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Mother Love.

WHEN the purple shades of evening
Deepen round me, Mother dear,
And the angels up in heaven
Light the lamps that shine so clear;

At that holy vesper hour
Mémoires fullest, dear, of thee
Come and shift life's sombre scenery
To a dreamland passion free.

To the dreamland of my boyhood
Where each childish grief and woe,
Passed away as melts the cold mist
When the East begins to glow.

Mother, when the tears of anguish
Welled up from my throbbing heart,
Only thou couldst heal my sorrows—
Only thou the balm impart.

Every childish sin and virtue
Drew its lesson from thy lips;—
Lessons sweeter than the nectar
Which the busy Apis sips.

Life has passed that joyous Springtime.
Gone are all those balmy days;
Gone thy tender loveborn kisses—
Gone thy gentle, soothing lays.

Childish glee and childish laughter
Echo round thee now no more;
Lonely is the dear old homestead,
Lonely is my heart—and sore.

Time, fly backward o'er thy journey!
Let me be a child to-night!
Oh! fly back ye love-fed hours,
Each with innocence bedight!

Mother, time speeds swiftly onward,
Years must take their fated trend;
But I know that up in Heaven
Mother-love will never end.

B. Walter.

Brownson's Standard of Literary Criticism.

BY J. R. DUNDON.

BROWNSON'S essays on literature are as unique in sentiment for this shallow age as they are daring in assertion. At the time Brownson wrote the great majority of Catholics in America were poor immigrants only too anxious not to arouse the religious antagonism of their more powerful neighbors. The ruling systems of philosophy and morals were as lackadaisical as the so-called reformers who professed them. Till Brownson fearlessly took upon himself the task of berating untruth in literature, Catholic principles had but few advocates in men of "great place."

Brownson makes a statement of his idea of criticism in an essay on "Dana's Poems and Prose Writings." He says: "We are reviewers by profession, but reviewers of the subjects, doctrines, principles or tendencies of books rather than of books themselves, as mere literary productions. We prize literature and art only as they subserve Christian doctrine and morals. Apart from their relation to these they have little value in our eyes; for so considered they cease to be genuinely artistic, and have at best merely the form without the substance of art..... Art in its most general sense is simply the application of science to practical life. Hence we are always obliged whether we are reviewing a work of science or of art, to review it under its relation to Catholicity and to judge it by its bearing on Catholic doctrine and morals." Obviously such a program can be only that of a man whose God is first in his thoughts, of a man who is acutely aware of the purpose of his existence, namely, "to know, to love and to serve God and thereby obtain life everlasting." No one but an atheist will deny the logical necessity of regulating

our conduct in life by Catholic principles. Certainly, then, it is obligatory to conform to these principles in writing. Brownson's definition of literature is suggested by his religious convictions. "Literature," he says, "is composed of works which instruct us in that which it is necessary for us to know in order to discharge or better to discharge our duties as moral, religious and social beings."

We have seen that Brownson proposed to consider only the matter of books however, while it is customary for the literary critic to deal with both form and matter. In an essay on "Catholicity and Literature," Brownson has a chapter in defense of his critical theory. "We have heard it maintained," he writes, "that the province of a quarterly review is to criticise books and not to discuss the subjects which books treat or suggest; and we have ourselves been denied, on that ground, the right to be regarded as a reviewer; but we think that those who so maintain, labor under a slight misapprehension. A review, according to modern acceptance and usage, is not necessarily a purely literary work, and it may review subjects as well as books, and the practice of nearly all American and foreign reviews is to do so. The book introduced is regarded as little more than an occasion or a text for an original discussion of some question which the author wishes to treat. The doctrinal or moral character of books is as proper a subject of review as their literary character. Books are worthy of no great consideration for their own sake, and literature itself is never respectable as an end, and is valuable only as a means to an end. Literature is to be highly esteemed, and assiduously cultivated by those who have a literary vocation; but as an instrument, as a means of effecting some lawful purpose, never for the sake of itself. It has never been, and probably never will be, the main purpose of our 'Review' to criticise books under a purely literary aspect, for it is not designed simply in the interests of authors and booksellers. It was originally devoted, and will continue to be devoted, to what should be the ends and aims of literature rather than to literature itself."

In defense of this stand of Brownson, it may be said that there is not so much need of criticism of art form as of content, because it is nearly always the case that when the content is good, the form is good. Besides if the form is bad the literature can do little harm, while

bad content and good form is an evil. We could easily dispense with all reviewers of formal art, whose chief service is the estimation of the place which a work deserves in the list of the world's literature. On the other hand, we could never dispense with censors who exercise a preventive influence against bad writing. Popular opinion soon decides the formal merit of a work, but people should not be exposed to literature of evil content. Thus we see that, while it is wrong to praise any excellence of form, when such action would only serve to advertise evil subject-matter, it is, however, harmless to neglect form entirely in reviewing literature. This justifies Brownson's standard of criticism. Nay more; it argues for the continuance of his manner of reviewing. Who is there that fails to observe the utter lack of regard for morals in authors of this country? Brownson was a convert, and, like many converts, he was acutely sensitive to breaches of the moral law. Furthermore, he had the courage to publish his distaste for evil and to resist evil tendencies in literature. That this is the end for which Brownson strives is evident from his exposition of Lowell's error in "The Vision of Sir Launfal." The poet makes the leper say:

He gives nothing but worthless gold
Who gives from a sense of duty.

Brownson devotes several pages to censuring these two lines. The substance of his criticism is this: "He who acts from a sense of duty, acts from the highest and noblest love of which man is capable; he who acts only from what we may term sensible love, acts from his lower nature. For our own convenience and pleasure in acting it is always desirable that our emotions should harmonize with our sense of duty; but for the meritoriousness of our actions it is not at all necessary." In the same essay he says: "We have too high an appreciation of its (poetry's) character and office to receive with favor the light and frivolous productions of our modern race of poetasters and versifiers, however beautiful their print and paper."

Consistent with his theory of criticism, Brownson was led to condemn the novel and especially women's novels. He says: "We have read too many novels in our day not to have experienced their evil effects, and we are strongly opposed to all novels, but especially to women's novels, for the feminine mind is constitutionally sentimental and fond of sentiment." Brownson believes there is sex in

literature. Sex cannot, however, always be detected, for instance in Mary Johnson's "To Have and to Hold." It is usually supposed from the fact that there have been no great women writers in the past that woman is by nature inferior mentally, but does the conclusion follow? Can it be certain whether her inferiority in the past was due to physiological reasons or to lack of the educational advantages enjoyed by men. The future may solve the problem, for it is only in recent years that women have been extended the same opportunities for learning as men. To continue our subject, Brownson says, "We object to the influence of women as creators of popular literature because the popular literature they create tends to emasculate thought, to enervate the mind...." Brownson is unduly absolute in his criticism of the novel. Like those who are opposed to the use of intoxicating liquor, he can see no good in the object he opposes. Nevertheless, just as alcoholic beverages are good when used in moderation, so is the novel. There are times when the mind needs recreation, and at such times the novel may exercise a formative influence on the young. It is the purpose of many Catholic novelists to-day to promote a religious spirit in their readers, and nothing is more compatible with Brownson's standards. "Fabiola" had brought many to the Church and led others to take up a religious life. Brownson is, then, too severe in his attitude toward the novel. What he says, however, applies to many novels. He has two objections to women's novels:

"One of the grave objections to our women's novels in general, and which many regard as a merit, is their intense subjectiveness and their habit of dissecting emotions and sentiments, passions and affections. The heroine does not know whether she loves or not, and so must go into a psychological analysis of her sentiments and affections, and argue the question 'pro' and 'con.' We are entertained with long and tedious accounts of the growth of love in the heart,—love, which, as a sentiment, has no growth, but is born, if at all, full grown." His other objection which applies with equal truth to all novels, "is that of treating love as an affection of the sensitive soul instead of an affection of the rational soul. Nearly all literature represents love as a sentiment, and, therefore, independent of the will. There is no doubt such a love, distinguishable from mere

lust or sensuality and regarded by its possessors as pure and holy; but it is an affection of the sensibility, and not elicitable or controllable by the will. It is fatal, and it is mistaking this sort of love for that which should subsist between husband and wife that causes so many to look upon Christian marriage, the only sure basis of the family, as intolerable tyranny, a burden too great to be borne. Hence comes the demand for the liberty of divorce, and, with the more advanced party, for free love...."

It is clear that we need such critics (or reviewers) as Brownson. Our magazines are full of sensational fiction, the sole purpose of which is to satiate the lustful cravings of their untutored readers. Publishers place at a premium fiction containing scenes and incidents which suggest more than they would dare to openly state. Thus, by hiding their indecency in a veil of respectability, the chefs of our literary kitchens are able to deceive our intellects to the delight of our appetites. The spirit of the times is largely anti-Catholic. Religious revolutions have given the incentive to revolt in all fields from all kinds of restrictions especially religious authority. In literature we had the cry for freedom of press. "This so-called 'freedom' having been established, the literary reformers have followed up their lead, until license to publish is almost unbridled. There is little regard for morality on the part of writers, because it has been found that the immoral is easy to sell. Brownson was about the first man in America to openly oppose the rising tide of materialism. He insisted throughout his essays that literature to be valid must first of all and above all be valid in its content, in its matter. The principal object of all art is to express the beautiful. Beauty is a term applied to anything which pleases. Evil is the absence of good and beauty. It is disgusting. Hence, for a writing to be literature at all, it must be good in content, because beauty is never found separate from the good. This is the important fact which Brownson always held in mind in his "reviewing." He knew his philosophy too well to allow himself to fall into the paradox in which other reviewers find themselves when they try to excuse evil subject-matter on the strength of formal excellence. Brownson was a power for the good in the literary world of his time. His memory has, however, been almost obliterated by the disciples of those whom he fought.

Go Forth.

DON'T wait till you are old and weak before
 You make your start in life. The field is wide:
 Go forth with courage. Work, and fight the tide
 That bears you back on worry's heartless shore.
 Don't say the world was all too hard on you,
 For if it was 'twas you that made it so.
 'Twas yours to conquer, yours to overthrow,
 And if you failed, strive to begin anew.

Let no opposing critic change your mind.
 If you are right, repel the scorn of men;
 Throw off the slurs, the breed of lowliness;
 And though you face a world in wrong set blind,
 Don't quit, fight on, prevail; for only then
 Will you have earned the title of success.

M. C. D.

The Test.

BY EMMETT G. LENIHAN.

The third great load of canvas rolled away from the car, the wheels of the old circus wagon groaning and creaking under its weight. At the command of Jim Fleming, perched upon the high spring seat, the big grey horses fell into the steady pull of the experienced wagon team, and started for the grounds. Another wagon drove into place and the process of unloading the "World's Biggest Amalgamated Shows" went on.

To Fleming, this scene was a daily one, but the familiarity of it never grew monotonous. For eight years he had been working for Pete Daley, the canvas boss of Ganey's circus. When but fifteen years old he ran away from the Orphans' Home in Cleveland to get a job as waterboy, and from that day on he never missed a "set-up." The thin, lanky youngster had grown into a brawny giant, his mammoth shoulders and muscular arms proving him more than once the superior of any man in the crew. Peaceable at heart, his soft, gray eyes grew cold and steely when he was aroused. Two new "razorbacks" paid the penalty for their rashness the first week of the season by attempting to take advantage of his seeming unending good nature.

As the team turned into the main street of Bridgetown, the sight of the familiar glaring advertisements filled Jim with delight. He loved the circus. The pennants streaming

across the street, the flaming window posters, the bill boards with their highly colored pictures of daring acrobats and scantily clad bareback riders,—all were a part of him, and his heart beat more rapidly when he thought that he was a part of it all.

Soon the grounds were reached, and Jim, stopping his team, began to unload the canvas for the horse tent. The centre poles for the "big top" had been set in place and the men were lacing the canvas preparatory to pulling it up. Big Pete Daley hurried around directing the work, stopping to encourage some, cursing others for their slowness. The ring of the heavy sledges told that the stakes would be in by the time the canvas was ready to be raised.

While Fleming was unloading, Daley sauntered over to his wagon.

"I guess we'll get a quick set-up this morning, Jim. The gang knows that this is Ganey's big town and they're working like devils." He paused, looked intently at Fleming, and went on: "If everything goes well for the rest of the season, you ought to be able to buy that little farm for Jeannette."

Jim flushed and swallowed painfully before he answered. Everyone in the circus knew that the big fellow was hopelessly in love with Mlle. Jeannette, the "Queen of Aerial Acrobats," and many blamed her for leading him on while she looked with much favor on Randell Ganey, the proprietor's son.

"I guess there's no chance for that, Pete, she's too good for me."

"Did you ever tell her that you cared for her, Jim?"

"No, it wouldn't do any good. I guess she knows anyway."

"Well, you never can tell. Better try it some time," he concluded as Jim climbed upon the wagon and started back to the circus cars.

The work rushed on to prepare for the big opening. When the parade started off, it was an unparalleled success. Never had the band played better, never had the silver trappings of the horses shone more brightly. Even Beelzebub, the huge mastodon, usually truculent at the beginning of the day, walked docilely along in his accustomed place.

In the afternoon an enormous crowd poured into the grounds. The side shows were jammed, forcing a grin into Bill Higgins' weather-beaten face. And when the freaks' barker looked happy, everyone knew that it was going

to be a big day. When the ticket sale began the mob thronged wildly into the tent to await the beginning of the circus. Never was a happier crowd gathered under one canvas. They applauded the work of the bareback riders; they thrilled with admiration at the feats of Sandow; they laughed uproariously at the antics of the clowns.

"If she's anything like this to-night, Jim," said Pete Daley as they were standing at the exit, watching the crowd depart, "it'll be a record breaker sure."

"Yeah, but that sky don't look any too good to me. It don't take a good stiff storm long to blow up in this cuntry."

It was true, the sky was beginning to look ominous. Heavy clouds were rolling up from the west, bringing with them portents of devastating winds. Ugly flashes of lightning began to appear, while the rumble of approaching thunder was faintly heard.

"Just so it holds off 'till we get this old tent tore down, and we'll be all right. Well, I guess I had better take a turn around and see that everything is in shape."

Jim was left standing there, watching the little bunches of people who were still wandering about the grounds. A touch on the shoulder aroused him and he turned to see Jeannette at his side.

"Are you going to the car, soon, Jim?" she asked.

He looked down, and an ineffable feeling of her sweetness grew over him. The big brown eyes, the straight patrician nose, the winsome face, and the lovely figure formed a picture that made his heart leap wildly and his blood course more rapidly through his body. He loved this girl with all the feeling that his big honest heart was capable of conceiving. The yearning for her was daily becoming stronger, and he wondered how much longer he could control his heart and keep from telling her of his love. He knew his case was hopeless. How could a common razorback hope to make a home suitable for that dainty little creature?

He started shamefacedly, for he knew that he had been staring at her.

"No, I can't go now, as I have to help tie down the tent for the night. We're liable to get a regular old norther before long."

"Well, I'll see you after the performance then. See that my trapeze is in good shape, will you, Jim?" He watched her make her way

across the grounds and then strode into the tent.

That night, an even larger crowd than had witnessed the afternoon performance invaded the circus grounds. The threatening sky instead of deterring any, proved an added inducement for the people of the surrounding towns and country to seek refuge in the big tent. By eight o'clock the huge canvas playhouse was filled to capacity. But hardly had the band started its opening number, and the performers in the three rings begun their acts, when the storm, long deferred, broke.

The heavily falling rain struck the canvas with a loud spattering noise, and soon became a torrent, pouring off the tent on all sides. The wind which had been freshening for some time blew with renewed vigor, striking the flapping walls with increasing force. On all sides of the tent, the canvas men who had been waiting in readiness for the storm, began to loosen the rain-soaked hempen ropes. Pete Daley's hoarse voice spurred them on, for he knew that unless slackened a little the rapidly contracting guys and wall stays would soon play havoc with their fastenings. Not until the entire tent was triple staked could he feel that it was even comparatively safe. Inside, the band played furiously, in mad competition with the battling elements. The crowd, not realizing the grave extent of their danger, shouted in applause.

All the while, Jim Fleming whose duties kept him inside the tent during the performance, hovered near the ring. His eyes followed unceasingly the small figure of Jeannette in her aerial contortions high up at the top of the tent. The swaying canvas greatly increased the constant danger that she was undergoing. Soon he saw her swiftly ascend to the top trapeze from which she made her climactic, much advertised, "death-defying" feat of turning a complete backward somersault, catching in mid-air two rings which had been started swinging twenty feet away.

As she poised upon the tiny bar, a brilliant smile lighting up her face, Jim, creeping nearer and praying agonizingly for her safety, heard a loud crash of thunder followed quickly by the sharp crack of a snapping guy rope, saw the centre pole lurch suddenly forward and a small body shoot hurtling through the air. He felt rather than heard a cry of terror from the crowd and the sight of their white, bloodless faces was seared into his brain. With arms

outstretched he braced himself to catch the flying body. Falling straight down, she struck him heavily, her feet crashing into his face. Fleming's head shot back at the unexpected blow and he crumpled to the ground, still holding his precious burden. Several performers dashed through the ropes, and lifting Jeannette from his grasp, carried her into the dressing tent. Fleming still lay unconscious so he too was borne from the ring.

When he regained his senses he was stretched out in bed with Dr. Thomas, the circus physician, bending over him. He started to rise but dropped back with the pain which flashed through him. Then slowly fastening his eyes on the doctor, he asked faintly, "Is she all right, Doc?"

"Yes, Jim; outside of a few bruises she's as well as ever. You broke her fall, but in doing so nearly lost your own life. We thought at first that your neck was broken, but you got out pretty lucky. Two ribs are fractured, so you'll have to stay in bed until they heal. When,—but I guess there's someone wants to see you," he concluded with a grin as a soft rap was heard at the door. He crossed the room and admitted Jeannette, then stepped into the hall and quietly closed the door.

The girl paused, and then walked swiftly toward the bed. "Jim, I never can thank you enough, for you saved my life. It makes me shudder yet when I think of that awful falling sensation, and what would have happened if you hadn't caught me?"

"Aw, I didn't do much. I just happened to be near you. Any fellow could have done the same," he answered uncomfortably.

"Well, I'm through with the circus for good now. I never could do that act again." Her face suddenly lighted up and she went on: "Jim, Pete Daley took up a collection for you from all the company, and now Mr. Ganey is going to buy you a farm. He said that is what you always wanted."

He started up joyfully, and then sank back when he thought that this meant the end of his hopes. Now he would never see her again. Jeannette, divining his thoughts, flushed, and with downcast eyes said softly, "Jim,—I'd like to live on a farm."

His heart bounded at her words and despite his pain he lifted himself up in the bed. With a happy little cry, Jeannette glided into the outstretched arms.

Travelling in a Private Car.

BY THOMAS J. HANIFIN.

Pulling, straining, and coughing up large volumes of thick black smoke from her worn-out boilers, and with much ringing of her heavy bell and screeching of her whistle, the little "Yellow Streak" puffed its way out of Lawton, dragging behind her a long line of empty fruit cars and a youthful adventurer, who had taken possession of the fourth car.

He sat in the doorway of the ill-smelling refrigerator-car, with his feet dangling outside, while he whistled the once popular song "Hang Out the Front-door Key." How could he be otherwise than cheerful, when he had a dollar and seventy-nine cents in his pocket. It made him feel like a millionaire. Was he not also leaving behind him forever that slow little burg of Lawton, whose major sport was to watch the trains shoot past, or to stop over for water, or to take on an occasional passenger, which made the townspeople throw out their chests with civic pride. "Surely," reasoned the happy boy, "these reasons are sufficient to justify my present actions."

As the train bumped along over the loose rails, Joe Jackson, the youthful tramp, began counting his bank-roll to make sure that it was safe. Having reassured himself that it was all there, he replaced it in his pocket, feeling satisfied with the world. As he was removing his hand from his safety-vault, the train gave a sudden lurch forward, Joe grasped desperately for the door, and in his attempt to save himself from falling overboard, lost seven cents.

Poor Joe was almost heartbroken on account of this disaster. Had he visited a three-cent lunch room, he could have purchased a cup of coffee and a ham sandwich with that lost seven cents and yet have a cent left. Or he could have gone to the "movies" and saved two cents. Or still better, he could have bought a ton or more of Mattaway clover, otherwise known to the neighboring farmers as sand-burrs, and have five cents change.

Joe's face was the picture of discontentment. He sat moodily staring at the sea of blue above him, which was dotted by a few white clouds, resembling small sail boats peacefully drifting towards the harbor of the western horizon. All this he saw from the open doorway of his

private car. But he failed to see the small red farm houses with the fields of waving corn, to the right and left of them, guarded by disreputable looking scare-crows, which were usually stationed in the middle of the fields, and the green hillsides, beyond these fields, freckled by large sunflowers. He failed to see the hogs slopping around in a small pond, which was in the centre of a verdant field, and the two black and white spotted cows, who were resting in the shade of a drooping elm, which stood in a corner of the field, near the barbed-wire fence. The song of a robin and the bark of a dog rose above the noise of the onrushing train, but all the beauty of the pastoral scene was lost to him, for he was building castles in the air.

As the rumbling train of cars neared Mattaway the little engine sounded a warning whistle, which died away in a screeching echo in the distant woods. The wheels squeaked as the rusty brakes were applied to them, while the yellow cars roared out their disapproval by slamming their doors and bumping hard against each other, and even by slowing down.

At these signs of a stop-over, the melancholy youth betook himself to a dark corner of his private car, and there patiently waited for the train to pull out. As he sat on the hard floor of the fruit car, he counted the number of boards on the opposite wall, the number of visible nails and rivets, and the number of rotten peach piles and empty grape baskets strewn on the floor. Tired of doing this, the now hungry tramp closed his eyes to shut out the nauseating sight which stared him in the face, but he could not oblivate it. The odors of over-ripe grapes and decayed peaches again gave him a mental picture of the scene before him. Sleep finally overcame the tired youth. But even in sleep, he dreamt of garbage cans, dirty backyards, and a bank account of a dollar and seventy-nine cents, minus seven cents, the price of a cup of coffee and a ham sandwich, with one cent left over.

Its Value.

If you've never met defeat,
In striving for your goal,
Then you've something still to meet.
If you've never met defeat,
You've run but the first heat
Of the journey of a soul,
If you've never met defeat
In striving for your goal.

W. R.

A Toast.

They come when the tide of the spirit
Ebbes low in the sea of life;
When care with its burden of sorrows
Crushes the soul from the strife.

They gleam through the shadows of fancy
As stars through the skies of night
Shine out from the vault of the heavens
And gladden the world with light.

They lessen the cares of the present
With soothing, softening ray:
So drink to the days that are over,
To the lights of yesterday.

A. L. McD.

It's All in the Name.

BY MYRON PARROT.

I.

Bang! BANG!! BANG!!!

"Come in."

"What d'ye mean, come in? Unlock the door."

"All right, Eich. Is old age getting you? (click) I thought you could walk through it."

"Bad comedy, Rupe. Going with me to see Billy Burke at the Oliver?"

"Got per?"

"Per? I got per three years ago—general per for four years."

"I got you all right. I'm a bonehead."

"Nobody home."

"That's Brownson stuff. I didn't think it of you. What's the show?"

"Jerry."

"Jerry what? Jerry A. A. G."

"What's A. A. G.?"

"All American Guard."

"Oh! Going?"

"Yea, I'll go. Wait'll I change this flannel shirt for something white and stiff."

"Well, hurry up. It's nearly eight now. More speed, more speed!"

"I thought you graduated from Corby?"

II.

"Say, Marika?"

"What is it, Billy, dear?"

"What's the name of this town, anyway?"

"Town? This is not a town, it's a bad taste—wipe the pink off your forehead, and remember

I'm waiting for that eye-pencil—they call it South Bend—don't waste it all on your famous brow."

"Isn't there an asylum, or a jail or something here?"

"Sure, Notre Dame."

"Oh, I thought so, where they've got that famous football player, what's his name?—I-kin-smash, or something like that."

"Lob, isn't it? I was just going to say that."

"He must be some fellow."

"Well, he doesn't owe us anything."

"But to think we're so near and won't even get to see him. Gee! I'd like to meet him."

"Forget it. We haven't even time to see the town. Our train leaves at 11:40."

"I'm going to quit one of these days. What good is fame when you have to work every night?"

"Aw, stop that sob-stuff. You'll stick till you're as old as Lillian Russell. Here's the call boy already. We're on. How's my hair?"

III.

"For the love of Mike, quit clapping—everybody's looking at you."

"G'wan, I paid my quarter."

"But be reasonable, Eich, don't emphasize your country manners."

"You ought to have sense enough to applaud when you see an actress like her."

"Aw, she looks like a general fire alarm in that red dress, but I know you're gone on her. You read her beauty hints before you look at the football dope."

"You make me sick, Rupe."

"You made *me* tired."

"I'm going out for some fresh air. Guess I'll go over to the Oliver and get some butter-milk."

"You're in the Oliver now."

"Oliver Hotel! Drain off that tile roof of yours."

"Hotel Biff, if you answer back again."

"Coming along?"

"No, hurry back."

IV.

"Billy! Where is your necklace?—the one you wear in the next act."

"Goodness! I left it at the hotel."

"What will you do? Gracious—"

"Calm yourself, how soon is the act?"

"In about three minutes."

"The hotel is just across the street. I'll run over and get it."

"But girly—!"

"Never mind that. I can make it."

"Hurry!"

V.

"You-uh-know-uh-me-, Al."

"Yes, I know you, Al. What d'ye mean, coming in this theatre like a switch engine? Why, Eich, you're breathing like McDonough after a mile-run."

"Dry up! Don't talk to me that way, Rupe. Do you know who I am?"

"What did you ever do?"

"I just saved her life."

"Whose life?"

"Her life, ivorydomé. There goes the curtain up now—watch her."

"Say, Raymond, what are you raving about?"

"I saved her life, I tell you, Billie Burke's. See her smiling at me?"

"Honest? That's what she's doing; tell me about it, old boy."

"Well when I got out in front, there she was standing in the street, with two Fords charging at her. She looked pretty little and I thought that even a Ford might knock her down, so I imagined I heard Bergie calling signals for a cross buck, and I piled 'em up in the ditch."

"And then?"

"Then I picked her up and carried her over to the hotel."

"And—?"

"And I've got a date with her after the show. I'm going to take her to the station."

"In what?"

"In an auto, I've got two dollars. What d'ye think this is anyway?"

"As if you weren't anxious to tell me."

"Lucky? About as lucky as your wife will be."

"But what's the idea of all the gloom? You look as if you were attending a funeral, or the 'Perils of Pauline!'"

"But, Rupe, isn't she Irish?"

"What if she is? Isn't a pretty Irish colleen good enough for you?"

"But look at my name. What chance have I got?"

"Does she know who you are?"

"No."

"Tell her your name is Finegan."

"Slip it here, Rupe, the Colonel will make a lawyer out of you yet.—But maybe I'll get balled up, and won't remember to say Finegan."

"Aw, that's easy, think of the fellows who

play fullback, and you'll remember it."

"Rupe, you're good. Now, I'd swear that you have intelligence."

VI.

"Oh, Marika!"

"Oh, slush!"

"Gee, I'm glad the show's over."

"What's the excitement. You ran in for the last act like a scared kid, and then kept looking toward the gallery. See a ghost?"

"No, I had my life saved—ugh—this cold cream tastes like the butter in Kable's restaurant—he was a great big handsome fellow."

"How?"

"Two mammoth touring cars, or something were going to run over me and he pushed them out of the way."

"Gracious! Did you thank him?"

"I should say I did. And he's waiting to take me to the station. Is all the cold cream off?"

"Uh-huh."

"I wonder who he is. Where will our sleeper be? Maybe he's from Notre Dame."

"On the side track where it was this morning."

"All right, good-bye."

"Aren't you going to charge?"

"Charge nothing, I'm in a hurry. Bye, bye."

"Bye—for the love of Mike."

VII.

"Hello!"

"How do you do? Miss Burke."

"Have you been waiting long?"

"Not very. Come, I've got a motor car around the corner."

"You forgot to tell me your name."

"My name? Why er—er—(fullbacks—fullbacks?) Kowalski, Duggan Finegan."

"Kowalski Duggan Finegan?"

"Yes, I'm Irish. Here's the car. Driver, take us to the Lake Shore station, and don't exceed the speed limit."

"This is a fine car. Yours?"

"Why yes (for half an hour)."

"What did you say your first name is?"

"Er—Kowalski."

"Did they name you after a Pullman car, or a Russian battleship? I daresay you just about lived up to expectations. But I like big men. Are you an athlete?"

"What do you mean, athlete? I don't like to brag, but you should have seen me Saturday. We scalped a big Indian eleven."

"Really! What did you do?"

"Well, I laid out the first fellow I hit."

"How awful, who was he?"

"I don't remember, but I think he was Ardtchoke."

"Hard to choke?"

"Yes, something like that."

"And then—"

"Then I smashed both guards and got past them—with a charley-horse too."

"Goodness! Is this the station?"

"Yes, but your train doesn't leave yet."

"There's the coach over there, I'm going."

"But my dear Miss—"

"Oh am I? Open the door. Really you flatter yourself—thanks—good-bye."

"But Miss—"

"Just imagine yourself kissed, you—you big brute. Good night."

VIII.

"Oh Marika! Where have you been? I've been waiting hours for you."

"Hours? Why you left the theatre just twenty minutes ago. I didn't think you'd be here so soon. Where's your hero?"

"Hero? Ooooooh, it was horrible. He was a desperate man, an escaped convict. Why he killed eleven Indians, and choked a man, and slugged his guards, and stole a horse, and—"

"Don't tell me any more. I'll dream about it."

"But you're all right dearie. Dry your tears, you're safe."

"Oh I was lucky to escape."

"Come let's forget it. What's your real name, any more. I'm going to write a letter and want to tell a friend."

"Katrina Von Schonheitsvoll."

"S-c-h—"

"S-c-h-o-n-h-e-i-t-s-v-o-l-l."

"I've got it, thanks."

"Have you a magazine. Reading might quiet my nerves."

"Yes, there's a New York *Clipper* on the top of my suitcase, and with it a picture of Eichenlaub, that football player—I tore it out of a newspaper on the way down, so you can see what he looks like, even if you didn't meet him."

 Nightfall.

I saw a cloud of leaves drift by,

For the fields with death were sweet.

A rush of wings was in the sky

And the birds passed wild and fleet. S. S.

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—The hearts of all Americans will rejoice at the elevation of Monsignor Shahan to the episcopacy. The merits of this modest and learned teacher are known to all who have any acquaintance with the literary or educational activities of our people in America. Doubtless the former Rectors of the Catholic University would be the first to say that his administration has been the most successful in the history of the University and that no other has been able, under the providence of God, to render so many and such large services to the cause of Catholic education.

Notre Dame congratulates the Faculty and students of the Catholic University on this recognition of the C. U. of A. and the honor done its Rector.

—The "sick man of Europe" has suffered another relapse. Having permitted himself to become involved in the present difficulties, it remains only for him now to muster his Oriental fatalism and await quiescently the end. For the wily Ottoman has at last been inveigled into a shell game. He loses either way. Let the Allies emerge victor, and "the Bear that walks like a Man" will enjoy a gluttonous repast. For England and France cannot object with any good grace, and the former will have particularly great incentive to permit the demolition of the Turkish empire in Europe. If the Teutons are triumphant,

the Turk will play the rôle of "the victor that loses." For Austria loves the Mohammedan interloper not at all, and Germany, flushed with success, impatient of treaties, devoted to any means that insure the end, will have no qualms of conscience in assisting the Star and Crescent out of Southeastern Europe. Nobody loves the Turk. Dog in the manger tactics have guaranteed his immunity from molestation for some centuries. As pawn in the scales of Fate, he was the equational in the delicate balancing of all Europe. But the balance has tipped. The scales themselves are demolished. Whatever the seeming of friendliness, he has the substance of universal hate. Britain, smarting under the Turks effrontery while the Empire was embarrassed, will not forget. Russia, insatiate territory monger, awaits but an opening. The Balkans, like a pack of eager jackals, hover about his borders, waiting only for their quarry to fall. Italy might assist if needs be. Germany or Austria could do it individually with expedition, and jointly, with dispatch. And remembering Belgium, we cannot conceive of the Kaiser worrying much about the ethical intricacies incident to the disruption of Turkey. Only a drawn battle might save him. And even that could easily fail to postpone the inevitable. He has been the cancer of Europe for generations. But recent events have isolated the germ of his power, and either Russia or Germany, as chief bacteriologist, may be depended upon to furnish the serum whose non-technical name is "Finis."

QUARTERLY EXAMINATIONS.

NOVEMBER, 1914.

Christian Doctrine a, A, B, will be examined Tuesday, Nov. 17, 7:00 P. M.

Christian Doctrine I, II, will be examined Tuesday Nov. 17 at the hour at which the classes are regularly taught.

Christian Doctrine III will be examined Friday, Nov. 20, 1:15 P. M.

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 18.

Classes taught at 8:15 A. M. and 10:15 A. M. will be examined at 8:15 A. M. and 10:30 A. M. respectively.

Classes taught at 1:15 P. M. and 2:55 P. M. will be examined at 1:15 P. M. and 4:30 P. M. respectively.

FRIDAY, NOV. 20.

Classes taught at 9:05 A. M. and 11:10 A. M. will be examined at 8:15 A. M. and 10:30 A. M. respectively.

Classes taught at 2:05 P. M. will be examined at 2:15 P. M.

Bishop Hickey Pays Us a Visit.

The daily routine was pleasantly interrupted last Wednesday by the sudden announcement that the Rt. Rev. Thomas Hickey of Rochester, N. Y., was to deliver a brief address. The Rev. Bishop, as Father Cavanaugh said in introducing him, is beloved here both as a friend and as an orator. What he had to say, beyond a few hearty words of affection, dealt with the all-engrossing subject of the European conflict. Having arrived from France but a few weeks past, his Lordship was able to speak graphically of conditions there, of the enlistment of exiled and execrated clergy, and of the general status of the people. His conclusions were particularly interesting. Science, he said, has gone too far. With fiendish skill it has wrought engines of war whose destructive powers defy exposition. Human knowledge has not worked for peace. Christianity alone has, and therefore remains humanity's sole hope of salvation. These words of truth, reinforced by the venerable speaker's powerful expression and magnetic presence, were used to impress upon his audience the import and utility of religious education. Our sole criticism is that the address was all too brief, and we hope for a speedy sequel.

Doctor Walsh Talks on the War.

We who have known the marvelous range of Doctor James J. Walsh's thought and eloquence knew exactly what to await when it was proclaimed that he was to lecture on the afternoon following Bishop Hickey's address. The ubiquity of his learning instils into one the wholesome desire to join in the famed Socratic confession. The theme, in this instance, dealt with the world war. The aspects of the conflict which immediately affect the individual formed the chief topic. What horrors and sufferings are incident to continuous battle, what it costs in life and treasure, what the duties of the army-surgeon and the Red-Cross nurse actually are, what heroic sacrifices every branch of the service has made, were vividly portrayed. Peace, he said, seems impossible. In 1852 numerous orators had heralded the dawn of universal quiet. Their echoes blended with the cries of a dozen wars. Thus also has it been to-day. Peace is nevertheless possible if we want it.

The Eagle Magazine Prizes.

Mr. Frank E. Hering (Litt. B., '98; LL. B., '02), Editor of the *Eagle Magazine*, makes the following announcement to the students.

The *Eagle Magazine* offers three prizes for the three best magazine articles submitted on or before March 15, 1915. Only students of the University will be permitted to compete. The following details will be of interest to those desiring to take part in the contest:

1. Three prizes, each of \$50, are offered.
2. The kinds of articles desired are biography, short-story, and exposition.
3. There will be no limitation as to the number of manuscripts each competitor may submit in any or all of these classes.
4. There will be three judges: two of the University Faculty; one of the editorial staff of the Magazine.
5. Each competitor is expected to submit for the approval of the managing editor, a list of subjects from which he will choose his topic or topics. This list should be sent under a pen-name. It will be returned under that name, which will not be used again.
6. The author is requested not to write his name on any of his papers. Instead he will place his name in a sealed envelope and attach the envelope to the manuscript. The manuscript and envelope attached to it will be given a number; and the authors' names will not be known to any of the judges until after the decisions are made.
7. All manuscripts must be typewritten, and in triplicate.
8. Manuscripts must be in March 15, 1915.
9. The Magazine will claim as its property the prize winning articles; and it reserves the right to purchase at \$20 each, any other available articles among those submitted.
10. The length of the contesting essays to be not fewer than 2200 words and not more than 2500 words.

Obituary.

MR. RICHARD FRENCH.

The Rev. James French, C. S. C., Supervisor of the Missions, has the sympathy of Faculty, students and alumni on the death of his brother which occurred at Hot Springs, Ark., November 4. We bespeak many prayers for the repose of the soul of the deceased. R. I. P

Personals.

—Henry A. Burdick ('10) is in business for himself in Kansas City, Missouri. Henry was end on the Varsity football team and was popular among the students.

—Dick Braun, a graduate of last year in Chemical Engineering, has been for some time with the LaSalle Highway Commission and is at present at 401 W. Adams St., Springfield, Illinois.

—Hunter McCauley Bennett (Litt. B., '97) was recently elected Prosecuting Attorney in Weston, West Virginia. He was one of two Democrats to win in the County, and naturally feels elated.

—The Rev. Edward J. McLaughlin (A. B., '75; A. M., '95) visited the University during the past week. Father McLaughlin is in robust health and is doing remarkable work in Clinton, Iowa.

—From *Engineering & Contracting*, Chicago, we copy the following item:

Mr. Hugh C. Mitchell, a graduate of Notre Dame University and for twelve years with the U. S. Coast and Geodetic Survey on astronomic and geodetic work, has become associated with the firm of Brown & Clarkson, civil and mining engineers, with offices in the Star Building, Washington, D. C. Mr. Mitchell, who was Engineer in Charge of the topographic survey of the city of Cincinnati under Mr. Waite, now City Manager of Dayton, will specialize in geodetic engineering and topometric surveys of cities, boroughs and counties to provide data for city planning, sewer and drainage investigations, and bases for cadastral surveys.

Local News.

—Well anyway you look at it, 20 - 7 is not 35-13.

—Try as you will, you can't make "Chicago" rhyme with "exams."

—What is so rare as a dandelion in November? (Observe said plant in blossom on the Campus.)

—There will be a meeting of the Day Students' Association Monday at 12:30 P. M. in Room 116, Main Building.

—Brother Alphonsus has two fountain pens, a ring and several tie pins which he would like to return to their owners.

—One Senior remarked that Marcus looked as if he were dressed for a trip to the North pole when he started on the hike to Chicago.

—Rev. Father Cavanaugh and Judge T. E. Howard spoke Tuesday evening at the dedicatory exercises of the new St. Joseph's Hall in South Bend.

—We tried to get "Deac" Jones' speech in Washington Hall for the SCHOLASTIC, but found to our sorrow that it was entirely extemporaneous.

✓ Christian Doctrine classes for non-Catholics are taught by Brother Alphonsus on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday in Room 117, Main Building. All are welcome.

—We were glad to see Bishop Hickey again, not to mention being excused from Metaphysics. We couldn't appreciate Dr. Walsh's speech so well, however, having no class that hour.

—In these days of war even peaceful pursuits are dangerous, to wit: taking lemonade and fours in Brother Leopold's while those Freshmen marksmen are practising in the shooting gallery.

—All teachers were invited to assemble for a Faculty photograph last Thursday after luncheon. The picture was a great success. By a strange coincidence, Fathers Kirsch, Scheier, Oswald, Foik and Just were absent from the group.

—We wish to call the attention of all the students to the *Eagle Magazine* prizes, and the conditions regulating them, all of which are published in another part of this issue. We shall be disappointed if the competition is not keen as the prizes are considerable.

—The students residing at "The Lilacs" have decided to award trophies for the Ananias-like qualities of the crowd. So far Flynn is in the lead for the first prize, a silver mounted crutch. The other trophies, in order of excellence in the competition, are a red-plush rocker, a green silk house coat (hemstitched) and a soft derby hat.

—Five embryo pedestrians of the Payson Weston variety left the University Wednesday at two p. m., hoping to arrive in Chicago in time to witness the clash between Notre Dame and the Carlisle Indians. It was thought best not to have the Notre Dame Band send them off since nobody believes that they will get any farther than LaPorte. The crowd is made up of Gerald Clements, '15, Edward Marcus, '16, Wilmur Finch, '16 and Russell Downey, '16.

—Professor Drury of the Elocution Department announces that "The Rosary" will be the first play of the year to be staged by the Notre Dame Players. Professor Drury himself will take the leading rôle of Father Kelley, he having played the part in the original production. "The Rosary" will be given in Washington Hall about the middle of December. The other members of the cast will be announced later.

—A mass meeting was held by the students in Washington Hall Wednesday after dinner. A lot of "pep" was displayed by the students, the yells being led by "Goofy" Welch, "Red" McDonough and Joe Gargan. Joe handed out a good line of football talk, and none of the men called upon to speak were a bit backward about urging the students to attend the game at Chicago. Besides the splendid talk given by Father Hagerty, Eichenlaub, Bachman, Lathrop, Cofall, Elward and Jones responded.

East Again Proves Jonah.

There is only one satisfactory explanation of the affair on the Hudson last week—there must be something in the efféte Eastern atmosphere conducive to nervousness. Though everything ran smoothly at home in practice, the minute the whistle sounded at Soldiers' Field, Notre Dame became infected with the habit of fumbling—said habit resulting in two touch-downs and victory for the Army. The same loose work was evidenced at Yale, though not with such costly results. It is certain that if we hope to put the Carlisle and Syracuse games on the right side of the ledger, a very different brand of football, in some respects, must be produced. It all seems a part of the hard-luck jinx that has been hard on the trail of the Gold and Blue the entire season. There has not been a game when her full battle front could be put forth, and often men have played who belonged on the sidelines through injuries. There are several regulars who have seen very little actual practice, due to enforced lay-offs, and this has been evident in the hard games. No one is at fault—it is simply a hard case of bad fortune. Last Saturday, two of the men who bore the brunt of the wonderful attack at West Point last year, were out of the game. Finegan entirely so, Eichenlaub for all but the last five minutes. No one doubts that their absence made a great difference in the result.

And yet the Notre Dame backfield, outside of a few costly fumbles, showed up splendidly, ripping the Army forwards into shreds time and again. Cofall continued his brilliant work at halfback, making several long runs, and proving a veritable half-dôzen men, on the defensive. Eddie Duggan, at fullback, smashed through the Army line time and again for good gains. "Dug" has surely played a great game at fullback this year, and deserves much more credit than has been accorded him. Pliska lived up to his reputation of the year before, making good gains around the ends.

In the line, Bachman, played a splendid game—in fact, the whole line, while loose at first, tightened up as the game went down. In the last quarter, a long forward pass from Pritchard to Merrillat put the ball on Notre Dame's five-yard line. Four times the Army backs hurled at the Gold and Blue line, but it held steady and true; "smash as they might, the Cadets were held for downs and lost the ball," is the way the Rochester *Herald* puts it. In another place, the same paper says, "The Westerners, with Cofall and Duggan doing some slashing offensive work, ripped big holes in the Army's forward wall, and made long gains around the ends."

The damage was done in the first quarter, shortly after the kick off. Hodgson sent a high spiral to Bergman who was barely able to touch it, and Goodman, the Soldiers' centre recovered on the Notre Dame 15-yard line, from whence the West Pointers scored a touch-down. Later in the period, Merrillat broke through and blocked Cofall's punt, which went straight in the air. When it came down, Benedict secured it after a wild scramble, and fell over the line for a touchdown.

Notre Dame's score came in the third quarter after fine offensive work, Pliska and Cofall carrying the ball forty yards to the Army's one-yard line, from which point Cofall went over for the tally. Hodgson scored for the Cadets again in the last quarter. The Army was on the way to another tally when Notre Dame made the prettiest defensive stand of the game and took the ball away from the Cadets on their one-yard mark.

Neither team showed much in the way of new trick plays, and both used the forward pass with little success. It was the Cadet's victory simply because they were alert in recovering loose balls and blocking punts.

The local warriors are to be highly commended for the gallant way they played after the two disheartening blows right at the start. It was a hard-fought game, with the little luck god doing the Army's best work. The line-up:

ARMY.		NOTRE DAME
Neyland	L. E.	Elward
Butler	L. T.	Jones
Herrick	L. G.	Keefe
Goodan	C.	Fitzgerald
O'Hare	R. G.	Bachman
Weyand	R. T.	Lathrop
Merillat	R. E.	Baujan
Hodgson	L. H.	Pliska
Prichard	Q.	Bergman
Hoge	R. H.	Cofall
Bendict	F.	Duggan

Summary—Score, Army, 20; Notre Dame, 7; touchdowns, Hodgson 2, Bendict 1, Cofall 1; goals from touchdowns, Bendict 2, Cofall 1; substitutions, Army—Kelly for Neyland, Tully for Kelly, Neyland for Tully, Meacham for Herrick, Herrick for Meacham, Timerblake for Herrick, McEwan for Goodman, Bradley for McEwan, Goodman for Bradley, Bradley for Goodman, Holmes for O'Hara, Coffin for Hodgson, Ford for Hoge, Bendict for Ford, Oliphant for Bendict, Woodruff for Bendict. Notre Dame—Mills for Baujan; umpire, Leupring; referee, Hinkey; head linesman, Vail; time of quarters, 12 min. each.

This week has seen a program of gruelling practice for the Western football classic at Chicago to-day. It is the first time an Eastern team of any note has appeared in that city in many years, and the inhabitants of the Illinois metropolis have been looking forward eagerly to the contest. The Notre Dame Alumni, headed by Messrs. Riordan and Kanaley, have been planning to make the contest the banner athletic feature of the year in the Windy City, and doubtless will succeed, if the previous enterprising record of this body means anything. Coach Harper and several of the players addressed a mass meeting of students held in Washington Hall Wednesday, and several hundred of the latter signified their intentions of accompanying the squad.

Those who go will not be disappointed. Though Carlisle got off to a bad start this year, she has been improving with each game. Without a doubt Notre Dame is in for a hard fight. With an even break of luck, the fans can with reason feel confident of the result—but even breaks have been as scarce this year as true war news. For the first time this season, Coach Harper's men will present their strongest alignment, and let us hope that, no matter what the result, the team comes out in good shape for the Syracuse game, Thanksgiving Day.

Athletic Notes.

BROWNSON, 9; WALSH, 0.

After two discouraging defeats, Walsh came back strong last Thursday and fought the heavy Brownson team to a standstill; and although Brownson won the game, the showing of the Walsh team deserves the highest commendation. Brownson had to put up her strongest game in order to cross the Walsh goal line and Brownson deserves praise also, for it required a great fight to stop the Walshites.

The game was hard fought from the very start, Brownson making a determined effort to score in the first quarter. After the ball had been carried into Walsh's territory, the Walsh line held and Morales dropped back and sent a pretty field goal over the bar. There was no more scoring until the last quarter, the ball see-sawing back and forth in the middle of the field. In the last quarter the Brownsonites made a final determined effort to score a touchdown and they finally crossed the Walsh line on straight line bucks and end-runs. Walsh immediately came back strong, and on three splendid runs, two by Jones and one by O'Neill, the ball was advanced to Brownson's twenty-yard line, where the game ended with the ball in Walsh's possession.

The Brownson team was severely handicapped on account of injuries, both Callahan and Kline being unable to start the game. Morales was injured during the first half and before the end of the game, Hoffman and Rydzewski had been added to the hospital list. Jones played a great game at guard for Brownson, while Malone at half-back and Rydzewski, at full, were the stars of the backfield.

Jones was easily the star of the Walsh team. His fierce tackles, as well as his brilliant runs, were big factors in keeping the Brownson score down. O'Neill at quarter played another fine game, and despite his size is proving one of the best men in interhall. Ryan played well at end. Grady did good work at full. His punting in the third quarter was one of the features of the game. Grady tried to pull a better play than Cusick of Sorin pulled on the previous Thursday. "Bill" kicked the ball backwards, losing twenty yards for his team. However, Cusick still retains his honors as he lost over forty yards on one play. He has become distinguished.

SORIN, 13; CORBY, 0.

Sorin wrested a victory from Corby last Sunday afternoon after what many declare to be the greatest interhall game ever staged at Notre Dame. The game was sensational from start to finish, the Sorin team displaying unexpected brilliancy and the Corby men fighting for every inch of ground. Corby was the aggressor at the start of the game, Whalen's line plunging giving them several first downs. They were finally forced to punt, and after an exchange of punts, the Sorin team made some good advances on plunges by Henehan and end runs by Healy. The quarter ended without a score.

At the start of the second quarter, Ryan, Corby's fighting end, broke up a lateral pass play and sent a shiver through the Sorin fans when he almost got away for a touchdown. Hynes finally pulled him down and Corby was unable to gain. Whalen punted. Miller gained twenty yards around right end for Sorin. There was another exchange of punts both lines holding well. Towards the end of the half, Healy sent a long punt over the Corby line. Bergman unintentionally touched the ball before it went over the line and Carmody fell on it behind the Corby goal line, thus scoring Sorin's first touchdown. Healy missed a hard try for goal.

Corby started the second half with a determined effort. Ryan and Bergman advanced the ball around the ends and Whalen hit the line with some success. A forward pass, Whalen to Ryan, gained fifteen yards. The ball was dangerously near the Sorin goal and Sorin's strongest substitutes were sent into the game. Stack replaced Rauth, who had been doing wonderful work at tackle, and Matthews and Culligan replaced Miller and Healy in the back field. With these fresh men, Sorin was able to stop the Corby rushes. Corby made her last bid for a score at the start of the fourth quarter, the ball being carried to Sorin's ten-yard line, where it was lost on downs.

The last quarter brought the greatest playing seen in interhall this year. Time after time, Culligan, Sorin's little halfback, brought the crowd to its feet by his wonderful end runs. The Corby men could not stop him without a gain. After Culligan had brought the ball to Corby's twenty yard line, he made his most sensational play. Running across the field at full speed with three men about to tackle him, Culligan shot a perfect forward pass to Carmody

who dashed over for a touchdown. It was easily the best pass seen on Cartier Field since Dorais left "these parts," and not even "Dory" could have done much better. Culligan kicked the goal and a moment later the game ended.

Ryan was easily the star for Corby. The Freshman end went down the field under Whalen's punts like a streak of lightning and never failed to drop the man who received the punt before he could get started. Ryan made good gains when carrying the ball and must have secured half of all the tackles made by Corby. He should develop into one of the greatest ends Notre Dame has ever had. Corcoran played well on the other wing for Corby. Bergman ran the Corby team well and was able to return the punts for many yards. Captain Whalen played a steady game, making consistent gains. His punting was perfect, and this coupled with Ryan's ability to go down under the kicks and Bergman's faculty of running back the Sorin punts, gave Corby the best of the kicking game.

Every man on the Sorin team starred, hence only the sensations can be mentioned. Rauth at tackle, Vinc Mooney at end and Tom Healy were playing their first game as regulars on an interhall team and each of them distinguished himself notably. Tom Shaughnessy and "Shorty" Hynes, two veterans of interhall, have never played better. The latter ran the team with rare judgment. Henehan showed up like a finished fullback. So we might go on with every man on the team. Culligan's work has already been mentioned. Those who saw him play Sunday are confident that he has the ability of a Varsity star.

There was one man on the Sorin team that even Culligan could not outshine. He was "Mike" Carmody, the veteran end. When the play came his way, "Mike" split the interference and got the runner; when the play went the other way, he cut in and dropped even the fleet Bergman before he could get started. In fact "Mike" did everything that an end could do—and some things that most ends couldn't do.

Despite the splendid game, the crowd was somewhat disappointed because Cusick who starred in the Sorin-Walsh game, did not get into action. Cusick has been elevated to the position of assistant coach of the Sorin team, and will spend all his time helping Sam Finegan "dope out" plays for the team.

Safety Valve.

STAGGERING LOGIC.

Mr. Stagg says in his report on Albert, the tackle of the Chicago eleven: "He is not out of the game because he is down in his classes. Albert is a good student. I know *positively* he is not ineligible. I have had no notice that he is not eligible.—*Chicago Tribune*.

Can you beat it for logic? Stagg is certainly running Yost a close race.

* * *

HONEST!

The path led thro' the rose-bowered gate
Up to the gray stone wall,
And waters of a fountain played
Where sun-rays bright could fall.

A youth looked toward this wondrous spot
And saw a maiden fair;
I'll tell you what this gallant did—
He fled—and left her there!

M. L. D.

* * *

DEAR FATHER:—

You were very kind to send me that last check and it pains me more than words can express to ask you for more so soon. This war has wrought havoc with prices and you have no idea of the fabulous sums we are compelled to pay Professor Tony Espaninondos for Hamburgers since Germany stopped shipping in her goods from Hamburg. The cube roots we had in Algebra last year are twice as expensive this year, not to speak of the apparatus needed for converting O propositions in logic. At every turn one meets Trochees and it's not long before a fellow's short (— u). Professor Hully is delighted with my progress in Havana Clara and I have mastered *Tuxedo* as demonstrated by Jimmie and Goat. I could get along with less were I to drop important classes like Orpheum, but I hate to do this. You congratulated me in your last letter on my marks in Demerits and Skiving, both of which were 250. I worked hard on them. You said my mark in Christian Doctrine was not so good, but you must remember that the latter is a collective class. They add the averages of all the students together to get seventy. Now, Dad, please send what you can, and remember a slight mortgage on your property is nothing compared to an educated son. With love,

ARCHIE.

DEAR ARCHIBALD:—

I just read your educated letter and it affected me deeply. Enclosed you will find a dollar bill and for goodness sake don't squander it like the last one I sent.

DAD.

* * *

IN 1915.

We learn from a recent article in the papers that women are hereafter to report the football games. Their reports will have a refining influence on readers,

and the accounts of contests will read less like bull fights than heretofore. We print the account of a clash between rival elevens as reported by Miss Rothbecker:

"It was a perfectly awful contest terminating in a score of points for the domestic boys. At one time, however, we little recked that the laurel of victory should adorn the luminous brow of either team, so inexpressibly vigorous was the attack of each. Finally, however, one dark-complexioned man, with raven black hair and steel-blue eyes—who was a perfectly lovely figure were it not for two unsightly patches on his wearing apparel, and stockings that were not matched,—picked up an egg-shaped object from the ground and went precipitately down the lea, lifting one foot after the other so that both were never on the ground at the same time. Before him were two gothic bars crossed at the top by a third bar (all were made of cedar wood as one could see by examining the grain). The man carried the egg-shaped object close to his heart as though it were something human that he was saving from disaster, and on arriving behind the gothic bars he suddenly became unmindful of his treasure and dropped it in the mud. Score, 6 - 0."—*The Pineville Bugler*.

* * *

THE UNDERTAKER.

When life is done—this life that galls and frets us;
This life so full of tears and doubts and dreads,
The undertaker comes along and gets us
And tucks us neatly in our little beds.
When we are done with toiling, hoarding, giving,
When we are done with drawing checks and breath,
He comes to show us that the cost of living
Cuts little ice beside the cost of death.

W. M.

* * *

Another Miss Lydick of the Goshen *Growler* says in her report of a game: "The centre-back made two errors, and the guardsman on the sinister wing was injured severely."

* * *

A TERRIFYING THOUGHT.

When I look into your big soulful eyes
And know that they are all of purest blue,
It makes me want to don my football suit,
Go on the field and hit the line for you.

But when I see how small and frail you are
I shudder at the thought and trembling stand,
For it would take both of your little arms
If you should ever want to hold my hand.

Freeman Fitzgerald.

* * *

I wish I was a rock
A-sittin' on a hill,
A-doin' nothin' all day long
But just a sittin' still.
I wouldn't sleep, I wouldn't eat,
I wouldn't even wash,
I'd just sit still a thousand years.
And rest myself, by gosh.

Dedicated to the memory of Geo. H. Britton.