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## A Memory.

A GRASSY grave, an ivied wall,  
The gold of an Autumn day;  
Leaves in the listless winds that fall,  
Flitting butterfly, robin call,  
A far sky streaked with gray.

A lonely grave o'er treasured bones,  
A heart that will not beat;  
The sun on the lizard adrowse on the stones,  
Sentinel pines, the slumberous tones  
Of insects in the heat.

An unmarked grave in a sunny place.  
With gold on every leaf.  
Time, too, gave thee the Autumn grace  
Of gold in the heart and sun on the face—  
But Autumn all too brief!

C. L.

## Destiny and Drama.

BY GEORGE SCHUSTER.

WHEN the gentle Sophocles sat with the throng in the Dionysian theatre and saw the last gesture of Creon blend with the purpling sunset, there must have been a divine stillness in his heart. That great open amphitheatre, that vast concourse of men, those unequalled actors, had been brought there solely that Antigone might tell the story of her life to men. There sat Athens, there Sparta, there Corinth!—and all bowed their heads beneath the blue Hellenic sky in worship of the great Deity whose decree had sent the heroine to her doom. They knew not His name, they forgot that He is merciful as well as just. Still they were thrilled, far more deeply than we are, perhaps, with the fact that He lives.

Ancient Greek tragedy was a sacred festival. People went to see it at great expense and effort,

not for the sake of amusement or solace but to receive anew an impression of how their ancestors had reaped the fruits of their moral deeds. Life became a solemn, holy thing when one sat beneath the spell of a masterly drama. The petty things of domesticity, the diurnal cares that spend the strength, were all left far, far below, and there was only Beauty and behind it Fate.

It is strange, indeed that the Hellenic spirit, with all its sensuous susceptibility, its artistic instinct, its extremely human mythology, should have held to a notion so utterly rigid and all-controlling as that of necessity. When Homer sang, Greece was young. Zeus and Venus still sported on Olympus and blue-eyed Athene came down to caution men. The Attic race of Aeschylus, however, was having a second, soberer thought. If Zeus did wrong, if Venus sinned, what then? Was there any justice beyond the caprice of a very faulty race of gods? The great tragedians believed there was. They read it in the lives of men and women whose names were household words to their descendants. Medea and Oedipus were not so long dead but that people could remember how both had suffered. Men knew that somewhere back of the great sea of stars and the turbulence of the moon-lit floods, there was a vindictive Being who ruled the world and meant to rule it well. The Greeks could not always see its beneficence, but they read its deeds and bowed their heads. The drama was, for them, a representation of the struggle between human will and the unalterable decree from on high.

When Aeschylus, whose genius first kindled the dramatic form, undertook to relate the story of Prometheus who had stolen the sacred fire from heaven, he did not give a mere lyrical description of the hero's personality, deeds, or clothes, but presented him in a vital, all-deciding conflict. Prometheus possesses a secret, the knowledge of which will render the

throne of Zeus secure. This he refuses to divulge, and amid all the tortures which the enraged god pours forth, stands firm. The play ends with a display of the thunderer's impotent fury. Why? Because Aeschylus believed there was something higher than Zeus, something that worked for essential righteousness, and could call even the gods to task. The moral order in the world was a grandly harmonious concept dominated by an almighty and benevolent Being. This was the vital point in his art: to bring out the fact that in the all-embracing conflict between good and evil, which means so much to humanity, the good must eventually triumph. Sometimes this called forth the vindictive power of Fate, which, indeed displayed many qualities and tendencies inhuman, even brutal, to modern senses. Moreover, in the horrible certainty with which the curses imposed by the oracles or through heredity work themselves out, one can find not a single shadow of hope. Greek tragedy, truly, was awful in more ways than one.

When Sophocles bent his more perfect art and deeper genius toward ennobling the Aeschylean drama, he softened, proportioned and harmonized everything. Instead of the inexorable Deity, which his predecessor had worshipped, he introduced a concept similar to that we hold of the "natural law." The subtle instincts, the passionate cravings, the unutterable longings of the human heart, all bear testimony to the presence of that unwritten natural mandate, which is the will of the gods. Hence in Sophocles there is less of what we understand as fate. When Antigone buries her brothers, she has determined already in the first act to bear the penalty which becomes hers in the final scene. Creon, who has violated that great unwritten law which demands burial for the corpses of the dead, is punished in a manner so complete and terrible that we wonder how a Greek could have narrated it to Greeks. In *Oedipus Rex*, we have a picture of fate transmitted by heredity. Sophocles, however, tempers it with a display of the king's pride and self-sufficiency. He himself contributes in large measure to his own ruin. In this case the dramatist staged a sequel which shows the ultimate reconciliation of the blind old king to the god. Sophocles is Greece at the acme of its artistic form, at the high tide of its philosophical thought and indigenous religion. When Euripides came to employ tragedy as a method of expression,

he brought into it, as Lord Macaulay has pointed out, the elements of decay. We find marvellous passages of lyric beauty, and monologues whose changing emotion and impetuous storm of thought and passion resemble the culminative scenes of grand opera. Yet there is so much extraneous matter: nurses and servants expound admirably upon the problems of life while supposedly doing the dishes, and the great characters often waive aside an important action with a beautifully worded but inappropriate ethical discourse. Euripides flourished at a time when Grecian life was beginning to deteriorate; people no longer lived so much on the heights of Olympus, but were thinking more of themselves and of their own passions and interests. Euripides, for whom the philosophy of Anaxagoras and the Stoics formed a mainspring of thought, caught up this new tendency with all his susceptible soul. He did not believe the gods, if there were such, capable of atrocities. He lived near enough to the days of mountain climbing to look at Olympus with a critical eye; if Zeus lived, then he was good. Consequently a great deal of the older dramatists' belief in vindictive fate was discarded, and an almost pantheistic ideal of good set up in its place. This very idea, however, had given ancient Greek tragedy its exalted nature and position. In discarding it, he came closer to the pathos of the disrupted home, the woman rent with the pangs of birth, the "heart aches... that flesh is heir to," but he lost the grand principle that had meant so much to Attica.

There can be no doubt, namely, that Greek tragedy owed its existence largely to the cardinal motive of Destiny. The drama, as a beautiful, finished work of art, is the distinctive contribution of Athens to the literature of time. In no other country, though the Chinese and Hindoos instituted certain closely allied forms, has the play risen, as it were, from the soil. The distinctively religious idea underlying the drama, allied with the fact that the Hellenic spirit was essentially an active, kinetic one, is responsible for Sophocles. To feel oneself in the throes of a mighty battle with the Deity, to read the story of ancestry in the twilight of Olympian conflict,—this interested and aroused the Greeks. When the popular faith had died, when Fate was forgotten and the people sunk to the worship of idols, then the Drama died. Perchance there was still a small

flame of the great "glory that was Greece" burning, for Paul of Tarsus preached of the unknown God.

It is a difficult task for the modern world to appreciate the sublimity of Greek tragedy. This is true for more reasons than one. First, the artistic sensibility of the Attic peoples has never been equalled by that of any succeeding civilization. Secondly, Christianity has introduced an element of joyousness into human life, which forever bars the rigidity, the flawless, perfect purity of pagan art. As has been said so aptly: "Michael Angelo could not, mayhap have carved the Venus of Milo; but he could have given her eyes." Romantic Christian art is forever breaking its bounds. The Gospel has blown away, irretrievably, many pages of Aristotle's *Poetics*. There is, however, a third and graver reason. We cannot love the Grecian gods—except for certain exotic spirits, like Keats and Goethe—for even Schiller's "Zu den Göttern Griechenlands" was but the expression of a fitful mood—mankind cannot go back to Mount Ida. Only when the "world's too much with us," when the blood of the Cross shall have dried on the parched soil of infidelity shall we desire to hear old "Triton blow his wreathed horn."

Nevertheless, there was something divine, something infinitely valuable, in the religious belief of the Greeks. "Art, in its highest forms, has been the expression of faith," says Goldwin Smith. True indeed it is that in the dramas of the great ancients there was a belief—obscure and weak perhaps, but nevertheless sublime, since it sprang from their unaided souls. They were absolute in their trust of the Great One whose decree is cosmic law. They bowed their heads in submission, and if the Psalmist is right, here is the beginning of wisdom. To-day, the wretched materialism which science has born and flung at society to pollute and fester it, has given us dramas whose hollow, cynical lines reverberate the unbelief of the prostitute and the debauche. Mr. Jones, Mr. Isben, Mr. Shaw can dissect the crimes which trickle down from a perverted sex function, from filthy morals and decadence bred by luxury. But the only moral they preach is a shrug of the shoulders, a baseless laugh, perchance a query flung in blasphemy at a silent God. Pornography for hire! Surely we whose plaudets echo in the ears of these men, while our hearts are guiltily conscious of the smear

of Christ's sacred blood upon them, have no right to ridicule Aeschylus. No. When we sit, if we ever do, in the peasant village of Oberammergau, and hearken to the simple, heartfelt exposition of the beauties of our faith, let us not forget that in the misty dawn of paganism, a people bowed their heads with a firmer belief than ours, for they had not seen

#### Mrs. Sullivan; A Character Sketch.

"Good morning, Mrs. Sullivan; I hope this bracing air is improving your husband's health; he's certainly having his share of troubles."

"Oh, Jim's not so bad off as he makes people believe; he's grunting around this morning with a back-ache, but I told him if there was a circus in town he'd be the first one on the show-grounds. Say, do you know that milk you brought me yesterday all turned sour inside of three hours? What are you going to do about it, Mr. Gates?"

"Well, Mrs. Sullivan, you must have put it in a warm place; it was fresh milk, same as I gave all my customers."

"No, I didn't put it in a warm place! Tommy brought it right into the house after you left, and I put it right in the cellar. Mr. Gates, you can't tell me that was fresh milk; I've been suspecting that you were not giving me a fair deal, right along. Now I'm going to quit buying of you." "Jim, bring out my 'count book, so I can settle with Mr. Gates."

"Now, Mrs. Sullivan, don't you think we could arrange it to better advantage some other way? I'm willing to make good if I'm to blame, that is, for leaving the milk in a sunny place, or something like that. Let's see; that was a pint you bought yesterday, wasn't it?"

"Yes, you know that's what I always buy; a pint every day, and a quart on Sunday."

"Well, tell you what I'll do, Mrs. Sullivan; I'll give you a quart of milk right here and now free of charge, and we'll forget all our old differences; what do you say, Mrs. Sullivan?"

"Mr. Gates, you know that all I ever ask for is just what is my rights. Never mind, Jim, you needn't bring that 'count book. You know, Mr. Gates, how little I find fault; but just I want a square deal, just what's right, and no more. So, yes, I'll give you another trial."

("Giddap, Colonel; that's the third time we got rid of a quart of old milk, and kept that old tight wad on the list.")

B. Walter.

## Adoration.

BY SPEER STRAHAN.

SEE What on the altar lies,  
Come this moment from the skies—  
Godhead hid from mortal eyes.

From that lowly throne of grace  
Doth He rule us, happy race!  
Lovely is His hidden face!

With us still He deigns to bide,  
Wounded hands and feet and side—  
How can He His Godhead hide?

Here may I put in my hand,  
Touch the nail prints Love has planned,  
Search and truly understand.

Mine no doubts that need be quelled,  
And that faith be greater swelled;  
Be mine eyes forever held,

*Jesus Hostia.*

Pete.

BY MARK L. DUNCAN.

PERSONS OF THE PLAY.

MRS. KING.

"PUG" KING, her daughter.

MR. FRANKLIN G. MAXWELL.

PERCY, his chauffeur.

"PETE" WHITE, college roommate of Mrs. King's son, Bob.

ROBERTS, his attendant.

## SCENE.

*Living-room of comfortable country home. Closed-stairway door at left; davenport, comfortable chairs, and tea-table. Main entrance at centre, with hall as background. Mrs. King seated and Pug arranging tea-table.*

MRS. KING. It's just like Bob, the dear boy, always to be thinking of his friends. I wonder if Pete is still feeling bad.

PUG. He must be greatly improved, mother, or he wouldn't attempt such a long trip out here. Now we must do everything to make his visit agreeable.

MRS. K. And we'll give him plenty of eggs, and milk, and cream and fruit—for Bob wrote in his letter, you remember, that Pete has a frightfully big appetite for a sick man.

PUG. But I know the country will do him worlds of good and he'll soon forget that he ever had a nervous breakdown.

MRS. K. It must be almost time for him to be here, for the train gets into Crawford at ten o'clock. His attendant, you know, is to bring him out.

PUG. It's too bad that an attendant must be along. I don't believe it will be half so interesting. *(Affects a pout, and glances at her mother.)*

MRS. K. Pug, dear, the attendant is indispensable, for we cannot care for Pete alone, and besides—*(a commotion is heard without).*

MRS. K. They must be coming now, Pug.

PUG. And I'll be so glad to see Bob's roommate! *(As both start toward door, enter Percy carrying Maxwell, and drops him on davenport.)*

PERCY. Madame, he's all—

MRS. K. Gracious, you don't mean he's so bad off as that, do you?

PUG *(running toward Mrs. K.)*. O Mother—

MRS. K. Hush, child! *(turns to Percy)*. Are his nerves in so bad a condition?

PERCY. It's not his nerves, ma'am—the car ran into a—

MRS. K. Yes, I understand! That Big Four is such a treacherous route! *(to Pug)*, Pug, bring the bottle of ammonia.

*(exit Pug, hurriedly.)*

PERCY. But it wasn't the Big Four, ma'am, it—

MRS. K. The Panhandle, then; I had quite forgotten. But let's take Pete up to his room—

PERCY *(looking blank)*. Pete?—to his room?

MRS. K. Yes, we've had it ready for him several days, and yours is just across the hall from it. I thought you would like to be near him, for Bob said you had been with him ever since his breakdown—

PERCY. The breakdown—why, ma'am—

PUG *(hurrying in)*. Here's the ammonia, Mother. *(Mrs. K. takes bottle and puts it under Maxwell's nose. He sneezes very loud.)*

MRS. K. I believe the trip has been too much for him. He's quite fatigued.

PERCY. Hadn't we better see if he has any injuries—?

MRS. K. No, I don't think you hurt him when you laid him on the davenport.

*(Maxwell groans.)*

PUG *(sympathetically)*. He's so worn out!

MRS. K. As soon as he is rested we will

give him a glass of rich milk. Bob told us that he had such a good appetite—

PERCY (*astounded*). Bob—appetite?—(*aside*) Where am I? But he needs whiskey to revive him, ma'am!

MRS. K. O, Mr. Roberts!—

PERCY (*aside*). Mr. Roberts! who the thunder!— You are evidently mistaken, ma'am in thinking that my employer—

MRS. K. Don't worry, Mr. Roberts. Bob told us that Pete never drinks intoxicants. Here on the farm we have an abundance of milk and cream. And the grape-juice from our vineyards will strengthen him—

MAXWELL (*moving*). Where am I?

PUG. Mother, Mr. White is speaking.

MRS. K. (*going to Maxwell*). How are you feeling, now Mr. White?

MAXWELL (*in pain*). My arm! Percy, is that you?

PERCY. Yes, sir.

MRS. K. He calls you "Percy!" How queer, and—

PERCY. But that's my name, ma'am.

MRS. K. His arm must be in an uncomfortable position. Let's move it.

PERCY (*taking Maxwell's arm*). Maybe its broken.

PUG. Poor Pete, if Bob were here he would think we weren't doing half enough for him.

MRS. K. But we really didn't dream of his nervousness being so acute, and besides—

PERCY. It isn't nervousness, ma'am. It's the accident that—

MRS. K. O has he had an accident at some time. So often accidents—

PERCY. But ma'am, I must notify his family that he is here, and that—

MRS. K. Yes, let them know that he has arrived at our house, but don't say that he is unwell.

PERCY. But that's just the thing you—

MRS. K. (*finishing the sentence*). —want to keep to yourself. Nothing is quite so discouraging as to know that your friends are not well. We must not let Bob know that Pete has arrived so worn out. Pug, get some stationary so that Mr. Roberts can write to Pete's friends (*Pug gets paper from cabinet*). I simply must call him Pete, Mr. Roberts, for we have heard nothing but Pete, Pete, ever since he and Bob have been at college. It's such a pleasure to have him here, although I would love to have him well and strong. But as soon

as he is himself again, you must take him to his room. It's the one in blue—Bob's room—just above this. Now, Mr. Roberts, I'll leave you and Pete alone. Pug has the paper (*Pug lays paper on table*). Make yourself at home and just call if you need anything. I'm going to the cellar for some milk for you and Pete.

(*Exit Mrs. K. and Pug, both smiling.*)

PERCY. Heavens! What have I got into? Did ever any woman seem so hospitable and so gracious, and still I can't make her understand. The good woman thinks we are her guests. Mr. Roberts—ha, ha! And she calls poor Mr. Maxwell, Pete! Who the devil can Pete be? He must be some nervous wreck.

(*Maxwell moves.*)

MAXWELL. Percy!

PERCY. Yes, Mr. Maxwell.

M. Where are we?

P. It's more than I can tell you, sir!

M. Who's Pete?

P. That's you sir.

M. Bob?

P. I don't find just where he belongs, sir.

M. And Mr. Roberts?

P. I'm that gentleman, sir.

M. And who's the good lady who stuck the ammonia bottle in my face?

P. Pug's mother, sir.

M. And who's Pug?

P. The young girl, sir.

M. O my poor brain! Was ever a man so wretched?

P. I don't know, sir.

(*Groan from Maxwell as he rolls over, face to back of davenport. Percy falls into chair dejectedly. Silence for a few seconds.*)

M. Percy!

P. Yes, Mr. Maxwell.

M. Didn't she say something about a blue room—Bob's?

P. Yes, sir.

M. Do you think you could get me up there, Percy?

P. I'll try, sir.

(*Percy gets beside him and gets him to his feet.*)

M. Go easy, Percy.

P. I'll be as careful as I can, sir.

(*With an arm about him, Percy leads Maxwell to closed stair door.*)

P. (*aside as they enter stair*). Mr. Roberts and Pete! (*exit*).

(*Enter Pete, well-dressed, rather pale; and*

*Roberts carrying suit-case, bag, golf-sticks, etc.)*

PETE (*looking around*). Here at last! Evidently Bob's mother is out, but she surely won't feel hurt if I make myself at home—not if she's anything like Bob. Drop the baggage, Roberts, and we'll spring a surprise on Mrs. King and Pug. Pug, by the way, must be some sister, judging from all Bob has said about her. Ha—what's this? (*spying Percy's cap on the floor*)—a chauffeur's cap—there must be a car in the neighborhood—wonder what he's doing here?

(*Re-enter Mrs. K. carrying tray with two glasses of milk.*)

MRS. K. (*hesitating on threshold*). Sir, I—

PETE (*putting out his hand*). Mrs. King, I'm sure.

MRS. K. (*looking amazed at Pete and Roberts*). Yes, but who—?

PETE. Why, didn't Bob tell you I was coming? (*looking about him*). Surely, Roberts, we haven't got into the wrong house?

ROBERTS. No, sir,—the mail box was H. M. King's—

MRS. K. (*looking at the davenport*). But where could Pete have gone?

PETE. Pete? I'm Pete—Pete White—are you really Mrs. King, Bob's mother?

MRS. K. Yes, but I thought—

PETE. What did you think, Mrs. King?

MRS. K. (*quite overcome, setting tray on tea-table*). O it's all a great mistake, Mr. White.

(*Re-enter Pug.*)

PUG. (*looking around*). Why mother, what's become of Pete?

MRS. K. O Pug, dear, I hardly know. I suppose he's upstairs with Roberts. But this young gentleman claims to be Pete and calls his friend Roberts. I'm so confused I scarcely—

PETE (*fishing a card from his vest-pocket*). Here's my card, Mrs. King, if that will do any good.

MRS. K. Yes, Mr. White, I know you are the real Pete—Bob's roommate. But I have made such a terrible mistake, that it's too much to see all at once.

PUG. But you look so well, Mr. White; and the Pete that we received was ill, just as we expected him to be!

PETE. I have been ill, Miss King, but I'm much improved; I'm here to build up my strength on the country air and that good

rich milk that Bob has been talking about for three years.

MRS. K. Pug, give Mr. White and Roberts the glasses of milk on the table. To tell the truth (*Mrs. King smiles*), these were intended for Pete and Roberts—that is, for the two gentlemen who have gone upstairs to Bob's room.

(*Pug serves the milk.*)

PETE (*graciously*). I'm just as glad to get it as if it had been meant for me (*Drinks, smacking his lips*). None this rich at college!

ROBERTS (*drinking*). Splendid, Madame, splendid.

(*While they are drinking Percy appears in stair door.*)

PUG (*seeing him*). Mother, there's the other Mr. Roberts.

MRS. K. (*to Percy*). I have made a dreadful mistake—

PERCY. Yes, ma'am.

MRS. K. And can you please tell me who you are?

PERCY. Pardon, ma'am, I've been trying to do that ever since I came.

MRS. K. (*smiling*). I know, but I was too hasty.

PERCY. The gentleman with me, ma'am, is Mr. Franklin C. Maxwell.

PETE. What, Frank Maxwell, of Charleston?

PERCY (*stupefied*). The same, sir.

PETE. Well, of all things! Another one of the boys from college—graduated last year. Let me to him (*Rushes toward stairway*).

PERCY. Please, sir, not just now. He's asleep now, sir.

MRS. K. I see it all now. How dreadful! Did you have an accident with your machine? O how I misunderstood everything. We must call Dr. Craig at once—

PERCY. No, ma'am, it won't be necessary. I examined him carefully and he's not injured. His arm was just sprained a bit—outside of that he's all right, ma'am.

MRS. K. How thankful I am. I'll never quite get over all that has happened.

PETE. I'm commencing to see it all now. It would make a first-rate story for the college paper.

PUG. You must write it up some day while you're here. I promise to help you all I can.

PETE. A good idea! (*Looking at her admiringly. Then aside*). If there's to be a heroine in it, I guess I can manage that all right!

(*Curtain.*)



## Varsity Verse.

## SUNSET AND DAWN.

I long to be in nature's heart,  
Where flowers bloom and robins sing,  
Where peace and concord never part,  
Where war has yet to spread a wing.

My heart is yearning for this call,  
A brook which lulls the buds to rest,  
Where evening's crimson curtains fall  
On nature's stage, the glowing West.

A silver stream with pealing laugh,  
To call those gems from slumber's grasp,  
To see the sunbeams' golden path  
Join tear-stained earth in Heaven's clasp.

T. J. H.

## TRIOLET.

As they go down the field  
Give them a cheer.  
If a moment they yield  
As they go down the field,  
Let your fear be concealed,  
Let your spirit appear.  
As they go down the field  
Give them a cheer.

A. A. B.

## BERTRAND.

Little village of Bertrand,  
Drowsy peacefulness abides  
Mid your shifting dunes of sand  
Where the murmur'ing river glides.

Once along this quiet shore  
Thronged the workingmen of old;  
Where a city stood before,  
Rise and fall the sand hills gold.

Here a busy village thrived  
Long before our state was reared..  
Here the penitents were shrived  
Ere yon distant spires appeared.

But your fame has fled, Bertrand,  
Glory gone, as glories go.  
Like the writings in your sand  
Carved by lovers long ago.

E. McB.

## At Tutuila.

## BY GEORGE D. HALLER.

Midnight on the beach at Tutuila. The sand beneath me is warm but gritty and shifting, as I lie on my back, star-gazing. The stars are very brilliant at Tutuila and the great Southern Cross flares up beautifully. The sea moans and tosses restlessly against the coral barrier which runs for miles far out to sea. It is calling, ever calling, insistent and gripping; it takes your very soul in its grasp, and always, always the call is there.

The soft wind scented with sweet odors, dripping with mild fragrant dews, kisses my cheek, as I lie listening, and then it passes on to murmur among the palms. The faint salt tang of the sea is in my eyes and I do not wish to sleep.

My pillow, a tuft of soft sea grass,  
My couch the fine warm sand.  
I dream and muse  
While the faint sweet dews  
Drift over the coral strand.

Dawn at Tutuila is most inexpressibly grand.

All the grays merge into pink  
And all the pinks to gold,  
And the gold grows into crimson  
While all the skies unfold;  
And the colored birds awaken.  
And the flowers nod and wink,  
For out of the east comes rising  
The sun in beauty bold.

The sea reflects the sunbeams and catches the fleeting rays and it roars and crashes and booms in strength, and the great white crests of its waves dash high to break on the coral reef. Plunging into the surf, I swim out strong and far, and I dip and dive in cool green depths and so greet another day.

Noontime on the beach, or in the streets of the principal city of Tutuila, is not beautiful. The sun is very hot and the little streets are narrow and dirty and dusty; the natives take their siestas, and those who are not natives their sorrows and their thirst at the same time. The beach is even worse. The sea had calmed and lay placid and oily before me. The sand underfoot burned through the soles of my shoes and there was no wind to scatter the stifling heat, and so I returned to the town.

The only place of refreshment was dark, but not the cooler because of darkness; little tables stood

on a dirt floor. Here for the price of a drink a meal could be had; there were no waiters, and the food was old and scarce at that, but to a thirsty and hungry man, long since forgotten to be particular, it was a paradise. A paradise, a little soiled perhaps, a fallen paradise, dirty and hot and fly-infested, where the crackers were moist and crumbly and the whiskey never had been good. The fruit—there was plenty of fruit in Tutuila, bananas and mangoes and pineapples—was over-ripe and growing black in spots; the bananas strung along the counter with the pineapples in the rear, looked strangely like cannon behind breastworks with the breastworks sadly broken down in places, the work of General Heat and Major Moistness.

But withal, by careful choosing good fruit could be had, and surfeited with fruit and crackers and bad drink, I wandered forth, up the dizzy street now utterly empty, save where a few chickens clucked aimlessly about in a puddle which had been made by the overflow of a little fountain under a cluster of palms.

I continued along the street which wound up to the crest of a hill. When I arrived there I sank down in the long grass in the shade. Way up here the air was purer and a little breeze dried the sweat upon my brow and cooled my burning cheeks. Lazily I gazed down over the town and wondered tranquilly if things could be ever thus. For two miles perhaps, the one street stretched straight away from me, the little whitewashed houses, flat-roofed and regular. There was no one in sight. Far out to sea, a sail stood out, dipping and fluttering on the very edge of the horizon. Nearer, a light canoe floated easily over the long quiet rolling of the sea. In its stern a spot of white showed. From the right on a little road comes the tinkling of tiny chimes. A donkey caravan is winding slowly along, the little land ship rocks quite realistically with the great boxes strapped on the port and star-board sides. At the very end rode sleepy "muchacho" with a great hat upon his head and an apron about his waist. Presently he passed from view. The tinkling grew fainter and then ceased. A seagull overhead cried out as he wheeled. In the woods behind a parrot held converse with its mate. My head sank back, pillowed in the fragrant grass; overhead, a great palm swayed and murmured, and then my eyes closed.

## Memories.

To-day old shades of memory pass before me.  
In revery; the cherished boyhood days,  
A little schoolhouse there upon the hillside,  
The old professor with his lofty ways.

The rippling brook, where after school I'd wander,  
With playmates dear thro' daisied fields in spring;  
Where prophecies were made about the future,  
Of what those dream days later on would bring.

When we are old. Oh, what a depth of meaning!  
Since years have passed—our ways now far apart.  
To-day those memories bring a retrospection  
Of childhood days, endeared to every heart.

W. H.

## He Aimed too Late.

NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.

June 4, 1914.

DEAR JACK:

You remember my oft-repeated statement in our college days that no woman existed who could cause me to give up the liberty of bachelorhood. I sincerely believed that I would always stick to that resolution, but 'man proposes, etc.' I met my Nemesis last week. Let me tell you about it.

My vacation came rather early this year, and I decided to spend it down on Long Island. Some friends of mine at Flatbush settled it for me by insisting that I visit them during the three weeks in which I was free. I had a great time down there for two weeks, and then—it happened. On Sunday of my third week I came back from Mass to find that there were visitors at the house—and some visitors. They were a small family, father, mother and daughter. I saw the daughter first and her beauty threw me into a sort of stupor. I was so smitten that I am afraid I must have appeared rather peculiar to the parents of the girl. I can't describe her adequately. Her hair is a wonderful shade of gold, deep blue eyes, perfect features and delicate peach complexion, and a divine form. You would fall in love with her yourself. We had a wonderful week together, boating and automobiling, and I lost my heart altogether.

I hated to leave her on Sunday but had to. She was quite friendly, nothing more. She gave



me her name and address and she comes from Hull,—pretty near you, by the way.

You must think I'm gone, raving this way about a girl. So I am. Am expecting to see you in the Big City during September. Don't disappoint me.

Yours of old U. D.,

BILL.

P. S.—I forgot to mention her name. It is Mary Emerton. Hope I can change it some day. BILL.

BOSTON, MASS.,

June 10, 1914.

DEAR BILL:

So you fell at last. You poor fellow. I sympathize deeply with you and I know all that you suffer for the same experience has been mine. Am sorry to say that I won't be able to see you in September this year, but I may get a chance to see you for a short time in August.

Have been dreadfully busy since Christmas. The work at the office has been booming and a large share of it fell to me. Thank goodness, I was able to handle it, and I must have done pretty well because the boss called me up two weeks ago, raised my salary to \$6000 and gave me 'per' for a three month vacation, starting in August. Some vacation, eh? But I need all of it as we are going abroad for our honeymoon. Yes, I said "we and honeymoon."

I have told you often enough about 'the most wonderful girl in the world,' so you should not be surprised that I am going to make her my wife. Oh, she is a wonder, Bill. You will meet her in August, maybe. She has been away now for three weeks or so. She went to your town for a while and then went to visit some friends near N. Y. She writes every day, (so do I) and she told me a few days ago that somebody was trying to cut me out, and she asked me to send her engagement ring at once. I had been having a new stone set in it.

Well, Bill, I must cut this short. I offer my sympathy again, especially since your case is such a hopeless one—my fiancée is Mary Emerton and she comes from Hull, Mass. She has been visiting in Flatbush. Tough luck, old man. On second thought it seems to me that Mary might prefer to sail from Boston for Liverpool.

Yours,

JACK.

## The Training of Mr. Hopkins.

BY B. WALTER.

"Samuel," vociferated Mrs. Hopkins, as her spouse entered the side door at 9:25 o'clock on a certain Wednesday evening, "you've kept your word nicely, haven't. you? Oh, don't say your watch stopped—I know your old excuses, every one of them. Three weeks ago this very night you made up a flimsy excuse about going for tobacco, and said you'd be back at 9:00; yes, you came at 9:00 all right! Samuel, it was just 9:13 when you came in through the kitchen door that night; oh, I remember it well enough! And now to-night you said you wouldn't be gone over fifteen minutes and here I've been sitting and waiting for you for nearly thirty-five."

Mr. Hopkins profited by this lull in the storm, and sneaked over to his chair in the corner. With the return of breath his consort continued:

"You men, Mr. Hopkins, must think the Almighty created women just to be your slaves! Why, with cooking your meals, I've been sacrificing half my society functions this whole winter. Last year I used to attend every Suffragette meeting as regularly as it came around—now, listen Mr. Hopkins, just listen! I've been to only five this whole blessed month; it's shameful! Samuel, do you realize that through your unpatriotic spirit I've been kept from three meetings of our organization, and perhaps from the presidency of it? And now to cap the climax, you've stayed out the whole evening, just when I wanted to read that book to you on "The Duties of Husbands" by Miss Pankhurst. Mr. Hopkins, you're insufferable, but you'll repent of your conduct yet!"

## Moonrise.

From 'neath horizon's edge the moon  
Sends forth a golden ray;  
But soon its copper face appears,  
And greets the dying day.

It rises slowly up along  
Its cloudy path, and paves  
With floods of dazzling, golden light,  
The crests of dancing waves.

J. M.

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—When Michael Francis Howley, late Archbishop of St. John's, Newfoundland, passed away, Canada lost one of the most interesting

figures of her contemporary life. A prelate of great and varied learning, a priest of exemplary and heroic life, a writer of vigorous and picturesque prose, a poet of graceful inspiration, a patriot of signal and outstanding devotion, Archbishop Howley would have been a remarkable man in any time and in any clime. They have a tradition of great Bishops in Newfoundland, and when the venerable Bishop Mullock passed away in 1869 the question that trembled on every lip was: "When comes there such another?" Brilliant as Bishop Mullock was, the late Archbishop Howley not only reached to the full stature of a Newfoundland bishop, but will be remembered for generations as one of the most versatile public men of his day. It is as a father of his flock that he will be most tenderly revered.

We quote two brief sentences from the sermon delivered at his funeral: "He did not have a dollar to leave. The only legacy he had to bestow was his clothes, which he directed were to be sold and the proceeds given to the orphan children." God loved Newfoundland when it sent Archbishop Howley to be the leader of its people. A giant in physical strength and size, he was no less gigantic in his spiritual stature. May he rest in peace!

—One of the most deplorable things revealed by a post-mortem examination of the election is the very important part that embittered

religious feeling played in *Religion in Politics*. politics. Over all parts of the country concerted

efforts were made to keep Catholics from being elected to office. Tons of literature were scattered broadcast, full of base calumnies against Catholic principles and Catholic candidates, reeking with glaring captions, such as "Down with Popery," "Vote No for Catholics." Never before, even in the days of the Know-Nothing Party, was such bitter feeling stirred up in American politics. We are thankful that these tactics did not find their source in the representative Protestants of the nation. Many ministers from their pulpits deplored the injustice of the campaign. The New York Times in powerful editorials denounced the instigators of the work, while President Wilson, in a letter to the people of New York, entreated them not to be led astray by misguided zealots, but to vote the straight party ticket. But all this was to no avail. Falsely frightened by the appeal of fanaticism, multitudes of people forsook party lines to discriminate against Catholics, thus defeating scores of capable and worthy men. Glynn in New York, Sullivan in Illinois, Connolly in Iowa, and Hogan in Ohio, are but a few of those who aspired to positions of honor and trust and were rejected, chiefly because they professed the Catholic faith. Nor was it only in National issues that such despicable tactics were utilized. In state, county and municipal elections Catholic office seekers were buried beneath a landslide of bigotry and zealotism. How much longer will these conditions continue? Are we to go back to the early puritanical days when all Catholics were intolated and the qualifications for suffrage were based upon sectarian membership? Superstition and narrow-mindedness are at the bottom of it all. The voters, with that spineless bugaboo of the antagonism between the Church and the State held constantly before them, are easily misled by malevolent enemies of Catholicism. So long as the American people allow insensate fears to triumph over their reason there can be no relief. Not until they learn that the Catholic citizen acknowledges allegiance to a righteous state equal to that he owes his Church, can we hope for justice.

—The examinations are over and we are now beginning the second quarter of the school year. Many of us may have "fallen by the wayside" because we did *The Second Lap*. not take our work seriously.

The newness of college life was too much for some who were filled with the fledgling's accustomed superiority over mere study. They must first "see the sights" and cultivate the petty vices of skiving classes and study periods. The Thespian attractions of our nearby city held an insidious fascination for some, so that too many embryo students spent their rightful working hours at the Orpheum. Innumerable older men fell into the rut of bygone years, and firm believers in the Mexican peon's custom of doing everything *manana*, kept away from their studies until the last moment. But all this is now past. The first lap of the race is run, but we can take a fresh start for the second. Dread conditions may depress the spirits of many, but rather they should prove the spur to urge us to greater endeavors. It is not too late to make up for old mistakes. New students have become cognizant of the true spirit of the school; old ones have relearned rightly its demands. There remains for us nothing but to obey its call. Those who started well in the beginning, let them continue, for the greater is their merit.

### Book Reviews.

THE UPS AND DOWNS OF MARJORIE. By Mary T. Waggaman. Benziger Bros. Price, 45 cents.

This is charmingly told and is one of the best children's stories by this prolific authoress. Although primarily intended for young people, yet one wishing to recall his own childhood can do nothing better than read this story of Marjorie, "so thoughtless, restless, full of life and mischief."

POLLY DAY'S ISLAND. By Isabel J. Roberts. Benziger Bros. Price, 85 cts.

Here is an interesting and instructive story for the younger folk. It deals with life in the shipyards along the Atlantic coast. A good part of the book is given to the description of ship building, while the simple, happy lives of the fishermen are faithfully portrayed.

DOUAY VERSION OF THE BIBLE. Benziger Bros. Publishers. Price, \$1.00

Benziger Bros., Chicago, has recently brought out a new edition of the Douay Version of the bible. This book is bound in flexible leather, the print is large and clear, and the several maps of the Holy Land and the neighboring countries make it altogether

complete. Aside from religious purposes, we suggest that every student at the University, who intends to make a real study of English, purchase a bible, as it is almost indispensable in studying English style. This edition is well worth the one dollar that is asked for it.

### Personals.

—James V. Robins (LL. B., '14) is practising law in El Paso, Texas. He sends greetings to all old friends.

—It looked good to see Charlie Dorais in the stand at the Carlisle Game, but it would have been better still had he been in a suit calling signals.

—Mr. and Mrs. Chester Atherton were enthusiastic rooters in Chicago last Saturday. Chester is of the Class of '99 and has been doing well ever since graduation.

—Cid Birder, '14, holds the unofficial record for travelling the longest distance to see the game. All Alumni travelling farther please notify THE SCHOLASTIC as we are striving for absolute truth.

—Wai Kai Woo was the only "old student" who did not see the Carlisle victory, and it is rumored that he received the play by play report of the game in bed (it being 3.00 A. M. in China when it is 3.00 P. M. here).

—Steve Riordan was hardly recognized by those who had not seen him for some time when he got up to announce that the Illinois Athletic Club would entertain the N. D. students. Steve has actually taken on weight.

—The marriage of Miss Klotilde K. Narovec to Mr. Joseph J. Collins ('02-'04) will be solemnized in St. Philomena's Church, East Cleveland, Ohio, on November 25th. "Joe" will have the good wishes of a multitude of friends on the happy occasion.

—Theodore (Ike) Feyder (LL. B., '14) recently passed the bar examinations in South Dakota and is now practising law there in a big law firm. If the firm is not one of the most successful ones in Sioux Falls now, it soon will be, for Ike ought to make a great lawyer.

—Nearly everyone who ever attended Notre Dame was in Chicago last Saturday to see his old friends and to see the old team in action. As everyone now knows what everyone of the old "grads" is doing and who is succeeding and who is failing, it is useless to put it in these columns. It is enough to say that all of the Alumni we

saw in Chicago were batting over .300 in the league of life.

—Mr. Frank O'Shaughnessy (LL. B., '00) represented Governor Dunne at the unveiling of a statue to Brigadier-General James Shields at Carrollton, Missouri, on November 12th. Frank's address is reprinted in full in the newspapers reporting the unveiling. It is eloquent, vigorous and patriotic; an admirable summary of the life and achievements of the great Irish-American patriot.

### Obituary.

LOUIS BASTRUP.

Mr. Louis Bastrup (LL. M., '96) passed away in Chicago early in the week. He is remembered at the University as a student of singular gifts and able character, whose success in later life fulfilled all the promise of his youth. Mr. Bastrup was a member of the law firm of O'Neill & Bastrup, which stands deservedly high in Chicago.

### Local News.

—Do your Christmas studying early. Twenty-eight days till vacation.

—Many a fellow will take a trip to Chicago and balk at buying a can of tobacco.

—Now would the winter of our discontent be made glorious summer by a victory over Syracuse.

—Notre Dame, 21—Haskell, 7.

Notre Dame, 48—Carlisle, 6.

Can you beat it?

—And then it snowed.

—In one of the spectacular moments of the Carlisle Game, an African voice was heard to exclaim: "Dey's nothin' to it, them Carlissel injuns can't stop dem Irish!"

—The four boys who walked (?) to Chicago are now famous in their respective home towns. Big head-lines in their home papers announced their feat to the gaping inhabitants.

—Every student was glad to hear of quarter-back Welsch's improvement. The news that a plucky opponent was seriously injured took much of the joy out of the victory.

—In the "dramatis personae" of the Senior Play we find many queer alliances. Prominent

among them being Wilmer Finch, betrothed of Clovis Smith and Tim Galvin, sister to "Ha-Ha" Lenihan.

—The installation of the officers of Notre Dame Council, Knights of Columbus, will take place in the Council chambers on Tuesday evening, November 24th. The installation will be in charge of District Deputy W. F. Stanton of Elkhart, Indiana. All Knights at Notre Dame are urged to be present.

—A "camera-man" (not the DOME photographer) has been lurking about the campus for several days. Occasionally he would sneak out and get a panoramic view,—notably on Tuesday when he snapped the student body just after they had had their dinner. He thought the meal would make them look happier.

—The Philopatrians held their regular meeting in the Columbian Room last Wednesday evening. The debate on baseball proved an interesting diversion and was well handled by Walter Hebert and Charles Carey on the affirmative and Gaston Hebert and Edward Parle on the negative. The judges decided in favor of the negative.

—On Wednesday the eleventh, we read in the papers of four classmates who had started to walk to Chicago; on Thursday came the announcement that several bicyclists had started on the same journey. Then came the report that a handcar would be the conveyance of another party. We were momentarily expecting an announcement that some one had leased an aeroplane, or started to tunnel.

—The last meeting of the Holy Cross Literary and Debating Society occurred on the evening of November 7. Mr. Kroll read a very creditable piece of verse entitled "Kind Words," and Mr. Weidner gave as a cello solo "Berceuse" from Godard. Following the custom of past years Mr. Dolan, the President, delivered a forceful and convincing inaugural address—"What about Our Society?" A clever short story, "Skeeters" by Mr. Malarney completed the program.

—Father Cavanaugh's cordial invitation to the entire faculty and a large number of the students of the late lamented University of Louvain, to come to Notre Dame and take up their studies, surely has the sincere ring that has been absent from the huge advertising schemes of intersectional football games and

other benefits for the "poor Belgians." Many an American would give alms to the needy, but refuse to take them into his home and care for them. From the earliest days it has been the duty of Catholic institutions to extend the real hand of friendship to the unfortunate.

—A Vaudeville Entertainment will be staged in Washington Hall on Saturday evening, November 28th, as a compliment to the Varsity Football Team.

The arrangements are in charge of Notre Dame Council of the Knights of Columbus, and two prizes of five dollars (\$5.00) each will be offered for the two best acts on the bill. Any student in the University may participate in this entertainment. The following conditions will govern:

1. Students who wish to take part in the program will be required to hand their names to any member of the undersigned committee on or before Tuesday evening, November the 24th.

2. There will be no charge for entering any act.

3. Each act must be prepared for a dress rehearsal not later than Friday evening, November 27th.

4. Each act will be allowed fifteen minutes on the program.

Professor James M. Riddle,  
Harold Madden,  
E. S. Dickens.

—The following clever skit is from the pen of a recent Alumnus of Notre Dame:

#### An Am-murrican Idyll of the Idle Rich.

BY THEODORE F. MACMANUS, LL. D., '14.

Mother's very ordinary,  
Father's very coarse,  
Brother has a technique,  
Very like a horse;  
But we're all of us in earnest  
And we know what we're about—  
We're saving up acquaintances  
For Sister's Coming-Out.

Father's made great progress  
Since he bought a foreign car—  
He bows to all the shofers,  
And knows just who they are.  
To-day, the Richest Member  
Of our most Exclusive Club,

Looked up as Father passed, and said:  
"Who is that noisy dub?"

Last time, they blackballed Father  
By only twenty votes;  
He's feeling very hopeful  
Now he's bought some member's notes  
He says you can't climb chimneys  
Without a little soot;  
And if they shut the door on him  
They'll have to break his foot.

Brother's taking German,  
And Sister's taking French;  
But Father bats in English—  
And mostly from the bench.  
Mother's studying Silence,  
And Expression, and Repose  
And I must say for Mother,  
She's a whale on all of those.

We've taken up religion  
And it's helping us a lot.  
(Not so much the things you are  
As the things that you are not.)  
The family was Baptist,  
Before we came to town,  
But not many people know it,  
And we hope to live it down.

Father's very Liberal,  
And Mother's very Broad,  
And all of us are narrow—  
Which makes it nice for God.  
Mother's strong for Charity,  
And Father's stronger still—  
He says it's advertising,  
And he's glad to pay the bill.

We've outgrown Elbert Hubbard,  
And we're cautious about books;  
Folks want feeding more than reading,  
So we go it strong on cooks.  
But still we're very cultured—  
O very cultured, very;  
And Mother hopes, a year from now,  
To be quite Literary.

We've even found a use for  
Brother's hands and feet—  
He falls upon a football  
Like something good to eat.  
His picture in the paper  
Shows it pays to be a brute—  
If you can't achieve distinction  
By any other route.

Mother's very ordinary,  
Father's very coarse;  
Brother has a technique,  
Very like a horse;  
But we're all of us in earnest  
And we know what we're about—  
We're saving up acquaintances  
For Sister's Coming-Out.

## Great Victory at Chicago.

Notre Dame had much at stake when her football heroes lined up against Carlisle at Comiskey Park in Chicago last Saturday. Her football team had twice gone east and fought the best elevens of that section. The team had fought as only Notre Dame teams can fight, yet twice defeat had been our reward. Consequently there were some who thought that the Notre Dame spirit was broken; there were some who thought that we had not been a fit representative of the West; there were some who even believed that we possessed an inferior eleven. All these doubters gathered in Chicago last Saturday and it is no boast to say that every doubt had disappeared before the game was over. Not one who saw the Indians routed dares to doubt that Notre Dame has a representative western team, and that, though she has met defeat, she has yet to meet disgrace or dishonor.

Never has Notre Dame shown to better advantage than on Saturday. For the first time in weeks the lineup represented something near our full strength. With the exception of "Sam" Finegan, every man was fit for the game. Carlisle, too, presented a stronger lineup than at any other time this year, and the Indians, we are told, had been especially pointed for the Notre Dame game. Yet the Indians suffered the worst defeat in their history. They were completely outclassed by Notre Dame, and frequent penalties alone kept the score down to forty-eight, which is a larger score than any two other schools have made against Carlisle this year.

It would be impossible in this short account to mention all the Notre Dame stars. Eichenlaub, back in the game after a month's absence, played the greatest defensive game of his life and hit the line with unquestionable effect. When we say that "Eich" was never better, we have done our best to praise him. Cofall distinguished himself by kicking a perfect field goal from the fifty yard line, a feat seldom equalled in college football. The open plays were more successful than at any other time this year, but few of the forward passes failing.

The otherwise perfect game was marred by a serious injury to Quarterback Welsch of Carlisle. The Indian collided with Eichenlaub

when the latter was plunging through the line in the third quarter and was knocked unconscious. He was given careful medical attention and was immediately removed to Mercy Hospital. He is reported to be recovering from his injury. It is almost superfluous to say that the accident was wholly unavoidable and that it is sincerely regretted not only by the Notre Dame team but also by all Notre Dame rooters. The details of the game:

Captain Calac of Carlisle won the toss and elected to defend the west goal. Kelleher kicked off for Notre Dame to Burd who was downed on the Indian thirty-five yard line. Line smashes by Calac and end runs by Welsch advanced the ball to Notre Dame's forty-eight-yard line where Notre Dame held and Welsch punted to Bergman who returned the punt to midfield. Eichenlaub fumbled on the next play and Carlisle recovered the ball.

Carlisle advanced the ball to Notre Dame's twenty-yard line where Calac missed a place kick. The ball was put in play on Notre Dame's twenty-yard line. Cofall gained eight yards through right tackle. Kelleher made twenty yards around left end. Eichenlaub and Cofall advanced the ball to Carlisle's forty-two yard line, where the Indians held. Cofall dropped back to the fifty-yard line and booted a perfect field goal, making the first score of the game. Score: Notre Dame, 3; Carlisle, 0.

Calac kicked off to Bergman, who returned the punt, fifty yards, to Carlisle's forty-five-yard line. Two line plays and a perfectly executed forward pass, Cofall to Jones, advanced the ball to Carlisle's twenty-five-yard line. Eichenlaub then began a series of spectacular line plunges, which advanced the ball toward the Carlisle goal. The first quarter ended with the ball on Carlisle's one-foot line, in Notre Dame's possession and with only one more down to make the distance. The Indians fought desperately to prevent a touchdown. On the first play of the second quarter, Cofall plunged through centre for a touchdown. Cofall kicked the goal, making the score, Notre Dame, 10; Carlisle, 0.

Kelleher kicked off to Welsch who returned the ball to his own forty-yard line. Carlisle failed to gain, Eichenlaub and Fitzgerald doing splendid defensive work. Welsch punted out of bounds on Notre Dame's sixteen-yard line. Notre Dame fumbled on the first play and Carlisle recovered the fumble. Calac then carried the ball fifteen yards on three successive line plunges, going over for Carlisle's only touchdown. The punt-out was dropped. Score, N. D., 10; Carlisle, 6.

Walette kicked off to Jones who was downed on his own twenty-two-yard line. Notre Dame was penalized fifteen yards for tripping, pushing the ball back to the seven-yard line. Cofall punted to Welsch who dropped the punt. Bergman picked up the ball and raced fifty yards for a touchdown, with Welsch in close but futile pursuit. Cofall kicked goal. Score: Notre Dame, 17; Carlisle, 6.

Calac kicked to Kelleher who slipped and fell on his own twenty-five-yard line. Consequence replaced



Looksaround at centre for Carlisle. Cofall carried the ball to the center of the field. Carlisle intercepted a forward pass but could not gain, and was forced to punt. Bergman returned the punt from his ten-yard line to the middle of the field. Time for the half was called with the ball in Notre Dame's possession.

Walette kicked off to Bergman at the start of the second half and "Bergie" ran the ball back from the five-yard line to the center of the field. Notre Dame was penalized fifteen yards, but Cofall got this back and made first down when he gained twenty-five yards on an end run. Notre Dame gained twenty yards on another spectacular forward pass from Bergman to Jones. An even more sensational pass from Bergman to Mills brought the ball within the ten-yard line. "Rupe" pulled the ball out of the clouds while two "redskins" were trying to embrace him. Eichenlaub tore through the line for ten yards and a touchdown. Welsch was injured on this play, and after doctors had been summoned, was removed from the field. Lasa took Welsch's place and Cofall then kicked goal. Score: Notre Dame, 24; Carlisle, 6.

Kelleher kicked off to Carlisle's twenty-yard line. Notre Dame immediately recovered a Carlisle fumble, but the westerners received another penalty and Carlisle was given the ball on their own thirty-five-yard line. Baujan replaced Mills at end. Calac was forced to punt. Bergman ran the ball back fifteen yards to his own twenty-five-yard line. Notre Dame was again penalized fifteen yards and Cofall punted. It was one of the best kicks of the game, the ball going almost the length of the field before it was recovered. At this point Coach Harper sent his second (?) backfield into the game, Larkin, Berger, Pliska and Duggan replacing Bergman, Cofall, Kelleher and Eichenlaub. The quartet of Notre Dame stars were cheered as they left the field, for everyone had played a brilliant game. More than one comment on the possible all-Western and All-American fullback was heard as "Eich" took his place on the bench. The quarter ended without scoring.

The fourth quarter was probably the most spectacular of the game. Duggan gained seven yards on an end run and this was quickly followed by a perfect triple pass, Berger to Larkin to Elward, which netted fifteen yards. Larkin brought the crowd to its feet by plunging straight through, shaking half the Carlisle team and racing thirty yards for a touchdown. The punt-out failed. Score: Notre Dame, 30; Carlisle, 6.

Immediately after the kickoff, Pliska tore around left end, and by a beautiful exhibition of open field running, he ran sixty yards for a touchdown. Larkin failed to kick goal. Score: Notre Dame, 36; Carlisle, 6.

Pliska kicked off to Calac, who was downed on his own thirty-five-yard line. The Indians tried an open field attack, but after a couple of their passes had been successful, Elward gathered one in and was downed on his own forty-yard line. Berger immediately tore around right end for a forty yard gain. A forward pass, Larkin to Jones, took the ball to Carlisle's three-yard-line, whence Duggan plunged through centre for a touchdown. Larkin failed to kick goal. Score: Notre Dame, 42; Carlisle, 6.

Walette kicked off to Bachman who tore and

squirmed and dodged through the Indians for a gain of fifty yards. A forward pass by Duggan failed, but a second one, Larkin to Elward, was successful. Pliska then plunged through Carlisle's right tackle and broke loose for another touchdown. Pliska tried to kick the goal this time but failed. The game ended a few minutes later with the score: Notre Dame, 48; Carlisle, 6. The line up:

NOTRE DAME, 48		CARLISLE, 6
Elward	L. E.	Walette
Jones (Capt.)	L. T.	Welmas
Keefe	L. G.	Hill
Fitzgerald	C.	Looksaround
Bachman	R. G.	Busch
Lathrop	R. T.	Martel
Mills	R. E.	Bird
Bergman	Q.	Welsch
Cofall	L. H.	Wofford
Kelleher	R. H.	Pratt
Eichenlaub	F.	Calac, (Capt.)

Summary—Touchdowns, Cofall, Eichenlaub, Calac, Bergman, Larkin, Duggan, Pliska (2). Goals from touchdown—Cofall (3). Goal from field—Cofall. Substitutions: Carlisle—Consequence for Looksaround, Welmas for Welsch, Lasa for Welmas. Notre Dame—Stephan for Keefe, O'Donnell for Fitzgerald, King for Lathrop, Sharpe for King, Ward for Sharpe, Baujan for Mills, Larkin for Bergman, Berger for Cofall, Pliska for Kelleher, Duggan for Eichenlaub. Umpire—Eckersall of Chicago. Referee—Thompson of Georgetown. Head linesman—Gardner of Cornell. Time of periods—fifteen minutes.

\* \*

Walter Eckersall, who umpired the Notre Dame—Carlisle game Saturday, has the following interesting paragraphs in his account of the game in last Sunday's *Chicago Tribune*:

Because of its decisive victory, Notre Dame must be rated as one of the strongest elevens in the west. Although defeated by the Army and Yale, it was apparent yesterday that Notre Dame did not have the breaks of luck in the eastern combats. The South Bend aggregation is strong offensively and defensively, and with an even break in the luck will give any team in the country a hard game.

It was a bruised and battered team of Indians that left the field. The players suffered their worst defeat in the last ten years, and any team which can beat the Carlisle aggregation by such a margin must be a strong eleven. A victory over Syracuse on Thanksgiving will mean a successful season for the Hoosiers.

### Safety Valve.

#### ECHOES FROM THE CARLISLE GAME.

Did you notice Eichenlaub's number? And yet he wasn't the whole eleven, either.

\*

Then, again, Duggan was thirteen, an unlucky number—for Carlisle.

\*

Did you ever have a better time in your life? Neither did we.

If the game last Saturday did nothing more than teach the Carrollites how to spell "Carlisle"—it was a success.

\*  
IN THE STAND.

"Yes, Mr. Usher, I've been in every other seat in this park, so this must be the right one."

\*  
ASSOCIATION.

Looksaround, the Carlisle center,  
and  
Lot's Wife, a biblical character.

\*  
HEARD AFTER EVERY QUARTER.

Fair One:—"Which are the Indians, and which are the Notre Dame boys?"

And a student might just as well have had a dozen of bananas as one of those red student tickets—he was bound to be laughed at in either case.

\*  
HEARD IN THE STAND.

"I certainly wouldn't want to marry that Bachman. Suppose he took a notion that he wanted to carry the basement up to the top floor—you simply couldn't stop him."

\*  
AND HE PAID TWO BONES FOR HER SEAT.

Harriet (*after two minutes of play*):—"Why, Joe, I'm simply surprised at your taste. Is this what you call a gentleman's game? Let's go home."

Student (*nervously*):—"You really don't understand it, Harriet. It's a good game when you get to know the plays, when—"

Harriet:—"I don't understand? Didn't I see that big brute just pull that little fellow's legs from under him and rub his head into the ground? Can you make that anything but what it is? Isn't it fighting? Isn't it brutish?"

Student—He doesn't object to that. Don't you see him smiling? He rather likes it. Why—"

Harriet—Likes to be tumbled and kicked and punched? See, there he goes again—his face is bleeding. I'm going to climb over that rail and tell that big—let me go! I tell you, let me go!"

Student (*holding her*):—"Do be quiet, Harriet, please. The fellows behind us are all laughing. I'll go home with you. I'll go anywhere you want, only do stay off the field."

Harriet—"But who's going to save that little fellow? Are you going to have that band of ruffians kill him? Is that manhood? Is that fair play? Are you going to stand here and—oh! horrors! they're all on top of him, he's buried—Murder! Murder!"

Student (*exits quickly taking her by the hand.*)

\* \* \*

The Sorin team looked rather rusty when the silver edges were taken off.

\* \* \*

It seems to us that the Carrollites got bell-hops' suits instead of Military uniforms.

\* \* \*

After the football season, George Joseph Britten

of Sorin will be known at Notre Dame as "Great Britten."\*

\* \* \*

We have a Fries in St. Joseph's Hall and a d—Frieese in Sorin Hall, but we can't understand how the d—freeze.

\* \* \*

For further information on this last item go to Hell-rung of Sorin Hall.

\* \* \*

ISH KA BIBBLE.

My father when he first begun†  
Was leading in demerits  
And now he wants to blame his son  
For things that he inherits.

He says a pony's not the thing  
For one to ride to class on,  
Much less is it a fitting means  
For one to try to pass on.

Don MacGregor.

\* \* \*

WHY ENGLISH MARKS ARE LOW.

"A soliloquy is a melancholy bunch of talk by a person to himself."

"A tragedy is when everybody gets killed."

"A comedy is when it ends in something funny, like a wedding."

"Poetic Justice is when the poet gets what's coming to him."

\* \* \*

NOW, SAY SOMETHING.

He bragged since first I met him in September  
About his home and family and all that;  
He said his sister threw a fellow over  
Because he worked, and boarded in a flat.  
He talked of autos, footmen and of diamonds  
Until I hung my head in very shame,  
But let him say another word,—the liar!—  
I saw his family at the Carlisle game.

He said the girl he went with was an angel,  
Her cheeks were fair as roses in the snow,  
Her gowns were all brought over here from Europe  
Because she thought the U. S. styles were low.  
I never dared to talk about my sweetheart,  
She fell to nothingness beside his "dame,"  
But let him mention her again, I dare him—  
I saw the red head at the Carlisle game.

\* \* \*

FROM CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE EXAM.

"Light fear is when a man says he'll hit you if you get fresh and you know he can't lick you."

\* \* \*

TO HELEN RAPP.

Her brow is spotless as the snowflake bright  
Her cheeks are crimson as the glowing west,  
She's strong, and has a lovely appetite  
And likes to see me in a fancy vest.

Jack Wittenberg.

And yet Wittenberg says he doesn't give a rap for her.

\*German papers please copy.

†Absolutely necessary for the rhyme.