

The Notre Dame Scholastic

DISCE · QVASI · SEMPER · VICTVRVS · VIVE · QVASI · CRAS · MORITVRVS ·

VOL. XLVIII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, NOVEMBER 7, 1914.

No. 8.

The Snowflake.

S. T. D.

A MESSENGER of God am I
Sent down by Him from heaven high.
I robe the naked fields in white
And through the long December night
I keep the tender seedling pressed
Against my palpitating breast.

And e'er young Spring—a maiden fair
With roses in her tumbled hair—
Trips o'er the waking fields, behold!
My tent of white I quickly fold,
And leaving mountain-side and plain
I hasten back to God again.

The Dream of Gerontius.

BY GEORGE W. ALBERTSON.

CARDINAL NEWMAN, in his "Idea of a University," says: "Thought and speech are inseparable from each other. Matter and expression are parts of one whole; style is a thinking out in language." So intimately connected are the ideas of thought and style that their separation cannot be conceived, even by a most vigorous and fertile intellect. The one is the counterpart of the other, and before one can have literature in a true sense, these two ideas must be so related that thoughts are expressed in language. When one is imbued with his subject then it is that he produces literature with an effective style, for the rhythm, the metre, the verse and the word will flow directly from the emotion or the imagination which seizes him.

Very similar to Newman's idea of style is that of Buffon: "Style is the man himself," that is, it is that incommunicable element that

makes one person's writings different from another's. It is the shining forth of one's personality in his works.

Assuming that all will concede "The Dream of Gerontius" is of the highest quality, we propose in this paper to show that the style is in keeping with the thought. That "The Dream of Gerontius" has qualities of style which make it worthy of study may be seen from the fact that Elgar says that the poem possesses the musical qualities to make it a great oratorio. If it possesses these musical qualities, they must be found in the style of the poem, for music, clearness and force are characteristics of style, and these give to the poem its musical value.

A few lines from any part of the poem are sufficient to convince one of its beauty of form. The poem is a succession of prayers. Gerontius' first exclamation is a prayer to God for mercy, and in his death agony he beseeches his friends to pray for him. They chant the "Litany for the Dying," after which the priest says the prayers for a departing soul; and so on, throughout the poem. The poem ends with a prayer of the Guardian Angel of Gerontius, addressed to the Angels of Purgatory, admonishing them to guard their charge until he returns for it.

The poem does not possess a constant metre but varies in metre to suit the thought expressed. Note the light, joyous movement of the angel's song:

My father gave
In charge to me
This child of earth
Even from his birth
To serve and save,
Alleluia.
And saved is he—

and the harsh discordant strains of the demons' chorus:

Low-born clods
Of brute earth,
They aspire
To become gods

By a new birth.
And an extra grace.
And a score of merits.

The metrical arrangement heightens our sense of the beautiful. One of the ways to get a better appreciation of the beautiful is to contrast the pleasing with the harsh:

The poem is euphonious and harmonious. Nowhere, except in parts of the poem where the author wishes to convey the feeling of desolation, does he use harsh sounds or word combinations difficult to pronounce. He has arranged word sounds to produce a corresponding effect in the reader's mind. Newman has taken great precaution against the repetition of words and sounds. Where he does repeat it is for the purpose of emphasizing some important point in the poem. Gerontius repeats the act of faith to establish beyond a doubt that he is a firm believer in the immortality of the soul. On the whole, the most important characteristic is that the poem is a composition with all of its parts answering one to the other and each contributing its share to the general theme.

"Clearness," says Genung, "in its double aspect of precision and perspicuity, may be called the intellectual quality of style, the quality wherein we see predominantly the thinking brain at work transferring the ideas fully and accurately to the mind of the reader." A prime requisite of any author, before he can produce conviction in his reader, is that he have a clear conception of what he is to write and that he express this as adequately as he can and with all the conviction of his being.

When "The Dream of Gerontius" has been read with attention, there can be no doubt in the reader's mind concerning Newman's sincerity in the doctrines that he advocates. His presentation of these doctrines is straightforward, and there can be no doubt as to their meaning. The word expressions conform perfectly to the thought, for Newman, master of words, acquires clarity of diction by clearness of thought. Short sentences, with Newman, do not involve difficult constructions. An example of the precision and perspicuity of the poem is the following:

And ye great powers,
Angels of Purgatory, receive from me
My charge, a precious soul, until the day
When, from all bond and forfeiture released,
I shall reclaim it for the courts of light.

Force is based on emotion and will, enabling one to realize the truth of a statement, and determining, as it were, to make one's readers think correctly. Force of style, then, is justly claimed for "The Dream of Gerontius," for it is Newman's act of faith in the Catholic religion and, as such, it is convincing, simple and fervent,—the necessary qualities to make it forceful. The poem bases its claim to these essential qualities on its choice of expressions and its arrangement of words and sentences. Spencer, in his "Philosophy of Style," says that specific words are more forceful than general words and short words stronger than long ones. This is exemplified in the following stanza which is typical:

All praise to Him at whose sublime decree
The last are first, the first become the last;
By whom the suppliant prisoner is set free,
By whom the proud first-borns from their thrones
are cast
Who raises Mary to be Queen of Heaven
While Lucifer is left condemned and unforgiven.

There are only four words of more than two syllables in this selection, and the majority of the rest are monosyllabic. The words are all specific, and some descriptive terms, which add greatly to the force of the author's style, are used. Newman also acquires force through the arrangement of words and sentences and by expressing his thoughts in as few words as possible, thus, by terseness, appealing to every reader of the poem. Too often one finds in literature that brevity is obtained at the sacrifice of clearness,—as Horace expresses it,

brevi esse laboro,
Obscurus fio.

Newman's success is in his careful combination of brevity and clearness.

"The style of Newman," says A. C. Benson, in the "Upton Letters," contains the all-important elements of lucidity, simplicity, appositiveness, dignity and music. Again he says: "But the work of Newman and of Ruskin is a white art, like the art of sculpture," meaning that it is not a highly colored art, but rather that it possesses the quality of purity, the purpose of which "is to express obscure, difficult and subtle thoughts easily."

The purity of Newman's style, in "The Dream of Gerontius" is the striking quality that gives to the poem its peculiar force, and it is this element, more than any other, that gives to the poem high distinction of poetic style,

for "the essence of all style is to say what you mean as forcefully as possible."

The beauty of the poem lies in its exalted theme, beauty of expression and musical cadence,—qualities that make it foremost of the few great poems that depict life after death. The author has chosen a most exalted theme and has handled it in a manner worthy of the subject. A careful study of the poem will show how musical it is. Several composers have suggested setting it to music; this was not done, however, until Dr. Elgar saw in it exceptional musical qualities for an oratorio. As Maurice Francis Egan writes, "Mr. Theodore Thomas, speaking of Dr. Elgar's 'Dream of Gerontius,' says that it is the most important oratorio in recent times, not excepting Brahms's 'Requiem.'"

Thus it appears that "The Dream of Gerontius" has high distinction of poetic style. This distinction results from the fact that it is an effort of the author to picture his feelings in words concerning the great truth that was ever before his mind—life after death. By a careful study of the beauty of the style in "The Dream of Gerontius," which consists in its musical qualities, its clearness, and its force, one can see how this idea conforms with Walter Pater's concept of beauty in literature: "All beauty is, in the long run, only fineness of truth, or what we call expression, the finer accommodation of speech to that vision within." It is, then, the thought of the author and the language that he employs that give rise to the high distinction of style that is found in the poem and which, as time advances, will make it one of the foremost poems of English literature.

Dad's Doings.

BY R. DOWNEY.

As Eugene Richard, M. D., swaggered homeward that night, he scowled upon a past of ignominy and a life of henpeckery raised to the eleventh power. He had been a timid, shrinking, witless, silly married man, the kind of whom mothers-in-law, collectors and head waiters cordially approved. He had been deeply wronged and was the victim of circumstances—decidedly unfavorable circumstances. His wife had seriously impaired his happiness; his rights as a free moral agent were a minus

quantity. His mother-in-law was his dictator and he was simply a freak of nature who accurately followed her directions. Yes, most accurately. But now he was determined to be a man: His days of degradation were over.

Why should he follow the capricious notions of his wife and mother-in-law? As he thought over this question he really wondered how he had managed to stand it so long. The idea of Eugene Wilmere Richard, M. D., a victim of the whims of a wife and mother-in-law. Why, it was ridiculous,—positively absurd. But as he stepped upon the veranda of his home, a sickly feeling came over him. The usual innocent smile was not on his face; rather, his face took on an expression which reminded one of the present map of Belgium.

Now, the doctor was not afraid, *i. e.*, struck with fear, but he felt a trifle timid about announcing his intentions of becoming a real man. He was a strong advocate of the "Watchful Waiting" policy, a sort of "Safety First" constituent, if you will. So Eugene walked directly into the house, kissed his wife nodded to his mother-in-law and passed into the library. Now this procedure was no different from that to which he had been accustomed during the past few weeks. Still his wife and mother-in-law exchanged glances, and a few minutes later the young wife approached him in the library.

The doctor was immersed in the ecstasies of solitaire. He did not notice the strategic approach of his wife.

"Before we were married you used to like to have me play for you," she observed. "Now—"

"Never mind about now, you know as well as I do how things have been progressing lately," he answered, as he was trying to discover some adequate way of expressing his independence. Thinking that it was not quite the opportune moment, he decided to leave the house and to give no excuse for his going. As he started for the door she exclaimed:

"Go as far as you like. Stay out all night if you want to. It's nothing to me. Absolutely nothing. But if you leave this house to-night, mother and I will go back home."

He did, and walked straight to his club where he surprised the boys by his appearance at such a late hour,—nor did his wife carry out her threat. Try as he would, he could not get interested in cards or conversation.

He was troubled and could only think of his domestic difficulties. Presently his father came out of the grill room and espying his son seated in an obscure corner of the lobby, walked over to him and with a slap on the back awakened him from his trance. Both exchanged greetings and being alone confidences were naturally forthcoming.

Two hours and forty-five minutes later he returned home. The idea of returning home at this ungodly hour gave him a thrill. He squared his shoulders and walked into the drawing-room where retribution awaited him. His wife regarded him with the icy sweetness of a defeated female prize-fighter. His mother-in-law looked as if she was amply prepared to say anything her daughter might leave unsaid. The doctor stood in the middle of the room, his feet apart and arms folded.

"Perhaps you care to explain where you have been the last two hours and forty-five minutes," suggested his wife.

"Explain! Do you know of any reason why I should explain—do you?" he demanded. "Don't you think I have been explaining long enough? Don't you think I have tolerated your infernal nagging as long as I am going to? Let me tell you something,—this is my house and from now on I expect to be master of it."

"The brute!" cried his wife. "The—" But tears and sobs choked back the denunciation.

"He has lost his mind!" wailed the mother-in-law. "He's a raving maniac."

The doctor laughed hoarsely and ordered both to bed. Lighting a cigar he smiled triumphantly. "The advice worked splendidly," he mumbled. "A few more days of this and—"

A few more days did accomplish a revolution in the household. In two weeks he was wearing clothes that showed no signs of wifely preference, stayed out nights, and even pocketed a goodly portion of his earnings. He smoked cigars in the house and in fact did everything that was in accordance with his idea of a non-henpecked husband.

At the club one night he met his father.

"Well?" queried his father.

"Fine!" exclaimed the doctor. "It was excellent advice, daddy. Wifey dear is as docile and gentle as a kitten, and as for her mother, she never puts in an appearance while I am about the house. In fact, my little wife

really caters to me. It seems that she now thoroughly realizes her mistakes and is trying to rectify them. Last evening, coming home at my recently acquired late hour, I found the evening paper and my pipe and tobacco ready for use in the library, also a note on the table saying my slippers were in the den."

"Glad to hear it, son," continued his father. "Don't mind these little ups and downs. Marriage is a gamble, and next to a boarding school student, a married man has more difficulties than anyone else in the world."

An hour later the impeccable husband returned home, well satisfied with his recent disciplining of his wife. In fact he believed that her education was complete along this line and that he could safely abandon the rôle of "Blue Beard," and recline peacefully in the marital heaven he had prepared for himself. Entering the drawing-room he discarded his cigar (an established rule of his wife's held to religiously, until two weeks previous), and approached his mother-in-law who looked up from *his* evening paper rather diffidently. The submissive look upon her motherly face caused him to feel just a trifle remorseful. He resolved to confide in her and tell his reasons for acting as he had during the past two weeks. He told her how both she and his wife had not treated him exactly as they should and that he had consulted his father, in an effort to better conditions at home. In acting as he had, he had merely followed the advice and plans outlined by his father. During this explanation his wife entered and exclaimed:

"Did you go to your father too? Why dear, when you began acting as you did I was puzzled and went to your father for advice. He pointed out to me several mistakes that I had made, and told me that the only way I could better conditions was to humor you and to put up with everything exactly as you ordered."

Kindness.

I may not pass along this way again.

The night is nigh,

And day's bright gold is slowly dimming in

The western sky.

Wherefore must I be kindly as I go

Laughing the while,

That I may be remembered through the years

But by my smile.

The Passing of the Cheap Theatre.

BY ARTHUR HAYES.

Now that human ingenuity has effected a conjunction between photographically sensitive celluloid and automatic pianos, we are called upon to inter with appropriate ceremonies, an institution that has gripped the minds and the hearts of the multitude since contemporary thespians enacted the great tragedies and comedies of one William Shakespeare, Esquire. Mechanically manipulated cinematographs purr insistently through tragedy and comedy, tireless and unemotional; slatternly girls with grotesque parodies on Parisian coiffeures, assumed by a philanthropic management to be tireless at six dollars per week, and conceded by front row Lotharios to be singularly devoid of human sensibilities, subdued lights, padded aisles and electric fans,—these collectively constitute the cheap theatre of to-day. Everything about it is businesslike and impersonal, and from the chewing gum manipulated by the languid lady who "tickles the ivory," to the device which clicks off its numerous yards of paid admissions, all moves with mathematical precision.

The era that ushered in the new, ushered out the old cheap theatre. The two afford striking contrasts, clearly defined differences, which find their reflection in the temper of the audiences of a decade ago and of to-day. With the old "ten, twent' thirt'" theatre of the nineties (one and the same genus, with the "ha'pen'y" house of Shakespeare's day and age) passed the sweating, swarming bourgeoisie spectators that laughed and cried with the heroine, roared vociferously at crude horse-play, hissed the villain whole-heartedly, and sniffled unreservedly, when the frail little darling passed away in the last act, after dutifully bidding her parents to refrain from regretting her departure to a better land. The same scene in the movies is followed impersonally, save by the svelte white goods clerk who suddenly recognizing the bereaved father as Francis X. Bushman, confides in her companion to the extent of observing audibly that she thinks said grief-stricken parent is the "most ter'bly han'some thing alive." Some of the perfunctoriness of the oiled and clickful mechanism of the "movie" estab-

lishment seems to have obsessed the several million daily spectators. Heroism on the screen occasionally—but rarely—finds its reward in a timid ripple of applause. Slapstick comedy meets, 'tis true, a certain appreciation in well-modulated mirth. But in the main, the twentieth century "cheap theatre" is an abode of dim lights, noiseless carpets, whirring fans and Silence.

Where is the buzzing, rustling, tittering audience of yester year, that laughed long and loudly over the mishaps of Yon Yohnson, and dissolved in genuine tears when faithful Uncle Tom left a battered mass of Brunette clay on the premises of one choleric and misanthropic Samuel Legree? Gone alas, over the route long since traveled by the hoopskirt, the illustrated song and the buffalo. The garish, tawdry, ill-ventilated abode of black-hearted villains, guileless lasses and avenging heroes, has reluctantly gathered its belongings about it, and vanished down the "back trail" of time, obsolete, forsaken and unmourned. Mayhaps it were a "good riddance," yet its passing is not entirely devoid of its element of regret.

The gallery, first cousin of the second-rate playhouse, has been a moulder of theatrical history since time out of mind. Lacking the icy reserve of the more cultured occupants of the parquet, the gallery gods evinced little hesitancy in making manifest their likes and dislikes. Even the immortal Bard of Avon, awaited with trepidation, the verdict of the upper tier. And its judgment was rendered with a whole-souled, if sadly disconcerting enthusiasm. Nor was there any mistaking its context. Disapproval of plot or players was attended with a veritable deluge of defunct cats, superannuated eggs and malodorous garden truck. So it was in London in the sixteenth century, so it was in Philadelphia in the eighteenth, and so it is in New York, 'Frisco and Chicago in the twentieth. Even as critics made the playwright wince with adverse frankness, so did the gallery make the manager tremble.

And the cheap theatre was nothing more nor less than the gallery of other days and other places, spread all over the house. The line of demarcation between the select and the democratic theatres, has always hovered about the half-dollar mark, (if indeed, there be such thing). Graduating up you pass through sundry of the social strata beginning with the

ribbon clerk, pop-eyed and alert, and ending with the club bachelor, blear-eyed and blasé. Going down you descend the gamut of bartenders, truck drivers, longshoremen, messenger boys, cash girls, firemen, factory hands et cetera, ad infinitum. Among these you readily discern the clientele of the moribund cheap theatre. An essentially earthy audience they made, a medley of candy munching girls, slangy youths, clear-eyed, taut-muscle iron workers, and alcoholically stimulated personages of all ages, sizes and stages of beatitude. They did not know that noisy manifestations of the emotions that thrilled their souls was "essentially bourgeois." They were not aware that palpable perspiration is in questionable taste. They little recked, if indeed cognizant of, the fact, that etiquette proscribes public recitals of intimate family concerns. They were there to enter without feigned superiority into the striking and persistently recurrent vicissitudes of the beautiful young damsel, beloved of the heroic young fireman, envied by the designing adventuress, and coveted by the senile and villainous millionaire. If the black-mustached plotter murmured something about being at the old mill at midnight with "the papers" they waited wide-eyed, tense and expectant until everybody involved got there. Usually the caste were there corporally and the audience, in spirit. Just as the baffled villain assisted by a perspiring "heavy" had dragged the bound and gagged heroine to the edge of the mill race the hero arrived, shot both conspirators, listened to a dying confession about forged deeds and stolen birthrights, scattered stage money all over the place, announced himself as the missing heir and lived happy ever after. And the spectators, engrossed and enmeshed in the insistent spell of true love under difficulties, sobbed and laughed in sympathy. Perfumed handkerchiefs and calloused paws allayed the stinging sensation in straining eyes, when the ethereal juvenile died a sanctimonious death in the second act in time to sneak out the rear way and get a soda before going home to bed. The gnarled fist of the truck driver and the pallid hand of the anemic factory girl clenched with a common desire to exterminate the villain, when he told a shrinking heroine that her lover would go to jail for his misdeeds (Ha! ha! and indignant hisses from the gallery), while he foreclosed the mortgage on the old homestead and made himself generally annoying.

Elementary justice reigned supreme in the cheap theatre. Some one was always noble and magnanimous, while some one else was invariably cruel and deceitful. And the party of the second part got his good and plenty ere the orchestra warbled "Home, Sweet Home." And while the stage hands arranged the ravine into which the villain was to fall at twelve o'clock of a dark and stormy night while lingering on the premises to cut somebody's throat, one of the company pulled off a specialty, and invited everybody to "come on now and join in the chorus." The questionable relevancy of singing

For Jack's every inch a sailor
And the captain of a whaler

in connection with "The Death Valley Mystery" in five acts, never worried anybody. Everyone hummed, whistled, or kept time with the refrain. And after assisting Jack to garner in all the aquatic mammals in the Behring Sea, the audience settled back to watch the dying agonies of the sun-struck prospector, who, before expiring all over the sand-strewn stage, leaves a five-year old daughter, singularly immune from the actinic action of the centre of the cosmic universe, in possession of the chart that will enable her lover, in succeeding scenes, to discover the lost millions.

There were (and are) other varieties of the cheap theatre of course. Indeed, the term variety, suggests one of the same name; remarkable chiefly for the variety of rotgut liquor that is served between a variety of suggestive songs and risqué poses. And also there is the burlesque house, in which incoherent plots martial choruses of scantily garbed maidens, supporting the invariable Irish or Dutch comedian, whose weird dialect is no more remarkable than his startling candor of utterance. But these are generally "for men only" and "smoking allowed" affairs, and by the same token not necessarily "cheap."

The morals of the bona fide cheap theatre of olden days were considerably better than the productions of the more select playhouses of later days. It remained for the "up-town" amusement places to introduce "the problem play." And after the papers had given the proper publicity to the celebrated "bedroom" or "assignation" scene in such and such an act, the patrons of the cheap theatres laboriously collected three dollars and took a flyer "up the line."

Blood, and plenty of it, lubricated the scenes in the old style "mellow drama," but gauze-clad dancing "daring," themes and "startling innovations" were not among its transgressions. Choking scenes, train wrecks and pistol shots in the dark, readily dispelled ennui in classic halls where "two bits" secured any seat in the house.

The same audience still exists, we must suppose, and is indubitably the best supporter of the new "canned" drama. But the dispassionate whir of the machine, and the disinterested buzz of the electric fans seem to chill and numb their susceptibilities. Like the more cultured individual in the next seat, slave to the same passion, they now abhor demonstration. Silent and immobile, they view with unchanging countenance, a rapid succession of good, bad and indifferent, comedy, tragedy and miscellaneous scenes. The thrall of the "movies" is upon them. It demands only respectful attention, passivity and silence.

And the cheap theatre, has surrendered the field with what good grace it could master. Surrendering its hold on the hearts and souls of the teeming masses, it permitted itself to be gathered unto its fathers. It had its faults and shortcomings, undoubtedly. Its talent ran to the mediocre, its productions were of the blood and thunder variety, its system of ventilation was bad and its arrangement of exits passé.

But it elicited tears from grocers and cab drivers, waitresses and cops, bar-tenders and factory hands. It brought smiles to many visages soured by poverty and adversity. Within the confines of its three, five or seven acts, it rewarded virtue and punished villainy. Its moral tone, on the whole, was good.

Remorseless time has numbered it among the vanished traditions. It clogged the wheels of theatrical progress and was crushed. Gone it is, and forgotten it will be. But in this age of celluloid celebrities and serial "Perils" and "Adventures" its passing is remarked with regret. It was a flesh and blood institution at all events. It throbbed with human joys and sorrows. And many a satiated "movie" patron, wearied of speechless, tabloid drama, would fain find himself again within its grimy walls, sniffing its unsanitary atmosphere, and listening with avid ears to the protesting shrieks of a heroine imperilled, or the ringing declamation of a hero triumphant.

Varsity Verse.

TO ETHEL.

Dear Ethel, your letter to-day I received,
And now on my honor it's true
I'm unable to see how you ever believed
That I could be angry with you.
Why dearie, you know that you never did wrong
To me, so it isn't worth while.
There never was aught in your life but a song
That dimpled your cheek with a smile;
And how could I ever be angry with this,—
So pretty, so winsome and gay?
I can't. Believe me my heart's dearest wish is
A hope that it won't go away.

John Welch.

A TRIOLET.

When the Carlisle Game is past.
We'll surely be on top.
Their flag will fly half-mast
When the Carlisle Game is past.
They'll simply be outclassed
Our plays they cannot stop.
When the Carlisle Game is past
We'll surely be on top.

N. Wittenberg

LIFE'S WAY.

I watched a little torrent yesterday
That rushed along a narrow rocky way,
At war against the banks that crushed it in,
And lashed to fury in attempts to win.
I followed long its course till finally
I saw it merge into the boundless sea;
And as I gazed, I thought how like is life,
Forever with its laws like banks, at strife,
'Till like the brook, it flows eventually
Into an ocean of eternity.

A. L. M

TIME OUT.

Demerits now I get so much,
It really makes me sigh;
So was it when I first came here:
So is it now, my junior year;
So will it be, for I'm in Dutch,
And can't get by.
We skivers all have cause to fear
The cutting short of college days;
And lest they shorten my career,
It's up to me to change my ways.

A. McD.

A TRIOLET.

When the game of chess was o'er,
 Si Perkins was all fussed,
 Good night! but he was sore,
 When the game of chess was o'er.
 He had lost, and even more,
 The winner he had cussed.
 When the game of chess was o'er,
 Si Perkins was all fussed.

B. Anderson.

MODERN MOTHERS.

The Modern Mothers meet each week
 As modern mothers should
 Of every modern thing they speak
 'Cept modern motherhood.

ON THE PANAMA CANAL.

Tho' I've thot but little 'pon it,
 To me there seems no doubt
 That the ditch must have locks on it
 To keep Great Britain out.

SOME FISH STORY.

It was the wail of a drowning fish;
 The drowning fish was a whale,
 That told the tale of his dying wish
 With a dying swish of his tail.

THE TEXT-BOOK EXERCISE.

They carry a bunch of books to class,
 They carry them back again;
 'Tis not exactly useless,
 'Twill make them stronger men.

SOME KIPLING.

When the poet Rudyard Kipling meets a fierce bul
 in his pride
 He will with a big bandana calmly wave the beast
 aside,
 But when he meets a gentle cow he'll vault a near
 fence-rail,
 "For the female of the species is more deadly than
 the male."

SOME MORE.

When the titled European meets the girl with hair
 and eyes
 He will only shrug his shoulders, faintly smile and
 then look wise,
 But the bally bloke will fall for the poor girl, who has
 the kale.
 For the female with the specie is more deadly to the
 male.

Myron Parrot.

A Son of the Idle Rich.

BY. W FINCH.

Mr. Thomas Elson sat on the veranda of the little Long Beach Hotel gazing idly at the waves as they broke on the long sandy beach in front of him. As he slowly smoked his cigarette, his thoughts turned to girls. It was the most natural thing in the world that they should, for, he was a fine-looking chap with a style about him that had always made him a favorite with the ladies. And besides, there were a number of them in bathing in front of the hotel, so he had every excuse to think of girls. One girl in the party attracted his attention very much, so much in fact, that he soon found himself strolling down towards the waters' edge. How they met no one ever knew, but the strict laws of formal society do not hold good at a summer resort. Of course she was a pretty girl. That was guessed at long ago, for the heroine always has beautiful big brown eyes and pretty cheeks with dimples. She was sitting on the beach carelessly playing in the sand while he stood over her.

"Yes," he said, "I just arrived this morning and don't know how long I'll stay. It's funny I never saw you before, for I'm here off and on all summer."

"It does seem strange," she answered, "for I often come here too. I don't like the place myself, it's so beastly dead, compared to Newport."

"Yes, it is," he answered, "but when I want excitement, I always go across the water. Paris and its gay times furnish me a lot of amusement during the long winter months. You see my business is very easily attended to, for my secretary takes care of most of it for me."

"Please tell me about yourself," she said, "you know we have not known each other very long and I would love to hear all about you. Won't you sit down." She looked up at him with her big brown eyes and smiled.

"Thank you," he replied, and was soon at her side.

"My life," he began, "has not been a very interesting one. In the first place you might call me a son of the idle rich. I have travelled all over the world, crossing the Atlantic twenty-five times. I suppose you have heard of my

father, John Elson. He is one of the richest men in New York. But this talk is uninteresting to me—tell me something of *your* life.”

“It’s strange,” she said, “but our lives are almost identical. All mother likes to do is travel, and we go to Paris every year for a month or so. We live in Boston, you know, and I would rather stay there than do anything else. When I’m home I have my roadster and electric and I love to drive.”

“But you haven’t told me your name yet,” he said.

She laughed. “You don’t want to know that,” she answered. “Anyway, you’ll find it out when we are formally introduced. If mother ever finds out that I’ve talked to you without an introduction, she would—well, I don’t know what she would do—but she would very likely leave for home at once and take me with her.” She hesitated—“Would you care?” she said shyly.

He moved nearer. “You know I would! Please tell me your first name anyway.”

“Well—call me Ethel. And what may I call you?”

“Call me Tom, if you will,” he answered laughingly.

From that time on it was all fixed. Neither one of them realized how quickly the time was going. In the daytime it was the beach and motor-boat rides, and in the evening it was a machine ride or a dance at the hotel. Tom often said: “I wish I had driven up in the roadster. I hate to drive a rented machine. My yacht is being overhauled now, which, also makes it bad. Next time we are here we will have them both.”

Tom never saw her mother. He often thought it strange too. Many times he insisted upon knowing her last name, but each time she would put it off by saying: “Wait until you meet mother.”

Many meetings were arranged, but each time something happened so Ethel’s mother and Tom never met. He did not dare inquire around the hotel for he had been seen with her continually, and, if he had asked who she was, it would have looked rather strange.

The next Sunday morning Tom came down into the lobby late. The clerk called him over and handed him an envelope. He opened it and read:

DEAR TOM:—

We are leaving for Boston this morning.

Mother found out that I was never introduced to you and she is furious. I wanted to see you, but it was impossible, so we will have to make the best of it. We will be back here next summer for the first two weeks in August. Be here if you can.

Sincerely, ETHEL.

When the alarm clock went off at seven-thirty, Tom jumped out of bed and had it turned off before he realized that he was back in the “ball room.” As he hastily dressed, he thought of that week at Long Beach.

“I guess I kind of had her going,” he mused to himself. “It took every cent I had saved up for the year, but believe me, it was worth it. I’ll be there next year too, if I have the coin.”

Then his thoughts turned to his work. “I wonder how I’ll like this new job,” he thought to himself.

The week before he left for Long Beach, he had been lucky enough to secure a position as chorus man in a new musical comedy that was starting out the next fall. He had two weeks before rehearsals started and for this reason had spent the time at Long Beach.

When he reached the theatre, the members of the new company had already made their appearance, and the stage manager was teaching the chorus girls some new steps. Tom glanced at them and turned away. One of them had attracted his attention, however, for he turned again and watched them. Did his eyes deceive him? No! It was Ethel—the third one from the end. She had seen Tom too, and, as a result, got out of step and received a good calling from the director. After the rehearsal of the dance, Tom went up to her.

“Hello, Ethel,” he said, “is mother outside in the electric?” They both laughed.

“No, Tom,” she answered, “I think you’ll find her down at “Child’s” waiting on table. Is your secretary out in the roadster, or has he gone to see about the overhauling of the yacht?” They both enjoyed the joke and had a good laugh.

“Say,” said Tom, “let’s go down to “Child’s” after rehearsal and get that introduction from mother.”

“All right,” laughed Ethel, “and if the show don’t go broke this winter we’ll spend the first two weeks of next August at Long Beach.”

“Yes,” laughed Tom, “but that’s all we’ll spend.”

The Notre Dame Scholastic

Entered as Second-Class Mail Matter

Published every Saturday during the School Term at the
University of Notre Dame

Terms: \$1.50 per Annum. Postpaid

Address: The Editor Notre Dame Scholastic
Notre Dame, Indiana

XLVIII. NOVEMBER 7, 1914. NO. 8.

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—The miseries of war-torn Belgium have excited the sympathies of the entire American press. A university is burned and the entire nation thrills with indignation. And Mexico? that art and science should be sacrificed on the altar of Mars. An old cathedral is demolished and the world rings anew with cries of censure and reproach. Let a cottager of the little kingdom lose his home, and whole countries note and commiserate. All eyes are on Europe. Yet immediately south of us is another nation of exhausted wealth and demolished industries. It has been torn by internal strife not for months but for years. Anarchy and rapine reign supreme. Schools and colleges are closed, church services restricted or prohibited, altars profaned, priests and nuns martyred, girls outraged and their parents butchered. There is no law but the promptings of power run rampant. Lust has been exalted and humanity and justice debased. Cattle thieves, brigands, and murderers sit in the seats of the mighty. A rabble of red-eyed, blood-mad peons desecrate holy places, and subject religious to unnamable abuses. There is no security of life and limb, no safeguard of property, no trace of honesty, decency or mercy. Mexico can fall no lower. Murder and rapine are supreme. The spirit of religion went up with the smoke of burning confessionals and churches. The holy spell of the sacristy has been broken, and the secluded halls of the convent have witnessed scenes that were planned by the genius of hell. Religious orders have been outlawed at the word of an illiterate soldier of fortune. The

Holy Sacrifice of the Mass has been proscribed. Cathedral bells may toll only for national holidays and bull-fights. Confessions are abolished. Catholic institutions of learning are closed. All church property has been confiscated and the religious killed or exiled. What will be the outcome of this dynasty of anarchy? When and how will it end? Only the future can determine. But even in the present this much is certain. Belgium, ruined and devastated though she be, is a paradise beside reeking, murderous Mexico. The former has suffered from war, the latter from blood-lust and anarchy. Yet journalistic sobs over Belgium have quite drowned out the wail of millions of miserable Mexicans. We are striving to restore peace in Europe. Yet we cannot maintain a semblance of humanity in Mexico

—“The Russian Embassy announces that Turkey has opened war on Russia.” This news of another great nation entering the European conflict strikes Where is the End? a severe blow at any hope for immediate peace. Turkey with its millions of people flung into the raging maelstrom means the certain prolongation of strife, an immense increase in the already enormous death list, and the desolation of additional thousands of happy homes. The appearance of this new belligerent portends far more than at first is manifest. It means that the ancient enemies of the Ottoman Empire who have so far kept out of the war, but whose very lives and independence depend upon the restraining of the Turks, will now in all probability be drawn into the conflict. Greece has already landed troops in Albania. Italy is ready to strike at a moment's notice, while Roumania, Montenegro and Bulgaria may soon fling themselves into the fray. With the warring countries now fighting to the point of exhaustion, with France and England recruiting territorial reserves from all parts of the world, with Russia throwing the very life blood of that vast nation to the front, with Germany and Austria stripping their cities and villages even of their children and aged men, the world awaits almost hopelessly the end of this godless insanity. How much longer will nations trample on the discarded garb of civilization and revel in inhuman barbarities? Heavy will be the punishment imposed some day upon the guilty.

Book Reviews.

THE ROMAN PRONUNCIATION OF LATIN. Rev. John B. Scheier, C. S. C. University Press, Notre Dame, Indiana.

The popular success of Father Scheier's brochure, "The Roman Pronunciation of Latin," is assured by the fact that the Reverend author has lately been constrained to bring out a second, improved edition. This is as gratifying to all who have known and admired him as it must be to himself. For seventeen years he has labored to establish a system of uniform Latin pronunciation at Notre Dame and the places it immediately effects. The modest volume, whose reappearance is here under consideration, was written to extend this influence among teachers and pupils outside. It is popularly, tersely and systematically formulated, bringing forth the wealth of evidence to be gathered from the Roman grammarians. The argument is simple. The present tendency to observe no standards in pronunciation has resulted in a conglomerate jargon resembling, at the whim of the user, the sounds of French, German, Italian, Spanish—anything. Wherever Latin is in daily use, as is the case in our churches, this lack of harmony in singing and reading is derogatory to the elegance of divine worship and manifests an unhidden lack of scholarly training. As used in our schools, the unscientific vocalization is in utter contrast to that great principle for which the classics stand—perfection and exactness of form.

Now, if it be logical and scholarly to adopt the orthography and syntax of the classical writers, certainly only the unwise will hesitate at the pronunciation. This, in fact, has become the conclusion of all the foremost classical scholars both on the Continent and in this country. Father Scheier has adduced the testimony of numerous famous grammarians who lived in the golden age of Latinity itself, or wrote in the centuries immediately following, to show what this system was. Moreover, he has pointed to numerous modern scholiasts who give a thorough and convincing treatment. The argument undoubtedly is with him.

Practically, however, his method has not been over-successful. Lack of diligence to investigate, failure to apprehend the uncouthness of a hydra-voiced speech, and prejudice for acquired usage, have impeded much of an otherwise certain improvement. This is strange but true. Witness, for instance, the experience of one who is at present professor of Latin in this University. Having acquired one of the Continental pronunciations, he inaugurated his post-graduate work with complete self-satisfaction. To the objection of his professor in regard to this method he replied with a demand for evidence. Then for six weeks he searched feverishly through the classic department of a great library hoping to find a shred of authority in his favor. The effort was utterly in vain, and he, of course, became convinced of his mistake.

It is unfortunate indeed that most men lack the application needed to rectify their error. This applies alas to a great number whose scholarship is otherwise

noted. The novelty or individuality of some new-born method of enunciation captivates them and they will smile at your displeasure. But, as Father Scheier says so admirably, "If the evidence of the Old Grammarians is of any weight; if modern scholarship is to be given any consideration; if Americans are at all consistent; then it seems to us the Old Roman Pronunciation should be adopted throughout the country."

YOURSELF AND THE NEIGHBORS. By Seumas MacManus.

The charm of this wonderful book is the charm of the Irish peasant himself, but etherealized and sublimated by the glamour of the sympathetic artistic temperament of Mr. MacManus. From the first page to the last, it is full of beauty and poetry. It is the greatest book ever written about the Irish peasant. Devin-Adair Company, New York.

 Personals.

—Mr. Fred L. Truscott is connected with the Montana Power Company. His address is Norris, Montana.

—Clarence Jennett is working for his father in Streator, Illinois. "Jenny" is another of the 1916 Journalists who deserted the ranks for the business world.

—The marriage of Miss Camille Elizabeth Gimler to James L. Markey, an old student, took place November 4th, at Monroe, Louisiana. Congratulations and good wishes.

—Rev. John Gerenda (Student '08-'10) has been appointed pastor of the new parish of St. Mathias in Lansingville, near Youngstown, Ohio, where he has already commenced the erection of a church.

—Sam Newning, the 1914 Class vice-president is in business in Houston. "De" has always had hard luck as to getting hurt and we hope he carries a bunch of horse shoes and four-leaf clovers into business with him.

—Mr. William A. McBride and Miss Dorothy E. Winkopp were married in New York City, October 9th. Mr. McBride is one of four or five McBride boys who spent some years at Notre Dame. The SCHOLASTIC offers congratulations and good wishes.

—Mr. John Mullin ('11) was raised to the deaconship at the North American College in Rome, Italy, November 1st. On the same day, Dr. M. V. Halter ('12) was ordained subdeacon. This will be joyous news to the friends of these excellent young men, who made such a creditable record at the University.

—Harry Newning, President of the 1914 Class, is engaged in business with the General Electric Company of Houston, Texas. We have no doubt about "Possum's" success, for when here he was a leader in every branch of student life, and he is sure to be the same wherever he goes.

—Local admirers of Father John Talbot Smith—and they are legion—will be pleased to know that two thousand copies of "The Black Cardinal" have been disposed of within three months of its publication. The second impression was ready November 1st. The book may be procured through the Notre Dame Book Store.

—From the *Holy Cross Purple* we cull the following bit of interesting information: "Mr. Luke Kelly comes to us from St. Louis where he has coached the Christian Brothers' College team, which, under his guidance, defeated the fast Notre Dame eleven of last year." What do you mean!—defeated the Notre Dame eleven? Look up the score.

—Mr. Fred Wile has been selected by Lord Northcliffe, owner and publisher of the London *Times and Daily Mail*, as his Chief of Staff. This is a remarkable acknowledgment of the eminence of Fred in the newspaper profession. He will also continue special reports to the *Chicago Tribune*. Fred may be addressed in care of the *Daily Mail*, London.

—The University Library has been enriched by photographic reproductions of the mortuary record made in the handwriting of Father Junipero Serra, the illustrious founder of the California missions. These documents are of extraordinary interest and value, and the thanks of the University go to the donor, Rev. St. John O'Sullivan, for this noble gift.

—The news of the appointment of Dr. James C. Monaghan as United States Consul to Kingston on the Island of Jamaica was received with delight by all his friends at Notre Dame. President Wilson, by a special order, made this appointment despite the regulations of the Civil Service on account of Dr. Monaghan's distinguished services in the Consular Bureau in former years. More than one city of Europe preserves golden memories of this noble gentleman and scholar, and our own country has been in many ways the beneficiary of his genius and devotedness. While we congratulate Dr. Monaghan upon this evidence of appre-

ciation of past services, we think Kingston and the United States very fortunate in securing his services.

—Notre Dame men who were present at the Yale game are unanimous in praise of Mr. Daniel M. Brady of 95 Liberty Street, New York City, for his interest in the game. Mr. Brady not only journeyed from New York to New Haven to attend the contest, but he furnished a private car for his friends and a group of Notre Dame enthusiasts of the type of Joe Byrne, Sr., and Joe Byrne, Jr. Mr. Brady provided luncheon for all his guests on the way up to Yale and dinner on the way back to New York. Among those in the party was President Hempstead, the owner of the New York Giants. Speaking for Mr. Hempstead as well as for himself, Mr. Brady writes: "Your boys have been playing great football and making good in the west for some years past; and, in common with many friends of Notre Dame in the east, we would like to see them demonstrate their ability in New York, New Haven or some other city in the east in the season of 1915." With enthusiastic optimism he adds: "Well, our side lost and the best team won on that day, but there are other games to follow, one of which occurs at West Point on November 7th; and on behalf of some new and many old friends of Notre Dame, I am presuming to address you on the subject of having the boys marshal their forces in such array next month that the Army will bite the dust."

Obituary.

MRS. COOKE.

Judge Joseph J. Cooke (LL. B. '94) of Beardstown, Illinois, has the profound sympathy of the University in the sudden death of his mother who passed away at her home on November 1st. During the month of the holy dead there will be many prayers for the repose of her soul. *R. J. P.*

MR. JOHN J. MCCARTHY.

We regret to announce the death of Mr. John McCarthy (Student 1852-'53) who passed away Wednesday, October 28, at his home in Cincinnati, Ohio. John was well known and beloved by the old students, and he will be remembered by his many friends at Notre Dame and elsewhere. *R. I. P.*

Local News.

—It's a wise company that knows its own first lieutenant.

—The Army and Navy forever, but three cheers for old N. D. U.

—Oliphant, formerly of Purdue, will likely be in the Army line-up to-day.

—The mere noise of those Haskell sweaters would have killed any team but ours.

—When Figlesthler read the headline:—"Entire Notre Dame Herd to be Slaughtered," he turned pale.

—Notre Dame is certainly a popular name in New York City. Most of the papers there are boosting us, one even goes so far as to say: "Notre Dame is entirely responsible for the new game," and "The Army is this year 'pointing'" for Notre Dame. Our sympathies, usually neutral, are, in this instance, all with Notre Dame."

—The announcement of the prizes offered by the *Eagle Magazine* should stimulate general activity among our writing men. The prizes offered are considerable and ought to attract many competitors. The fact that any student may compete for all three prizes if he so desires also adds interest to the contest. We shall be disappointed if competition is not keen.

—The Notre Dame rifle range is now completed and is certainly an improvement on the old range that was installed in the big Gym. Those who are members of the Rifle Club, especially the new men, would do well to read the rules carefully before using a gun. The first rule is "Never point a gun at a man unless you want to kill him." Please observe this rule faithfully, and there will be little danger of the accidents that usually occur.

—From time to time the University has been the recipient of valuable gifts from Judge Howard of the College of Law. All of them have manifested his love for Notre Dame, but none has been more appreciated than his latest contribution. He has just presented to the University his complete set of "Lawyers Reports Annotated," numbering about one hundred and seventy-five volumes. Besides this set, the gift consists of two hundred other texts on law subjects.

—At a recent meeting "The Day Students Association" was organized for the scholastic year. The day students this year number about seventy-five and the organization will have social and athletic ends as nearly as absentee hall life will permit. Through the Athletic Board permission has been given the association to compete in interhall athletics as if it were a separate hall. This will not take effect until after the football season, since several day students are playing on the Brownson Hall team. The day students this year are granted desk room in Carroll and Brownson Halls. The officers of the Association are: Mark Duncan, president; Bernon Helmen, vice-president; Edmund Foley, secretary; Vincent Vaughan, treasurer; James Foley, athletic manager; Lorenz Rausch, Harold Madden and Leo Berner, members of the executive board. Meetings of the Association are held the first and third Mondays in each month.

Haskell Trimmed—21-7.

If anyone thought beforehand that Notre Dame had an easy proposition in last Saturday's game, they were sadly mistaken. The Braves from Nebraska, when they trotted on the field, didn't look very strong, but when they started to play, the Gold and Blue had its hands full, and then some. The Indians' defense was splendid, and the attack, led by Mr. Richards, was the most powerful any visiting team has shown on Cartier Field in several years. The gentleman mentioned above proved a whirlwind. They say he is a ten-second man, and he certainly looked it. In the second half he carried the ball eleven times in succession, and gained over seventy-five yards. At that stage of the game, the Indians certainly looked good.

The visitors' line was in fine shape, and their ends showed up very well. On the whole, though the Braves played a strong game, it was ragged and lacked finish. The repertoire of plays they opened up was rather scanty, only two or three trick formations being used in the whole encounter. Outside of a long forward pass in the third quarter, Haskell gained chiefly on smashing drives through the line, where, it must be admitted, they often found holes. In the third quarter, after Richards' long pass had put the ball on Notre Dame's 20-yard line, they would not be downed, and

certainly earned the seven points by steady drives through the Notre Dame defense.

To Bergman belongs the credit for the Gold and Blue victory. Only his fleetness of foot saved the day. The little quarterback showed the home fans the reason for the glowing reports of his work that have come from foreign fields. The first play of the game gave warning of what might be expected. Notre Dame received the kick-off and had the ball on her twenty yard line. "Bergie" signalled for a punt, but instead of kicking, swept around left end, behind a wall of interference, and sprinted eighty yards for a touchdown, vainly pursued by Richards. All the good work went for naught, however, as "Dutch" had stepped out of bounds on the forty-yard line. After that, Haskell braced and held Notre Dame scoreless for the rest of the quarter.

Just before the half ended, Duggan drove off tackle for twenty yards, putting the ball on Haskell's 35-yard line. Then Dutch fished a trick play out of his mind, and on a double pass went around end for a touchdown. Trick plays, by the way, were almost an unknown quantity Saturday, for some reason best known to the coaches.

In the third session, Bergman did his best work. To start things off, he caught a punt on his twenty-five yard line, and dashed through the whole redskin tribe for a touchdown. About five minutes later he duplicated the stunt, edging down the side of the field for eighty yards on another punt. These three runs was all Notre Dame could do in the way of scoring, frequent penalties defeating several other good chances.

Bergman was not the only star. Cofall, at left half, played a remarkable game in every respect. On the offense, he smashed off tackle and around end, time after time, for good gains, while on the defensive, he was the particular bright luminary of the fray. His smashing tackles and fierce blocking off interference stamped him as one of the best defensive backs on the team. Eddie Duggan did some fine line smashing, and Joe Pliska broke into the limelight on several pretty dashes.

For some reason, the line did not play up to form, giving the rooters something to worry about for the West Point game. Halmes, playing Lathrop's position, put up a splendid game, however, and more than held his own.

The pitch the men were tuned to for the Yale game has had its effects in a little staleness. Doubtless this will vanish when Captain Jones, with memories of last year's record, leads the squad onto the Soldiers' field to-day. It is certain that Finegan will not play, and this materially reduces the locals' chance of victory. Sam has acted as field general, and it would be worth half the battle to have him play to-day. To make matters worse, Eich will probably be out of the game also. He played the last few minutes last Saturday, and bored through the Indians' defense for several good gains. Coach Harper doesn't want to take any chances on further injuries to the big fullback, as he will be needed in the Carlisle and Syracuse games.

A good crowd witnessed the battle, several thousand spectators coming from South Bend, Chicago and nearby towns, among them many Alumni. The line up:

NOTRE DAME 21		HASKELL 7
Elward	L. E	Jamison
Jones (Capt.)	L. T	Williams, W.
Keefe	L. G	Timothy
Fitzgerald	C.	Stover (Capt.)
Bachman	R. G.	Frazier
Halmes	R. T.	Choate
Baujan	R. E.	Williams, C.
Bergman	Q.	Flood
Cofall	L. H.	Richards
Pliska	R. H.	Clements
Duggan	F.	Powell

Substitutions: Notre Dame—Sharp for Halmes; Mills for Baujan; Larkin for Bergman; Bergman for Larkin; Berger for Cofall; Kelleher for Pliska; Eichenlaub for Duggan.

Haskell — Artichoker for Choate; Wilson for Clements; Choate for Powell; Paptist for Frazier; Powell for W. Williams; Mzhicteno for Paptist; Campbell for Choate; Paptist for Mzhicteno.

Officials of the game were: Gardner, Cornell, referee; Heneage, Dartmouth, umpire; Enger, Michigan, head linesman.

Touchdowns—Bergman, 3; Richards, 1. Goals—Cofall, 3; Artichoker, 1.

Athletic Notes.

Walter Rockne, one of the Notre Dame coaching staff and a member of the 1913 eleven, has the following to say about Eastern and Western football as a result of the game at Yale Field Saturday: "It was rather early in the season for us, but I do not think either Notre Dame or any other Western eleven could win from Yale even later in the season. The Eastern teams get more seasoned men for football through large preparatory schools, and in this way have the advantage over the universities of the West. Many West-

erners have been looking forward to this year to prove the superiority of Western over Eastern football; I think at the end of the season they will come to the conclusion I mentioned. I do not look to Michigan to defeat Harvard.... Nevertheless I am strongly in favor of intersectional football and hope to see Notre Dame on Yale's schedule next year. I think it will bring about a better understanding between the East and the West, besides making the task of judging individual players easier. I think, within a year or two, there will be many Eastern teams coming West for games. It will give variety to football, as teams will have to prepare to meet every kind of offence in these games. I want to see intersectional games increase, even if Eastern teams do defeat the Western elevens; it will be good for the game and good for the country."

Talk of this sort must have made an excellent impression at Yale—as no doubt it was intended to do—and Notre Dame's uncomplaining acceptance of defeat—although she might have used the wet weather as a rather rickety alibi—is a good thing for the game; that is, from a national standpoint. Durant Church, of the 1905 Notre Dame eleven, said he saw Yale play Virginia and was confident that the Western eleven would prevail at Yale Field.

"Play of Yale in almost every department against Notre Dame," said Church, "was at least 200 per cent. better than against Virginia."

The Elis will have ample margin for satisfaction, even with a lower percentage.—*N. Y. Evening News.*

SORIN, 20; WALSH, 0.

Sorin made her first appearance of the inter-hall season last Thursday and succeeded in winning a 20-0 victory from Walsh. Sorin took the ball on the first kick-off, and without losing it once, marched straight down the field for a touchdown. Henehan made the touchdown and Culligan kicked goal. Sorin took possession of the ball again, and with Miller and Hynes carrying the ball soon advanced to the Walsh goal line. Culligan plunged through the line for a second touchdown and he kicked a difficult goal.

In the second quarter Sorin used a number of substitutes. Cusick at centre for Sorin starred. On a trick play, which Cusick himself invented, he gained 60 yards for Walsh on two plays. This play will undoubtedly be found in the next edition of "Dock's" book "How to Play Football." The play is made from a punt formation. The centre passes the ball over the quarterback's head; the quarterback then runs backwards and falls on the ball. This play is sure to gain ground for the opposition and often results in a touchdown. After Cusick had twice worked the play beautifully

Walsh got the ball on Sorin's one yard line. Munger recovered a Walsh fumble and Sorin soon punted out of danger. O'Neill made a forty-yard end run just before the close of the first half.

Walsh started strong in the third quarter, Lawbaugh and O'Neill tearing through the Sorin line. The ball was on Sorin's 30-yard line when Culligan intercepted a forward pass and ran seventy yards through the entire Walsh team for a touchdown. Culligan failed to kick goal. Walsh made another rally, Grady making several good gains, but they could not get close to Sorin's goal. In the final quarter the Sorin regulars were put back in the game. Miller, Welsh, Henehan and Culligan advanced the ball close to the Walsh goal, but the Walshites held and Mike Carmody attempted a drop-kick which was unsuccessful. The game ended with the ball in Walsh's possession on her own 20-yard line.

The big feature of the game was the playing of Culligan. He played quarterback and half-back and seemed to be in every play. The Walsh team was unable to stop him once he got loose on an end run. Henehan did well at fullback, while Shaughnessy, Walsh and Carmody starred on the line. For Walsh, Cusick, O'Neill, Lawbaugh and Grady did the best work.

CORBY, 14; ST. JOSEPH, 0.

Corby won an interesting and hard-fought game from St. Joseph last Sunday afternoon by a score of 14-0. The St. Joseph's team, crippled, though it was from the memorable battle with Brownson on the previous Sunday, fought every minute of the time, and it was not until almost the end of the last quarter that the wonderful St. Joseph's defense gave way and Corby was able to rush two touchdowns over. Even then the scores were largely due to bad passes by St. Joseph's centre.

It must be said, however, that Corby presented a much stronger line-up than in the Walsh game. Daly, at tackle, played a good game, while the shifting of Ryan and Kirkland, the former going to end and the latter to half, has strengthened the team a great deal. The Corby offense was strong throughout the game but it seemed to lack that final punch which means points. The Braves were undoubtedly handicapped by the absence of Dorais, who was injured at the very start of the game. Berg-

man played a good game at quarter and as usual starred on end runs. Whalen's line plunging was almost irresistible, and time after time he made substantial gains through the opposing forwards.

Bartel was the star of the St. Joseph line. He showed his old-time strength and fighting and broke up many of Corby's plays. Diener did the best work in the back field, being the only one who could make consistent gains. He also starred on the defense, intercepting passes and tackling in splendid fashion. Froind surprised the crowd with his wonderful speed, and the fans are expecting great work in track from the little halfback. Captain Tobin played a good game at fullback, while "Lilacs" Lenihan, who took Phelan's place at quarter, called signals in real oratorical fashion and ran his team in faultless style.

* * *

The interhall season thus far has proved unusually interesting. The teams are fighting every inch of the ground, and the race is still far from being settled. To-morrow's game between Corby and Sorin should be one of the best of the season, for each team is undoubtedly a pennant contender. Each side is confident of victory. The standing of the teams after last Sunday's game was:

HALL	WON	LOST	PCT.
Corby	2	0	1000
Sorin	1	0	1000
St. Joseph's	1	1	.500
Brownson	0	1	.000
Walsh	0	2	.000

Safety Valve.

THESE RUN TOGETHER CONSIDERABLE.

The Senior Class—in cap and gown.

The entire student body—assemble in Washington Hall.

Clay Township—330 plurality for Democrats.

* * *

AT THE POLLS.

"Yes, I have my affidavit here. I'm a bell-ringer at Notre Dame. I'm waking my way through, and believe me, they wake when I ring."

* * *

We congratulate South Bend, the Chamber of Commerce, and the old Ladies' Pension Club. There was or were 1 and ½ stores decorated at the recent student parade. 9 raws!

* * *

PATRIOTISM.

Last Tuesday we marvelled at those *Students* who missed class to vote. They are now maintaining that the voting machine was fixed, for when they

pulled the lever it registered their names on the Delinquent List.

* * *

We observe the protests are now lodged in Walsh, instead of Corby.

Tempora mutantur, nos et mutamur in illis, as Mr. Yost said after coming back from Syracuse.

* * *

And those fellows who continually knock because the team lost one game in four years, ought to spend a year at Northwestern University in Evanston.

* * *

The three stars put between each item in the VALVE are not an advertisement for Hennessy. We get nothing for it.

* * *

We have to admit that the Walsh team, last Thursday, had lots of prep.

* * *

THE INEVITABLE.

Joe Cannon may not run for Congress again

And N. D. may overcome Yale.

A travelling man may forget how to talk

And bankers may keep out of jail.

Joe Pliska may some day have long curly hair

And Munger may quickly grow thin,

Joe Kenny may even appear at the school

Deprived of his prominent chin.

Will Case may be found sitting down for a rest,

George Brown may grow nervous from study,

The coeds may all become good-looking girls,

DeFries may get heavy and ruddy.

But while this old sphere keeps on turning around

Though everything else is erratic—

As long as the students are given a vote

Clay Township will go Democratic.

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We suggest the following variants for "plucky little Bergman," which we take every morning, for breakfast with the *News-Times*.

Diminutive.

Lilliputian.

Bantam.

* * *

DEAR FATHER:

The Faculty have just announced that they will give degrees to no one who does not attend the Carlisle game in Chicago. I take no interest in football and would much prefer to stay at Notre Dame and study, but I know the consequences. I hate to cause you such expense, but I lost all the money I had on the—new law text-books. They changed the law books on account of the new laws made since that terrible war broke out. I know you will surely send me sufficient to go to Chicago as my degree depends upon it. As they say in Latin: *Hic Hæc Hoc* (your father is the best friend you have).

With love to dear daddy,

Archie.