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NO. II.

God's Poem.

I LEFT the rumbling of the city street
And sought the quiet of the woodland free
Where gentle muses might illumine my soul
And God might speak from every budding tree.

I wandered by the restless winding stream
To listen to its sweet impatient song,
I saw the herring-gull's white wings drip flame
In the red even, as he swept along.

And like a little child I raised my eyes
And asked the tender God of love and pity,
Why He had hid His poems from the souls
That toil and sorrow in the roaring city.

Gently he led me back across the fields
Until the sun was wrapped in curling smoke,
And in the vasty tumult of the town
He paused beside a city child and spoke:

"His hands are soiled, his golden hair is gnarled,
But lo! how heavenly! how undefiled!
His soul is in My hands from dawn till dusk,
This is the poem of My choice—a child."

B. E. T.

The Elizabethan Stage.

BY KERNDT HEALY.

WHEN Shakespeare was born in 1564, England had no permanent theatres. There were amphitheatres where bullfights and bear-baits were applauded by great throngs, and there were numerous strolling bands of Italian actors who reached London in their wanderings over all Europe.

However, before the time of the theatre and just after the vogue of the mystery and miracle plays, the actors were wont to give their performance in the courts of the inns. The

walls of the inns were hung with galleries, supported by clumsy wooden pillars, and quaint, steep ladders led to the upper stories. The actors constructed their stage in the inn-yard and here they played to a wrapt assembly who gazed upon them from seats in the surrounding galleries or from a position directly in front of the stage.

The use of inns as theatres put the actors to some disadvantage, for they were not the owners of the public houses and were obliged to derive their support from the liberality of the spectators. No entrance fee was exacted. Often the players became involved in disputes with the lord mayor.

The queen benefited the actors to a great extent when she commanded that they place themselves under the patronage of some noblemen and so insure themselves protection against the Puritan citizens. Nevertheless, this order of the queen was not sufficient to completely protect the actors, and their persecution finally resulted in the establishment of the first London theatre. "The sudden and unwarranted expulsion of all dramatic performances from London in 1575 cannot be accounted for otherwise than by the increasing popularity these plays enjoyed among non-Puritans and the jealousy with which the clergy saw the people crowding" more frequently to see the actors than to hear the preachers.

Queen Elizabeth favored the first attempts of the English theatre and witnessed some of its most splendid pieces. The affection for the theatre was very marked at this time, and it was but a few years until London boasted of seventeen theatres.

James Burbage in 1576 built the first playhouse and called it the "Theatre." It was situated about one mile outside of London on the site of an old Catholic abbey. Not long after, a second playhouse was built in the vicinity called the "Curtain." In this way did

the actors defy the Puritans. The London Corporation could deny them the right of appearing in London, but it could not hinder the performances outside of the city, nor could it stop the multitudes from going there to see the plays.

The theatre in those days was called a playhouse—Anglo-Saxon, *Plega* which means play, game, and this meaning conveys the idea that it was intended for all kinds of games such as fencing, bear-fights, wrestling and morris-dances as well as for dramatic pieces. The performances were intended to appeal to many classes of people and the less literary delighted in feats of strength and all manner of graceful exercises. We often find in Shakespeare's plays many scenes affording a display of physical strength and skill as in the fencing bout between Laertes and Hamlet and the wrestling in "As You Like It."

The works of Shakespeare were first performed at the "Globe" which was established soon after the "Theatre" and "Curtain." It may be interesting to know how these theatres looked.

The theatres in the Elizabethan era were square or octagonal, constructed of plaster and wood. Most of them were built in three stories, and galleries were hung around three sides of the stage. The stage itself was very simple. It was a platform extending into the pit and open on three sides. There was no front curtain but a back curtain—a kind of drapery separated the stage from the tiring-room where the actors dressed. The higher stories of the tiring-room might be used as a part of a scene requiring a balcony. The galleries were covered with a roof, but the pit or yard in front of the stage was unsheltered. Here many spectators stood and watched the performance for which they paid a penny. If the play did not suit them they threw oranges and apples at the actors.

The dandies and gallants were permitted to seats on the stage for an extra shilling. It became very fashionable to sit there and after the performance was begun the young men entered from behind the curtain and seated themselves on three-legged stools. "This bad custom of providing seats on the stage was done to increase the proceeds and to satisfy the vain dandies who wished to be seen." Finally a royal command forbade spectators on the stage, and order was restored.

Although the theatres were not very large, they were profitable on account of the little expense connected with them. Such items as lighting, heating, scenery and machinery had no terrors for the Elizabethan stage manager. "The plays did not dwindle over business." The properties were very simple and such articles as chairs, stools and beds sufficed. "The aim of the play," says Masefield, "was not to give a picture of life, but a glorified vision of life. The object was not realism but illusion."

At present in the performance of Shakespeare's plays the change of scenes cause a deal of interruption. However, the dramatist is not to blame for this, for the plays of his time had no scenes to change. A new scene was created by the appearance of the characters from a different entrance. The play went on continuously, and no intervals were made because of the construction of Shakespeare's dramas in which the use of the sub-plot served to hold the audience while the main actors rested. "Careful and impressive speaking and thoughtful, restrained gesture" was liked by Ben Jonson and Shakespeare.

Women did not play in the theatre. Actresses were not allowed until after the period of the Restoration. Boys took the female roles, and for this reason some one has said that Shakespeare's art was limited. The characters of his women are so constructed that they may be understood and acted accordingly by boys. Baker says "it would require a vigorous use of the imagination to be satisfied with a boys' representation of Portia, Cordelia or Rosalind." However, they were specially trained and some of them were exceptionally good, for almost all children can act well and only a very few adults can.

The people often forgot their dinner in order to reach the theatre in time to secure good places. Upon the occasion of a new play or a first performance it was customary to send a servant in advance, who occupied the seat until the master arrived. As at present, many endeavored to create a sensation by coming in after the play was well begun.

Performances were held every day, and, to the great disgust of the Puritans, on Sunday also. They could not understand why "her Christian Majesty" attended plays on holidays. Royalty did not go to the theatre, but private performances were given

at the palaces—usually in the evening.

There were playbills then as now and the plays were advertised by sticking these bills upon posts throughout the town. A bill advertising the "Merchant of Venice" follows:

"The Excellent History of the Merchant of Venice with the extreme cruelty of Shylock, the Jew, towards the said Merchant in cutting a just pound of his flesh. And the obtaining of Portia by the choyse of three caskets."

One hundred dollars was considered a good result from a performance in a well-filled house which usually contained about six hundred people. Thirty-five or forty dollars was considered an excellent price for a play at this time.

The managers were obliged to pay a sum to the Censor. He was called "The Master of the Court Revels," and he examined the plays to be performed. He was at liberty to forbid a performance or to cut out any material he thought undesirable.

The proceeds of the theatre were apportioned among the proprietor of the theatre, the members of the company and the Censor. Nothing except the smallest salary went to the inferior actors, the prompter, the gatherers of the fees or the stage-keeper whose duty it was to strew fresh rushes on the stage before the performance. All of these persons were known as "hirelings."

It is said that during the Elizabethan period the actors were comparatively well off. Some Puritan writers have mentioned the splendor and wealth of the actors and especially their sumptuous dress. On the stage the costumes, magnificent and costly, did not differ from the fashion and cut of the clothes of the time. "Prynne, the fanatic Puritan, complains that the public plays were acted in over-expensive, effeminate, fantastic and gorgeous clothes.

It is known that Shakespeare was an actor as well as playwright. His name appears among the principal actors in several of Ben Jonson's plays, and Hamlet's advice to the players gives us evidence that Shakespeare was an excellent judge of acting.

These were the conditions of the Elizabethan stage. Simple as was its beginning, it has grown in every detail, culminating to-day in that perfection that art, science and wealth can produce.

Varsity Verse.

I'LL SHOW 'EM, DURN 'EM.
I've stopped the paper, yes, I have;
I didn't like to do it,
But the editor got smart, he did,
And I allow he'll rue it.
I am a man who pays his debts,
And will not be insulted,
Before a man gets fresh with me
I want to be consulted.
I took the paper 'leven years
And helped him all I could, sir,
But when it comes to dunnin' me,
I didn't think he would, sir.
But when he did, and you can bet
It made me hot as thunder,
I says, "I'll stop that sheet, I will,
I'll let the thing go under.
I hunted up the editor
And for his cunnin' caper
I paid him 'leven years and quit—
Yes, sir, I stopped the paper.

E. Besten.

TRIOLET.

McCarthy fell down stairs—
And cussed till the air was blue;
(He was putting on great airs)
McCarthy fell down stairs.
He disarranged no hairs,
For he's bald as a billiard cue.
McCarthy fell down stairs
And cussed till the air was blue.

B. G.

MEMORIES.

We lay in bed last Sunday morn,
Jerry and George and I,
And the sun shone in the window
From out the sky-blue sky.
"We ought to get up," said Jerry,
But George rolled over and said,
"It's nice to get up in the morning.
But—it's better to lie in bed."
I—go to school at Notre Dame,
He—lives in the College Inn.
The life I lead is very tame.
His life is half a sin.
He goes to bed whene'er he will,
With me it's ten each night,
And when he will, he smokes a "pill"
While I, a pipe must light.
A million girls are struck on Jim,
I live in Bachelorhood;
And yet would I change my place with him?
Well, I should say I would. L. Cooke.

Circumstantial Evidence.

BY RAY M. HUMPHREYS.

The bowing little Italian orchestra-leader, smiling demurely, announced, "Dat is all to-night,—ladees an' gentlemens," and the young couples awaiting the next tango, or waltz, or whatever it might have been, reluctantly disengaged themselves and, after a few moments of proper hesitation, proceeded, as ship etiquette sanctions, to drift away in pairs, seemingly as oblivious of others as they wanted others to be of them; and so they wended their way, some dozen couples of chatting, indistinct forms to the fore-castle head, where, the cool breezes blew and the romantic darkness reigned.

Everyone aboard the ship seemed happy—there was nothing at all to worry about, so they all tried to forget the darker side of life while they could, although Cramshaw grew uneasy from constant contemplation of a Latin test to survive the coming autumn, and Johnny French, one of his companions from Philbrook, U., suffered mental agony every time he involuntarily felt a Canadian quarter in his pocket, date of acquirement unknown. But the Italian musicians and the genial German officers and crew, all appeared happy,—and best of all, the passengers felt happy, for the voyage and everything connected with it seemed ideal.

It was on the fifth evening out that Fate frowned on the little vessel, and fickle fortune deserted her. Johnny French lost his pipe,—his dear old crusted jimmy pipe, which hadn't been out of his mouth ten hours at a stretch since he had started his college career,—three long years back. Now, striving to regain it, he remembered having that pipe just previous to the supper call, but now, confound the luck, the thing was gone,—utterly vanished. Frantically he felt his pockets again and again in vain. Then he wheeled sharply on Collet, the third member of the Philbrook U. party.

"Seen my jimmy-pipe?"

Collet, deep in the heart-throbs of a Will Payne novelette, only grunted a meaningless grunt.

"Where is it?" inquired French roughly.

"What? can't you let a fellow read two minutes in peace without—"

"Where's my pipe?"

"Bah! where you left it, I presume?"

"Well, it's gone!" exclaimed French tragically.

"So I gathered from your question," returned Collet easily, "now a little deduction on your part—"

"Huh!" exclaimed French, "abduction on your part of some brains wouldn't be so worse,—now where's that pipe,—if I find the funny boy who took it I'll smash him one for his trouble. Where's Cramshaw?"

Collet smiled wisely, "Presumably enjoying the witching hours in the company of Miss—"

"Where?" blurted French.

"Probably on this very ship, as Sherlock—"

But French had slammed the door and vanished.

"As Sherlock Holmes would deduce," finished Collet weakly, addressing the nearest chair.

Out on the fore-castle head, in the dark, deep shadows, sat Cramshaw and Miss Lee. The collegian had temporarily forgotten the Latin exam., the law of diminishing utility, and the date of Shakespeare's birth with all other concrete knowledge, for at that particular moment he was examining the soulful eyes of the girl in white beside him,—and she was smiling most encouragingly.

Suddenly, like a thunderbolt from a cloudless sky, a vengeful shadow swept down upon them, apparently on the wings of the wind.

"Your father!" muttered Cramshaw uncomfortably, as he made haste to remove his arm.

"No, the captain!" ventured the girl in confusion.

"That you, Cramshaw?" inquired the shadow.

"Oh," exclaimed Cramshaw, greatly relieved. "It's you French. What's your haste? We thought—"

"Awful thing," declared French dramatically, "can I have a word with you—alone?"

"If it's anything—" began Cramshaw in wonder.

"I've lost my pipe!" exclaimed the shadow wildly.

"You—you've lost your pipe?" asked Cramshaw, "well, what has that got to do with me?"

And Cramshaw and Miss Lee expressed their feelings in a mutual giggle.

"I want that pipe, Cramshaw;—I want it now,—immediately,—this minute," said the shadow advancing nearer.

"Why, I haven't seen your pipe,—you needn't get so huffy over it, though,—"

"Sure, I know all that, but still I want that pipe—I want it at once, Mr. Cramshaw. It's a mighty slim joke and it's gone far enough now,—so hand it over!"

"Ha, ha," roared Cramshaw heartily, "Me take your smelling old hod,—never! Why you're looney to think of such a thing,—it is,—yes, I declare, it surely must be seasickness,—on the brain. Don't you fear?" and Cramshaw turned toward the girl.

"Mr. French does appear rather upset!" admitted she.

"Bah!" roared French forgetting all restraint, "I'll upset somebody pretty quick if I don't get that pipe—gimme that pipe, Cramshaw, or,—or—I'll throw you overboard, yes, I mean it!"

"Shut up, you idiot!" snapped Cramshaw, "you'll arouse the whole ship the way you're roaring!"

"My pipe!" bellowed French all the louder.

"I haven't seen it, I tell you. Now get out of here, you're frightening this lady here,—you idiot!"

"Come on," taunted the shadow vehemently, "you infernal thief, I'll teach you to play your measly jokes on me,—come on!" And French was actually rushing on the dazed Cramshaw, when a figure in white uniform stepped between. It was the third-officer.

"What, in heaven's name is wrong here, gentlemen?"

"Nothing," began Cramshaw, "this ignominus accuses—"

"My pipe," shouted French, "this blamed scoundrel—"

"Hush," warned the officer, "not so loud, sir, people are already saying you are intoxicated,—they heard—"

"Let 'em hear!" thundered French, "I want my pipe! This grinning goose here stole it—joke—gone far enough. I want that pipe or I'll clean up the deck with him—"

"You seem to forget there is a lady here," interrupted Cramshaw, "I haven't seen your pipe, nor anybody else's pipe to-day, and I merely suggest, if you are calm enough to understand the human language—that you might look in your pocket or round the stateroom—"

"Hide it there?" yelled French advancing.

"No!" retorted Cramshaw also advancing.

"Then—" Trouble seemed inevitable, so the officer grasped French by the arm.

"Come on," he urged, "we'll look for your pipe and then if we don't find it we will arrest the thief," and he winked at Cramshaw, who grinned in reply.

Somewhat mollified French departed with the officer.

"Why, what a cyclone," sighed Miss Lee.

"Oh, just a quick temper, that's all," murmured Cramshaw, "and now as we were saying—" and French and his pipe passed into the realms of memory.

An hour or so later, as Cramshaw gallantly escorted Miss Lee along the promenade deck, a baleful figure darted from the smoking room.

"Gone far enough—gone far enough!" it shouted incoherently, "gimme my pipe or I'll bust you in half!"

Cramshaw straightened. "You bet it's gone far enough, you monkey!" and he bestowed a mighty heave on French's shoulders which sent that angry gentleman reeling.

Then with a hideous howl French recovered and rushed at Cramshaw, who pushed Miss Lee aside, and braced himself for the onslaught. French, light and airy, was again sent spinning. Picking himself up, he returned to the attack with a volley of oaths, but just then a swarm of astounded passengers burst from the smoking-room and laid detaining hands, none too lightly, upon him. Then followed wild accusation, emphatic denial, and general turmoil.

"Yes," roared French from among his detainers, "he stole it—positive—sure it was valuable. Mean joke,—same old gag—once he dumped me out of a Pullman berth and nigh broke my neck—yes, laugh, you squirrels! If I get my hands—"

Cramshaw stepped up. "If you lay your hands on me again, sir, I will for a fact break your neck!" Then bowing toward Miss Lee, he took her arm and they proceeded down deck. The excited knot of cigar-passengers with French in their midst, returned to the smoking room.

After uttering a fond farewell, and lingering to say it all over again, Cramshaw sought his stateroom. Collet was anxiously pacing the floor. "Well," he cried, as Cramshaw entered, "where have you been? Seen French?—why he's plumb nutty—he swears you stole—"

"Yes, I know all about it," replied Cramshaw.

shortly, "I just warned him for the last time that I would fix him for good if he came to me again with his absurd charges,—why, Collet, you know I never stole his fool pipe,—I haven't even seen it!"

"Lord knows I haven't," sighed Collet, "I had to take oath to that effect though when French and the mate came in!"

"Humph," snorted Cramshaw dropping into a chair.

"Well," continued Collet, "he didn't exactly accuse me, but I did the right thing. Now if you could take an oath—"

"Never," muttered Cramshaw, "I'll see him in bandages or in the sea first; why, he insulted Miss Lee to-night so I shouldn't wonder but that she will think we are all three escaped bugs."

"Miss Lee?" mused Collet reflectively, as he seated himself.

"Miss Lee!" murmured Cramshaw tenderly.

Just then the door shot wide and French inserted his blazing face.

"Ha, ha, thief, you here?" he ejaculated, "I will return in ten minutes and openly demand your arrest—" he withdrew.

"Whoop," roared Cramshaw, springing to his feet. "I'll fix him. I've stood enough for one night!" and before Collet could interfere, he had darted out after French.

In a few minutes he returned.

"Well?" queried Collet.

"Nothing," replied Cramshaw, "I'm going to bed."

An hour later, French not having yet returned, Collet wearily closed his magazine and followed Cramshaw to bed.

Collet was first up next morning and managed rather poorly to smother a gasp of surprise. French's berth remained untouched. Evidently the man without a pipe had not returned.

Then, lightning-like, the awful truth broke in on Collet. He cast an uneasy glance on the slumbering Cramshaw, then quickly donning his bathrobe and slippers, he crept noiselessly out and ran pell-mell along the corridor, up a flight of winding stairs, and into the captain's cabin. He met that officer at the door, and explained his suspicions in a few quickly sputtered words. Convincing words they must have been, for in no less than three minutes, the first officer, with a coil of rope, two seamen and Collet stood gazing excitedly on the peacefully dreaming Cramshaw.

The officer was speaking. "Jones," he whispered, "when I give the word grab his right arm, and you, Smith, seize his left, and you, sir, stand ready to choke him if he gives us any trouble, and I'll get his legs and we'll toss him up in first class shape before he spots what's happening,—ready, boys?—ready, Mr. Collet? Now!"

And an avalanche descended on Cramshaw. His first act of returning consciousness was to yell lustily and beat about with his arms, but they seemed strangely powerless. Then he opened his eyes, and seeing two strange men grasping him, he vented a sudden roar of fury and tried to shake them off. Then a most peculiar thing happened. He saw his old friend, Collet!—his chum of many years—reach over and with a terrible look—actually grasp him by the throat and start to strangle him! Convinced now that he was in the hands of maniacs, he only fought and yelled the louder, but the mate soon had his legs securely tied, and then found little difficulty in effectively roping Cramshaw's arms. That finished, the sailors relinquished their hold, Collet withdrew his fingers from the locality of Cramshaw's wind-pipe and the officer mopped his brow.

"Aw," grunted he, "a hard job, boys. If it hadn't been for Mr. Collet's help I doubt if we could have done it."

Cramshaw's eyes started.

"Don't thank me," murmured Collet humbly, "I did only my duty."

Cramshaw's jaw dropped. Just then the Captain entered.

"You have secured the devil?"

"Yes, sir," came the quiet reply.

Cramshaw stirred and twisted. "What," he began.

"Allow me to warn you that your words will be used against you, although I guess the proof is sufficient as it is," said the Captain glaringly.

Collet, who had been nervously readjusting his bathrobe, here rose from his chair, walked to Cramshaw's berth, and dramatically shook his fist at that gentleman.

"I must say,—I cannot restrain from saying it—that this, sir, is an awful blow, all due to an angry word. It proves my theory—"

Cramshaw listened in silence.

"That you can never trust any man unless you know his past—his entire past—and his record is clean. Now had we known you better,

we would have denied you the opportunity of committing murder—"

"Huh?" exclaimed Cramshaw.

"What did you do with the body?" inquired the Captain suddenly.

"What body?" asked Cramshaw.

Collet smiled sadly at the others. "Professed ignorance—means he is a hardened criminal, after all. Sir Gilman Barker, in his treatise on Criminology cites such evidence as indisputable,—now where's the body?"

"Whose body?" shouted Cramshaw angrily.

Again Collet lifted his hand, "assumed anger—another undeniable proof, says Sir—"

"I know said the Captain, genially, "they all carry on that way."

"What does all this mean?" demanded the prisoner.

"It means a little deduction—" began Collet.

"You are a murderer!" blurted the Captain.

"You suspect?"

"We know!" declared the Captain.—

"That you murdered French!" finished Collet tremblingly.

"Me murder French?" cried Cramshaw.

"Well-acted—superbly; you have served before,—a reformatory perhaps?"

"What proof?" groaned Cramshaw dazedly.

"Your quarrel, your threats," enumerated Collet.

"I was angry," admitted Cramshaw.

"You pursue, you kill, you return, French does not,—ample and logical proof," droned Collet as he would a line of Greek.

"Reason, will you listen to reason?" shouted Cramshaw.

"Yes, reason," conceded Collet, "but your reason is bound to be perverted. Now Doctor Frederick—"

"Can go to blazes and you with him!" roared Cramshaw.

"Reason! listen to that man reason!" exclaimed Collet.

"Let's get this thing over with," advised the Captain, turning to the mate, "you can remove this person to the aft cabin, and keep him there in chains until we dock."

"I demand satisfaction!" hurled Cramshaw.

"Off with him, boys, off with him!" and the struggling Cramshaw, roped and pajama-clad, was borne swiftly out and along the deck. An astonished group of passengers viewed the proceeding with curious wonder. Miss Lee blushing furiously, also saw, but Cramshaw

was too busy struggling to notice anyone.

Down between decks another catastrophe of different hue had occurred. An assistant chef, a New Orleans negro, had just unbottled an iced compartment, preparatory to getting breakfast, when a something, filled with strange oaths, had leaped out of the interior darkness upon him.

Instinct had made the terrified black forget his natural cowardice, and had led him to grapple with the unknown. Back and forth along the corridor the struggle swayed. Finally, panting and trembling, the chef forced his adversary against the wall and there held him. It was a white man.

"Wassa matter with yo'?" inquired the chef severely, "yo' think yo' steal some meat, eh?"

"Let go of me, you black ape!" came the answer.

"Ah's got a good notion to—"

What the notion was, will never be ascertained for just at that moment the meat-stealer freed his right arm and lost no time in placing a clenched fist in the other's eye. Groggy, the negro faltered, and the white demon pounced upon him, but the black was far from helpless, and the terrific struggle was renewed. Blow followed blow, kick repaid kick, and bite proceeded bite, to a mixed tune of general profanity. How long the uproar would have continued would be a mere guess, had not a steward, armed with a cleaver, come to the rescue of the chef, and between them, they succeeded in effectively subduing the other member of the dispute.

Then, breathless, they escorted their captive to the deck and presented themselves to the Captain, who stood conversing with the immaculate Collet.

"Dis yar feller," began the chef, meditatively feeling his swollen right optic.

"Why, French!" exclaimed Collet, seizing the meat-stealer's gory hand.

"What's this?" inquired the dazed Captain.

"This darky assaulted me!" complained French.

"He was in de meat compartment, yo' honor!"

"This is French?" asked the Captain.

"He isn't dead, after all!" rejoiced Collet.

"Almost, though," admitted French, "you see I spent the night in a—a confounded

ice-box of some sort under deck. I went in there looking for my pipe and the door banged on me!"

"We thought Cramshaw had murdered you!" faltered Collet.

"What?"

"Release that Cramshaw," directed the Captain hastily.

"You're pipe?" asked Collet weakly.

"Found it,—in my breast pocket," admitted French flushing. Then it was that the Captain uttering a weird imprecation, turned on his heel and walked off.

French and Collet turned to apologize to Cramshaw, but he, head high, passed without a word. A few minutes later, Miss Lee, staring straight ahead, passed him.

And that is why the Philbrook U party broke up in its component parts, and things were no longer ideal aboard the ship.

Behind the Bars.

A FARCE IN TWO ACTS.

BY B. THEOGENE.

ACT I.

Professor and Students present.

PROF (to class). For Saturday's duty I want each unit of the class to write four original lines of rhyme on the subject, "Behind the Bars." This subject is a commonplace one, and ought to prove easy of manipulation. Just ransack your intellectual garrets—and you will eventually find enough material to construct what is required. Even the dullest 'blockhead' ought to compose four such lines with ease. Why I believe I could recite one hundred lines composed extemporaneously. You may use any metre you wish.

SNIVELS (to Muggins). Me for the domestic gas metre!

PROF. I trust I have made it plain to all.

SNIVELS (to Muggins). What's old Crusty expostulating about?

PROF. Mr. Muggins, what did Mr. Snivels just whisper to you?

MUGGINS. He sa—said he's na—never been behind the bars.

PROF. Well, it's time he was. Such rational bipeds are dangerous at large. That will suffice for to-day. (Bell rings; exit all.)

ACT II.

Time! Saturday, 10:30 A. M.

PROF. Mr. Landsmann, have you your lines?

LANDSMANN. Ya—yes, Professor.

PROF. Read them to the class.

LANDSMANN (rises and reads).

I was shtand me over der pasture fence,

Und vas countin dise shinin stars,

Ven I feels in mine ribs a pair of horns

From dat heifer 'Behind der Bars.'

PROF. Fine, very fine! Of course it could be improved upon. I don't expect you to be a Shakespeare in a day. Mr. Snivels, arise and read your verse.

SNIVELS (rising and reading).

The prisoner stood behind the bars,

Smoking 'two-for-five' cigars;

Said he to the jailer, 'Now and then

Bring me a couple of four-for-ten.'

PROF. Very good; very good. Now Mr. Muggins, let us hear your lines.

MUGGINS (rises and reads).

I was shot one night by a big white ghost,

I can show you the very scars;

But I've been half shot a dozen times since,

By the 'Spirits' 'Behind the Bars.'

PROF (puzzled). I don't seem to be able to grasp the meaning.

MUGGINS. There's nothing difficult to understand about my lines. I just used a few colloquial terms. Perhaps you never came across them. CURTAIN.

Phantasmagoria.

This little world of men oft seems so far away
From me; so far away as do the stars and sky.
Sometimes, with all indifferent and distant, I,
Like Omar in that "battered caravanserei,"
Look on, and wonder whither, and dream, and
wonder why.

It all—like misty Boulevards on evenings grey
In Autumn, when ivory carven moon, from sky
Indifferent, is hung, when darkened houses sigh,
When sombrous stillness clasps and clings—unpas-
sioned lay;

A world of men who come, and gaze awhile, and die.

And dreams I have; sometimes dream that gay
And bright within those solemn mansions are, that be
In semblance sad. Ensphered, the sentient soul of me
Goes out, and seeks some hidden path, some way
That leads to hearts of men, and, finding it, I see
Before me life and light—eternity. M. Parrot.

Overconfident.

BY W. J. LYONS.

John Doe had settled down at last as sheriff in the little town of Schoolcraft, Michigan. After a life of varied and wide experiences on land and sea he longed for a rest. During the past twenty years John had seen nearly every country on the globe, and was now able to speak no less than five languages—a marvellous accomplishment for a man who had merely the elements of education. His quick and penetrating mind was always eager to grapple with every difficulty that came up before him. The parity between the tongues of the different races amused him, and by associating one with the other, he became in the course of four lustrums what might be called a polyglot.

In a short time Doe won the admiration of all. The farmers looked upon him as something superhuman. When he spoke all about him gazed on, open-mouthed. He was considered the very acme of human perfection and valor. To John nothing was impossible. The husbandmen felt positively secure while Doe held the position of town officer. Thieves in their migrations across the country never stopped at Schoolcraft, for John's greatness was known to all.

Every year the residents of Schoolcraft were accustomed to gather for a little entertainment. To this all were invited. Doe was given the first request to be present, which meant that he was to preside over the meeting. The guests were to talk over old times. This included the experiences of life, and whatever other tales the visitors felt inclined to tell. A banquet, with plenty of wine, completed the program.

As the evening advanced the men and women grew more loquacious and gay. Each vied with the other to relate what he or she considered a good story or a thrilling adventure. Gruesome and private were the incidents heard by that little assembly. Everything worked harmoniously to make the gathering hilarious. The wine heated their imagination while the cold November wind howled through the trees and added zest to the weird narrations.

Shipwrecks, railroad collisions, heroic

attempts at saving lives were freely discussed. As usual John related the most interesting occurrences. Politics and even religious subjects won a place of consideration. The doctrines of Mohammed, Luther and Mrs. Eddy opened a field of wide but narrow argument. These almost illiterate men knew very little of what they spoke. Some lauded Mrs. Eddy, while others marvelled at the wonderful effects of Luther's teachings. Spiritism was given over to severe inspection. Many believed in ghosts; others denied the existence of such beings. To settle the question, the honorable sheriff was consulted. He held the opinion of the latter, and even asserted that he would not be afraid to meet any kind of a spirit. This was a big boast. Immediately, Louis Williams, who had grown jealous of Doe's bravery, decided to test him.

Half a mile away was a graveyard, which, according to established opinion, was infested with all kinds of sprites. No one dared to enter it after nightfall. To this place John was requested to go and to bring back with him a certain stone in the shape of a cross, that stood on the grave of a former resident of Schoolcraft.

The sheriff started off at once, and swore to bring the stone or come back dead. The farmers waited in suspense. One hour passed, and no return. All were frightened and thought sure Doe had been killed. Five minutes later he walked in with the grave-stone on his back. Some of the ladies swooned, thinking it was John's ghost; but when he began to talk everyone felt relieved.

Even this did not satisfy Williams, who now dared the sheriff to take the stone back before morning. Again he started off, but this time accompanied by three of the men, whose curiosity had been aroused. Sure enough, Doe went straight to the cemetery, for a few of the guests thought he had picked the stone at the nearby marble works. In replacing the cross the bottom part of his trousers was caught, and he could not get away. Seized with fear the sheriff let out a frightful yell, and dropped back dead.

The three men who were with him fled for their lives. Two days later the body of John Doe was placed beneath the spot where he fell. He had faced all manner of daring deeds, but the thought of that awful spectre caused his death.

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—We welcome back our football team which has just returned from their last victorious invasion of the East. The game they played at Syracuse was a fitting *Welcome Home*. close to a very successful season. We are proud of our heroes who have travelled over six thousand miles to battle on foreign gridirons. When they returned in defeat, we comforted them; now that they have finished in victory, we say, "Well done." At the cost of extra study to make up work, at the sacrifice of their time and even the danger of physical injury, they fought for the honor of the school. For many of them this was their last game. To the incomparable Eichenlaub, to the intrepid leader, Jones, to Finegan, Duggan, Pliska, Kelleher, Keefe, Lathrop, Elward, Mills and Bergman, we say "Good-bye." Around those who remain to play again, we hope to see another great team builded. To next year we look with confidence. We are satisfied with this season's work. We thank the team.

—"Bobs" is dead. Taps sounded for him where they ought to sound for a soldier—with his face to the foe. It is not a casualty that materially influences England's present position, the papers tell us, but it does affect the world. For Lord Roberts, first Earl of Kandahar, was of the stuff that fashions heroes. He was

a young subaltern when he entered Her Majesty's service with the raw, ragged soldiers of the East. Growing up with that army, even as Hannibal had done with his, he transformed it into a blade of steel, that wedged its bloody way through ambushes and armies, and took no account of the barriers nature had thrown up. "The bravest of the English brave" was literally true of him, and it is no small thing to say. Withal he was the most modest, courteous and simple of men. Truly, only after we have heard the fountains of oratory and journalism gush their utmost over peace, we must admit that only in the strain of battle are such heroes born. The name of Roberts will instil more vitality into English hearts than the combined output of their novelists and orators and journalists. We cannot all be heroes, it is true, but God surely blessed the spirit that became "Bobs." We cannot all believe in English righteousness. we do not all hope that England will succeed. But there is not one of us who cannot say with Kipling:

Then here's to Bob's Bahodur—
Fightin' Bob, Bob, Bob!

—Since the day Stoessell hoisted the white flag over Port Arthur, Japan, the world-power, has been seething with intense desire to divert her crowded energies and to plant the banner of Nippon on new soil. Innumerable American minds have grown solemn indeed at the thought of yellow occupation of our western coast. The slumbering old Empire of Confucius has turned many a time with a shiver of fear to blink at the neighboring menace. Canada has barred her gates against the Mikado, and Australia has borne the yoke of military service solely as a precaution against what she calls the "little brown brother." Every nation fears this aggressive, unscrupulously patriotic people. And the present brings no palliative. A brief, ambiguously worded paper hurled a British ally at the forts of Kiao Chau. The fall of the station before the multitudes of yellow warriors was inevitable; perhaps the German staff would not even have defended it had they not realized the value of keeping this parvenue, restless foe occupied. The Japs took it. What will happen now? The English staff has been notified that the armies of Nippon stand ready to follow the

Cross of St. Andrew, that its fleet patrols the Pacific. John Bull will hardly refuse even though he must know the viper he presses to his bosom. What will be the price he must pay? Probably—we can imagine nothing else—it will be access to Australia and Canada—two territories most resolutely opposed to Mongol immigration. Perhaps it even signifies the cession of some territory. At all events, Nippon works only for a living wage. England has already surrendered the maritime supremacy of the Pacific. What other boon will she be induced to part with? Incidentally, it may be well to ask ourselves whether the Stars and Stripes ought not to float over a few more battleships and a few more battalions. Japan is supreme on the Pacific and that ocean is our only barrier.

—Fifteen thousand people knelt in the magnificent Cathedral of Notre Dame at Paris a few weeks ago, and prayed for the deliverance of France. Many among these supplicants had not entered the portals of a church since early youth. Others acknowledged long years of indifference and atheism. All over France the scene was duplicated. In great cathedrals and humble chapels, the citizens of France—indifferent, atheistical, “calm reason” France—prayed to the Power whose existence is “scientifically and mathematically unthinkable,” for deliverance from the fortunes of an adverse conflict. Why did they do this? Why didn’t they solace themselves with the “scientific and mathematical” pronouncements of the Paris Academy? Why didn’t they reason out the termination of the war along the same dispassionate lines as they have used in evolving “economic determinism” and “historical analysis of the phenomena of religion?” Surely for such enlightened and intellectual people as themselves, “a great, vague Shadowy, man-created Entity” is a superfluity. If they would only ask the professors in their godless colleges and atheistical public schools, they would speedily learn that they themselves were the supreme beings of the cosmic universe.

The fact has been scientifically worked out. But with the triumphant Teuton hammering them back, step by step, across the blood-bespattered harvest fields of “La Belle France” they are praying with something of the fervor

of their forefathers when better fortune attended the arms of the Franks. They are entreating a Being whose existence they know in their hearts, while denying in facile phrase on lying tongues. Like most all Freethinkers, they have no philosophy in adversity. In peace and prosperity, religious observance seems at once annoying and unnecessary. It is easy to be persuaded that Religion is the farce of the few to dupe the many. It is easy to rob the clergy, defile churches and blaspheme the Holy Name. But when death stalks on the earth, and over the sea and in the air, when thousands are swept instantaneously into an endless eternity, when Science cannot answer, and indifference fails to suffice, mankind turns, even as godless France has turned, back to the Author of its existence, and the Arbiter of its deeds. And materialism, “fair-weather philosophy,” yields the stage to the doctrines of an Eternal Truth.

Book Reviews.

FINE CLAY. By Isabel C. Clark. Benziger Bros.

“In Fine Clay” Miss Clarke has undoubtedly eclipsed all her previous efforts and written a remarkable story. It is a most striking example of Faith tested to the utmost, yet in the end overcoming all obstacles. To those who are tired of the sentimental “slush” in many of our current novels, “Fine Clay,” with its conception of true love, will come as a welcome relief.

THE PROPHET’S WIFE. By Anna C. Browne. Benziger Brothers.

Are we impelled by solely mercenary motives? In this story the authoress offers a most convincing answer to that oft-repeated query. The leading characters are true types of Catholic parenthood, who give their children the best heritage of all, a strong Faith. The book is neatly bound and well printed.

A GUIDE TO GOOD ENGLISH. By Robert Palfrey Utter, Ph. D. Harper and Brothers. \$1.20 net.

This handbook will be found a serviceable companion to the student of English. Based on the author’s long experience in handling manuscripts of every kind, it presents, in a small compass, a solution of the chief difficulties which vex the student of composition, and points out by rule and example the errors which most commonly mar the efforts of the young writer. Part second, “Method,” is full of helpful suggestions, and part third, “Prosody and Grammar,” though brief and succinct, is comprehensive. A complete index makes the volume a work of easy reference. We commend it as a book which the student may well keep at his elbow.

Obituary.

MR. WILLIAM A. FAGAN.

The death is announced of Mr. William A. Fagan (B. S. B., '97) who passed away in Huntington, W. Va., November 13th after an illness of four or five days. Will was a favorite during his years here, and his loss will be mourned by many friends. *R. I. P.*

MRS. WILLIAM CULL.

We regret to announce the death of Mrs. Cull, mother of Frank Cull '09, who died at her home in Miamisburg after a long illness. Mrs. Cull was a true type of the Christian mother, beloved by all who knew her. We offer our sincerest sympathy to the bereaved family. *R. I. P.*

Personals.

—Among the books just published by R. C. Badger of Boston, are two works from the pen of Robert A. Kasper (Ph. B., '07). They appear under the heading, "American Dramatists' Series" and the titles are "The Man You Love" and "Some People Marry."

—Henry I. Dockweiler (A. B., '12) in renewing his subscription to the SCHOLASTIC says: "Continue to send the publication, to be without it is like being abroad without one's hometown paper." Henry is at present in Los Angeles, Cal., engaged in the study of law and we are expecting to hear great things about him in the near future.

Local News.

—Everybody passed Metaphysics. What is it? We don't know.

—Thanksgiving turkeys may come and go, but the one at Christmas has them all beat.

—Just the same, there is no one who believes that Harvard could beat us 64-0 (28 plus 36).

—The Allies' lines were battered to pieces last Thursday by the brilliant attack of Father Oswald.

—The best thing about Thanksgiving is the fact that it is three weeks away from the holidays.

—James E. Sanford went to Toledo, Ohio, to be present at the wedding of "Tommy" McGlaughlin, a former Notre Dame student.

—A series of indoor baseball games are being played in the big Gym every afternoon by the Carrollites.

—The Freshman football team was banqueted at the University by the faculty members on Wednesday evening.

—Get your "dope" ready, boys. Soon we must go home and explain how easy it would be for us to defeat Harvard.

—Notre Dame Council Knights of Columbus held a meeting in the Council Chamber on Tuesday evening and the installation of officers took place.

—The Student Vaudeville, which was to have been given to-night in Washington Hall, has been postponed until Saturday night, December 5.

—It is likely that a football game with the University of Michigan will be played next fall. We would like to see an encounter with the Wolverines.

—A number of the students who are fortunate enough to live within a short radius of Notre Dame were able to eat their Thanksgiving dinner at home.

—Mr. Riddle found it impossible to get to New Orleans and back for his Thanksgiving turkey in the thirty-six hours vacation; he made sure of getting the bird by accompanying Stephen Burns to his home in Fort Wayne.

—The Rev. George McNamara, C. S. C., preached an eloquent sermon on Church Music last Sunday at Kalamazoo, Michigan. Fr. McNamara went into detail and explained all the beauties of the Gregorian Chant to an astonished audience.

—Walter Eckersall has the following to say in this morning's *Chicago Tribune*:

Notre Dame's decisive victory over Syracuse, 20 to 0, in a game which gives the Hoosier eleven an equal claim to the western championship with Illinois and Nebraska, Pennsylvania's hard fought battle against Cornell, which the Ithacans won, 24 to 12, and Pittsburgh's one-sided defeat of Penn State, 13 to 3, were the struggles which featured the turkey day contests.

Although Notre Dame was beaten by the Army and Yale, Harper's eleven has met and defeated such strong teams as the Haskell Indians and South Dakota, and its victory over the New York eleven, the team which decisively defeated Michigan, entitles it to recognition. The South Benders played good football against Syracuse. They displayed the same kind of offensive and defensive football as they did against the Carlisle Indians at the Sox ball park on November 14.

—Crowds were lined up in front of the Anderson and Welch cigar store last Thursday when the returns of the Notre Dame-Syracuse game were being megaphoned to all. After the first touchdown, boys separated themselves from their hats and shouted with gusto, and when N. D. held Syracuse on the one-yard line, the crowd went wild.

—Rev. Father Cavanaugh, President of the University, left Tuesday for Washington, D. C., where on Thanksgiving morning he preached the sermon at the Pan-American service in St. Patrick's Cathedral. The service was attended by members of the President's Cabinet, Chief-Justice White, and representatives of twenty-one Latin-American republics.

—The Gibbons Hall football team from Kalamazoo, Michigan, played a hard game against the Brownson Chicks on Thanksgiving Day. Although outclassed by the Brownson team, which was much too heavy for the light visiting team, the Kalamazoo team never gave up the fight for a moment, and everyone who witnessed the contest had nothing but praise for the plucky youngsters.

—In one of the hardest fought and most spectacular football games ever played in Wabash, Ind., the Corby Hall team was defeated Thursday by the Wabash Athletic Club by a score of 13-0. Not until the game was within five minutes of the finish did Yarnell, the Wabash halfback, go over the line for a touchdown. Two minutes later McMurray, right half, went over for the second count and Bricker kicked goal.

—The All-State Eleven, picked by the *Indiana Times* of Indianapolis, contains the names of seven Notre Dame stars. Eichenlaub, Elward, Jones, Fitzgerald, Bachman, Bergman and Cofall are all given their respective positions on the first team. Finegan, Keefe, Pliska and Mills all occupy berths on the second team. In giving Eichenlaub the position of fullback, the paper makes this comment: "And last Eichenlaub, the most powerful line plunger the middle west has ever seen, is given the position of fullback: The place is 'Eich's' beyond a doubt, and there is no need to dwell on his virtues here. Injuries kept him out of several games this year, and had he been more fortunate, he would have stood out once more as a candidate for the All-American."

Victory Closes Season.

TIME:—TURKEY DAY. PLACE:—SYRACUSE STADIUM, SYRACUSE, N. Y.

Thousands of spectators gathered from all corners of the old Empire State to witness the final intersectional battle of the year. The Orange, with a clear victory over one great Western team already to her credit, hoped to repeat and prove that her particular brand was just a little better than anything the West could produce. Notre Dame, after a season of mixed success, and two unsatisfactory invasions of the East, sought to demonstrate that an equal break of luck and a team playing with its full strength could do a great deal more than a crippled team working under a "jinx." Thursday's contest was in the nature of a vindication of the Gold and Blue in the East. After two defeats, there were many who began to think that last year's victory was an unusually fortunate break in luck, and that Notre Dame was not really in a class with big Eastern schools. But the whirlwind game that buried the Orange, banished such thoughts for good. Notre Dame is still a conspicuous spot on the football map, and must be taken into account when the leaders are picked.

The game not only grounded the reputation of the Gold and Blue in the East; it gave her a clear claim to the Western non-conference title. This year, almost anything can be proved by comparing scores, so often and so badly has the "dope" been upset. Direct comparisons, however, will always be valid, and on these we can bring good proof to back up the above assertion. Nebraska, Michigan, and Notre Dame are the three strongest teams outside the Conference. To go over old history—South Dakota played Nebraska 0-0, while Notre Dame soundly trounced the Dakotans by a margin of 33 points. Syracuse, in a decisive manner, conquered Michigan, 20-6; Notre Dame just as decisively defeated the Saltines, 20-0. The scores are not so close as to be the result of chance—they represent real values, and give Notre Dame the widest kind of a margin.

The trouncing the Orange received was much worse than the score indicates. For nearly the whole game, Syracuse was on the defensive before the terrific onslaught of the Notre Dame

offense; when driven under their goal posts, the Orange fought like tigers, and staved off scores time and again. Syracuse's vaunted line of giants, weighing 210 pounds from tackle to tackle, and with a reputation of being one of the best forward walls in the country, was simply powerless before the smashing drives of the peerless Eichenlaub. Those who received the reports play by play at home, realized, perhaps more than the actual spectators what a wonderful game the All-Western Fullback was playing. Time after time, until it seemed that human endurance could not last so long, Eich was called upon to carry the ball, and every time the same result—"Eich drives through centre for five yards"—"Eich goes four yards for first down." Whenever distance was needed, the ball went to the big fullback; and with the whole Syracuse team knowing this, watching him like a hawk, and throwing all their forces against his attack, they could not stop him. It was Eichenlaub's last game, the crowning glory of four years of noble service to the Gold and Blue. In the fourth quarter, battered and bruised and tired, Eich took off his helmet for the last time,—and the applause that greeted him, echoed the thoughts of the thousands in the stands, and of Notre Dame alumni and students all over the country. "Eichenlaub, equal to Salmon as the greatest fullback Notre Dame has ever had: equal to any the great American game has produced—Thorpe, Brickley, Vaughan and the rest,—old Eich has played his last game, and played it wonderfully well.

This was the only sad feature of the game—that so many of her loyal sons should be striving for the honor of the Gold and Blue for the last time. These men, comrades on the gridiron for two, three and even four years—members of the greatest teams Notre Dame has ever had, who carried her colors from the Atlantic to the Dakotas, from the Great Lakes to the Gulf, rarely conquered, never dispirited, and always the gentlemen, they fought for her, ten of them, for the last time, and fought a fight that stands a symbol of all their former struggles. Capt. Jones and Lathrop, veterans of three years, and as good a pair of tackles as can be found in the game; Elward, pluckiest of midget ends, and Mills, always a hard faithful worker; Berger, Pliska, Finegan, Duggan and Bergman, the cream of that wonderful Notre Dame group of backs, known the country wide for their

speed and smash,—they all go. To their comrades, Cofall, Keefe, Kelleher, Bachman, Larkin, Fitzgerald and Baujan, is left the task of upholding Notre Dame's honor until they too pass on the task to younger hands. All of them played the best game they knew, and when that is said, every Notre Dame man knows the rest.

Early in the game, Notre Dame showed what was to come. In the first quarter, when the Saltines had been forced back to their twelve-yard line, they fumbled, and Notre Dame recovered. The Orange line broke before terrific smashes, and the score stood 6-0. Once again in this half, Notre Dame took the ball down to the Syracuse two-yard line, but when Bergman tried to squeeze over for a touchdown, he was stopped.

The second half, save for the last five minutes, was just a procession. The Gold and Blue marched down the field after the kick-off in a steady, irresistible fashion, that ended with Bergman going around end for a touchdown. Several times Notre Dame brought the ball down to the Saltines' twenty-yard mark, only to lose it on a forward pass intercepted, or some similar mischance. In the last quarter, Syracuse punted from her fifteen-yard line to midfield, and here Notre Dame began another march down the field. On the twenty-yard line, Finegan took the ball around end to the five-yard mark, and on the next play it went over.

With but five minutes to play the Saltines made a final attempt to turn the tide, and make at least one score. They opened up an array of double passes and forward passes that took the ball from their own forty-yard line to the Notre Dame eight-yard line. Two smashes at the line gave the Orange three yards, and then they gained three more. Then, with the ball on their two-yard line, Notre Dame held, and immediately punted out of danger. This was the only time during the game that the N. D.'s goal was seriously threatened. The whistle blew with Notre Dame well on her way to another touchdown.

The account of the game would be incomplete without mention of the defense made by the Notre Dame line. One and two yards was the most that the Syracuse backs could gain, though their own line outweighed ours by nearly twenty-five pounds to the man. Often they made no gain at all. Eich's plunging was the

best ever seen on the Syracuse grid, and the defensive work of the Notre Dame line was equally as phenomenal.

The score.

NOTRE DAME, 20		SYRACUSE, 0	
Elward	L. E.	Woodruff, Burns	
Jones	L. T.	Schlacter	
Keefe, Stephen	L. G.	McElligott, Meisner	
Fitzgerald	C.	Shuffelt	
Bachman	R. G.	White	
Lathrop	R. T.	T. Johnson	
Mills, Baujan	R. E.	Travis	
Bergman, Larkin	Q.	Seymour, Johnson.	
		Rafter	
Cofall, Berger	L. H.	Wilkinson, Slater	
Kelleher, Pliska	R. H.	Rose	
Eichenlaub, Duggan	F.	Kingsley, Connell	

Touchdowns—Cofall, Pliska, Bergman. Goals from touchdown—Cofall 1. Referee—Cross of Dartmouth. Umpire—Hinkey of Yale. Head linesman—Wathey of Syracuse. Time of periods—15 minutes.

BROWNSON, 3; SORIN, 3.

No words can adequately describe the desperate struggle that took place on Cartier Field Thanksgiving Day, between two of the hardest, stockiest, cleverest teams ever turned out by halls at the University. From the first minute of play, when Hynes kicked off to Brownson, until the referee's whistle announced that the battle was over, the spectators were on their toes, cheering, shouting, screaming, but all in vain. Three points was the most each team could register, and both players and spectators left the field feeling that the day had been well spent and that a moral victory at least had been gained.

Brownson won the toss, chose the east goal and Hynes made a beautiful kick-off which went to the Brownson line and was carried back twenty yards by Kline. From that time until the first quarter finished neither side made first down once, and the second quarter started with the ball in the centre of the field in Sorin's possession. On the first play of the second quarter Healy dropped back for a dropkick, and both the opposing eleven and the onlookers thought it was to be a fake play. The pass was poor, going almost over Healy's head, but he pulled it down, dropped it very deliberately on the fifty-five yard line and booted it over the goal for three points. The stands fairly shook as the Sorin contingent jumped and shouted and cheered, throwing hats in every direction, caring little whether or not they ever found them again.

Healy then kicked-off to Morales, the fleet end, who carried the ball back to the Sorin 45-yard line, and without trying for another down, Morales dropped back for a kick. The Brownson rooters called to him to take his three downs, but it was no use, his mind was set. The pass was good, but Mike Carmody came through the line like a streak and shot by Morales who had stepped aside neatly. In another second the ball was crossing the Sorin goal post directly in the middle, and two hundred of the wildest rooters that ever set foot in a stand were raised to the nth power of insanity and expressed themselves outwardly.

The third quarter was, perhaps, one of the most exciting, and at the same time most farcical periods of the whole game. Shortly after the kick-off, Kline shot a forward pass to Morales who pulled it down. There was no one but Culligan between him and the goal post, and a touchdown seemed almost certain. What happened to him no one seemed to know, but suddenly his legs shot up and he landed squarely on his back, the ball bouncing out of his arms and into the arms of Culligan, who was coming full speed to tackle him. Culligan made straight down the field and was within twelve yards of the Brownson goal when Callahan dived at his ankles, and Malone started back toward the Sorin goal with the fumbled ball, only to lose the ball himself when tackled. Mike Carmody got the ball this time and held it, but was downed on his own forty-yard line. There is no reason in the world why the various members of these teams could not have kept on fumbling, and sending hot and cold chills down the backs of the rooters, but for some unknown reason they stopped, and from that time until the end of the game neither team gained two yards.

Had Morales not fumbled the ball he would undoubtedly have passed Culligan on the fourteen-yard line, skirted around the left side of the field and arrived behind the goal posts, but he could not have kicked the goal though directly in front of it, because of his hard run. Had Culligan not been tackled by Callahan at that particular moment, he never would have fumbled and a score of six points would have been registered for Sorin. Moreover, there would have been nothing to prevent his kicking goal, except a bad kick, and that

would have made the score seven to nothing in favor of Sorin. These things, however, didn't happen. In fact nothing that we have described happened, and yet the score is correct, 3 - 3, because it shows that neither side won. How could they?

Safety Valve.

"Yes, indeed, we enjoyed Thanksgiving. We got the punting leg of some old rooster who had played four years at least, and who had developed unheard of muscles—but we enjoyed it.

The student who said in his chemistry examination 'that one of the ways to get hydrogen was by the electrocution of water.' might try hanging the next time.

It is said that the Allies got Turkey on Thanksgiving Day, after a fierce encounter.

HAVE YOU BEEN BOTHERED WITH THEM?

"Won't you give me just two more points to put my average up to seventy?"

ALTOGETHER REASONABLE.

We might remind Yale what old Pig Skin, the best authority on football, says, "No respectable football team is ever beaten by more than 29 points."

Every member of the Illinois eleven is from the State of Illinois. Every member of the N. D. Eleven is from a different state—in fact, the N. D. team is an All-American team.

BE SENSIBLE, WALTER.

Walter Camp says that "if Notre Dame won from Syracuse it would only prove that the team that defeated Notre Dame could have beaten Syracuse worse." By the same system of argument it might be proved that the Penn State team which tied Harvard could have beaten Yale by thirty-six points; that the Dartmouth team which beat Syracuse by 40 points after Syracuse had beaten Michigan and Michigan had held Harvard to seven points, could have beaten Yale by about one hundred and five points, that Notre Dame via Syracuse, Michigan, Harvard, could have beaten Yale sixty-three, but what's the use of arguing that way?

Neither do we know what "Phantasmagoria" is all about, but we think the man who wrote it does.

Some ate the turkey, Thursday,
And some were fed on goose,
But our meat was sweet
From bill to feet
The old bird—Syracuse.

FAMILIAR PHRASES.

The plucky team went down in defeat.
Captain H. won the toss and elected the west goal.

*In one of the hardest fought games ever witnessed.
Corn beef and cabbage.*

Why is it that the day after Thanksgiving is always Friday, and that the old cold turkey seems almost to grin at us from the plat?

Shooting the cow's husband, again?

We never write verses for money,
Believe us, we haven't the face;
But our modesty goes in an instant
When we know that we have to fill space.

We have to announce to the class that we are not cussing every time we call the roll and come to Maximilian Gottlieb Ziebold.

THE HILL.

(A Reflection.)

The Hill Street Car runs from S. B. to N. D. and back again. It stops at the P. O. when the Motorman is not taking con out of the conductor; when he is—ah, then you should have gone to Confession, dear, for you may not stop till you enter Father Moloney's office, and on to the lake below the Novitiate. We have never gone that far to be sure, but we might have if we hadn't hit a merciful tree which our landscape artist had not yet removed for the sake of Fresh Air and Strategic Purposes. (*Name of tree deleted by censor.*)

Hill car has four wheels and four legs. The legs are the M.M. and the Conductor. The four wheels move the car and the two front legs move the wheels. You have never rode in a Hill perhaps? Ah, then if you haven't you will never understand, for the "actualities beggar description," as Art Hayes will say in the Dome. And, ah then again, if you have, nothing we can say will make you feel worse, and so we would be writing in vain.

When the student body *in toto* or *e pluribus unum* go to the city to see the Movies or to partake of a repast at Michael's habitat, they go *via* Hill. Let me say this in brackets right here: Never take a Hill on a full stomach. If you do you'll be sorry, that's all. When the E. S. B. go to S. B., they take the Hill. All the way down they sing "'Tis a Long Way Back to Tipperary." And it is. For me, however, I'd prefer they'd sing an anthem of some kind—something appropriate to death, and death so adjacent. When at last after much difficulty, through deep roads and bad weather, they get off at the C., S. B., Niles, Goshen, Mishawaka, N. Y., Indpls., and Cassapolis R. R., they give nine rahs and send a dispatch to the Prefect of Discipline announcing they have arrived. The car waits while the con. gets one paddle and puts another in its place. What the paddle means we don't know, but suspect it's some sort of strategy to mislead the Allies.

Finally, we never see the Hill car but we think of that remark credited to one Louise, "After us the deluge." And when you ride on a Hill you don't half care if the deluge does follow.