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Our Lady Robed in Gold.

BY G. S.

SHE stands in the voiceless moonlight
In the misty morning dew.
She stands at the sinewy noontide
At the heart pierced sun's adieu.

Her smile is a mother's yearning
For the sons at her white breast;
Her arms bear countless treasures
For the lone, disquiet guest.

In brow-knit study's sanctum
At games robust and bold,
We're sure thou art our patron,
O Lady robed in gold.

Francis Thompson, the Critic.

CHARLES J. FLYNN, '14.

THE thoughts of men are greatly influenced by what they read. Some of the most lasting impressions on the lives of many men have been made by literature, and not infrequently this art has left well-defined marks on some individuals' characters. Considering the great amount of good or evil literary works may directly or indirectly do, suggests the importance of literary criticism. The functions of criticism Matthew Arnold has set forth as "a disinterested endeavor to learn and propagate the best that is known and thought in the world." In the light of such a definition may we not ask who has a claim to the rank of a critic?

One worthy of this rank died a few years ago in a London hospital, and, as one of his admirers said of him, "a man of the rarest genius, whom sorrow had marked for her own from his first years." This man we have since learned to know as Francis Thompson,

poet and essayist. His works are few: one small collection of poems, another a number of essays which were published recently in two volumes. They first appeared in the various magazines, especially in the *Merry England*, *The Academy*, *The Athenaeum*, and the *Dublin Review*. The paucity of his works is requited by the quality of what he wrote, and it is Thompson's contribution to the literary treasures of the last decade of the nineteenth century.

The principal facts of the life of Francis Thompson may be gleaned from the introduction to his work bearing the title "The Regenade Poet and Other Essays" by the Ball Publishing Company. Francis Thompson, the introduction states, was born in 1860 at Manchester, England, and was the son of a practising physician of the same town. Both parents were converts to Catholicism about the time of the Oxford movement. The education of this youth was entrusted to the Jesuits of St. Cuthbert's College at Ushaw. He remained with the Jesuits at Ushaw seven years, then he went to Owens College to study medicine. A short time after matriculating at this school, he unadvisedly abandoned his studies and gave his attention partly to reading and partly to writing essays and stanzas of verse. His disregard for the wishes of his parents, who desired the youth to become a doctor, was the cause of his father disowning him; a misfortune that reduced the young man to destitute circumstances; and on account of his delicate health, he was unable to earn sufficient money to keep himself respectable. At times he was obliged to do menial tasks, trusting to the large-heartedness of those he served to give him a little more than a bit to eat. It was in this wretched condition his benefactors, Mr. and Mrs. Wilfred Meynell, found him after a search of many months. With their assistance and their influence Thompson was about to enjoy a little of this life's pleasure when he was

stricken with tuberculosis. Although he made a courageous struggle against the disease, his body, weary of the trial, gave up his soul on November 2, 1907, at St. John's and St. Elizabeth's Hospital, London, England.

With Thompson's death is heard the request of earnest inquirers asking with what literary gifts he has enriched literature? Long before his death Thompson had been hailed as a man on whom genius had smiled and, as another has written of him, "one worthy to rank with the great Victorian Pleiad—Dante Gabriel Rossette, Charles Swinburne, Matthew Arnold and William Norris, Francis Thompson—the roll is now complete." The permanency of his work time alone will prove whether he merits to be ranked among the immortals. A decade has not passed since his death, yet he is one of the perennial subjects treated in literary journals of both America and England.

The occasion is not too soon after his death to consider the merits of Thompson's prose. We are to study his essays in so far as they demonstrate that he was a critic whose criticisms did good. Under this aspect we will consider Francis Thompson, (I) as one who possessed many qualifications that made him competent to judge the merits of literary works; (II) in regard to those portions of critical opinions which are found in his essays as these are valuable literary guides for readers.

Our purpose will be to give a brief exposition of the qualifications of a critic and to show that Francis Thompson possessed these qualities which are sufficient to entitle him to the rank of a literary critic. These opinions on literature are found interspersed among his essays and may be taken as a proof to show Thompson was a literary critic. A sufficient number of these reflections on literary matter can be gleaned from his essays to warrant one to declare he enjoyed such qualifications of a critic as insight, the faculty of estimating expression values and the ability to give a personal view of an author's work. Besides the above qualities, his judicious praise and censure of literary productions are such that they may be taken as acceptable guides in the study of literature. These are only a few of the qualities that a critic should possess, still, they are adequate enough to prove that Thompson was endowed with a number of the essential traits of a competent critic.

The consideration of insight requires us

first to define this quality. Lorenzo Sears defines insight: "A quality of mind that serves the critic to discover a writer's originality of thought and freshness of expression." It is the prime quality a critic must possess. Through insight the critic is able to obtain a clear perception of all the literary values in a composition. Insight best serves the critic in this way: "It is the mind's searchlight finding the inner reality hidden below the outer appearance and clothing of thought."

Turning our attention to the critic's use of insight we find he tries to discover in the writer's work a complexion of originality, or he seeks to detect an expression of an old truth in an unusual or unfamiliar usage. Considerable value of any writer's composition is the amount of originality it contains, whether in thought or the expression of thought. Hence the critic must discover the note of originality in a composition; for the purpose as Sears states, "In the combination of old truths," there will be a chance for the critic with insight to show how the author has improved it.

In Thompson's essay on Richard Crashaw, we discover a good example of this employment of insight. Here our critic devotes considerable space to a discussion of some points of originality he found in the poet's "Hymn of the Nativity." His reflections are those of one who readily recognizes originality of thought and appreciates it. We will quote his exact words to show to what extent Thompson possessed this quality. The verse of the stanza Thompson refers to in his essay on Crashaw begins:

I saw the curled drops, soft and slow.

Commenting on the phrase "curled drops," Thompson writes: "Notice that most apt epithet 'curled drops.' Of all the poets who have described snow we do not recollect one besides Crashaw who has recorded this characteristic trait of snowflakes. Pluck one of the inner petals from a rose, lay it with its concavity uppermost and you have a sufficiently close resemblance to the general form of a snowflake when falling through the air..... The pressure of the atmosphere on the lower surface of the descending flake necessarily tends to curve upward its edges. But Crashaw alone has thought of noting the fact."

The significance and originality of the phrase "curled drops" would not cause most readers to pause and reflect on its freshness, but the

true critic readily appreciates such a phrase, and he is able to perceive in it newness of expression. A retentive memory also assisted Thompson to remember the substance of compositions he had once read, and it is only by such versatility with literature that he could have so unconditionally pronounced Crashaw's phrase original.

Another valued qualification of a critic is his skilful estimation of the appropriateness of the modes of expression in which the writer clothes his thoughts. No two writers express their thoughts in the same way. It is because primarily style is a part of the man himself, and each individual not only thinks out his thoughts in his own peculiar way but also he has his own characteristic manner of committing his thoughts to writing. There are principles governing composition, but they are not rigid rules, they leave the writer free in the choice of the forms he wishes to employ in expressing his ideas.

The critic, then, must be gifted with what is called "the power to discriminate between what is alien to the thought in the methods and the means of conveying it." This use of discrimination is concerned with the diction and the style of the author. A fair command of language will be required for the proper exercise of this faculty. The critic will also be obliged to express his ideas forcibly and at the same time with every other desirable excellence. Thompson displays a choice usage of words in his critical essays and he also employs a moderate amount of imagery in all his writings, which makes his style very attractive.

In referring to Thompson's essay on Crashaw we discover therein a most creditable exercise in estimating the merits of the thoughts themselves as well as the modes of expressing them. He weighs Crashaw's poetry not in a superficial manner but he points out for our appreciation the artistic elements the writer's words and figures possess. On reading Thompson's criticism of Crashaw we learn at once that it is not a mere analysis of the poet and his writings, but our critic's method of showing how the poet has followed the inspirations of his better self. Our critic may point out defects in Crashaw, but he does this to show us how far the writer has fallen short of attaining human perfection.

A use of this faculty of estimating expression

values we have in the following quotation from Thompson's essay on Crashaw, in which he comments on the poet's skilful employment of metres. He writes: "Crashaw is a worthy companion to these great names (sc. Spenser, Collins and Coleridge), not, it is true, as regards the invention and treatment of irregular verse but in the cunning originality with which he manipulates established forms he is unequalled. It would be easy to cite examples of harshness and want of finish, but when he does himself justice is it too much to say that his numbers are unsurpassed by anything of the kind in the language?"

His criticism of the poet's verse forms demonstrates the point made about critical estimations of the modes of conveying thought, namely, the critic must be versatile in all the principles governing the expression of thought. In one phrase "cunning originality with which he uses established forms," Thompson shows the distinctive qualities of the poet's verse forms. To make such a statement or to discover such a fact in a writer's work is enough to prove he could form estimations of the modes of expressing thought. We believe this essay on Crashaw abounds in examples of critical judgment on thought and expression values.

Among the qualities of a critic next to be considered is personal judgment. The value attached either to the critic's praise or censure of an author and his writings will depend on the unbiased and exhaustive examination he makes of the author's literary capabilities. The qualities already mentioned must be found in the critic, if his criticisms are to be considered trustworthy. Thus, when it is said a critic has displayed splendid judgment in his criticisms it, in part, means he has given his own impartial view of an author or of his productions. A critic gifted with personal judgment will not allow the author's previous reputation as a writer to influence him when appraising the merits of a new work. He will not allow his aversion for the author or his attraction for him personally to prejudice his criticisms. Rather he will judge solely on the literary merits of the work alone.

A typical example of Thompson's use of personal judgment is in his essay on Shelley where he criticises the admirers of the poet for their lack of judgment. Writing about those who say Shelley's poetry is angelic, he states: "I need hardly observe that Shelley's

poetry is not angelic, except in the loose sense in which we may call a skylark's song angelic though he is probably only assuring the universe that the sun rises every morning just to look at his (the skylark's) mate in her nest. However, they bowed down and worshipped Shelley until it was discovered that Shelley was not an angel... I can only conclude that even among genuine lovers of poetry, most are ignorant of the allowances necessary to be made in spelling backwards a poet's character from his work.... The poetry is the poet true; but the poet how? In his hours of what, for lack of a better term, we call inspiration.... Now inspiration cannot alter a poet's character, cannot give him one quality which it did not find in him; but it can and does alter the aspect of his qualities, affect them in degree though not in kind. It sublimates and it concentrates. It sublimates, as light sublimates translucent color, steeping the sere leaf in a luminous syrup of citron, and with fair saturation consecrating its very stains and dishonors into loveliness.... Hence what is a power in the poet's writings may present itself as a frequent weakness in his familiar intercourse."

This excerpt from the essay on Shelley shows the amount of personal judgment Thompson enjoyed and how masterly he used it in the study of this poet. He made sufficient deduction from Shelley's work to account for his character, but to allow the excellencies of his poetry to delude him in his appreciation of Shelley's personal qualities—of such a fault, we never can accuse Thompson.

Up to the present our considerations have centred upon the critic's qualifications and to showing that Francis Thompson possesses the qualities mentioned above. There is another function of the critic that may be considered now: "a disinterested endeavor to learn and propagate the best that is known and thought in the world." Our duty now is to show that Francis Thompson's criticisms are good literary guides and they may be taken as samples of the kind of criticism that create an interest in good moral literature.

Reflections on the critic's relationship to the reader necessitates a discussion of the critic's power of interpretation and his obligation, as far as lies in his power, to commend good literature. There are some critics who think the only real function of the critic is to judge the purely literary merits of essays,

novels and the dramas. Literary excellence alone concerns such men while the morality of the author's productions is slighted. Hence the critic who blends in his criticisms not only a commendation of the literary qualities but with these also points out how certain authors have upheld or violated the moral law, has increased his worth to the reader.

Under the division of the critic's responsibilities to the reader may be discussed his duty of giving fair interpretation of the writer's composition. In fine, interpretation is nothing more than making the author's meaning clearer. It is most valuable when the critic elucidates on mooted passages occurring in a literary composition.

A fuller exposition of the province of interpretation is to dispel such obscurities as may exist in a writing; but nothing beyond the clarification of the text. There is no trifling with the author's spirit that lies beneath his words and thoughts. The critic's power of interpretation is to find a means of discovering the spirit of the author's work. He will endeavor to make what the author has written clearer, and in doing so a good critic will not mingle his own theories with those of the author, although the critic has the right to say what he thinks of an author's opinions. But the chief value of interpretation for the reader will be to make the writer's ideas better understood.

Such a faculty Thompson possessed, and with it he cultivated a very sympathetic spirit as we are aware from an examination of his essay on Crashaw. Perusing again his essay on that poet we note in one passage the interpretation of the phrase of this verse:

I saw the curled drops, soft and slow.

It is a splendid example of his power to interpret. The phrase in particular is "curled drops," one which by many would not be understood unless explained by one capable of interpreting the poets. His explanation of the term we have given elsewhere and mention it here as a proof of demonstrating Thompson's gift of interpretation.

Another of the obligations of a competent critic is to commend good literature. The critic is expected to warn the reader about books and literary movements that are unworthy of his attention and that have a pernicious influence on his moral life. The critic is aware that the individuals who make up the reading world will read whatever they choose, but to those who

will accept him as a guide, he must point out the morally good and bad literature. The standard such a critic must use in his criticism is required not only to contain principles of literary excellence, but also to include ethical principles applicable to a writer's productions.

There is a valid reason for including ethical principles in literary criticisms. For, as it has been put by another, "Sterling thought which squares with right ethical standards having practical values for the uplifting of private views and public sentiment and honest purposes for the elevation of life and of literature as its portrayer and interpreter,—these are the elements for which criticism is looking."

This standard of criticism was what Thompson used in his criticisms, and we presently will find a good example of his use of the moral element in his opinion on "Extreme Realists." To quote him: "It is necessary for art to eschew the sensual no less than the disgusting. This constitutes no incompleteness in art, but on the contrary a most artistic completeness. For art resides not in the undiscerning comprehensiveness but in the discerning selection. Hence in order to condemn the methods of the ultra-realists there is no need to invoke morality. They stand doubly condemned, condemned by morality and condemned by art.... 'Nature,' says Thomas Browne in a memorable passage, 'is not at variance with art, nor art with nature;..... for nature is the art of God.' Substitute for 'nature' morality and the saying still holds true. For morality is God's spiritual, as nature is His visual, art; and it is necessary to consult morality in delineating the intellectual no less than nature in the delineating the external aspects of being, the one in the portrayal of human conduct and the other in the portrayal of physical beauty." Such an arraignment of extreme realism, especially of the Zola type, readers will find of great assistance.

In this theme we have tried to demonstrate by citations from Francis Thompson's essays that he possessed a sufficient number of the qualifications of a critic to entitle him to rank as a literary critic. These qualities he possessed were insight, the ability to estimate the values of modes of expression and personal judgment; while in his relations to the reader he was proficient in interpreting author's words and thoughts, and he did not underestimate the moral element in literature.

Varsity Verse.

THE THINGS THAT ARE.

The battle's roar gives way to ghastly still;
The stars shine down upon the hallowed ground;
The soldier sleeps in death on yonder hill;
And whip-poor-wills give forth their plaintive sound.

The day is done and glory's price is paid
In sad, deserted hearths throughout the land.
Where once was joy, reigns sorrow, grim and staid.
The scourge of God for mortals' wrongful stand.
W. H.

RECEIVED,—A BOX OF FUDGE.

My Dear Miss Price, it wasn't nice
Of you to do that trick.
Your fudge was such, I ate too much,
And now I'm awful sick.
Of course 'twas good, you hardly could
Have done a better job;
But with this pain, I'm near insane
So please forgive this sob.
A. L. McD.

A FISHY TALE.

Where crystal depths so soft and warm
In seas of Orient.
Reflect the heaven's deepest blue
A diver once was sent.

Deep down along the pearly strand,
Mid coral halls so fair,
He came upon a mer-maid sweet,
With wondrous eyes and hair.

He felt the thumping of his heart,
She smiled, and from him went,
Its place now filled with love for her,
The quest on which he'd bent.

By actions coy she showed her love;
He wooed and her hand won,
The treasure ship became their home,
A sunken galleon.

The sailors of these Southern Seas
Tell this day stories rare,
Of sailing o'er the wondrous home,
Of this ill-mated pair.

And how each year at trading time,
They come up from the sea,
This mer-maid with the moss-green hair,
And mer-man wild and free.

They trade the treasure gold for such
As they need, he and she,
Then happy, turn and disappear,
Deep in the sun-warmed sea. J. U. R.

The Return of Griggs.

EUGENE R. MCBRIDE.

Puffing and wheezing as if each spurt would be its last, a slow moving freight rolled into the little village of Middleton, uncoupled several box-cars and continued on its way. The baggage master and his assistant strolled leisurely out of the station, and picking out the nearest car slowly pushed back the door and stepped within.

"Well I'll be derved!" said the baggage master.

"Kin you beat it?" echoed the assistant, not to be outdone in up-to-date slang.

The cause of these exclamations was a disreputable looking pair of shoes that protruded from behind a large crate in the interior of the car. Each man grabbed a foot and jerked with all his might. A ripping noise of cloth in contact with a splintery floor accompanied their efforts, and soon the most dilapidated specimen of the genus hobo ever seen in Middleton was dragged protesting vigorously into the light of day.

"Who are you?" cried the station master.

"What're you doin' in this car?" queried the assistant. The tramp, after languidly arranging his disturbed clothing, looked coolly at his two captors.

"Oh, you know me, Al!" he replied with a grin. "I'm the guy who put the rate in freight."

The face of the big station master, naturally florid, turned a deep crimson. He made a flying dive at the impudent stranger, and collided head-first with the side of the box car. The tramp, with the agility of a cat, sprang between two cars, leaped over the coupler and sped up Main Street.

After running through the business district (about two blocks) he darted around a corner and dropped panting on a bench in front of a corner grocery. Then he remained for several seconds perfectly oblivious of his surroundings, then he raised his head, gave a start and stared about him. He looked up and down the street in search of possible pursuers, and settled back comfortably on the bench. A surprised and startled look came into his face as his eyes fastened upon a little white house directly across the street.

It was a neat little house, painted white,

with green shutters and covered with ivy that was still a trifle green in spite of the chill November weather. A little boy playing in the front yard was the only sign of life on the street. The stranger stood up and looked behind him, in the grocery window, noticing for the first time that the store was closed. A large decorated poster in the window met his eye:

MIDDLETON COLEGE

vs.

PEMBERTON

Kick off at 3:30 P. M.

The newcomer stared for a long time at the large black print in a deep revery which was interrupted presently by the sound of a woman's voice. He turned quickly around and looked across the street again. A sweet-faced woman was standing in the doorway of the little white house. Finding the eyes of the tramp fastened upon her, she smothered a cry, and picking the child up in her arms, she stepped quickly within. In the dead stillness of the street, the tramp heard the bolt shot home.

A wistful look came into the eyes of the offender and he felt a choking sensation in his throat. He turned again to the large poster in the window and then toward the sun which already loomed large in the west.

"Nearly five o'clock," he said to himself, "game's about over."

Far away, down the street, he could see the gilded spire of a college building and hear, faintly, the name of Middleton shouted by several hundred throats of brass. A thrill of delight passed through him and his heart beat fast. With the air of one who knew where he was going he turned and walked quickly down the street in the direction of the cheering.

He arrived on the college campus in time to be jostled by the outgoing crowd, pouring through the gates of the athletic field, homeward bound. The game was over and the loud, prolonged cries of "Middleton! Middleton!" left no doubt as to the outcome of the struggle. On the shoulders of loving rooters, the home team was being paraded up and down the campus. A big, handsome, fellow, with flushed face, was resting on two strong shoulders at the head of the procession. He was the centre of a particularly noisy crowd of youths.

The shabby stranger heard a voice behind him say: "His run was the longest in Middleton's history; he's the greatest Roman of 'em all."

"No, my boy," said an elderly voice proudly, there was one greater, Griggs, of my class. Why in '99—"

For the second time that afternoon a choking sensation came into the intruder's throat. For a moment the sea of faces around him melted into familiar ones, and he himself was raised upon two loyal shoulders at the head of the procession, and it was his name that echoed over the broad campus. When the vision faded away, the impudent cynical expression on his face had given way to a melancholy one, and a lonely feeling had taken possession of him. He looked across the darkened, deserted quadrangle to the college buildings all alight. Within, he could see the preparations for the festivities of the evening, a banquet to the team, a hallowed tradition at Middleton.

Seating himself upon a bench and giving way to his thoughts, he was disturbed by the clatter of a vehicle coming up the driveway. A baggage wagon rolled past him and came to a stop in front of one of the buildings not far from the stranger's bench. The driver of the wagon disappeared within.

The tramp scratched his head and thought. Suddenly he jumped to his feet, ran quickly toward the wagon, and peered into it. It was full of satchels and suitcases, the luggage of old students coming to help celebrate the victory. A few moments later a figure could be seen darting across the moonlit lawns in the direction of the river, a suitcase under each arm.

The seating capacity of the banquet hall was being taxed as never before, as students, young and old, with their sweethearts and wives poured through the door of the old school building. The colored servant at the door was kept busy shouting the names of the old students as they entered. Soon the hall was filled to overflowing, and the festivities began. For an hour the happy students young and old partook unsparingly of the good things set before them. Then the tables were cleared and amid the haze of pipes and cigars Middleton's victories old and new were told over again. Finally the speaker of the evening, Middleton's most famous son, arose and began his address.

His speech was a history of his own class at Middleton. His classmates flushed with

pride as he spoke of '99, of victory and of Griggs. At the mention of that magic name, a mighty cheer resounded through the hall and compelled an eleventh hour visitor, then climbing the steps without to pause in terror. The speaker had just finished his eulogy of the absent Griggs and a reminiscent hush had fallen upon the whole hall. Every ninety-niner had ceased even to puff on his cigar.

In the midst of the silence the footman at the door was heard to say:

"What name shall I say?" Then a voice that electrified each old classmate said:

"Just Griggs."

Then there strode into the room, a powerful figure clad in an ill-fitting dress suit, half-shaven, uncouth, but to each devoted son of Middleton, a god descended from Olympus. "Griggs of '99! one hundred-yard Griggs! the Napoleon of Middleton football, had returned at last.

Of course he made a speech that cheered their hearts; told them of his success in the West and of pressing duties that had kept him away so long. These and a hundred other lies he told, looking into the devoted faces around him until he looked into two half-shy blue eyes at the other end of the hall, and then stopped for very shame. His thoughts went back to the little white house on Main Street and the face that had welcomed him after so many hard-fought victories. He glanced down the room again. The same eyes were turned to another now, to her husband, sitting beside her. Griggs brokenly ended his speech and sat down while the rafters of the old school shook from the applause.

The hour grew late and the guests began to leave. Griggs refused a hundred offers of accommodations, and pleaded to be allowed to catch the express that came through Middleton in the early morning hours. Then Middleton's most famous son, save one now, rose to his feet with upraised glass, and each remaining guest rose with him:—"Success to Griggs of '99."

In the early morning hours a fast moving freight came to a stop at the water tank, a mile beyond Middleton. A strange figure, clad in a long black coat, jumped from out a clump of bushes and disappeared on the rods under a box car. The whistle blew, and Griggs' early morning express rolled away from Middleton, westward bound.

A Love Game.

BY PAUL V. DUFFY.

On a bright, balmy morning in June, along a path gay with the efflorescence of the hyacinths and entangled at times with the wild blossoms of the trailing arbutus, two youths of opposite sex might have been seen approaching each other. The one, a handsome, erect, clean-cut young fellow of high-school age, paused in the twirling of a tennis racket and uttered an exclamation that released the Pall Mall from between his lips and dropped it unnoticed to the ground. For she was uncommonly pretty, this dainty miss who tripped lightly towards him with her racket tucked beneath a superbly rounded arm, tanned to a healthy hue by the summer sun. He was struck by a singular likeness to some one he had seen before. The shapely head poised upon a slender neck was crowned with a wreath of chestnut brown hair. The finely-chiseled features of the oval face, the violet eyes, the mischievous upward tilt of the nose and the unconscious smile playing round the lips, all this and more he saw in one entrancing glance which lasted until he awoke to the realization that she was reddening under his insistent gaze. He wondered where she was going to play, then remembering that as the city boasted of only the one tennis-court, she must be going where he was. He raised his hat.

"Pardon, are you going my way?"

"If you're going mine," she replied, not stopping but with a suggestion of a smile.

"It's a fine day for tennis," he ventured.

"Very."

"What do you say to us having a game?" he asked, gaining courage as he went.

"That's what I came out for."

"To play with me?" he queried.

The girl smiled. "Not particularly, but it may as well be you as some one else." Then after a pause. "What did you say your last name was?"

"I don't remember having said, but it's Victor Morrell, if you insist."

"I'm glad to know you, Mr. Victor Morrell."

"Thanks, but haven't you the advantage of me, Miss—eh—eh—?"

"No, not the advantage," she laughed gaily, "only fifteen-love."

At the edge of a gradual slope in the public park stretched out before them an array of chalk-marked rectangles, glistening white in the sun. Selecting the shadiest one, Morrell set about tightening the net while he whistled, "The High Cost of Living."

"You haven't told me your name yet," he reminded her presently.

"Well, if you must know, it's Dorothy Reynolds."

"Why try to conceal such a pretty name as that," he reproached her, laughing.

"Suppose we play tennis, Mr. Morrell."

"You don't appreciate your name," he insisted.

"Oh, I wouldn't change it for the world."

"No? not for anything in the world?" asked the youth.

"When that time comes it will be early enough to discuss it. I'll serve first, Mr. Morrell."

"Say, call me Vic, if you would just as soon."

A look of vague remembrance appeared momentarily in her eyes. "Vic," she repeated in an undertone.

"I'm ready, Miss Reynolds," Vic's voice floated across to her.

"My friends call me Dot," the girl informed him as she served the ball.

The serve skimmed the net and fell untouched at his feet. Vic mechanically returned the ball and unconsciously ignored the girl's delighted giggle as she served a second time, and again he was caught flat-footed, unaware of the presence of the ball until too late for anything but a belated and ridiculous lunge at the elusive spheroid. But Vic was not playing in form, and consequently his face assumed the color of a harvest moon as she sang out: "thirty-love."

For the simple truth of the matter was this, Vic was not there—or if so, only in spirit. The word "Dot" like a magic wand had transformed him into a boy of ten or twelve years, and had carried him back to a hackneyed old desk in the little red schoolhouse of his native village. Across from him sits a violet-eyed miss, a veritable vision of bliss to his boyish eyes, his first love—and her name was "Dot." He could not now recall the last name of his early sweetheart. Names count for so little in childhood, and plain, unsophisticated "Vic" and "Dot" had sufficed for this enamored pair.

Many incidents of his past mounted to and crowded his memory. The many pleasant days they enjoyed together; his fight with the young tough, who becoming worsted, flashed a knife, then Dot's quick interference and, as a result, the cut she received on the arm; his gratitude, and finally the moving of his family to the city. All this flashed before him now, and accounted for his indifferent playing. However, he determined to "Lawford" the next return so hard she couldn't see it. He would show her up.

Her arm was raised for the serve, and while he contemplated the snowy whiteness of the forearm where the tan left off, he beheld a strangely familiar jagged scar, and in beholding, believed. It was undoubtedly his old sweetheart and he felt his heart swell with a new and greater love than he had ever had for her in childhood.

"Why don't you play tennis, instead of standing there looking in wonderment at me? Do you wish to hand this game to me, or do you realize that the score stands 'forty love?'"

Vic was pondering as to what or how would be the best way of putting his suspicions to the test. He was nearly certain that she was the identical girl and he had an idea that she was asking herself the same questions in regard to him. He would have given a great deal just then to have had a little diplomacy stored away in some crevice or corner of his brain for use in just such emergencies. As nothing of the sort suggested itself to him and again hearing himself teasingly admonished to return to earth and play tennis, he blurted out: "I see you have an ugly cut on your arm. How did that happen?"

"That," she replied, slightly startled, "Oh, that happened from interfering once before in your little affairs. 'Do you,' she coyly asked, dropping the ball over the net for the final serve, 'do you ever fight any more, Vic?'"

Vic ignored the question and the ball. He was on his way to the other side of the court. This sudden invasion into her territory seemed not in the least to disconcert Dot, who, after a brief and not consistent struggle, surrendered herself to the enemy.

"I beat you a love game, Vic," she murmured delightedly.

"What do you mean, beat me a *love* game? I win don't I?"

War.

I am the God of Battles. Born in that hour when Cain lifted his club, I have come down through all time, breaking the silence of peaceful centuries with the tread of armies and the clash of steel. I am the maker of History. Epochs begin with the passing of my banners, and dynasties end when my trumpets sound.

I am the builder of tombs, the chiseler of monoliths, the sculptor of laureled bronze.

I know no fealty. I have espoused the banner of the crescent moon and have fought beneath the cross of Constantine. My viking ships have sailed the seas for Thor, and for Isis and Orsis. I have dared the Alps with Hannibal.

Bartholomew was to me a golden night and the song of the Ironsides was an anthem of my inspiration.

I am the great Antithesis. I am a forger of fetters, but I have broken the shackles of ten million slaves. I am Oppression's ghastly weapon, but I am the last tribunal where serf and king must plead their cause before an equal bar. I am the instrument of Caste, but the thunder of Revolution is the signal for my avenging hosts.

I am the scourge. I change the golden wheat-fields into trampled straw. I scar the landscape with red trenches wherein are thrown the wrecks of men scorched and torn with flame and shell. Where I have passed are fireless forges, and the spider spins across the mouths of furnaces. In my wake the plowshare rusts beside the furrows; shepherdless flocks go straying through the hills; and the bellowing herds jangle impatient bells beside the pasture bars; the swinging ax is heard no more at dawn, and women's voices call in vain for husbandmen at noon. I have heaped the battlefields with dead until its stench has beckoned the vulcan from the crags.

I have filled the world at once with orphans and have wrung an Atlantic's tears from the eyes of white-faced women.

I have left fair-visaged boys staring with glassy eyes into the noonday sun. I have left young fathers with wide-flung arms lifeless in the gathering dusk. I have left grim warriors stark and cold beneath the silent stars. I am in league with Woe and Death.

I am War, and—War is Hell!

X. Y.

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—The Catholic world, stumbling through the mazes of war news and sporting sections upon the minute item which tells that Monsignor

Robert Hugh Benson

"He that Believeth." has died, will not appreciate what it has lost.

Only when time has sped by and the enemy has shown where our ranks are weakened shall we know what a fighter has gone. There was something essentially, immortally vital about this man's genius, which shot through the stagnant mass of materialism like one of Diana's sacred arrows. The son of the great Archbishop of Canterbury, the brother of two famous novelists, his soul found its way, like Newman's, into the unpromising but satisfying truth of the Catholic Church. How thankful he was, how loyally he strove for her is the record of his life. He gave Catholic literature novels and essays that challenged the thought of every thinking man, that even took their places with the popular successes of the hour. People bought "The Lord of the World," and "The Sentimentalist;" they recommended them to their friends and they translated them into foreign tongues. Spiritism was insidiously twining its curse round the minds of men: he combated it powerfully and successfully. The perfumed cup of Modernism was being pressed to the lips of religion: the pages of the *Fortnightly*, the *North American*, and the *Atlantic* were glorified with his irresistible defenses of the old, true faith. There was nothing

that his versatile genius could do that was left unaccomplished. Because of him, Englishmen came to realize more thoroughly that Catholics could think. Yet, what was greatest in him was not learning, not wisdom; it was the undying faith that moves the hills. When you gazed upon his face—as we were fortunate enough to do—you beheld the countenance of a prophet, of one who stood in the holy places and saw. Let us not fail to remember him as one who lived that God might be closer to us all. Perchance, too, that is why he died.

—Next Tuesday, begins the Students' Annual Retreat. To the man who has grasped the full meaning of a Catholic education, these exercises come as a wel-

The Annual Retreat. come opportunity. The hard-working student, with questions, more or less secular, daily claiming his attention; with a multitude of distractions suing for his leisure hour, is sure to find that, too often, the thoughts of God, the soul and the things of Eternity are crowded off to the margin of his mind and become vague and hazy for the very distance of them. During the days of retreat he will adjust these matters. The important, vital, everlasting questions of God, the soul, sin, death, eternity, will be with him in his coming in and his going out. He will ascend the mountain of God, above the noise and clamor of the multitude, and in the solitude of his own thoughts will hear what God shall speak to him.

The preacher of the retreat, at the most, can only help and suggest. He can go *with* one on the way; he cannot go in one's stead. The conscientious student who has set himself to develop a well-rounded character, and who appreciates how basic is the element of religion in that make-up will use to the full the opportunity of these days, "pregnant with all eternity can give."

Death of Sister Bertha.

Sister M. Bertha, for forty years the Treasurer of St. Mary's Academy, died last Friday morning. Her funeral was held Sunday and was attended by nearly all the priests of Notre Dame, the students of St. Mary's and many college men from the University. A Solemn Requiem Mass for the peace and repose of her soul was celebrated in Sacred Heart Church.

Thursday morning and all the students attended.

The death of Sister Bertha was not unexpected, coming as it did after an illness of six weeks' duration. Still to those who knew her best, her death was a sad shock. For almost a half century Sister Bertha worked steadily in her office, never leaving the grounds of St. Mary's during the last twenty years. During the early days of the school when financial difficulties bore down heavily upon it, she labored perseveringly, and overcame all the obstacles to its welfare. Every girl in the academy loved her for her gentleness and sweet sympathy. Never too busy to aid others she helped hundreds with their troubles. Generous at heart, she more than fulfilled her vow of charity by assisting the poor and needy.

The students of Notre Dame will never forget the great human interest Sister Bertha took in all their affairs. A close follower of athletics, debating and oratory, she never failed to pray that Notre Dame might be returned victor, and especially for the safety and welfare of "her boys." Many of us preserve and prize as our dearest treasures, the prayer books, scapulars, and holy medals, which were her gifts.

Above all else, Sister Bertha held sacred the vows and the life of her Order. The kind, gentle religious lived always in an atmosphere of holiness, radiating purity to all those who came in contact with her. When she passed into that other and higher world we lost a sincere friend, but we know that her prayers and intercessions will still be showered upon us. We grieve her loss, but rejoice in her infinite happiness. May her soul rest in eternal peace.

Local News.

—Speaking of football, who was this Rose Poly?

—Our only regret is that we have nothing left to bet on the following games.

—The P. O. Y. (poor old Yale) Club in Sorin came to a bitter end on Saturday.

—Think of poor old Mr. Rock, standing on the sidelines, unable to lift a hand in defense of the old school!

—Notre Dame has never turned out to meet a victorious team with the same fervor with which she greeted a defeated one on Monday.

That's the kind of spirit that cannot be kept down, and that makes championship teams possible.

—The Germans lost last Saturday and Indiana University won, so why should we expect to run true to form?

—Our semi-annual cactus local:—Dominic has taken up the cacti for the winter. Watch for the SCHOLASTIC local next spring when the plants are set out.

—That gold and blue bunting displayed by two stores in the Bend on Monday afternoon didn't cost a whole lot, and the good will in back of it was worth a thousand dollars.

—The rifle range, now in the course of construction in Spit Hall, will be completed within a few days. According to Captain Stogsdall the range will be one of the best in the country.

—If the fellow who knew from the first that we were going to lose, ever pops up his head in Sorin, we shouldn't be surprised to see a little gun play within these ancient walls.

—If Gargan and Kennedy didn't get 100% of experience out of their trip to New Haven, it was no fault of theirs. They travelled *a la mode* and it took a big quantity of genuine nerve to do it.

—The students desire to express their sincere thanks to the following gentlemen who so generously donated their autos for the reception of the team. Louis McGann, Lester Taylor, Sam Leeper, Sam Spiro, O. A. Clark, Tom Williams, Judge Farabaugh, Nelson Riely and James Welch.

—Cheer up boys! There will be other Yale games.

Oh, East is East, and West is West, but whenever we meet again.

Let's hope we'll strew Old Eli's plain with dead and dying men.

The gods be good to Eli's sons on some not distant date,

When Notre Dame goes back to Yale to kill that 28!

—The correspondent on that New Haven paper who is so cocksure that Eichenlaub is a poor fullback, evidently went to the game prepared to think so. He did not even know that Eich was taken out in the middle of the game on account of his old injury. More than likely it was the same fellow who last year referred to W. and J. as "the \$50,000

aggregation" after the plucky little Pennsylvanians had fought Yale to a draw on her own field.

—"Knox Forrall," editor of the *Morning Hatchet* on the sporting page of the *Pittsburgh Post*, said:—"We didn't think Yale could score 28 points against Eichenlaub." Eich's sensational work on Forbes' Field is still fresh in the minds of Pittsburgh fans. The Pitt football squad spends its summers on Lake Erie. When a particularly large wave breaks on them, while in bathing, one of the players will yell: "Look out, fellows, here comes Eichenlaub!"

The Yale Game.

Outgeneralled? Yes. Outfought? No!

And that verdict, general among the sporting editors of the country's big newspapers, and everyone else who saw the game, spells a victory in defeat. It is no dishonor to lose to a Yale team, and especially, to such a splendidly trained aggregation as met Notre Dame last Saturday; rather may every alumnus and student of Notre Dame feel proud of the men who completely outplayed their opponents in the first quarter, who fought so courageously to stem the turning tide of battle in the third, and who, in the final breath of conflict, when defeat was certain, battled their fresh opponents off their feet, and placed the ball in the shadow of the Blue goal posts, as the whistle blew.

As the *Chicago Herald* puts it: "In the last period of play, when all seemed lost save honor, the Notre Dame play was again opened up, and the ball carried steadily down the field to within five yards of the Yale goal. All the 'breaks of the game' went to Yale. In spite of this the Gold and Blue lived up to their traditions and met the Bulldog at his own fighting game. Never once did Notre Dame quit its struggling against the inevitable." Such spirit, such indomitable, courageous grit, showed that the men of Notre Dame in defeat as well as victory always give the best they have. They play the game. And as the years roll by, scores are forgotten, but the spirit stands undaunted and unchanged—the Gold and Blue still floats untarnished and in honor.

It is a new and strange thing to chronicle a Notre Dame defeat in football. Only once before, in five years, has the task been necessary.

As a natural result, too much has been expected and hoped for, and overconfidence has grown up. Saturday's defeat has taught a lesson in steadfastness and courage, such as victory never could. We must realize that Notre Dame, the peer of any school in the country in any branch of student life, is nevertheless one of many, and can not always be first.

And yet, while we make no excuses for the defeat, there are certain circumstances which should justly be considered. The Yale game was the first real contest the Gold and Blue warriors took part in; there were no preliminary struggles severe enough to point out the real weaknesses, and a practically untried team took the field at New Haven. The Yale gridiron after three days of steady rain, was a sea of slimy mud, and even the Eastern critics admitted that this greatly lessened Notre Dames' chances. Twice at the end of the half the timer's whistle robbed the locals of a certain score. It can be said in all truth that the score, 28-0, was far from representing the playing ability of the teams. A writer in a Newark, N. J., paper puts the matter succinctly: "Notre Dame showed much more strength than may be gathered by simply glancing over the score. The Westerners showed individual prowess equal to the Blue, but had not the execution."

The *Boston Post* tells the same story:

The score was one of the upsets of the season. Betting made Notre Dame almost equal to Yale till the game started, and the uphill form shown by the Westerners throughout, entitled them to a much closer rating with Yale than the score indicates. When the referee's whistle sounded at the close of both the first and second halves, the Notre Dame backfield was storming only a few feet from the Yale goal. On two other occasions, Notre Dame penetrated to Yale's twenty-five yard line. The breaks in the game were all with the home eleven; time and again, end runs by Cofall and Bergman, and line smashes and run back punts by the sturdy Eichenlaub shifted the battle from Notre Dame territory to Yale soil. More than half the time Yale was on the defensive. Notre Dame made first down sixteen times during the progress of the game, as against fifteen for Yale, and successfully completed the forward pass six times, each for a substantial gain.

And this from the *Chicago Tribune*:

While the Western defense was thus demoralized it cannot in equal truth be said that their attack was weak. Indeed they opened the eyes of the Easterners with their dashing play. Twice was Notre Dame deprived of a touchdown by the referee's whistle. In the second period, immediately after Yale had kicked off after scoring, Eichenlaub started Notre

Dame on a sensational drive towards the Blue goal line by a magnificent forty-eight yard run through a broken field from the kickoff. There followed two hair-raising and successful forward passes, started by Eichenlaub and hurled directly over the line of scrimmage that carried the ball to Yale's five yard line.

Even then the attack of the South Benders was not stopped. Twice Eichenlaub was hurled against the Blue line and twice the Blue line gave way before his impact. Then, with the ball resting on Yale's two yard line, the referee's whistle blew, ending the half and one glittering opportunity was snatched from Notre Dame.

All due credit however, must be given to Yale. The Elis have a strong team, splendidly drilled in rudimentary football, and up to all the kinks in the old and new game. In Ainsworth, Knowles, Legore and Wilson, Yale has a shifty, powerful set of backs, who could hit the line, or speed in the open with equal facility. The Yale attack last Saturday was easily the most versatile the East has seen in many seasons, and to this complex varied style of play, the critics generally lay the defeat of the Gold and Blue. In addition to the forward pass made famous in the West by Harper Stagg and Yost, Coach Hincey has drilled his men in the Canadian Rugby passing systems, and double, triple and even quadruple passes featured the Yale offensive work. The special correspondent of the *Chicago Tribune* declares that "the Yale attack was no more powerful,—it was simply capable of more variations than Notre Dame had developed, and because of the Eli's ability to mix 'em up, the Hoosiers were swept off their feet in the third period, after having held the bulldog on practically even terms throughout the first half."

Notre Dame's best offensive work was around the ends. Behind a compact interference that completely swept away the Yale tacklers, Cofall and Bergman swung wide, time and again for long gains. Of the, former the *New Haven Register* says:

Cofall punted far better than Legore, getting his kicks away in just the right kind of way to insure his ends being down, and aiming for the right man. He proved an excellent runner, getting away on some long jaunts.

In the line, Bachman at guard, and Elward at end, played a star game, completely overshadowing their opponents. Finegan and Eddie Duggan, who substituted for Eichenlaub, did some great line plunging, while Pliska was often in evidence in off tackle plays. Eich, until his bad leg was injured, played a star

game, twice plowing through the Blue team for forty yard gains, and hurling several beautiful passes.

Bergman's work at quarterback was the feature of the contest, and was indeed the most spectacular seen on Yale Field since the day when the famous Earl Sprackling dumfounded the Yale men by his wonderful playing.

In the last quarter, Dutch took the ball on Notre Dame's thirty-five yard line and on two beautiful runs carried it to the Yale twenty yard line. An eastern writer in the *New York Times* says:

As substitute quarterback for Cofall he (Bergman) was only a bantam weight compared to the other Hoosier giants.

He can run the 'hundred' in 10 seconds, and he did some great sprinting. He was like a bundle of springs and played superb football and was as game as a fighting cock until the constant jamming against the big Blue line left him an exhausted, bruised and battered youngster.

BERGMAN REFUSES TO STAY DOWN.

Just before the end of the game, the Yale assault bore down on little Bergman and left him in a heap on the turf-torn gridiron, with the breath jarred out of him. His team-mates lifted him to his feet and he limped around for a few minutes until he rubbed the stars from his dazed eyes. Back into the fray he hobbled, took the ball and see-sawed through the Yale team for a twenty-yard run when everybody thought he was done for. Spontaneous applause greeted the game youth as he rushed the ball within striking distance of the Yale goal.

He wasn't such a "bruised and battered youngster" as the writer imagined, however, for he was still "a bundle of springs" in the final scrimmage Wednesday, and bids fair to pilot the local eleven through the remainder of the season's schedule. He was a surprise, and a pleasant one.

Much has been said and written of the blunders in judgment and the tactical errors of the Gold and Blue field generals. The news writers, however, don't know the facts of the case, or their criticisms would turn to praise. Neither Bergman nor Cofall had ever played quarterback until this year; neither had ever been in a tight position, and Bergman had only donned a suit two weeks before the game. To expect these men with such little training to pilot a team of veterans in the hardest game of the season, and do it with all the coolness and resource of an experienced quarterback, would be entirely unreasonable. Under the circumstances, they did splendid work, and deserve nothing but commendation.

THE GAME BY PERIODS.

FIRST PERIOD.

Yale kicked off to Notre Dame. Cofall fumbled and Yale recovered the ball. On the first play Yale fumbled and it was Notre Dame's ball on her 40-yard line. Eichenlaub and Pliska made it a first down. Eichenlaub then fumbled and Knowles recovered the ball on Yale's 43-yard line. Notre Dame's line held well, and Legore kicked to Cofall on his 10-yard line. On a fake kick, Cofall ran thirty yards around Yale's right end.

Cofall and Pliska made it first down again when another fumble was recovered by Elward. Cofall and Eichenlaub tore off fifteen yards through Yale's left side and Cofall then kicked over the goal line. Legore kicked from the 20-yard line to Notre Dame's 30-yard line. Notre Dame's backs hammered Yale for a first down, but Cofall soon kicked. The period ended with the ball in Yale's possession on her 25-yard line, neither team having scored. In this session Notre Dame made first down five times, while the Blue failed to negotiate one.

SECOND PERIOD.

Legore and Knowles tore off eight yards. On the third down Legore kicked to Cofall on his 20-yard line. After three tries at Yale's line Cofall kicked to Legore in midfield. Yale tried her first forward pass, but Higginbotham muffed it. Ainsworth made Yale's first down on a dash between Jones and Keefe. Talbot made three yards on a tackle run. A triple pass, Wilson to Knowles to Ainsworth, netted Yale thirteen yards and a first down. The play brought the ball to Notre Dame's 28-yard line.

Knowles plugged centre for four yards and again hit Notre Dame's right side for three. Ainsworth made it a first down on a dash through Jones. On a double pass Legore made three yards, taking the ball to Notre Dame's 15-yard line. On a double pass, from Wilson to Legore, Yale took the ball to Notre Dame's 8-yard line. Knowles made it first down on Notre Dame's 3-yard line. Knowles made another yard, but on his next try was thrown back.

On a backward pass from Ainsworth, Legore circled Notre Dame's left end for a touchdown. Legore kicked the goal.

Score:—Yale, 7; Notre Dame, 0.

On the kick-off Eichenlaub ploughed through the Yale team to Yale's 37-yard line. On a fake kick Cofall was thrown for a 20-yard loss by Higginbotham. Cofall was taken out of the game after that play. A beautiful forward pass, Eichenlaub to Mills, netted Notre Dame thirty-five yards, Mills being downed on Yale's 18-yard line.

A forward pass took the ball to Yale's 7-yard line. Eichenlaub hit centre for three yards. He hit Yale's left side again for a yard when the half ended, with the ball on Yale's 3-yard line.

Score at the end of the first half:—Yale, 7; Notre Dame, 0.

THIRD PERIOD.

Cofall kicked off to Knowles, who ran the ball back to Yale's 40-yard line. Then Legore kicked out of bounds on Notre Dame's 23-yard line. Pliska and

Pinegan made eight yards through Yale's line, and Cofall was thrown for a loss of a yard, Yale getting the ball on Notre Dame's 28-yard line. Knowles then scrambled through left guard and ran thirty-two yards for a touchdown. Three Notre Dame tacklers slipped on the slimy field in an attempt to stop him. Legore kicked the goal.

Score:—Yale, 14; Notre Dame, 0.

Eichenlaub got the kick off and ran it back fifteen yards. He and Pliska hit Yale's line for six yards in three tries. Cofall kicked to Legore on Yale's 43-yard line. A long pass from Ainsworth to Legore netted Yale eighteen yards.

Yale worked the ball steadily up the field, Knowles, Ainsworth and A. Wilson going through the line for steady gains. With the ball on Notre Dame's 20-yard line, Legore shot a long forward pass to Higginbotham, who stepped over the line for another touchdown. Legore kicked an easy goal.

Score:—Yale, 21; Notre Dame, 0.

Yale kicked off to Notre Dame, Jones getting the ball on his 30-yard line. Yale smeared a forward pass, but Notre Dame worked a good one on the next try, Cofall passing to Elward. The pass netted Notre Dame about thirty-five yards. With the ball on Yale's 43-yard line, Cofall tried another forward pass, but it went wrong. Another one also failed.

Guernsey then took Legore's place. A fourth forward pass was successful, Notre Dame making twelve yards. Two more forward passes were tried, but each went wide. Again Eichenlaub hurled the leather toward Elward, but Knowles intercepted it on Yale's 22-yard line.

MacLeish took A. Wilson's place at quarterback for Yale. Guernsey kicked to Notre Dame's 40-yard line. Cofall kicked on the first down to Ainsworth. Yale was penalized fifteen yards, the ball going back to Yale's 30-yard line.

Scoville took Knowles' place and made ten yards on his first try. He plowed through centre for five more. MacLeish made seven through Notre Dame's left tackle, and the period ended with the ball on Notre Dame's 47-yard line.

Score:—Yale, 21; Notre Dame, 0.

FOURTH PERIOD.

Notre Dame was penalized fifteen yards for holding, taking the ball to her 30-yard line. Three backs, Scoville, MacLeish and Waite, by short gains took the ball to the Notre Dame 5-yard line, where it was lost on downs. Yale tried a forward pass for the fourth down, but it fell to the ground untouched. Bergman made twenty yards on an end run, but dropped the ball. Church recovered it at the Notre Dame 20-yard line. Scoville plowed through centre to the Notre Dame 8-yard line and Waite split the right wing for Yale's fourth touchdown. Guernsey kicked the goal.

Score:—Yale, 28; Notre Dame, 0.

Guernsey kicked off and Bergman ran it back to the Notre Dame 40-yard line. Yale was penalized fifteen yards. Bergman's forward pass to Elward took the ball to the Yale 35-yard line and then Notre Dame was penalized fifteen yards. Notre Dame tried four forward passes and lost the ball on downs at the Yale 30-yard line. Guernsey kicked to the Notre

Dame 35-yard line and Bergman beautifully galloped back to the Yale 40-yard line. Bergman circled left end, taking the ball to the Yale 20-yard line. Bergman's forward pass to Baujan took the ball to the Yale 2-yard line, throwing another scare into the home crowd. Notre Dame then was penalized fifteen yards for an illegal substitution. Eichenlaub gained five yards at right end and again circled left end for three yards. A forward pass failed as the game closed.

NOTRE DAME, 0.

YALE, 28.

Elward.....	L. E.....	Higginbotham
Jones.....	L. T.....	Talbott
Keefe.....	L. G.....	Conroy
Fitzgerald.....	C.....	Wiley
Bachman.....	R. G.....	Walden
Lathrop.....	R. T.....	Sheldon
Mills.....	R. E.....	T. Wilson
Cofall.....	Q. B.....	A. Wilson
Finegan.....	L. H.....	Ainsworth
Pliska.....	R. H.....	Knowles
Eichenlaub.....	F. B.....	Legore

Touchdowns—Legore, Knowles, Higginbotham, Waite. Goals from touchdown—Legore, 3; Guernsey, 1.

Substitutions—Weidman for Sheldon; Bergman for Cofall; Kelleher for Pliska; Baujan for Mills; Guernsey for Legore; MacLeish for Wilson; Waite for Ainsworth; Brann for Church; Cornell for Duryea; Duryea for Cornell; Schram for Higginbotham; Church for Wilson.

Referee—Joseph Pendleton, Bowdoin: Umpire—Fred Murphy, Brown. Linesman—Wm. Morice, University of Pennsylvania. Field Judge—Michael Thompson, Georgetown. Time of periods—12 min.

SIDE LIGHTS ON THE FRAY.

From the South Bend *Tribune*:

Summing it up, Notre Dame has profited from this experience. Undefeated in three years, a setback, when victory was anticipated, brought home a lesson both to the players and the general student body. That it is easy to be a good winner, but it takes a defeat to bring out the weakness of an outwardly strong organization. The fact that Notre Dame has been such a good loser is probably the best argument for her future success. South Bend saw and admired the spirit shown yesterday in the rousing reception of the sturdy Gold and Blue athletes, and the school earned more friends in defeat than she would have in victory. Now the city and the school will pull together for the come-back which marks the real stuff in football teams.

From the New York *Herald*:

Notre Dame had a powerful looking team, and in the early stages, Yale seemed in for a beating.

From the Chicago *Tribune*:

In spite of the fact that they were outgeneraled and consequently outplayed, Notre Dame met Yale at its own game, and never, even when it was inevitable that defeat would be their portion, showed signs of faltering.

It was a remarkable contest. It was a remarkable triumph for the west in spite of the defeat of the west.

The east has learned its lesson well. Football will be more spectacular than ever before because of Jesse Harper and Frank Hinckey.

From the New York *Press*:

The visiting eleven was well-balanced and fast. Its forward passing was brilliant and effective.

From the Chicago *Evening Post*:

NOTRE DAME TAUGHT YALE HOW TO DO IT.

Notre Dame was defeated by Notre Dame *plus* Hinckey *plus* the Yale system. There is honor for the westerners even in a 28-0 defeat.

For there is no doubt that when the wonderful football team of Notre Dame went down into the East last year and showed West Point how "the new game" could be played she pulled the whole structure of eastern football up a notch or two. Upon these higher foundations Frank A. Hinckey, the famous "silent captain" of Yale's '94 and '95 elevens, was able to build a far better team than would have been the case last year. To buttress this he had his own football genius and the old Yale system of instruction in fundamentals, which the New York *Times* says came out again and again in Saturday's game.

The Westerners played their own game and played it well—probably not as well as last year, because they had lost one or two most valuable men. They could not play it well enough to win, but they ought to have had at least two touchdowns. In one respect, they gave the Yale bulldog as good as he gave. Their fighting spirit matched the Blue's from the first moment till the last.

Notre Dame should feel that her football prowess has been so noteworthy as to teach her opponents how to beat her. She took the western game East, and the East has profited by the lesson. She still holds her high rank as a "teacher" of the greatest collegiate game.

From the Boston *Post*:

Joe Pendleton, the well-known football official who has seen many of the big teams in play, and who was referee of the Yale-Notre Dame game last Saturday, says that Notre Dame was a much better team against Yale than the score would really indicate. According to Joe, Notre Dame had the ball once on Yale's one-yard line only to have time called, and again later in the game, had the ball on Yale's five-yard line with first down only to be penalized on a technicality. According to the local man, the Westerners will probably go through the rest of the season without a defeat, now that the Yale game is out of the way, and in spite of the fact that the team practically travels from one end of the country to the other.

WELCOME HOME.

When the team pulled in at 2:50 last Monday, they received as big a welcome as though they were the victors. Classes were dismissed for the afternoon, and at 1:30, all the men formed at the Gym, and headed by the band marched to the Lake Shore station. When the train pulled in, cheer after cheer rent the air, in welcome to the men who had fought so well.

Several automobiles were waiting to take the team out to school, and behind these, the students formed in single file, across to Michigan street and thence to the heart of the city in a winding snake dance.

N. D. FANS HEAR RETURNS.

Chicago *Tribune*, October 18.—Results of the football game between Notre Dame and Yale, were received by special wire in the college room of the Hotel LaSalle, by the Notre Dame Club of Chicago, the results of each play being charted on a large blackboard, on which was drawn a regulation gridiron. Stephen F. Riordan, president of the club, presided at the luncheon previous to the calling of the Eastern game. During the intermissions, informal toasts were responded to by Joseph J. Sullivan, Byron V. Kanaley and William A. Draper. A number of Yale men were guests at the luncheon.

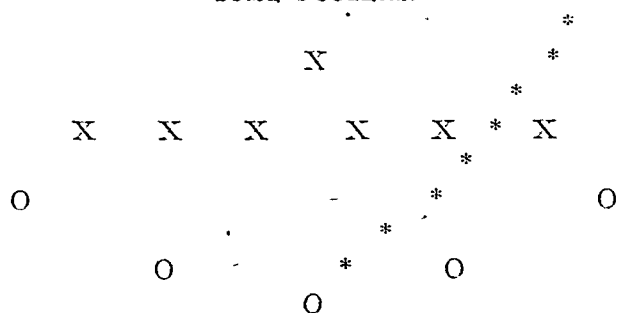
Hundreds of Notre Dame Alumni and supporters were at New Haven. At noon, Saturday, a special train carrying many N. D. rooters came up from New York, and every New England city furnished its contingent. Among the familiar faces were Bill Cotter, Joe Byrne, Jim Fennessy, Jim Devlin, Tom and Jim Curry, Joe Walsh, "Polly" Perrot, Bill Fish, "Cupid" Glynn, "Peaches" Granfield, "Skuts" Walsh, Bill Phillips, Cyril Curran, Sim Flanagan—oh, we could go on indefinitely, naming these loyal sons of Notre Dame.

FRESHMEN, 12; CULVER, 0.

The second annual clash between the Notre Dame Freshman team and the Culver Military Academy resulted in a victory for the "Freshies" by a score of 12 to 0. Culver put up a good fight and our prospective Varsity men were forced to travel at top speed throughout the contest. However, the excellent plunging of the backfield men and the accurate use of the forward pass finally overcame the cadets. Wolf starred at receiving passes, while Ryan on the other end proved a bear at breaking up plays. The line played well with Callahan at centre, starring. Miller and Rdyzweski made the touchdowns, while Whalen, Mathews and Dorais did much to get the ball within striking distance of the Culver goal. The Freshmen lined up as follows: L. E., Wolf; L. T., McInerny; L. G., Franz; C., Callahan; R. G., Jones; R. T., Murphy; E. T., Ryan; Q., Matthews; L. H., Miller; R. H., Whalen; F., Rdyzweski. The substitutes were Fitzgerald, Dorais, Spalding, Whipple, Hoffman, Lawbaugh, Phefan, Legree, Rauth and Malone.

Safety Valve.

SOME FOOLERS.



These are new plays taken from Dock's book entitled, "How to Play Football."

No. 1. FAKE KICK. This is not really a kick. It is a run from punt formation and the same lineup method is used as in the case of a punt. The idea is to deceive the other side (deception in this case is not a lie, as the other team is not reasonably unwilling) and have it weaken its defense by sending men back to catch the punt which is not coming. The quarter then catches the ball from the centre, tucks it under his arm and slips between guard and tackle ("slips" in this case does not mean, "losing one's footing"). This play has wonderful possibilities when well executed. Opposing elevens will be the more confused if at the moment of passing the ball everyone on the team shouts "hike," or any other word such as "rosebud" or "butterfly."

No. 2. This play is known as the "Old Army Stuff" and is as follows: The quarterback receives the ball on the kickoff and without looking to right or left dashes down the field evading tacklers skillfully until he comes to two posts. He should not go around the posts but should enter between them, touching the ball lightly against the soil and shouting "down" in a hoarse voice. The play is most simple when done correctly.

No. 3. This is perhaps the most scientific play known to football. For its success it is necessary to have at least two footballs. One should be concealed under the sweater of the fullback. The centre instead of passing the ball, slips it into his pocket, and the fullback producing the duplicate runs the entire length of the field. It would be well for each of the ends to have a concealed football also in case some one interferes with the fullback. This play completely balls up an opposing team.

Opponent's tackle
confused by Play
No. III.

