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SPEER STRAHAN, '17.

WHERE the grasses thread together
Purpling all the gray-clad hill,
Swinging milk-weeds burst and scatter
Sails for all the winds to fill.

Silvered poplars flaunt their riches
By the murmuring reed-fringed stream;
Willows wave their drooping tresses
Where the fading flowers dream.

Through the maple's saffron splendors
Swallows press on sable wing;
Autumn grass and trees and flowers—
'Tis God's breath to man you bring.

The Catholic College Man in Modern Life.

BY WALTER F. CLEMENTS, '14.

AS the college graduate goes forth to take up his burden of the world's work he is eager to know what awaits him. He desires to understand the task that is before him, and, like the rich young man of Scripture, wants to know what he must do. But whatever his labor may be, he will work blindly, unless he perceives the moral meaning of his task. Real achievement will mark his career only when he has gained something more lasting than worldly success for himself and for the age in which he lives. In every age there is some paramount work to be done, and in modern life this task may be done best by men of Catholic education.

Seldom in the history of humanity have the fields of achievement been more fallow for the husbandman of mind and will. The moral and intellectual influence which the enlightened Catholic should be most able to exert was, perhaps, never more needed than at present

when the world seems lost in a maze of new conditions and theories. The false ideals of the day work havoc among men, and the greatness of our times can be preserved only by the force of Christianity, just as the greatness of antiquity was preserved by that same unfailing power at a time when the old civilizations were collapsing before the invasion of gentile and barbarian. A brief review of the tendencies of the day and of those ideals which should especially qualify the educated Catholic, should be sufficient to show that the remedy for present-day troubles is contained in the principles for which he in particular stands.

Of course it is not claimed that our college graduate has a monopoly on civic and moral virtues, or that they always have a monopoly on him. But if he is representative, if he is serious and rightly possesses the inheritance which is prepared for him, he, in his viewpoint of life, and in his conduct, will give strong evidence of Catholic training. And as religion is the most potent influence in human life, he, above all, will be distinguished by the faith that is in him. He in particular must adhere to the fundamental principles of Christianity with dogmatic firmness, because he knows that if he does not accept all, he abandons all. His faith is no less real and vital than was that of the mediaeval peasant. To him the fear of hell is no mere "Hangman's whip to haul the wretch in order" but it is derived from the knowledge of an eternal Justice that weighs every human act. Knowing that right and wrong are matters of eternity rather than of worldly welfare, he has for the basis of his morality these eternal principles which have come thundering down the ages. Amid the changing opinions of men and the fads of the day he remains firm and unshaken. He must build his character on the bed-rock, truth; so he possesses sturdiness of character in a pre-eminent degree. Though things material are transient and illusive, spiritual truth is as

lasting as the depths from which it springs. And he who understands these things, will first square his worldly enterprises and relations with the exigencies of his immortal soul. His doctrine of the brotherhood of man will be derived from the more important doctrine of the fatherhood of God. From the life of his Master he has learned the supreme lesson of self-sacrifice and the ultimate triumph of righteousness. Brotherly love, the golden rule, and Christian charity are to him revelations of the Almighty.

Such are the fundamental principles which should characterize every true Catholic, and especially the Catholic of good education. He should be able to explain his Catholic attitude to all the world, and to defend it against the most subtle attacks. He who has spent the formative period of his life in mental and moral training should be able to think first and best on subjects of vital importance; he should furthermore be most capable of doing, with system and effect, what he attempts. A Catholic with the advantages of a higher education should not only understand the truths which the less enlightened Catholics perceive, he should comprehend them in their more perfect fulness and in their general relation to the thoughts and experience of humanity. He has had opportunity to study the methods of those men who would place enmity between science and religion. He may delve as deeply into the laws of nature as they. He knows that he can turn against these pseudo-scientists the very forces which they would employ.

Unlike others of our times the enlightened Catholic does not turn his back upon the past, but he studies the truths which it reveals. Reviewing history, he beholds the rise and fall of nations, the growth and decline of civilizations, and from all he learns the lessons they teach. He witnesses the false teachers and false prophets of other times, who lifted up their voice and perished in a day. He bears testimony to the truth which remained. The wisdom of Plato and Aristotle, christianized by Augustine and Thomas Aquinas, are part of the enlightened Catholic's inheritance. Far from ignoring the greatness of the Middle Ages, he rather strives to imitate its heroes of God, because he knows that they found real beauty and grandeur wherever their circumstances placed them. In short, no man so rightfully as the enlightened Catholic may claim to

be the "Heir of all the ages in the foremost files of time."

This is an age of scientific expansion and material achievement. A new impetus has been given to industry. Business has been developed to supply all the demands of a luxury-loving people. Commerce has facilitated the spread of civilization. Steam binds coast to coast and continent to continent. Thoughts travel around the world on wings of electricity. More magnificent than Rome in the reign of Augustus are our great cities. But, because men are blinded by the glitter of the world about them they lose sight of eternity and its awful truths. What is most lacking in the present age are those very principles that are paramount in the life of every real Catholic. Men live as though they had outgrown their old modes of thinking and standards of conduct. Supposed leaders of thought are postulating new and ruinous theories which are being followed by the credulous throng. The immortality of the soul is not taken into consideration. Christianity is considered by many as a mere economic development. People are so busy keeping pace with so-called progress that they do not consider whither it is leading them. The spirit of the day is utilitarian. It is prone to substitute expediency for morality. And these tendencies are the source of the disorders which threaten society with ruin and the individual with despair. In them may be found the causes of modern menaces social and economic.

Disregard for the eternal principles of justice and charity is the cause of industrial warfare in which capital oppresses labor, labor retaliates with open violence, and from which the general public suffers. Forgetting moral principle, and acting as if material good were the only good, our trusts and unions are too inclined to shape their policy by might rather than by right. But the material interests of capital may not always coincide with those of labor. Hence class conflict, strikes, and bloodshed continue; and they will continue while business activity is controlled by mere notions of expediency. There are common principles of justice and humanity, applicable to both classes now as in the time of the mediaeval guilds. Let men who understand this fact assert themselves, and by establishing a higher respect for rights they will insure peace and greater efficiency.

No rule is better than the golden rule for

settling industrial disputes. Belief and trust in God's justice is the only force that can curb the powerful and take from penury its bitterness. There must always be manual laborers to fill the obscure places of life, to till the soil, dig in mines, and to ply machinery. But he who toils in the spirit of Christianity will know the dignity of labor, and be ennobled by his task. He can have for his ideals those servants of God, who filling humble places found spiritual glory, who made the meanest task a prayer. The wealthy business man will better understand how to cooperate in harmony with the less fortunate many when he beholds in human want and suffering the image of Him Who said: "Whatsoever you do unto these, that also you do unto Me." Thus the simple teaching of the Gospel is the best antidote for the industrial troubles going on around us. And as long as employers and employees disregard its teaching, quack doctors of 'new thought' will spread dissension in the ranks of humanity.

The business man with comfortable income may be alarmed because so many are blindly accepting these strange theories as a last resort. Yet he beholds with complacency the disregard for the rights of employees and of the public on the part of big business. Financiers persist in operating their business according to the dictates of the ticker and high finance. They attempt to make mere bulwarks of excuse out of the civil law. Legislatures are perverted and their laws become mere generalizations of convenience as interpreted by the interest that happens to be in power. Hence a great many of our civil laws breed disorder. The way is prepared for the wild visionary, the reckless schemer and the open avowal of follies which have already insidiously crept into the life of to-day. Rights from which the civil law proceeds—property rights and family rights—have been attacked. And in order to do this consistently, many of the leaders who claim to be friends of the people have tried to banish from the popular mind all thoughts of God and of man's eternal dignity. They declare that humanity is man's only god, and that social progress is life's only aim. The individual and the laws of morality are but the means of human progress. Religion and morality are reckoned by economic standards. The aggregate power of society is set up as the only sanction of law.

But the enlightened Catholic knows that it is impossible to legislate mankind into fraternity and equality, while Christian charity goes begging; that it is foolish for them to howl about liberty when exterior environment is considered the sole shaper of human destiny. A false morality based on physical generalities and failing to reach man's inner being, leaves him a prey to the ill winds of passion, leaves the deepest desires of his nature unsatisfied. Humanity is soul-deep, and in this depth its welfare or its ruin lies. If by deception rationalists deprive their followers of religion, what can they give them in return? Scientists may search the outermost stars and the minutest organisms with their instruments; visionaries may dream of long life and health, luxury or altruism, but truthfully they can answer nothing while religion is ignored. It is all too evident that the pleasures of life, illusive and transient, soon lead to satiety and self-destruction. Would they have social progress for the ultimate end? Alas, we perceive from the physical world about us, from our own lives, and from the history of the past, that material development is inevitably followed by decay, that earthly progress soon overleaps itself. The ordinary mind can easily think of a time when the human race will be no more. Yet in that same ordinary mind there is a yearning for something which shall not change. Since the fallacies of theories which confuse the thoughts and deeds of the day are so evident, it seems strange that men with clear, simple refutations for them have not already driven so-called rationalists shame-faced from the public attention. For, if there is one truth that not only reason, but every page of history acclaims, it is the futility of an age without religion. History records the lasting achievement of peoples who were strongly religious. It points with a warning finger to the fate of those nations, which, forgetting God and His laws, perished from the earth. When the sacred fires die on the altars of a people, patriotism ceases to burn in their hearts. When their household gods fall into disrespect, their fatherland falls into dissolution. The ancient Jews worshipped Mammon rather than Jehovah, and they were driven from their land to wander over the earth. Ignoring her gods Rome was invaded by vice and luxury. Now the night winds murmur through the broken arches of her pagan ruins. Such are the past experiences

from which the enlightened Catholic can most readily profit.

He understands the reason of the widespread discontent among the masses at present. We are told that this social unrest is the rumbling of a gathering storm. And indeed it will burst in fury upon us, unless new champions of old truths come forth to ward it off. The masses are looking about them for a way out of the difficulties which beset their existence. They are demanding a solution of the problems which Hume and Mill, Haeckel and Marx, far from solving, have actually engendered. Is the enlightened Catholic going to sit idly by when he can speak the words of peace? Does he intend to hide his light under a bushel? Will he bury his talents? He realizes that the guilds of the Middle Ages met many problems which seem insuperable to modern civilization. Knowing that, though conditions change, principles are eternal, he is prepared to make the new application of old principles.

He is ready to uphold the Gospel of Christ as the answer to all the riddles of the universe! To the doubter and pessimist who are at a loss to know the meaning of it all, he will demonstrate the soul's immortality; and the ways of this life, its aspirations as well as its incompleteness, he will make plain. He will make evident to the libertine the eternal consequences of defying the law of the living God: and justice among men will receive a new impetus. Lasting respect for civil law can be obtained only through a realization of the fact that all temporal authority has its source in Eternal Justice. Distributive justice may be adequately insured only when the state recognizes the immortal value of the meanest subject in its realm. Then the individual will be exalted above material progress, and the humblest toiler's share in the fruits of the earth will be recognized, not on account of what he has done so much as on account of what he is. Thus by upholding the dignity and inherent rights of every man the enlightened Catholic helps maintain the one guarantee against the absolutism of despots and of majorities. Thus he must support just government, and the Catholic truest to the fundamental principles of his faith, will make the best citizen.

Upholding spiritual dignity and virtue, the enlightened Catholic becomes the guardian of domestic virtue and integrity. He knows that the individual must first keep his own heart

clean, in order to help in the accomplishment of social uplift. He knows that a nation can not become purer and stronger than its home-life. So, true to the teaching of his religion, he defends the inviolability of marriage vows. When industrialism invades the home and drags children and their mothers into the sordid maelstrom of commercial conflict, the enlightened Catholic spurns every attempt to readjust family life to such industrial conditions. He demands that the primary principle of family rights be placed above matters of commercial expediency. When the working girl is tempted by sordid surroundings, he will use his influence to make her learn her superiority over environment, and the eternal difference between virtue and vice. He realizes that she by this knowledge will most easily triumph. By means that can reach the lives of all, by imitating saints of pre-eminent holiness and by the veneration of the Virgin Mother, people may best safeguard the purity of youth, the fruitfulness and the fidelity of marriage.

The enlightened Catholic must use his influence to elevate the standards not only of the home but also of the other institutions which shape public opinion and mold the lives of people. Against the modern paganism which has invaded these institutions, his antagonism must be aroused personally and professionally. In opposition to the unmoral character of schools, the Catholic college graduate, if he is true to his own training, will insist that the youthful must be educated in principles of morality based on religion. Then they will not have to be made worldly-wise for the purpose of self-protection: they will not have to go through a sewer in order to learn sanitation. The educated Catholic must help purge the theatre of the avarice and smut that would make it a place of degradation rather than of refinement. He must try to make the press reflect the whole truth of life, and not merely its obscenity and scandal. Recognizing the influence of literature, upon even the illiterate, he will support the literature which, in form as well as in matter, teaches wholesome principles of life. He is prepared to expose the pseudo-scientific fallacies of some of the popular writers who glibly employ the accomplishments of science to mystify the minds of the masses.

Thus there is a great work everywhere awaiting the enlightened man of religious morality. The Catholic college man will help accomplish

this work by applying the fundamental principles of his faith to the need of the day. True to these principles, he must combat the irreligion and godlessness which are the underlying menaces of modern life. Wonderful progress has been made in science and industry, but these material things receive too much of our attention. It is time to cease worshipping the golden calf, lest we bring down upon our heads the wrath of outraged law. It is time to regulate progress according to the eternal standards of truth and right. Those necessary truths, which were discarded with the old order must be applied to the new, if it is to continue. That restless murmur we hear in the shops, fields and factories is more than the rumbling of a threatening storm. It is the voice of the people calling for new leaders, for men to go forth into the highways and byways of the workaday world, who clothing ancient truths in twentieth century modes of expression, will apply them to modern life. We need champions to deliver the world's business from the hands of material interest, to bring the hum of machinery and hustle of traffic into harmony with the rights of humanity. The enlightened Catholic will lead the way in this work, if he remains true to the faith that is in him. Let him invest his inheritance in the business that must be done, and he cannot fail. Let him seek for men the Kingdom of God and these other things will be added. His work will fructify in generations yet unborn. His earthly career will be successful. Eternal success will be his final reward. Thus by his work he will prove that achievement awaits the Catholic college man in modern life.

Venus.

O MYSTIC star, a-gleam with light divine,
 With such majestic splendor dost thou burn
 That earthly eyes may not their gaze upturn
 Profanely to desecry thine inmost shrine,
 Until the soul, in humble state, incline
 To worship thy supernal grace and learn
 The lustral rites, the sacrifices stern,
 That purge the heart and chasten and refine.
 O star of beauty, guide mine eyes to see
 With perfect vision far beyond the sight
 Of mortal things, into the spirit sphere
 Of love, wherein my soul's divinity
 May glorify my life as thou the night,
 Revealing truths that God vouchsafes the seer.

G. H. S.

The Last Ride.

BY JOHN E. CASSIDY.

"Say, Art?"

"Speak, Tommy, what is it?"

"Do you realize this is our last Sunday night home?"

"Without a doubt, old man, and I have been trying to think since morning just how we could dispose of it in the most enjoyable manner."

"Well, say—"

"Go ahead you are welcome to say it."

"I can't get the car—"

"Why not?"

"Well, you see my young brother blew a couple of tires on the road this morning, so this car must be on hand to accommodate my father if he gets any calls."

"That's worse than going to school Tuesday Tom, where and how shall we spend the night?"

"Not in an automobile, Artie—"

"Naturally, but where shall I meet you? I am going into supper as soon as we hit the house."

"Well, let me see. I'll tell you. I shall get the car to drive over town to the show and on the way I'll just stop here and pick you up, then I'll let you know what we are going to do and how it shall be done—so long!"

The conversation related took place in a Hudson "six." Tommy Kelley and Arthur Hettle being the participants. Art (as we shall call him for convenience) and Tommy were chums of the first degree, and it was very seldom one was where the other wasn't. As stated before it was their last Sunday night at home, for the following Tuesday they intended resuming their studies at Notre Dame University. Of course an automobile is deemed a requisite for a good time after one has become accustomed to riding behind a spark plug and emergency brake. However, their last Sunday night at home was to be marred to a certain degree, for Tommy's father was a member of that profession termed doctors, and such a profession requires constant access to an automobile.

It was with considerable difficulty that Tommy obtained permission to use the car

that evening, and it was made necessary for him to promise he would go no further than the ten-cent vaudeville house, so he could be had any time that he and the automobile were needed. He promised, however, and called for Art as soon as his 45 "per" would cover the distance. Naturally both were quite disappointed to have to spend the evening at a vaudeville show, when it was possible for them to enjoy a little tour, and it was only a short time after both were together that the possibility was realized; for Tommy thought, and, in fact he was quite sure, that his dictator, commonly known as a father, would get no calls that night, so he turned his "six" in the direction of Streatortell, a small town about twenty miles south, and from that time until they reached the little hamlet the speedometer frequently sighed from fast company. Fast riding was necessary, for he must be back in time to say the show was fine.

Streatortell showed up shortly, and after some deliberation in the direction of amusement, Art stocked up with cigars and a flock of "white camels" (they being his favorite cigarette) and thereafter informed the "speed king" it was time to return. So they started and soon were covering ground as fast as forty-six, seven, and maybe fifty miles an hour, but only eight miles had been disposed of, when the engine sneezed, and soon after the carburator choked, and very soon after the automobile stopped. It was awful! Can you imagine how they felt, twelve miles from home, forty minutes to get there, no gasoline, and what is still worse no place to get any. Of course Tommy 'shot' his old familiar salutation:

"Say, Art—"

"Don't say anything, you forgetful boob, you have been driving a car three years, and you have not learned the primary principle, gasoline,—always gasoline."

"I don't care for any church-basement or garage-counsel just now, Artie. You break into yonder farm house and telephone to Streatortell for gas,—hurry!"

But it was not necessary to use the telephone, for one of those pecuniary covered old farmers, who could marry generosity, for they are not relations, gave the youth in quest of a telephone an old tin can with about two gallons of gasoline therein for just \$1.50; but two gallons was enough to reach Great Ridge, which is the

smallest town in the world with a garage, so the "gas" was welcome at any price. The two gallons were sufficient, for it was only a short time later that the Hudson "six" and two frightened chance-gamblers were speeding towards Great Ridge. The Great Ridge garage was just two blocks from the point where the car again went dry. This meant a short walk, the proposition of getting the "gas" proprietor out of bed and purchasing five gallons of his wares

Everything was realized as well as could be expected, and in a short time Tom and Art were carrying a five-gallon can loaded to its capacity, and the town mechanic was a close follower, carrying a tin funnel in his right hand, and a sonambulist attitude somewhere behind his eyes. But then the worst part of the whole affair showed itself—the car was gone. They had left it on that certain corner, yes they were sure, but now it was gone. I won't attempt to describe the frantic gestures nor relate the anti-chatauqua expressions Tommy and Art manufactured, and after they were about through expostulating, the farmer gasoline-expert asked them what their game was and if they intended to get him out of bed to rob him. The poor unfortunates, victims of every catastrophe that could happen, just stood and looked vacant until Tommy said:

"Say, Art, where's the machine?"

"Why, it probably went over that pasture to milk a cow, you boohthead."

"But, Art, what shall we do?"

"Why, get the sheriff,—but there is no sheriff. I wonder if they have a cop here? No, the cop would probably arrest us for holding up the garage man. The best thing to do is to keep quiet and don't tell anyone until we get home, then you explain the whole affair to your father."

After considerable trouble they found the interurban station and a break in their luck occurred, for they caught the last car home. Art decided it best to wait outside and let Tommy explain alone, and so he did. When he had finished the dictator pricked up his ears and started on the "come-back," it was then that Tommy wished he were dead. But it ended fine.

"Tommy, the car is in the driveway, you left it in front of my patient's house. I made a call in a garage car and returned in my own."

Varsity Verse.

YOU THREE

When these dead leaves, a-plucked but yesterday,
 Have lost the faint aroma of the tree,
 Yet will endure the fragrant memory
 You've left, whose sunny paths have crossed my way
 With treasured things, I hold enshrined apart,
 I'll store this keepsake as a memory given.
 And when the rainbow's vanished from my heaven,
 I'll think of you, and keep a cheerful heart.

You three, soul-mated, keep your heads uplift,
 And let the blue of heaven haunt your eyes!
 Sometimes, mayhap, the dimming tears will rise;
 Still watch the heavens, the dark cloud has a rift.

And thanks to you, who've brought the mood of song,
 This day made dull by clouds and pattering rain.
 And now, good-bye, for I must on again:
 The night comes quickly, and the way is long!

M. A. C.

THE ALTAR OF THE WAR GOD.

There did he lie,—a broken mass of clay
 All swelt'ring in his blood; and ere the day
 Was merged in night, he fled beyond the stars,—
 His life a tribute to the wrath of Mars.

He had his hopes and dreams, as you and I;
 He reared ambitious structures to the sky;
 He planned a future filled with prospects bright,
 Nor ever saw the chance of any blight.

So every man had thoughts alike with his,
 And planned his life for other things than this,
 Until this horrid spectre of grim war
 Crushed life on life, hopes, dreams and all before.

Oh, that such naked horror still can be
 And mortals yet too obstinate to see
 That such a cause as that for which he fell
 Can serve alone, the darkest ends of hell.

A. L. McD.

WHO IS EICHENLAUB?

At Notre Dame, at Notre Dame,
 There's lots of things to see,
 The campus green, the sky serene,
 The indiana flea.
 The student mob,—the old green cob,—
 But what appeals to me—

Is Eichenlaub!

In Notre Dame, in Notre Dame,
 There's lots of work to do,
 From morn till night, in dark and light,
 We are a busy crew.
 We toil b'gob, on every job,
 For the model in our view—

Is Eichenlaub!!

Of Notre Dame, of Notre Dame,
 There's lots of news to tell,
 Of college life and student strife,
 And other things as well.
 But still we sob, t'would be a daub
 Were it not for the swell—

Who is Eichenlaub!!!

R. M. H.

THE DYING VIKING.

A coral reef, a blazing sky,
 The swift sirocco burning by,
 In south seas far from home I die.

The purple ocean murmurs low,
 Gay-flashing pinions come and go,
 I stifle in a golden glow.

I who was ever wont to roam
 Am hungry for the bleak North home
 Lashed by the thundering northern foam.

But Wyrd has cast his awful dice
 And I must pay the rover's price—
 O Northern wings, edged all with ice!

F. G. M.

The Call of the Milk.

BY WILLIAM MCNAMARA.

"Lefty" was a "hobo," but contrary to tradition and romance he was sentimental, and this morning especially so. It was two o'clock and he was seated on the curbstone in front of a restaurant listening to the muffled noises of the slumbering city and gazing at the houses that loomed up in mystic shapes out of the blackness. An occasional auto passed leaving behind the smell of gasoline. A hurrying man walked past whistling the latest tune to keep himself company. "Lefty" sat silent unmindful of all this. Then a milk wagon rumbled along, disturbing the silence by the rattle of numerous cans and bottles. As it passed into the darkness, a strange feeling came into "Lefty's" sympathetic heart. He longed for a drink of unadulterated, non-con-

densed milk. He had not tasted any of this beverage for twelve years, but had confined himself to beer and an occasional glass of water.

The Awakening.

BY EDWARD J. MCOSKER.

"Lefty" stood up and followed the wagon until it stopped. He stood in a doorway of the next building and waited until the driver had descended, delivered the milk and departed. Again all was silence except for the sighing of the wind through the trees or the banging of an alley gate. The hobo left the doorway, crept along the passage-way and up the rickety stairs his heart in his mouth and his tongue hanging out with thirst. What weird noises he heard! In the neighboring yard a dog barked, a rooster crowed and was answered by another one at least a block away, a wagon rumbled along the street and a cat on the back fence serenaded the moon. "Lefty" reached the top of the stairs and felt for the bottles. He found them standing on the window-sill and taking them in his arms called them all the pet names which the vocabulary of a sentimental person alone contains. How cool they felt and how nervous he was! His hand trembled as he put them in his pockets and he felt like a small boy throwing his first spit-ball in school. He started down the steps thinking of a place where he could drink this baby nourishment in peace. He started! Steadily up the narrow flight of stairs came some one. "Lefty" was excited and it seemed as if the beating of his heart was louder than the creaking of the stairs. He thought to climb over the railings but before he could act he was held in the big strong arms of a man.

"I've got you at last, you lowdown milk thieving bum!" growled his captor. "Lefty" felt something hard hit his jaw and he tried to straighten up to protect himself but he did not have time. Something hit his eye and he saw all the constellations playing in a band and the leader was making faces at him. Mars and Venus were chasing Halley's Comet around with a milk bottle. Saturn and Jupiter were drinking condensed milk through a straw and the Sun was driving a Borden's Milk wagon and then all was blackness.

He awoke in a hospital with a bandage as big as a pillow over his eye. A nurse bent over him and coaxed him to drink a glass of milk. "Lefty" turned over on his other side and said: "Nothing doing with milk, make it a bottle of Budweiser."

Jimmie Harrison settled back in his office chair. He had turned in his copy and the night city editor had commended him highly on the story. That it was a "scoop," he had no doubt, for he had covered up his tracks carefully and with his usual diplomacy had silenced his informants as far as the other newspapers were concerned.

As he sat thinking of his year in the newspaper game, Harrison glanced about the room. On all sides of him sat busy reporters, pounding out their stories or urging people for information over the telephone. Now and then, the door to the office of the city editor would open and a lusty-lunged youngster would scream: "Copy!"

Jimmie viewed all the activities of the city room complacently. Through his redoubtable energy, he had worked his way through the maelstrom of that office, and though he was now only a year old in experience, he was one of the ablest and most trusted men on the staff, one of those fellows who handle only "big stuff" and is in line for a Washington correspondence or editorship.

Harrison liked to look at the society editor, because she reminded him so much of Mabel, his sweetheart.

"Just to think," mused Jimmie, "that I haven't seen Mabel since Sunday night and it is Tuesday evening already. It seems ages since I've seen her. But I can picture her now, her blonde, wavy hair, those entrancing eyes, the rose red lips, the dainty dimple in her chin—" "Harrison!"

Jimmie turned quickly, just in time to see the night city editor clear a reporter's table on the leap and rush excitedly to his side.

"The Wentworth flats, Fifty-first and Roland, are burning, several lives lost already, get there quick, 'phone in!" cried the city night editor.

In a second Jimmie was into his overcoat. In another moment, he was in the taxicab, urging the chauffeur to greater speed and cursing the city's traffic regulations.

Inside of fifteen minutes he was at the scene of the conflagration. Hastily glancing through the crowd he saw her. Mabel's home was in the Wentworth, but she was safe. She

looked white, sick and frightened and Harrison hurried to her side.

"Jim," cried Mabel, "little sister's inside the house. The police won't let me try to rescue her and I can't get near the firemen. Won't you save her?"

Harrison hurried to the fireline. A policeman tried to stop him, but the reporter flashed his badge and was passed. He rushed to the main entrance. The flames fanned his face. He backed away, then started forward again. A sudden and ungovernable fear overcame him. He turned and fled to Mabel's side.

"I—I can't," he pleaded.

"What! You a coward? And you're the man I trusted! That ends it all," cried Mabel and she emphasized her statement by slapping Jim in the face.

"Mabel, oh Mabel," Jim pleaded in vain.

Harrison stood holding the society editor's wrists tightly. He glanced around and saw the night city editor grinning at him.

"It's all right to have nightmares in the office after your copy is in," laughed Graham, the night city editor, "but next time don't yell that girl's name so often.

"I held this electric light in front of your face for sometime, and when you didn't respond, I had Miss Sullivan tap you on the cheek and you replied by trying to break her wrists and crying 'Mabel, Mabel!'"

"At that, you're all right, Jim, and your story is the best "scoop" in six months. I played it for two columns on page one. Let you and Miss White and I go out to the LaSalle and have a good dinner. It's my treat."

Over the Telephone.

"Hello!"

"No, I can't get permission to go to that dance, but I'll risk it for you. They've got no right to hem me in like they are doing here, I could have more liberty in a reform school."

"No, I can't make it by eight, I've got to give these prefects a stall that I'm to be at home to-morrow."

"Yes, they are a queer crowd, but I'm not afraid of them."

"The school as a whole? It's a pretty fierce

place. No liberties, poor meals, long hours."

"No, the rector's like the rest of them. I've got no use for him. Treats me just like a baby; but I hand him back-talk."

"Afraid of the president? Not I, I'm too long alive to be nice for the sake of a pull. I tell the truth." (*Rector enters the room.*)

"Yes, yes, it's a fine place and I'm in the best hall in the school."

"Oh, he's a prince, he certainly does the square thing by everybody."

"You bet they like him, they all swear by him."

"Yes, the president is fine, but if you're in a good hall like ours you don't have to worry about what kind of a president you have."

"Town? Yes, if you're on the square with the boss he'll let you down. It's only the ones who try to beat him to it and who don't do the square thing when they get a permission that he sits on."

"To-morrow night? Well, I do hate to take the time out. I have all kinds of hard studies, and that will mean work for me during the afternoon 'rec' to-morrow."

"Yes, I suppose I should have called before, but won't later do? I'm no hand to go out at night. A fellow can't do it and keep up his studies."

"All right, but remember it's going to be just this once. Tell Uncle John that I have a message for him from Father, so that he'll stay home."

"At eight-thirty?"

"All right. Good-bye."

(*Student hangs up receiver and walks over to rector*):—"Say, Father, my cousin just called me up and says it's a shame I haven't gone to see them since I came. They want me to call on them to-morrow evening."

Rector (*catching him by the neck*):—"Up to your room to study, and if you leave this hall to-morrow, I'll knock your block off. No town for you."

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—The uninterested spectator at the Alma game last week might well have thought that he was gazing on the moving pictures of a football contest.

Notre Dame Spirit. The volume of applause from the Notre Dame bleachers certainly would not have marred the illusion. Not a single concerted cheer was heard throughout the entire game. Even when the Varsity trotted upon the field there ensued only a feeble clapping of hands. Possibly this was not entirely the fault of the crowd. It is true that no plans had been formulated in advance, not even had a cheer-leader been appointed, for it seemed to many that the game was too unimportant. However, the one thing which the whole incident brings strikingly before us is that *we need PEP*. The team is working strenuously every day in preparation for the great struggle before them. Why not give them a little encouragement? Many baseball games have been won in the ninth inning when the fans have been transformed into a raging mob, and began to "pull for a hit." So too is it in football. We may be on the enemy's one yard line, battling desperately for a touchdown. Who knows what wonders a big U. N. D. might not accomplish? A thrill goes through the jaded warriors, they hurl themselves forward in one last supreme effort,—and the ball "goes over." Thus the cheering crowd has its place in every game, almost as

important as that of the players themselves. Our team will soon play Yale on a foreign field. We cannot accompany it, but we can give the fellows a rousing farewell. Then they will come back to play the Haskell Indians and Carlisle. At these two games we will all be present, and it remains to be seen how much of the true Notre Dame spirit lives within us. All believe that it is not dead, but slumbering. Let us awaken it immediately, revivify every old student's spirit and plant it in the soul of every new one. Then we shall have something more than a spasmodic hand-clapping and a few cries of delight,—the vast tumult of a thousand voices booming across the field in one great cheer.

—Although our reeking bulletins of war serve chiefly to diet sensation seekers, one thing is assured the spectator. That men lie mangled in vast red heaps, that women are broken and children starved, that pestilence oozes out over the plains, demonstrate not the godless, murderous delusion of war, but the utter, everlasting futility of peace. We all have hoped that time would see Rachel's mourning forever lifted, and the fruition of labor securely spared. But if Europe, bred in the loftiest culture history has known, taught by the iron lectures of a hundred wars, could gaze upon the cathedrals, the marts and the homes of her restful years and deliberately consecrate them to siege-artillery, is it possible to believe that peace will ever come to men? Despite all our late journalistic assurances, despite the efforts of a multitude of noble minds, the answer is a grim—NO. Just one month before the mobilization, Bertha Von Suttner, the great, heroic woman with whom the merit for all the modern peace-movements lies, had died; just one week before, the Kaiser had spoken eloquently, fervently for peace; with his last breath the great Pope Pius had prayed for it. All in vain. The spirit of man cannot change. We have indeed taught successfully that conflict is a great illusion, that it is economic suicide ruining homes and lives and treasures. But the masses tire of slow material progress. Trade supremacy demands a lusty, telling blow. National differences are everlasting, peoples must expand, thrones must be rooted deeper. Autocracy threw Russia into this present struggle; democ-

racy plunged our own McKinley into war, and not a year past clamored for Mexican blood. No, all pacification schemes have been failures. Not until you can change the changeless soul of man, not until you can teach him to love his neighbor as himself, can you abolish conflict. Just as certainly as there are brawls there will be battles.

Think of modern materialism preaching a maxim of Jesus! Think of mankind suddenly rising to a practice of the Sermon on the Mount! No, not until the statue of Christ, which stole its way into the House of Peace, shall rise and drive out the money-lenders, can men live in harmony. Perchance this will never be done—not till the bones of the youngest babe that lies at its mother's breast shall have sunk deep as the Silurian strata. Pride, avarice, revenge—these are crimes, and there is only one who can forgive sins.

—Of all the numerous influences that go to make life at Notre Dame appealing, the campus is undoubtedly one of the most vital.

Keep off the Grass. The beauty and symmetry which the care of years has wrought out of the chaotic wilderness LaSalle passed through, have called forth words of praise from every visitor. In the latest number of the *Dublin Review*, Wilfrid Ward expresses his disappointment at being hindered by a fog from gaining an adequate view "of the beautiful grounds" during his visit last year. What a desecration of every Hellenic ideal is it, then, to see students carelessly tramping down the grass and laying out novel paths of their own care-free invention. We are sure of this because we have frequently observed a solitary youth amble slowly across, to be followed with much precision by a file of retainers. It reminds us of a drove of grazing bovines who tread a path as they wind along. The bovines do not of course know what they are doing—neither do the students, perhaps—at any rate we are convinced that if just a little more consideration for the art of landscape gardening were observed by certain young gentlemen, the workers would be spared a vast amount of toil and our campus would be rid of several unsightly splotches of bare ground. It may seem a little thing to you to take a short cut across the quadrangle, but when a thousand follow you it becomes serious.

Society Notes.

KEELEY CLUB ORGANIZES.

Following the usual custom originated by Professor Cooney of the School of Journalism, the members of the Freshman Class have banded themselves together into a society that is to be known as the Keeley Club.

This is the third club to be organized by the classes in Journalism under the direction of Professor Cooney, and as it is the largest it promises to become the best.

The name Keeley was chosen in honor of the Dean of the School of Journalism, James Keeley, Editor of the *Chicago Record*. Mr. Keeley has been chosen Honorary President of the club.

Thomas W. Conway of Boston was chosen president, being the second Boston boy to be elected to that honor in the Journalism clubs in two years. William Breen McDonald of La Grange, Illinois, was elected vice-president, and Charles W. Call of Jackson, Michigan, holds the position of secretary-treasurer.

Professor Cooney has been elected an Honorary member of the club and will look out for the general welfare of the society.

Regular meetings of the club are to be held every Saturday morning. Smokers and social gatherings will be held during the winter at which prominent men will be invited to speak.

BROWNSON LITERARY AND DEBATING.

The second regular assembly of the Brownson Literary and Debating Society was held Sunday evening. Good speeches were made by Brother Alphonsus, sponsor for the society, and Father Walsh, the club's critic. Brother Alphonsus took for his theme, the history of the society from its conception down to the present organization, which is one of the largest in the history of Notre Dame. He spoke enthusiastically of the work the society has been doing in the past, and encouragingly of what the members hope to do in the future. Father Walsh followed with a short address of sound advice which was relished by those present. After the first debate had been arranged for Sunday evening, October 11, and on the conclusion of some routine business, the society adjourned.

Personals.

—Most of the "old grads" will soon get together in New Haven, Chicago, and a few other common meeting places.

—William J. Redden (B. S. in A. '14) and Donat Pepin (E. E. '14) are both in Detroit following their respective professions.

—"Moke" Kelley, having finished the season with the Pittsburg Nationals, is with us again. He will finish his studies in engineering during the winter.

—Edmund H. Savord (LL. B. '12) has received the appointment as Director of Public Safety in Sandusky, Ohio. Savord has always been an active N. D. worker.

—The marriage is announced of Miss Rosella M. Kirn to Mr. John P. Dant (Short E. E. '11) at Sacred Heart Church, Louisville, Kentucky, October 14th. Congratulations and good wishes.

—Francis Mulcahy (Ph. B. '14) is studying law in an office in Rochester. If he works as hard there as he did for the *News-Times* last year we will have no doubts about his success.

—The sympathy of many friends is extended to the Reverend Charles L. Dorémus, C. S. C., in the death of his brother, who was fatally wounded in the battle of Charleroi, August 22nd. *R. I. P.*

—Mr Fred Steers called at the University Tuesday, and met many of his old friends. Fred is deeply interested in athletics and spent most of his time on the gridiron sizing up the players.

—Byron V. Kanaley, president of the Alumni Association, spent a few hours with us on Wednesday last. Work seems to agree with Byron, as he has taken on about twenty pounds since his last visit.

—Harry Scott, president of the 1916 class in their freshman year, is employed in the City Engineering department in Indianapolis. "Scotty's" stories ought to keep the other engineers happy at any rate.

—The marriage is announced of Miss Loretta Carey to Mr. William G. Ferstel (Student in the '90s). The groom was a popular student in his day and is the son of a well known and highly respected business man of South Bend.

—Among the former N. D.-ites enrolling in other colleges this year are: Ward Perrot,

Harvard Law School; D. Michael Nigro Creighton; Robert Ort, Chicago; Leo Muckle, Cornell Agricultural; and Raymond Miller, Wisconsin.

—The marriage of Miss Velma Marie Twomey to Mr. Walter Duncan will take place at St. Patrick's Church, South Bend, Indiana, October 24. The bride is a daughter of Mr. Edward J. Twomey, a prominent business man of South Bend, and the groom is a popular graduate of recent years.

—We wish to deny the report that Bill Downing, '14, is running for sheriff in Decatur. It is rumored that coach "Moke" Kelley has hired him to build up a Sorin team like the old Corby Wolves. Capt. Art Carmody refused to make a statement, but it is believed he favors Jim Fennessy, '14.

—Charlie Dorais (LL. B. '14), our former sensational quarterback, is coaching the Dubuque College football team and is also teaching History and English in the Academic department. We don't know much about "Gus" as a pedagogue, but if he can teach that football team all he knows about the "king of college sports" we'll soon be playing Dubuque for the national championship.

Local News.

—The Sorin "Lolly-Pops" are organized again.

—How about a special wire to New Haven, on the 17th.

—"Are you ready, Mr. Fitzgerald?" Didn't it sound good?

—New steel lockers have been installed in the Gymnasium.

—Ed Marcus and Gene Daniel O'Connell are rooming together down town.

—How disappointed that Alma team looked when they learned that the Flying Dutchman was laid up.

—It's a matter of only a short time until "Tony's" ice cream cone business will become a "hot-dog" affair.

—A large German Zeppelin has disappeared from Wilhelmshaven. Finder please return same to Brother Alphonsus.

—Our idea of harmony is the blending of Handel's "Largo" and "Poor Pauline," in Washington Hall every afternoon.

—The furniture of the new Post Office is being installed. The building will no doubt be ready for occupation within a week.

—That picture of "Deac" Jones among the team captains for the season resembles him as much as a Ford does the "Blitzen Benz."

—Last Saturday the Corby "Grave Diggers" and Brownson "Chics" played a football game on Cartier Field, which the "Chics" won, 6-0.

—Have your eyes open for a good religious book, one that especially suits you, to be used during the Students' Retreat which begins October 27.

—Mr. John P. Tiernan of New York City will become a member of the Faculty in the Law School. Mr. Tiernan has been with the New York Law School

—A movement seems to be on foot to take up a collection for the purpose of bringing Elbel's Band up to Chicago for the Carlisle game on November 14.

—"Moke" Kelly is back with the dear old aroma of stogies and coal smoke clinging to him. Our prescription for the sickly Pirates is to get three or four more Kellys for next season.

—Registration Day stood for free automobile rides at Notre Dame. It was surprising to see how anxious were most of the professors and students to signify their intentions to vote at the fall election. That will mean another ride.

—No real class spirit is ever manifested until the members of a class organize. The Freshmen of last year failed to perfect an organization. It is hoped that this will not mean the setting of a precedent at the University.

—The tractor demonstration held on the Notre Dame Farm last Saturday, was witnessed by a number of students. The Senior Engineering classes, accompanied by Professor Benitz and Mr. Eggert, gave special attention to the working of the various machines.

—When Figelstahler learned that the Germans had bombarded Notre Dame he renounced his fatherland and came over with the Allies.

Speaking of the above, we read in the *Chicago Herald* last week:—"The Germans may bombard Notre Dame, but they had better let her football team alone."

—"Mike" and "Hullie" have left at the University a befitting trophy which is to be presented to the champion Interhall football team. The emblem is a regulation size metal football mounted in silver. It will make a very handsome ornament in any hall and the struggle for its possession promises to be spirited.

—This is the sixth year of the Apostolate Library in Brownson Hall under the able direction of Bro. Alphonsus. There are now about three hundred and fifty volumes in the Library, largely Catholic fiction, although there are numerous other books on serious religious topics and standard current literature. It contains such works as those of Dr. Walsh, Mgr. Benson, John Ayscough, and Wilfrid Ward's "Life of Cardinal Newman." Financial or volume contributions to the Library are very much appreciated.

—The first annual meeting of the D. U. B. Athletic Club was held at the Lilacs last Wednesday and the following officers were elected: Manager of athletics, Hugh Burns; captain of indoor baseball team, Eli Cassidy; captain of Ski team, James Riddle; captain of water polo team, Emmett Lenihan; captain of hockey team, James Boland; captain of the bowling team, William Ryan; captain of tennis team, Louis Clark; captain of checker team, John O'Donnell.

Doc. Eli Cassidy, because of his previous experience at Apalon, Indiana, was unanimously elected trainer of teams. First practice for water polo team called Monday at 2-30 P. M. in the bath tub. J. C. Smith at time of meeting, not being a charter member of club was not elected to any office.

Athletic Notes.

VICTORY OPENS SEASON.

56 to 0 tells the tale of the Alma invasion last Saturday. They came with a small group of loyal supporters, they saw,—straight, simple, football—and they went back home thankful for such little favors as not having met Messrs. Jones, Eichenlaub, and Finegan. They didn't care for a demonstration of Notre Dame's full strength, if a crippled team could crush them so easily and effectively.

The game might have been staged in the ante-revision days, so absolutely simple and direct was the style of football used. When

Notre Dame had the ball, which was about five-sixths of the time, one line buck followed another almost continuously. Only two forward passes were tried, each near the opponents' goal, and one resulted in a touchdown.

The reason for such a steam-roller style, rested in the well-founded belief of Coach Rockne that Yale and South Dakota would naturally feel a very friendly interest in Notre Dame's progress, and consequently send representatives to see how the Gold and Blue was getting on. These expectations were completely satisfied by the appearance in the stands of several unobtrusive gentlemen, with the genus *cochiensis* written large all over them down to the very note-books they used so industriously. They saw some mighty fine football players in action, but as to Notre Dame's progress in the Fine Art of Strategy, so distinctively demonstrated last fall, they didn't get a glimpse. And as everyone, especially a football coach, fears the unknown most, we tremble for the peace of mind of our Eastern friends.

As the first real test of strength, the game produced many features to gladden the hearts of the rooters, and one or two not so pleasing. The line charged rather slowly, and left big holes several times through which the visitors made nice gains on delayed bucks. Such defects, however, can be easily remedied in the next two weeks. On the other hand, the forwards almost invariably opened big gaps for the Varsity backs, and smothered all attempts at line plunging. Bachman played a very pretty game at guard, showing great speed for such a big man. Ward, at tackle in Capt. Jones' place, put up a very creditable exhibition, and will make a capable understudy in that position. To speak of the playing of Keefe, Lathrop and Fitzgerald is needless—it is sufficient to state that they are quickly rounding into the form that made Notre Dame's defence a stone wall last season. At left end, Elward played a fine game, while Mills and Harry Baujan also did good work.

The honors of the day went to the back-field, however. Every man did his best, and the way Alma's defense broke before the quartet, showed several reasons why Notre Dame can look for a successful season. Duggan's line-plunging was simply terrific. Time after time, Eddie bowled over tacklers like a ram, and always gained several yards by his impetus,

after being tackled. Heine Berger displayed the same splendid work that has characterized his playing all season; it is so far superior to last year as to make him seem like a new man.

The most spectacular deeds of the afternoon, however, fell to Cofall and Pliska. Running his team with snap and precision "Stan" not only played a faultless game, but drew salvos of applause for his broken field running. His work in this respect reminded the older men of Dorais, not that the style was the same, but because after a punt, the ball was invariably brought back more than half the distance by great open field running. On one occasion he made 35 yards, though no less than five of the visitors had tried clean tackles. Cofall further emulated his famous predecessor by kicking six goals from the field in as many tries.

If Pliska's work was an illustration of what may be expected in the bigger contests, we confidently predict that Joe will have to be considered a long time when it comes to picking the All-American. Slippery and elusive as an eel in dodging through a broken line, Joe was simply an impossibility for the Alma aggregation once he had a clear field. A fifty yard dash through the Alma line, a wide end run for the same distance and sixty-five yards for a touchdown after catching a punt, were some of the feats that thrilled the crowd. Bill Kelleher, who alternated with Pliska did some great line bucking, and was at one end of a perfectly executed forward pass which netted a touchdown. Larkin also played a fine game at the halfback position.

One noticeable feature was the unusually large crowd of visitors for such an early and comparatively unimportant game. If South Benders continue to evince this spirit of loyalty to Notre Dame athletics, the friendship between the school and the town will be cemented all the more firmly, and will enable Coach Harper to show some of the big Eastern Teams on Cartier Field in future years.

Practice behind closed gates began Monday, and will continue at least until the Yale game. The Coach is taking no chances on continued visits of Eastern friends, and so everyone save the players will be barred from Cartier Field. The students are asked to respect this rule, as they can well see the harm were Notre Dame's opponents to get a line on her style

of play. New formations will be tried out and put in good working order.

Evidently the coaches are not fully satisfied with the wing positions, as Lathrop has been shifted from tackle to end this week, Ward filling his place. Eichenlaub and Jones are again in suits, and the hopes are strong that Finegan will also be able to play before the big fray at New Haven.

NOTRE DAME (56)	ALMA (0)
Elward	Galegher
	Left End.
Ward	Chapel
	Left Tackle.
Keefe	Austin, Capt.
	Left Guard.
Fitzgerald	Robinson
	Center.
Bachman	Johnson
	Right Guard.
Lathrop	French
	Right Tackle.
Mills	Hyde
	Right End.
Cofall	Spinney.
	Quarterback
Berger	Stoggle
	Left Halfback.
Pliska	Cole
	Right Halfback.
Duggan	Wood
	Fullback.

Substitutions: Notre Dame—King for Elward; Elward for King; Sharp for Ward; Ward for Sharp; Oadem for Ward; Steffany for Keefe; Beh for Steffany; Shaughnessy for Fitzgerald; H. O'Donnell for Shaughnessy; J. O'Donnell for Bachman; Rausch for O'Donnell; Holmes for Lathrop; Baujan for Mills; Mills for Baujan; Bush for Cofall; Larkin for Berger; Berger for Larkin; Matthews for Berger; Kelleher for Pliska; Pliska for Kelleher; Kowalski for Pliska; Miller for Duggan; Grady for Miller.

Alma—White for Johnson; Ludwick for White; Fitch for Stoggle. Blaisdell, Alma's other substitute, did not get a chance to enter the game.

Summary—Referee, Messick, Indiana; Umpire, Edwards, South Bend; Head linesman, Gargon, Notre Dame.

Touchdowns—Pliska, 3; Kelleher, 2; Cofall 2; Duggan, 1. Goals from touchdown—Cofall, 7; Pliska, 1.

INTERHALL FOOTBALL.

At a conference of the athletic managers of the various halls held on Thursday afternoon, the following schedule for the interhall football season was arranged:

Sunday, October 18	Sorin vs. St. Joseph
Thursday, October 22	Walsh vs. Corby
Sunday, October 25	Brownson vs. St. Joseph
Thursday, October 29	Walsh vs. Sorin
Sunday, November 1	St. Joseph vs. Corby

Thursday, November 5	Walsh vs. Brownson
Sunday, November 8	Sorin vs. Corby
Thursday, November 12	St. Joseph vs. Walsh
Thursday, November 19	Corby vs. Brownson
Tuesday, November 24	Sorin vs. Brownson

College Notes.

There are to be no less than ten big clashes between the East and West during the present football season and for the first time in history a fair estimate of the comparative strength of the two sections can be made. Colgate defeated Ohio Wesleyan 40 to 0 in the first intersectional game, but the latter can hardly be considered a representative western school. Western Reserve will meet the Navy at Annapolis on October 24, but here again the western school will be a weak one. The important games will be those of Michigan and Notre Dame. Michigan is to meet Syracuse, Harvard Pennsylvania and Cornell, in the order named. The first two games will be played in the East and the last two in the West. Notre Dame plays Yale, Army, Carlisle and Syracuse, and all except the Carlisle game will be played in the East. If Michigan and Notre Dame are as strong this year as they have been in the past two years, the West will surely lose nothing by the comparison.

South Dakota reports brilliant prospects for a successful football season. Seven of last year's regulars have returned and a number of new men are showing up well. Potts, centre and Ferguson, fullback, both of whom starred on Cartier Field last year, are back in the lineup. Ferguson is captain of the team. The Coyotes played Nebraska today and on next Saturday they meet Minnesota. Hence they should be in splendid shape for the Notre Dame game which will be played at Sioux Falls, S. D., on October 24. An enormous crowd is expected to attend the contest, which is being widely advertised in the West. The game will furnish an opportunity for comparing our strength with that of Nebraska and Minnesota, and no one who recalls the wonderful fighting spirit that South Dakota displayed last year is over sanguine of success.

Notre Dame fans will watch to-day's game between Yale and Lehigh with much interest. Lehigh is showing unexpected strength. In her first game, Lehigh defeated Franklin and Marshall, 12 to 0 and the latter school defeated

Pennsylvania, 10 to 0 on the following Saturday. Last week Lehigh sprung another surprise winning from Carlisle 21 to 6. Unless Lehigh shows a reversal of form, Yale will have to put up her best game to win.

Harvard's game with Washington and Jefferson will also bear watching. W. and J. had a strong team last year coming through the season without a defeat and holding Yale to a tie. Every member of the 1913 eleven has returned to W. J. and the little Pennsylvania school is sure to be heard from before the season closes.

Christian Brothers, minus the coaching of "Luke" Kelly, were easy victims for Illinois, 37 to 0. "Luke," who is coaching the Holy Cross eleven this year, is meeting with some bad luck at the very start of the season.

It looks now as if at last we are to have the open game in football at full blast in the East as well as in the West. Notre Dame's success has been no mean factor in bringing this about.—*The Boston Globe.*

Safety Valve.

You know me, Al, I'm the fellow who takes the dough out of your buns at breakfast, and who locates the seeds in your grapes.

Visitor (to student):—"Does Notre Dame play Yale this year?"

Student (warming up):—"You're right we do, and you can bet that will be some game. Why nearly all—"

Visitor:—"Excuse me! what I came here for was to see the art gallery. Would you mind showing—"

Student (disgustedly):—"Impossible, mam, Louie Ackerman has the keys and at present he's in the subway of the dome tending to his youngest child who has smallpox—Quarantine, Madam! Quarantine!"

Brownson Haller:—"Yes, that's my idea. I'm not going to miss a duty from now till June. There's a pleasure in feeling—"

Walsh Haller:—"Say, fellow, did your parents live at Mattawan too?"

Wallie Coker:—"We always have *grand nights* in Texas."

Frank Fox:—"The *Dickens*, you have, are you a K. of C.?"*

Visitor:—"I understand that you have an original Van Dyke here at the University?"

Student (learnedly):—"No, madam, you've confused the names—it's Eichenlaub."

* We made this last joke up ourselves and never read it in no book or nothing like that.

New Student:—"Yes, I'm delighted with Notre Dame. I like the paintings and old manuscripts and precious volumes."

Old Student:—"That gink's been here a week and he doesn't know about "Spit Hall" yet."

Old Boy:—"I'm the fellow that skives to town, chews tobacco, swears, and beats the prefects. Who are you?"

New Boy:—"My name is Horace."

ON FRIDAY

"Now for goodness sakes; Alick, don't ask me what's inside of the oysters—I never look."

Going out to register last Monday reminded us of the time Lottie Collins was challenged and declared himself a Seminarian.

We'll be all right October 17 if they don't try any of that "Yale Lock" business. It's worse than holding in the line.

WAR NEWS

It is reported that the Kaiser has destroyed Antwerp by dropping "Iron Crosses" from dirigible balloons. Who said the iron cross was an honor?

A HORROR ADDED TO DEATH.

It must be terrible to join the French army and die wearing red trousers.

It is reported that the Russians are suffering from bronchitis, but the German army has the Krupp.

And many a prefect has pursued the policy of watchful waiting with as little success as Wilson.

Carrollite:—"Say, do you want a personal for the SCHOLASTIC?"

Editor:—"Yes, what is it?"

Carrollite:—"The minim's cat has twelve kittens."

THE CHANGES ONE MAN CAN CAUSE.

If "Speedy" Harvat comes back it is the intention to put him on left end and to switch Bachman to right end. That will necessitate Fitzgerald going to quarter and Cofall to centre. Hugh O'Donnell and Thorpe will take the tackle positions with Hardy Bush and Duggan as guards. The backfield therefore will be left to Tom Shaughnessy.

History Professor:—"What is an Indian?"

Student (*thinking long*):—"Allerton Dee."

Matthews (*to minim*):—"There's a rule in grammar, kid, that says a person shouldn't never use two negatives and you're always saying had went. Drop one of the negatives."

The French army is going to be equipped with Paris Garters, the reason for this is that the makers claim that "no metal can touch you."