newspaper office which he breathed, nor of the mysterious smell of printers' ink which had permeated every part of his system; he alone knew that he was a prisoner.

On the small town morning paper, the new man generally is given the day trick which makes advancement for him extremely difficult. The city editor works at night so that the day man has no one directly over him. He is left to figure out the intricacies of news-getting as best he may, and it is a good man indeed who does more than barely retain his position during the first few weeks.

It was among such conditions as these that we discover our hero on the particular morning that the following events happened. He had wandered about the streets of Pittsville for more than an hour and had for his trouble only a few personals. It was in a sad state of discouragement indeed that he entered the office of the county clerk. "Not even a marriage license, I'll bet," he muttered to himself as he opened the door; but he reckoned little what Fate had in store for him that day!

The reporter on the rival paper, a much older man, was just leaving and Bill overheard the last part of a conversation.

"Anything doing to-day, Cal," was the first remark he caught from the clerk.

"Not much," the reporter replied; "there's a funny death, though, out near the east part of town. Brown's working on it."

"That so?" quickly responded the clerk. "Who is it?"

"Don't know much about it yet." And walked away.

"There's a queer actin' duck, sometimes, but a mighty fine fellow," observed the county official to Billy; but Billy didn't answer. He was busy thinking. He left the office without saying a word.

"Here," thought Billy, "is my chance. No doubt it is a big story. I'll show those fellows at the office what I really can do! How shall I go about it? See the coroner about it?"

He found that officer of the people just starting for the scene of the tragedy—or whatever it was, and he accepted an invitation to

"go along." By this time he was in the heat of excitement and his cheeks were glowing with honest pride and importance. He even imagined that people stared at him from the street as he sped along in the little runabout.

"Who's dead?" suddenly asked Billy.

"Why, Jake Rowan," answered the coroner in seeming surprise.

Gee Whiz! Here was a story! Jake Rowan was one of the oldest inhabitants of the town, and one of the most influential. If Jake Rowan even shaved off his whiskers it was news for the Pittsville papers. But to die! Billy already saw a big first page display head, a three column story and a cut.

"How did he die?"

"Don't you know anything about the case?" the coroner asked in turn.

"No, I guess not," Billy was forced to admit, wondering why the coroner expected the knowledge and why he spoke so crossly.

But by this time they arrived at the house, which they found clothed in that awful stillness which invariably accompanies a tragedy. Not a sound could be heard from within the large barn-like house; not a motion could be discerned. A big lump seemed to well up in Billy's breast and his heart began to throb; why, he knew not.

There is no need to tell how Billy got the story. With remarkable ease he gathered the details from the members of the family. The aged man, it seemed, had been suddenly struck with heart trouble during the night and had passed away without a struggle. Billy got this, and more. He interviewed the daughter and got the dead man's last words. He interviewed the son, who got his father's history from the family bible. He interviewed the cook and got the menu of the last meal.

It was noon before he left the house, so he immediately went to his dinner. But he was back at the office by 12:30 and ready to write the story which would establish his reputation as a reporter. But somehow he felt his enthusiasm wane as he approached the office and he felt as though he wanted to do something else before tackling such a big job. Suddenly he remembered that he had not read the morning's paper as yet and he picked it up to—

Just his luck! Rowan had died at midnight and that darned Reynolds had taken the whole thing over the telephone.

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—In an era notoriously tolerant of specious philosophy and crass materialism, it is gratifying to note that countless millions of people still make a profession of Prayers for Peace. faith in their Creator, by uniting in prayer for the speedy termination of the European war. President Wilson's proclamation, setting next Sunday apart as a day upon which all Americans should supplicate the Lord to terminate the slaughter, hardships and misery incidental to the world's most terrible of armed conflicts, is the courageous avowal of a strong man. In a country where religious toleration has become irreligious license, where schools are godless and many colleges actively atheistic, where petty professors presume to ridicule the truths of Scripture, and are paid by state legislatures for so doing, it is a splendid vindication of Christian Faith, that is being afforded us. Latent belief has been vivified in the hearts of thousands, dormant faith has stirred into life in the breasts of millions, by the terrible fate that has befallen Europe. The changed attitude in Europe itself is striking. Formerly empty churches are crowded at every service. People whose relatives and friends are at the front, facing an imminent Eternity, are again turning for consolation to the Church. The polished commendation of crowned heads, affords a bereaved mother not a tithe of the consolation that she receives in one short half hour, kneeling at the foot of the altar. Millions of "fair weather" free thinkers are again supplicating the Author of their being for the relief that no amount of materialistic philosophy can afford. Here in America, where prayer was thought "obsolete" and profession of religious conviction, old-fashioned, we find a Chief Executive who is not ashamed of the faith that is in him, and millions of citizens who are eager to heed his call to prayer. What a contrast between the men whose soulless ambition has brought death to hundreds

of thousands and want to millions more, and the leader of one hundred million people, who in an era of peace and prosperity, can remember his Maker in a prayer that the terrible human sacrifices cease! Truly "a catastrophe for consequences!" Godless Europe again enters the portals of the church, atheism flags and falters, Haeckel is forsaken for the lowly parish priest.

—The action of the American Federation of Catholic Societies in formally protesting "against the recognition by the United States of any government in Mexico that does not guarantee Religious Liberty that does not guarantee In Mexico. religious liberty," brings us clearly to the issue concerning Mexico. During the insane guerilla warfare that has been going on for the last few years it has been demonstrated beyond a doubt that both Carranza and Villa have an undying hatred for all who possess the Catholic faith. Horrible tales of wholesale butchering of settlements, barbarous execution of priests and violation of convents emanate from all parts of Mexico. Yet the press of this country is singularly silent concerning the situation. Before Huerta was driven out the newspapers were loud in their denunciations of his rule; they shrieked blatantly against his "so-called" political tyranny, until they almost accomplished their seeming purpose of forcing us into a deadly war. Whatever may have been the truth of their accusations against Huerta's political regime, he cannot truthfully be accused of persecuting any sect for its religious beliefs.

But now that the rule of the "Federalists" is at an end, and the United States government has assumed the task of providing a just and equitable ruler for Mexico, it is its duty to see that the new party is not built upon religious bigotry. Villa has repeatedly stirred up new contentions when it seemed that the war was over. His latest action in splitting with Carranza and subsequently requesting the removal of the United States forces from Vera Cruz clearly indicates his decision to keep on fighting until he becomes the master of Mexico. Until peace is ultimately restored the United States has practically assumed a protectorate over Mexican affairs, and is responsible for the actions of the party to which it lends aid. If the ancient idea of the sacredness of life, liberty, and pursuit of happiness upon which

this nation was founded still persists, and means anything to us, it means that the principles of liberty and equality must be defended at any cost. Our government will be sponsor of the new regime which is finally established in Mexico. It is our duty to see that the depredations on Catholic homes and institutions do not continue. If the new government is to rest upon a firm foundation, religious liberty must be assured.

—The Delinquent List for the first weeks of school has appeared and a number of names have been presented to the public. The reason for the delinquency of some students, no doubt, is due to a late start and will, perhaps, be overcome in another week or two, but that is not the case with others. It is lack of study, and so long as the cause continues the effect will follow inevitably every two weeks. If your name has appeared on the list you may be sure there is something wrong somewhere, and you should endeavor to remedy the wrong as quickly as possible. Take yourself out for a walk some day and ask yourself whether or not you are giving yourself a "square deal." Are you putting in your time in earnest study, or are you doing it in a half-hearted don't-care way? Are you spending your study hours in your room or in the study hall, or are you lounging in some one else's room, wasting his time and your own and getting absolutely nothing out of it but notoriety on the D. List? Surely every student ought to be humiliated if he is to blame for being posted publicly, and he should have spunk and push enough in him to get in line and do something to show his parents he appreciates the chance he is getting. If you are on this week let it be a lesson, and don't have your name appear again. If you can't become known in your hall except through this medium of advertising, our advice is that you keep in the shadow and fear lest the other fellows know you.

Personals.

—Don Hamilton former Varsity athlete, is doing well in a law business in Columbus, Ohio.

—Bernard Corcoran '16 has been forced to withdraw from college on account of illness and has returned to his home in Rochester, N. Y.

—Joseph M. Walsh (E.E. '14) holds a position with the Scranton Electrical Works at Scranton, Pa. Here's success to Joe!

—Fred Gilbough (LL. B. '13) is working in the legal department of the Santa Fe railroad Company in Galveston, Texas.

—Frank "Birdie" McBride (LL. B. '12, Ph. B. '14) is working for the city in Pittsburgh while "boning" up for his bar exams in January.

—Edward Savord (LL. B. '11) has recently been appointed Director of Public Service in Sandusky, Ohio. A position of such responsibility is truly merited by Mr. Savord.

—Harry "Jinks" Murray and "Casey" Jones visited their old friends here last week on their way to Pennsylvania University where they are both entering the Wharton School of Finance.

—Simon Ercile Twining (A. B. '13), who received the degree of Master of Arts at Indiana University last June, where he was an assistant professor, has been engaged there this term as a regular professor of Economics.

—The marriage of Miss Angela Crotty to Mr. Fred J. Boucher took place in London, Ontario, Canada, on September 23rd. Mr. and Mrs. Boucher will be at home after November 1st at 343 Hurlbut Avenue, Detroit, Michigan.

—Peter P. McElligott (LL. B. '02) has just sent two highly valued volumes to the Apostolate Library, entitled "Birds of New York" by Eaton. Mr. McElligott has contributed a number of scientific works to the Library during the past few years.

—Mr. Drury, professor of Elocution at the University, sang several songs at the Knights of Columbus social session last Wednesday evening and took down the house. He seems to understand thoroughly the kind of songs the students enjoy.

—The San Diego *Union* contains an article concerning the appointment of Mr. George Sweet as Immigration Inspector at the head of the sub-station of the Eighteenth zone located in San Diego. Sweet was a student at Notre Dame from 1890 to 1895.

—The Indiana Bankers' Association met for their annual convention at the Claypool Hotel, Indianapolis, Indiana, last Tuesday and Wednesday. We note with pleasure that the president of the Trust Company Section of this important convention is the Honorable William

P. Breen (A. M. '87, LL. D. '02), who is president of the Peoples Trust & Savings Company, Fort Wayne, Indiana. Mr. Breen delivered an address Tuesday afternoon.

—Wednesday, September 30, marked the fifteenth anniversary of the association of Miss Helen May Irwin of Fort Wayne with the Catholic press. It is a record of good deeds brilliantly performed for God and country. We offer congratulations and best wishes.

—One of the "latest made" lawyers, Frank Canning (LL. B. '14) is going to his old home (Carisozo, New Mexico) to practise law in the near future. Frank put that town on the map at Notre Dame, so he may as well keep up the good work and make a live town out of it.

—Father O'Daniel, O. P., has been at the University for several days photographing valuable documents. The photographs will be placed in the archives of the head house of the Dominican order at Washington. This is another example of how rich Notre Dame is in objects of historical interest.

—Albert Feeney, member of the Varsity football and basketball teams from '10 to '13, has taken a position as assistant coach for the Butler College football team in Indianapolis when he is not busy running the Feeney Furniture Co. Maybe "Al" can make a team for Butler. Who knows?

—The men in the late nineties will remember St. John O'Sullivan, a popular student who left the University in his Junior year to enter the seminary. He has recently donated a beautiful statue of Father Serra to his old mission of San Juan Capistrano, California, of which he is pastor. In the course of a recent letter Father O'Sullivan wrote as follows:

Since leaving Notre Dame after my Junior year in 1899, I have always recalled with pleasure the two years I spent there, and my only regret has been that I could not have spent ten years instead of two in that student's paradise. I was ordained in 1904 but almost immediately had to leave for the southwest with tuberculosis of the lungs. After six years spent in Texas, New Mexico and Arizona, I came at last to camp out among the ruins of this beautiful old Mission. I found my health here and gradually took up parish work in this place among the Spanish speaking Californians where no priest had lived since 1886, but only a priest coming once or twice a month to say Mass.

—We notice, from an article in the Boston *Hibernian*, that William E. Cotter ('13) has not lost his interest in athletics. He pays a tribute to James E. Sullivan who died recently

in New York and who was "the leading figure in the government and administration of athletics in this country." In the article Will goes on to show the signal service rendered by Mr. Sullivan to athletics, and recalls his decoration by the King of Sweden at the last Olympic games. Bill Cotter took care of all our athletics for two years before graduation.

Obituary.

MR. JOHN CLEARY.

The sympathy of the University goes out to Mr. Edward P. Cleary (Litt. B. '09-LL. B. '13) and all the members of his family in the death of his brother John, who passed away at his home in Momence, Illinois, on September 25, 1914. *R. I. P.*

Society Notes.

PHILOPATRIANS.

The Philopatrians were reorganized last Tuesday night and will again be directed by Mr. Earl Dickens. The officers elected for the year are as follows: Walton McConnell, president; Norman Walter, vice-president; Francis Boyle, secretary; Andrew Moynihan, sergeant-at-arms.

The director appointed the following as an executive committee to assist him during the year: Clarence Bader, Barrett Anderson, Thomas McNamara, Fred Walter and Newman Wittenberg.

BROWNSON LITERARY AND DEBATING.

At the initial conclave of the Brownson Lits., held Sunday evening, September 27, in the Columbian room, the following officers were chosen for the ensuing term: D. Mulholland, president; G. Clements, vice-president; R. Burns, secretary; L. Carroll, treasurer; P. Duffy, reporter; C. Smith, sergeant-at-arms; S. Carroll, chaplain. It is the desire of the Society and of its sponsor, Brother Alphonsus, that the Society this year be as representative of the whole University as possible. What promises to be a highly successful season can be made a reality by the hearty coöperation of those who feel that their Sunday evenings can be profitably spent in the discussion of present-day problems and current topics of interest. This, the only debating club representative of the University, is open to the students of all the halls. Get in, and show the right spirit!

Local News.

—Arrived, last Monday, Walter "Mark Twain" Clements from "Ole Kaintuck."

—Found—A fountain pen in the room opposite the Columbian room. Apply to Bro. Alphonsus.

—The military season was opened last Monday night in Washington Hall, by an address to the battalions by Captain Stogsdall.

—The Germans and Allies will sink into oblivion, now that the Notre Dame battalions are mobilized.

—The Brownson Hall football team will meet the Culver Academy eleven on the latter's ground, October 10th.

—Harry Newning (Ph. B. '14), who has been a visitor at the University for the past week, has returned to his home in Houston, Texas.

—The Junior Class, fearing another dance assessment, have so far failed to organize, but signs of life are becoming more apparent every day.

—It is reported that Charlie Somers who has been sick for several weeks will soon take up his old abode in Sorin. How he will miss Bill Donavan!

—When the bugles blew for drill at five o'clock Monday evening, every member of the Junior Class put his feet upon his table and sighed contentedly.

—Last Friday in Dogma when Father Haggerty told that it took Noah a hundred years to build his ark, Pat Harl was heard to murmur "Some ark!"

—St. Joseph's Lake is lower this year than it has been for a long time. It is thought that the horses that fell into the lake last winter are still alive and are drinking the water.

—Barb-wire has been placed, as a top layer, on the fence around the gridiron on Cartier Field. The barbs are just long enough to keep one's elbows from slipping off and everyone leans on the fence.

—Two Carrollite teams will meet to-morrow morning to decide supremacy and to battle for a prize. The ex-minims and the ex-ex-minims will have the field in the afternoon. Seats will not be reserved.

—It is interesting to note that members of the Notre Dame Council of the Knights

of Columbus are now scattered through twenty-five states as well as having members in Canada, Cuba, Alaska, and Italy.

—The South Bend *News-Times* of last Sunday contained a feature article on Notre Dame. It concerned the founding of the University and was accompanied by several views of the campus and a likeness of President Cavanaugh.

—The minims of St. Edward's Hall have formed a bicycle club and are spending their recreation days visiting nearby places of interest. They come home somewhat fatigued and there are no cases of insomnia among them.

—The Senior law men have elected the following officers to serve throughout the year: Rupert F. Mills, president; Charles F. Finegan, vice-president; Ralph Lathrop, secretary; E. P. La Joi, treasurer; Louis F. Durrell, sergeant-at-arms.

—Last Saturday, the University of Pittsburg defeated Cornell 9 to 3 at Ithaca. Ed Hanley of last year's Freshman Team, played fullback for Pitt through the whole game. We're sorry he can't be with us, and wish him all kinds of success.

—The Knights of Columbus held their first business meeting in the Council Chambers in Walsh Hall Wednesday night. The rooms have been fitted up with new furniture and present a very good appearance. A "feed" and smoker followed the business session.

—Although the Students' Retreat lasts from the evening of October 27 to the morning of November 1, there will be no interruption of the University's activities. All classes will be called as usual and positively no permissions for absence will be granted.

—A scrap of paper found the other day contains the following message: "Please put in the SAFETY VALVE that John McShane represents the 'Milkweed Beauty Cream' and will distribute free samples. He uses the cream, which accounts for his beautiful complexion."

—The President of the University has accepted an invitation to address the Knights of Columbus of Pittsburg at their Columbus Day banquet. It is always a pleasure to meet the old boys of the Notre Dame Club in Pittsburg, many of whom are Knights.

—The Grand Opera season at Notre Dame will begin late this year as so much of our talent is detained in Europe, at the present

time on account of the war. In the meantime some of the local talent might get together and give us something while we are waiting for the stars.

—The senior class held a meeting last Monday night in the Sorin Hall law room and elected the class officers for the year. They are: Robert L. Roach, president; Mark L. Duncan, vice-president; Albert A. Kuhle, secretary; Joseph S. Pliska, treasurer; Raymond J. Eichenlaub, sergeant-at-arms.

—The Sophomore and Junior Journalism classes have been joined together this year. Of the old Pam Club there are but six members left, but those six succeed in making enough disturbance in class to make up for their departed classmates. No wonder Professor Cooney is becoming grey.

—An organ has been placed in Brownson Hall preparatory to the practising for congregational singing. Father Eugene Burke will have charge of the singing in Brownson; Father Maguire will direct it in Corby and St. Joseph Halls; Father McGinn will have charge of the men in Walsh and Sorin.

—Mr. Yeager, of last year's track team, will have charge of the athletics in Carroll Hall. He is an energetic coach and understands the tricks of the different games as well as the oddities of the Carrollites. There will be no coaxing or urging. If you want to make the team, get out and work and be on deck when you are wanted.

—On account of the many visitors attending football practice of late, and in order to try out the new plays, Coach Harper will put his team through secret practice every evening from 4-45 till 5:30. Students are kindly asked to leave the field at that time on all days except Wednesday when a special scrimmage will take place for their benefit.

—Thursday evening several people were startled by the blows of a hammer on some iron surface, and a few seeing lights in the kitchen and thinking some one was going away with the next day's breakfast started down from the dormitory. They found a crew at work installing new ranges in the kitchen and they went back to bed relieved.

—The different halls at the University are selecting their best tennis players and a series of games will be arranged soon to decide the championship. Just now Boyle of Corby

Hall seems to have the best chance. He has been playing splendidly, but may fall down before the series. George Blount of Brownson is easily the swiftest man, although he is not so accurate as Boyle.

—There will be a Mass said in the church at six-thirty every morning for those students who desire to attend Mass and receive Communion during the month of October. This month is devoted to the Holy Rosary, and every Catholic student should endeavor to do something in honor of the Queen of the Rosary. In the evening at seven-thirty devotions will be held in the basement of the Church consisting of the recitation of the beads followed by Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

—As to-morrow has been set aside by the President of our country as "Peace Day"—a day on which prayers should be offered up by all the citizens of the United States for the peace of Europe, we give below the prayers for peace taken from the Roman Missal:

O God, from whom all holy desires, right counsels, and just works proceed; give to Thy servants that peace which the world cannot give; that both our hearts being devoted to keeping Thy commandments, and the fear of enemies being taken away, our times, by Thy protection, may be peaceable.

O God, the Author and Lover of peace, whom to know is to love, and whom to serve is to reign; protect Thy suppliants from all hostile attempts, and grant that we who put our trust in Thy defense may not fear the might of an enemy.

Athletic Notes.

FOOTBALL, NOTRE DAME VS. ALMA.

CARTIER FIELD, 3:30 P. M.

In other words the greatest football season in Notre Dame's history has begun. When Captain Jones' warriors trot on the field this afternoon, they start on the longest, hardest climb to supreme honors that any team has ever had. Five of the country's crack elevens must be met on foreign fields, necessitating over six thousand miles of travel; while at home, Haskell, with its 82-0 victory over Kansas City University last week, looms up as a most formidable opponent. Much will be demanded of Notre Dame, but if she conquers—and who doubts it?—so much greater will be her glory.

It is hardly likely that the full strength of the Gold and Blue will be shown in to-day's

contest. Finegan and Eichenlaub have not yet recovered from injuries received in scrimmage, and may not get into the game. Captain Jones is also on the injured list, but will probably see service.

Scrimmages of the hardest kind made up the schedule of the past week. Last Saturday, after but two days' practice, Coach Gargan pitted his Freshman team against the Varsity, and held the latter to three scores in thirty minutes' play. The work-out showed that there are many serious defects to be overcome before the wonderful machine-like action of last year can be obtained. The backfield especially showed up raggedly, starting slow, crossing signals and fumbling often.

Monday, to remedy the defective work in scrimmages, the coach put the men through a long signal drill, and Tuesday the Freshman were taken on again—resulting in a bare Varsity victory, 11-6. This seemed to have a salutary effect on the old men, as Wednesday they played in something like their old-time form, ringing up four touchdowns.

The week of practice has demonstrated that Coach Harper will have several capable line men besides the regulars who are all playing a good game. Rausch, Steffan, Holmes, Shaughnessy, Miller, Ward, Jim and Hugh O'Donnell, are showing up well and profiting immeasurably by the coaching of "Deac" Jones. The end positions are still in doubt. Elward is handling the forward passes exceptionally well and will probably take care of one wing in to-day's game, with Mills, Baujan and Kelleher fighting it out for the other berth.

The surprises of the week have been the work of Berger, Duggan, and Matthews in the backfield. "Heine" is playing a splendid game that will make it very hard to keep him out of the regular lineup. Duggan is displaying a line-smashing prowess that would mark him a regular at any school not so fortunate as to have an Eichenlaub. Grady is also showing up well in the fullback position.

Perhaps the greatest surprise is Matty. The little midget halfback is evidencing the same powers of slipping through the line and evading tacklers that won him fame in inter-hall last year. In open field running, Matty ranks with the best.

It is hard to pick out men of especial merit among the yearlings, because they all are so good. Culligan, at quarter, rated as one of

the best in the West in that position last fall, is driving his team in wonderful shape, considering their lack of practice. Whalen, and Rydzewski in the backfield have been consistent ground-gainers, with the former putting up a fine defensive game.

In the line, Callihan at centre is making the veteran Fitzgerald work his hardest,—and Cal has broken up more plays than any other man. McInerney and Wolfe, both South Bend boys, are working in fine mettle, the latter being an exceptionally hard tackler and clever end. The other line men are forcing their Varsity opponents to go the limit, and when they are opposed by the second team, the honors are about even.

Nothing definite is known about the strength of Alma, though the visitors have been heralded as being much stronger than last year. The Varsity will have a hard fight beyond a doubt, but should win by a comfortable margin. As Alma soon meets Michigan it will afford a slight basis for comparing Notre Dame with the Wolverines.

The Varsity cheer leaders for the coming year have not yet been appointed, but it is expected that every student will do his level best to encourage the team from the bleachers in to-day's game.

The following is the Notre Dame Football Schedule for the present season:

October 3	Alma College at Notre Dame
October 10	Rose Poly at Notre Dame
October 17	Yale at New Haven
October 24	South Dakota at Sioux Falls
October 31	Haskell Institute at Notre Dame
November 7	Army at West Point
November 14	Carlisle Indians at Comiskey Park, Chicago
November 26	Syracuse at Syracuse

INTER-HALL FOOTBALL

The past week has been a rather quiet one in inter-hall circles, but "like the calm before the storm," the quietude presages some glorious battles in the weeks to come. Organizations are being perfected, schedules are being arranged and plays are being mapped out on paper, so that all will be in readiness for the hard practices and actual conflicts.

Louis Fritch has been elected manager of athletics in Brownson, "Dick" Daly of Corby, and "Hardy" Bush of Walsh fill the same position in their halls. Fritch and Captain

McGrath have the Brownson team working, but they depend for most of their strength upon the freshmen stars. Callahan, McInerney, and Murphy should show splendid form in interhall. With McGrath in his old-time form Brownson will be sure to have a strong line. Whipple and Wolfe at the ends and McLain and Rydyvesky in the backfield look great. Fritch seems the logical man for quarterback and he will be calling signals for a team of which many colleges might well be proud. Fritch has already demonstrated his ability as a manager by securing a game with Dowagiac High School for Thanksgiving Day. The game will be played at Dowagiac.

Those who were inclined to count Walsh out of the race before the start were poor prophets. Conway is playing good ball for the freshmen and Jones, halfback on the University of Pittsburg freshmen team last year, should be a great ground-gainer. With a large number of candidates to fill out the team, Father Farley's men will be in the race. St. Joseph is working quietly, but the "south-west side" is sure to have a team; and a St. Joseph team always means a fighting aggregation.

Sorin's men will report for their first practice to-morrow. There are no less than eight strong linemen from Sorin working out with the Varsity. Some of these men are sure to be on the Sorin team, for all cannot make the Varsity. Culligan, Miller and Hynes are three of the best backs in the school. Manager McLaughlin is arranging several trips for the Sorin team and will probably have one game in Chicago.

Daly expects to arrange better trips for Corby this year than the team has ever had. He is in communication with several strong high schools and independent teams. The Corby team is working hard. Whalen looks like the "Cofall" of this year's interhall race, and with such men as Dorais, Ryan, Daly and Dorwin to aid him, Corby has a splendid chance for the pennant.

Safety Valve.

SOME MAGAZINE!

The energetic youth who collected eighty cents in selling subscriptions to the *Delinquent List*, deserves to be congratulated.

The other night when some one tore the screen off one of the windows in the N. D. Candy Store and

broke the window, the Carrollites were wondering how Brother Leopold would really know whether the thief got in through the broken window and took something. One of the younger ones said: "He'll go in and count the jelly-beans, you boob, that's how he'll find out."

Student (writing home):—I am living this year in the late Walsh Hall, and so far as I can see, there's nothing to do here but study. I could have done that at home without coming to college. If I can not make arrangements to live in some other hall where I can have my evenings off, expect me home.

Your own dear little son, Archibald.

A boy with a light suit, white socks, patent-leather shoes and a hat, complained to the Prefect of Discipline that one of his teachers had been *harsh* to him.

Safety first in everything, not excepting the VALVE.

The freshmen, also, have got a fifty horse power, self-starting, keep going fullback that they call Frank.

SOME PRACTICE.

1st Student:—"I was out to see the Varsity practice to-day and I think our chances are great."

2nd Student:—"Did they scrimmage?"

1st Student:—"No they didn't, Joe Stack took five pictures of the Varsity and then it was time for us to go to drill."

"You know me, Al, I'm the one who blows your soup cool at dinner."

WHO PUT THE RAT IN ORATORY?

Greater than Draper, more famous than Philbrook or Fletcher, surpassing far Devine and Plant, our once eminent and wonderful athlete, Gibson, the two-miler.

DEFINITIONS.

Skive—Originally to shave or pare sheep-skins (Webster)—now to run a close shave, or to deprive oneself of a sheep-skin. *See Notre Dame.*

Delinquent list—"The "Who's Who" in college life.

Plug, *n*, an old horse; *v*, making a desperate effort to get over seventy.

Cell—A small room used for a place of meditation by monks, convicts and university students. *See jail, dormitory, etc.*

NOT CARROLL OF CARROLLTON.

Charles Carroll, Jr., returned home the latter part of last week from Notre Dame, Ind., where he had entered school. Charles found that the cooking there was not such as "mamma" cooks, and his stomach over-ruled his strong desire to stay, and brought him back home to get a "square meal," such as he was used to. He will enter the University of Illinois at Champaign in the near future.—*The Gallatin Democrat*, Shawneetown, Indiana.