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To an Invalid.

[F I had seen the rose's ruddy glow
Leap in your cheeks to-day,
Or had beheld youth's flash within your eyes,
I must have turned away.

But in the lily paleness of your brow
And sunken, wasted cheek,
Death whispered love and tenderness to me,
That life could never speak.

R. F. D.

Brownson the Critic.

BY ARTHUR J. HAYES, '15.

THE effort of creation may warp an author's perspective slightly, or stimulate an enthusiasm inimical to flawless technique or even sound philosophy.

This must be accepted as a partial explanation for the numerous errors and excesses to which the purely creative mind is prone. It is often but a step from fervor to fatuity. Hence the strange intermingling of great and petty thoughts in many works of prose and poetry, truly and tritely appraised as "excellent in parts." Lengthy poems and long literary careers are peculiarly conducive to this "patch-work" of merit and mediocrity. The Muses call but infrequently, and then their sojourn is brief. The novelist, succumbing to that charm in his characters wherewith he hopes to infatuate others, often sacrifices on the altar of indulgence the best fruits of his own work. Even the mere historian, proverbially the dispassionate ideal, has been known to manipulate dates and events with a slighter regard for fact than poetic fitness.

It is the legitimate function of criticism to distinguish the true from the false, to differentiate merit in form, style and thought, from

the literary artifices which seek to render plausible and praiseworthy all insidious counterfeits. Some schools of literary criticism deny that this is so. They would have the critic essay the role of interpreter, but insist that he be neither mentor nor moralist. To accept their dictum is to confound the incidental with the ultimate, and to ignore the most valuable phase of the literary critic's labors. To broader and more intelligent criticism, we are indebted for higher standards and truer estimates of literary achievement.

For flagging literary effort, there is the ready and effective spur of mordacious criticism. But let the critics themselves deteriorate and there ensues evil irreparable. In this era when intelligent criticism, like genuine literary genius, seems on the wane, one turns eagerly from the flaccid standards of contemporary critics to the virile and vigorous methods of such a man as Orestes A. Brownson.

Probably no other American litterateur has combined in such admirable proportion, a tute discernment, faultless logic, and lofty moral perception. Certainly none other has synthesized these attributes in finer critical ability. To be a critic, one must needs be more than a facile essayist. Genuine criticism is something distinct from mere flippant phrasing, something essentially greater than piquant marshalling of terms. Brownson comprehended in his calling a moral responsibility that gave direction to his genius and a motive to his pen. Besides the inherent talent for true appreciation, the God-given faculty for detecting the false note in word or sentiment, Brownson possessed a definite philosophy of life, a norm for appraisal and an anchor for judgments. By contrast with this lion of American letters, the average critic is a futile trickster, a shallow trafficker in meaningless distinctions. A single paragraph from Brownson's essays on "Popular Literature," written in his characteristically spirited style, contains

more of the essence of true criticism than whole volumes by some of his successors.

The chief element of greatness in Brownson's critical work, is contributed by his uncompromising Catholicity, which scorned to treat with the contemners of its doctrines, or to recognize any criterion of excellence that sought to minimize the importance of philosophical truth. Brownson possesses a definite objective philosophy, from the eminences of which, he sees, as it were, the writings of the world pass in review. Like a general, he selects his location and makes the legions of authors file by. The obscuring dust cast up by the shuffling columns neither obscures his vision nor defeats the purpose of his scrutiny.

There are definite truths in the universe, he maintains, that should be immune from molestation. Poetic license—that ready condoner of technical fault and tortured expression—cannot invade the domain of philosophical fact. With the lackadaisical idealism that makes man “the measure of the Universe,” the God of his own consciousness,” that demands only “consistency with self,” Brownson had no sympathy. To him it was not enough to assemble a few postulates, however valueless intrinsically and elaborate in consonance with one's premises “a scheme of things new ordered and builded from the brain.” His stern and unyielding exaction from all writers of the amenities due established philosophical truth, is an example that those of later generations might heed with credit to themselves and profit to the world.

The “idealism” professed by poets and invoked to dignify the most trifling vagaries, failed to awe Brownson into submission. Idealism, he points out with usual forcefulness, may mean anything—or nothing. Elaborating the point, he proves that by virtue of the very fact that it is susceptible to an infinite variety of constructions, “idealism,” as such, is merely a clever disguise for moral irresponsibility.

His militant Catholicism entered the lists with a challenge to the materialist and the subjectivist that could not be ignored. Man has a definite nature and end. The universe is not essentially but only incidentally puzzling. God made it to subserve His ends, and by striving to know God, we may ultimately arrive at a better understanding of its seeming futility, its apparent paradoxes and its now baffling magnitude. But with the obscure

abstractions of such men as Emerson, who was wont to profess knowledge

Beyond the reach

Of ritual, Bible or of speech

Brownson had no patience. He was not afraid to hold the poet equally accountable with the prose writer for sentiments too manifestly at variance with palpable actuality. Because Emerson, whom Brownson admired as a friend and neighbor, epitomized all those faults of ultra-idealism that furnish the theme of Brownson's finest essays, he will be largely cited herein as the foil for our critic's fiercest fencing.

Brownson's analysis of the artificial spiritual exaltation that such men briefly enjoy after casting off all orthodox doctrines, acquired from the memory of his own years of tortured indecision, is startlingly apt and accurate. He likens their temporary ecstasy to a delusion hatched by the Prince of Darkness. It is, so to speak, a false dawn, a deceptive portent of daybreak and really the inaugurator of darker night. “The circle of our vision seems to enlarge; darkness is transformed to light; worlds open upon worlds; we send keen and penetrating glances into the infinite abyss of being; the elements grow obedient to us, work with us and for us, and we seem to be strong with their strength, terrible with their might and to approach and become identical with the Source of all things.”

Here is a masterly expose of the mental processes that jaundice the eyes of soul sick vision and make petty man, feeble reflector of the Creator's glory, himself the sole and efficient cause of All Being. Here in a paragraph is the explanation for the specious triumph, the bitter solace, that savors the poetry of doubters from Omar Khayam to Lord Byron.

This is the false note to be detected by all whose true faith has fortified them against the hollow logic of the mortals who would be gods. Brownson finds Emerson ever dissatisfied, even when he pretends to find man's true goal in constant striving. To know that one can never be happy, that there is no ultimate haven of rest for the aspiring soul, to realize that constantly must

Hills peep o'er hills and Alps on Alps arise

is, as Brownson proves, but to synthesize all pain and misery in one false and ruinous philosophy. Poetry that extols such pessimism, however cleverly phrased, however charmingly

expressed, is, he says, but the hollow husk of true beauty. How different from present-day effusiveness! How strikingly contrasted with a sickly "New Freedom" that would chant the praises of such crass heresy, that would acclaim the poet as "sounding deeper wells of thought" and depict him as a "true iconoclast, shattering with deathless verse the cramping strictures of an outworn Christianity."

Brownson's treatment of Ralph Waldo Emerson's work squares with his attitude toward all writers who prefer to voice their own esoteric fancies rather than employ their talent to give expression to the Goodness, Truth and Beauty than can emanate only from God.

Pride he discovers to be the source of the vaulting ambition that detracts from much work otherwise of considerable literary pretension. He trenchantly assails all who seek to cleverly confound the natural human craving for upward progress, with the pride that feeds the flames of hell. Poetry that soars to the skies and seeks to penetrate that "barrier of blue," is not to be universally acclaimed as genius voicing the insistent desire for that progress after which the soul constantly strives. Byronic raving, as frantic as impotent, against the "God of things as they are," Brownson asserts to be born of sheer self-satisfaction. There is here no humility of imperfection striving toward the good. Rather do we find a haughty arrogance that exclaims: "The defect is not in me, but in things of cosmic fact." Impassioned effort, this spirit of rebellious pride has certainly produced. Such work is often listed in high station among the world's best literature. But Brownson would not have it viewed as real poetry.

There can be no progress, he declares, without true humility. For the spirit of humility prompts the Ego to say "I am frail and fallible; I must learn from all above me; I must seek the good, the true and the perfect." And the expression of that humble longing in prose or poetry will be true literature because it will seek to identify itself with those qualities that find their perfection in God alone. Pride, on the other hand, does not look upward or onward. It "would usurp the perfect . . . it would possess it to exalt and glorify itself." And all the impassioned verse of haughty rebellion, all the sonorous passages of prose that arraign all sound philosophy because

it fails to recognize the Ego as supreme, this critic, whose faith is as a little child's, would efface from the mind and memory of man.

Truly here is criticism that throws down the gauntlet of battle to Modernism! Here is an attitude of mind that knows no timid trembling before the scorn of men who hold that philosophy must change with styles and seasons! How many modern critics would dare to fortify themselves with a faith that has known twenty centuries? For this is a period when men make no distinction between the honorably old and the merely obsolete.

What matters it, they say, what philosophy a writer embraces, if he be but true unto himself? A Shaw or an Ibsen, doubting consistently, ridiculing consistently, consistently irreverent and erratic, has indeed the dubious merit of having "built on his own plane." But what a plane and what a structure!

Such men have contributed nothing to the sum of man's knowledge and achievement. Their philosophy is negative, their criticism chiefly destructive. They flout the time tried and the sacred. Where others of simpler faith have prayed, they scoff. In lands hallowed with the sacred dust of generations of unquestioning believers, they write only to mock God, scorn objective morality, and build up a frenzied philosophy, soulless, comfortless, purposeless. And fawning critics acclaim their "splendid originality" and spread much laudatory ink in treating the "daring departures" of these "modern geniuses."

But Brownson would have said, as indeed he did say to their prototypes of his own generation: "You have no true genius. Denying God, destiny and objective realities, you deny purpose, reason and progress. Your work renounces the only fount of Goodness, Truth and Beauty. Without this essential trinity, your work becomes a mere meaningless wedding of words."

Thus the starting point of Brownson's literary criticism is faith in a personal God and the truths of the Church. Poetry he conceives to be an expression of the aspiring soul, ever striving to attain the perfection ordained by the Creator as possible for all men. All beauty proceeds from, just as it necessarily centers in, the Supreme Being. The legitimate range of poetical expression compasses all of Nature, all of the Universe, all that is; but it must be appreciated as

God's handiwork, and as objective reality.

Brownson pictures well the perplexity of the groping genius that turns at last desperately to itself, and tries to make the Ego author of all that exists about him. "He loves and woos nature, for he fancies her beauty and loveliness emanate from the divinity of his own being; and he affects to walk the fields and the woods as a god surveying his own handiwork. It is he that gives the rose its fragrance, the rainbow its tints and the golden sunset its gorgeous hues. But the illusion does not last. He feels that after all he is a man, only a man; and the enigma of his own being

The fate of the man child
The meaning of man.

To Emerson there was no ultimate solution of the problem. To Brownson, the way to the solution, if not the virtual answer itself, is to be found in Faith, fortified by Revelation and supplemented by philosophical knowledge. This is his first and greatest tenet. His mode of approach to primary considerations of literary criticism, is faultless. His logic is sound. His sympathy for the erring is made abundantly manifest in his treatment of Emerson, the genius without a guide.

(Conclusion next week.)

Varsity Verse.

PROLOGUE.

Let us take a journey to the "Land of Let's Pretend"
"Ad Hades cum sapientia" let Folly be your friend.

It was a funny scene I saw
The Notables of every time,
It wasn't quite "within the law,"
This Folly Pantomime.

It was a frolic of the dead,
This pleasure palace where they dwelt,
The grand march of the night was led,
By Teddy Roosevelt.

And William Howard Taft was there
Dispensing liquid cheer
He was the round-faced gentleman
Who drove away all fear.

Jim Corbett with Miss Pankhurst danced,
The suffragette was slow,
They danced to "Too Much Mustard" sung
By Mister Car-u-so.

Bill Sunday gave a little talk
Eve Tanguay passed the hat,
And Harry Thaw began to balk
When Doc Cook came to bat.

And just as things were going great
There was an awful whine,
For some one opened up the gate
And in came grape-juice Bryan.

MY FRIEND.

I loved him and he trusted me—
He surely did like pie,
I used to kiss his hand and thrust
My finger in his eye.

When in the dentist chair in town
He always held a rose,
And when he wished to show me love
He bit me on the nose.

I've often seen him rub the rib—
Bons off a barber pole,
He fried eggs in his bathtub which
Held all his winter coal!

He used to bring me baseball bats
Whenever we had rec.
He's often purchased red-hot dogs
And thrust them down my neck.

He isn't what he used to be,
Though more than what he was,
The reason given for the change,
Is usually "becuse."

MY BOOKS.

Some one responds to an inquiet mood,
Or soothes the spirit as an anodyne
When fevers burn my soul, or I would breed
Upon some venial wound. A spark divine
Of noble aspiration in-a mine
Of golden thought, reveals my sordid fears
And leads me to the heights of lives sublime.
I live again with men of every time.
Rehearse their follies, triumphs, love and tears
In epic prose of flaming lyric rhyme,
View fallen Tyre in Tyre's resplendent prime;
And Egypt's cryptic romance reappears,
Translated by a wizardry of art
That sensed the secrets of a nation's heart.

G. H. S.

SWEET SCHOOL DAYS.

This summer father put me in his bank
And made me act as his assistant clerk,
So I've decided to come back to school
'Cause I prefer real pleasure to hard work.

Ethical Dishonesty.

BY EDWARD N. MARCUS.

Wilson wanted to leave. He wanted to go home and tell his wife of his good fortune. But the Sales Manager evidently had no intention of parting with the newly-made Assistant Sales Manager for some time and the latter not wishing to offend his chief made no motion to go.

"Wilson," said Rogers, leaning back in his chair and blowing out large clouds of smoke as he puffed on a fresh cigar, "do you know why I made you my assistant—why I chose you in place of any one of a dozen or more older men?"

"Well, Mr. Rogers," answered Wilson flushing somewhat at the question. "I have always done my best and I suppose this comes as a reward for my humble services."

"Yes that is true in a general way, but there was one thing in particular you did that awakened in me a recognition of your ability. Do you remember Cox?"

"The big shoe-merchant at Dayton?"

"The very one. Three of our best salesmen worked that territory before you and not one of them ever succeeded in getting an order out of him. When you landed him I knew you were the man for the position of Assistant Sales Manager and that's what got you the job. Tell me, how did you land that old codger?"

Wilson smiled. Little did he dream when he got Cox to sign that first order six months previous, that he was also getting a new and better position. "Just a little trick of the trade, Mr. Rogers. When I first took that territory you told me to camp on Cox's trail and sell him. That was easily said, but it takes two to make a bargain and the Cox portion showed decided disinclinations to our lines. I knew it meant a whole lot to me to get him on the list of customers and I used to lie awake nights thinking up schemes to wrest an order from him. If he would only have looked at the goods it might have been different, but for some reason or other he was so prejudiced against our shoes, that the most I ever got from him was a monosyllabic refusal to even look at the stuff. I couldn't get past the first line of forts in order to work on him at close range. But whatever one may say of old Cox he is unusually alive to

money-making propositions and I felt that if I could make an appeal to him through his pocketbook I might meet with success. Accordingly I hatched a scheme that was unusual in shoe-salesmanship. The next time I was in Dayton I called on him as usual. He saw me coming in and reached for his hat intending to slip out the rear door. Not a bit abashed by this cordial reception, I called to him. My futile calls at the store made me the object of derision by the clerks and they tittered and snickered as I passed down the aisle to the back of the store.

"Persistence, thou art a jewel," I heard him mutter. He shook hands rather cordially however, and I felt more at my ease. No progress otherwise though,—he didn't want to look at my goods.

"Mr. Cox," I said, "the company is sending a brand new model shoe. I expect it to be here on the 4:30 express, and I should like you to have first chance at it."

"Yes?" he queried, rather interestedly.

"That gave me confidence and I began to talk to him about it. In the end I got permission to show him the shoe that night. Of course you know no shoe came by express and the model I showed him was the "Hartford which had been on the market for a month. The ruse worked though, he bought a nice order of "Hartfords" and incidentally some others, gave them an advertising boost and they sold like hotcakes. Now I'm always welcome at the Cox Shoe Co."

The Sales Manager laughed. "A pretty clever stunt, although it must be used with great discretion. Come in to-morrow and we'll talk things over thoroughly. Wifey will be anxious to hear about your advancement."

Wilson lost no time in getting home. "You are late to-night, Art."

"Yes, Rogers kept me a little while to tell me that I have been appointed Assistant Sales Manager."

"Assistant Sales Manager?"

"Those very words!"

"Tell me, how did it happen?" she asked excitedly.

"Oh, I told a lie once."

"Stop that nonsense and tell me the truth. You know I'm anxious to hear."

"Don't worry dear, this was an honest lie. Come on, I'm hungry and I'll tell you all about it at supper."

The History of a Raindrop.

J. C. L.

"My history!" said the raindrop; "you have no idea how much you have requested. To give you my history, and I suppose you mean by that my experiences, would require far more time than I have just now at my disposal. However, if Mother Nature will allow me to tarry that long I shall give you an outline of my past.

"Very many ages ago, some six thousand years it is generally reckoned by me, I was given my existence by the Creator and placed in the service of his Handmaid, Nature. During all the years and centuries that have elapsed since then I have shifted about over the world always visiting new portions and revisiting the old. I travel, as you know, under different forms. Ordinarily, I go as you see me now; but for quick and easy moving, I dissolve into vapor and mount the winds, or, if I desire a rest, I find some nice cool spot and turn into a solid.

"Thus I have journeyed, and more than once, to the ends of the earth. There is not a continent, scarcely an island, that I have not visited at one time or another. I have travelled over and through, above and below seas, and fields, and forests, and hills, and valleys, and mountains, and deserts, so often that I have a picture of them all in my memory. I know the channel of the great rivers of the world just as you know the turns and stretches of the roads through the country. I have made the long trip down the Nile, the Euphrates, the Tiber, the Thames, the Rhine, the Rhone, the Amazon; time and again have I coursed down your own great Missouri and Mississippi, sometimes all the way from their sources.

"I have visited towns and cities in every country and in every age. Among the many, Jerusalem, Athens, Carthage, London, Paris; nor am I a stranger in your modern New York and Chicago; I have been through their factories, shops, hotels, even private residences.

"You imagine, perhaps, that during so many and varied wanderings I have never had a moment's rest in one place. But I have. Once I was lodged for more than a century on a frozen peak of the Alps. It seems that I was fated to remain there for all time, but

with a snow-slide I glided down into the warm sunshine and started again into active life. And then for years and years at a time I have rolled around idly on the waves of the ocean. Nor must you think that my travels have been mere pleasure trips. It would take a long time to review in detail the good that I have done. I have served men day after day, month after month, and year after year; I have quenched their thirst, and washed their faces; I have helped to grow the grass, the grain and the trees of the forest; I have helped to draw the long trains that wind over the plains and through the mountains, to bear the heavy-laden ships across the broad seas, to extinguish the flames of the burning city—in a word, I have served you in every way that water may.

"Oh yes! I have done some harm too. I was part, a small part to be sure, but none the less a part, of the Deluge that swept man, beast, and every living thing from the face of the earth. I saw the Ark as it floated quietly and securely on the crest of the flood. I saw the waters close over the head of the last survivor of the wicked race. I do not always come as I did in the gentle shower this afternoon; but often in the raging tempest, often in the storm of snow and hail, sometimes in the cloud-burst that breaks forth, flooding, drowning and carrying everything away before it. At one time I am flying about as the soft, light snowflake, before long I am rushing with the wild and noisy torrent; very soon again I am babbling in the glistening brook, or oozing up from under ground in the cool spring; but amid all the chances and changes always remaining the same, and so shall I remain till the end of time. How long that will be I know not. Possibly my end will come tomorrow, or, perhaps my life is just begun. But however long or short the time, I shall play my part as best I can.

"Hark! Dame Nature is calling me now. Do you hear the whistling of the zephyrs over there among the trees? That means that I am needed elsewhere. I have been allowed to remain longer than I had thought. But do not think that I have told you all, or half, or even a hundredth part. It is only an extract from my diary. Good-bye."

Who up the ascending way doth mount,
With patient industry,
Bathes in the waters of joy's purest fount,
And hears their songs of glee.

The Madness of Hamlet.

 MARK L. DUNCAN.

The subject of Hamlet's sanity has been one of much controversy. It is argued that Hamlet was possessed of his right mind and also that he was not. However, it seems very strange to many to accuse Hamlet of being of unsound mind. It is true that he was under great mental pressure and perhaps brooded over his manifold troubles; but that he did the things he did because he was really insane does not seem plausible.

Hamlet was certainly an exceptional character. This may be due largely to the fact that his environment was uncommon and that he was subjected to scenes that are rarely experienced by others of his age. A young man, not too robust in health, as we know him, we see that he was rather given to moments of melancholia. Such a habit or disease is not fitting in a young man whose future might have been a promising one had not intermediate events shattered it. Undoubtedly he was extremely self-conscious and was constantly attempting to read his own character. This in itself was a physical defect and one conducive to possible grave results. Thus it is very likely that he was given to self-condemnation. To see oneself so thoroughly and at the same time to try to improve one's character is noble enough, indeed. But the likelihood that the habit will be attended with dire results instead of fostering a better nature, is obviously great.

Hamlet's education had not been neglected, and he had been much in the company of elders. He had had a chance to study them and learn their peculiarities of character. All this helped him in his feigned insanity, for he was able to employ an appropriate manner of approach and attack upon any of his fellows. The appearance of the ghost before Hamlet, its telling him what he should do and should not do, naturally aroused the blood of the young man. That his mother had acted unbecomingly, if not evilly, became apparent to Hamlet, and he sorrowed to think upon it and how the spirit of his father still grieved.

Hamlet had been naturally of a very idealistic nature. Although he had associated with men to some extent, still he had had many of the youthful joys of life, and this sudden sorrow

seemed to cast a gloom over him that nothing could efface—not even the entreaties of his dearest and closest friends. Self-conscious as Hamlet was, he was able to see that the effects of the apparition might easily bear upon his reason and unbalance his mind. His uncle would thereupon constantly be looking after him and might suspect that the young man was plotting against him. It was then that Hamlet decided to feign madness in order to avert any suspicion which the present King might have as to what Hamlet really knew about the murder. And if he did suspect Hamlet's knowledge he would think him incapable of carrying out any sane or reasonable plan. Some critics say it is impossible for a man to counterfeit madness as Hamlet did, but this is answered by saying that if it was possible for Shakespeare to conceive of such a character and put him into action, then it was equally possible for such a man to actually exist. That his elders attributed Hamlet's madness to unrequited love for Ophelia was a point in favor of the young Prince, so far as his plan was concerned.

The longer Hamlet played the rôle, the greater interest he seemed to take in it, entering into it with heart and soul. Naturally a man so conscientious as Hamlet would have scruples against committing bloodshed without due cause. The ghost is very careful with his words to Hamlet and ends by saying "Taint not thy mind." He would not have Hamlet commit a great wrong in order to gain revenge; evil must not be done that good may follow.

Polonius says, "Though this be madness, yet there is method in it." Although he believes Hamlet to be mad, yet he sees that there is much wisdom in what the Prince says. They are far wiser words than those of a lunatic. Then, too, the play within the play is one of the best proofs of Hamlet's sanity. Could a playwright of sound mind and reputation have planned a production with more care than did Hamlet direct this little scene? His suggestions are ripe from his mind and give no intimations of mental unbalance. When Hamlet sees that the desired effect upon the King has been obtained he is indeed happy. For it was his chief delight to torture the mind of this old murderer.

ELOQUENCE is the sound that issues from an impassioned soul.—*Lacordaire*.

My Garden and My Flowers.

BY C. M. B. B.

My flower garden is not fair to see; yet I would wager that it has flowers as varied and as charming as any placed by Nebuchadnezzar in the hanging gardens he reared to please the fancy of his queen. Nature has sown my garden, and has used, in scattering her seeds, all of the wondrous art that she alone possesses. Yet my flowers are not all perennials, for some have blossomed but for a single season beneath my watching eye. Many houses both ancient and new, with their threatening, grimy chimney-pots look down upon my flowers from every side, and seem to ask in a confidential way: "Why, what is so queer a thing as a flower garden in a place like this?" But I do not mind the presence of the houses, nor even their rudeness to my garden; for the sombre blackness of some of the dwellings (as, for instance, the unpainted ugliness of the house across the way) serves to bring out in relief more bold the brightness, life and color of my blossoms. Then, too, the dwellings shelter my loved ones when the storms are blowing, and were it not for their kindly service, I fear my garden would be scantily stocked. For this fairy garden, that I have said so much about, is merely the city street as it stretches out beneath my windows—yea, an hundred feet of city street with dwelling houses on either hand and motor cars clanging down the middle thereof,—that is my flower garden.

I never yet saw garden more conveniently at hand than mine; for I have only to draw my easy-chair near the window and I can look down into my garden and see my flowers as they pass. I am often thus, and when my mother—a fair rose amid my fairest flowers—sees me sitting idle and smiles to see me spinning filmy day-dreams, she little thinks that I am looking past the half-closed book and am in my garden with my flowers—my human blossoms; for the flowers that grace my tiny plot are merely the passers-by to whom my fancy has given names.

Would you like to see my garden some day with me? Then come early and place your chair near mine, close to the window. It is scarcely seven o'clock in the morning now, and though we may have missed some very early risers,

there is no fear that we have lost the gems of the collection. Even those that left their couches early may appear before us as they return from walk or swift ride or drive. The season is springtime, early May; for in this month my flowers are stirring most, and I wish you to see my garden at its best. You may find summer flowers and winter ones as well, but never mind the incongruity; this is a fairy garden, you must remember, and all things take place in fairy tales.

There comes the first flower; see her tripping down the steps yonder fresh as the new day. She is going around the corner to see her dearest friend; both will return together presently, for the friend has an early breakfast. What flower is she? Can you not guess by looking at her wealth of golden hair and her sprightly step as she moves along? She is a crocus or a jonquil, surely, and I call her my jonquil, for she is never blue as your modern cultivated crocus sometimes is.

Look now at the little fellow skipping gaily along, whistling as though to mock the birds and moving as if he owned every foot of ground he treads on. That is the Johnny-jump-up of my garden: call him pansy or hearts-ease if you will, but these are names that do not fit him. He is an old-fashioned Johnny-jump-up with the same saucy look that this flower has. Scan closely his little face with its deep brown eyes and fringe of touseled golden hair and you will see that I am right. I have pansies in my garden; this is only a Johnny-jump-up.

Here is a whole group of my best flowers; watch them very closely lest some of them escape your view. See those two little girls, walking, or rather dancing, hand in hand; they are two daisies, just as fresh and sweet and with hearts as golden and as true as ever daisies had. They are friends that do not leave me, for they are just as fresh and lively in the summer when they look almost angelic in their pretty, white be-ribboned frocks, as they are in winter when, with cheeks aglow, they pelt each other with white snowballs.

That tall girl just behind the daisies—she with the pretty face and scrawny figure—is my hollyhock. Is she not aptly named? Her pretty color and her dark black hair are really charming. What a pity she is so attenuate! Just like the hollyhock her beauty is not one of anything but face. Never mind that, though, she is at the awkward age of early girlhood

now; full curves will come with time, and then many a youth will sue before her shrine.

Close behind the hollyhock is another pretty face—a marigold is this one; for that face has no perfume of intellect, no gleam of soul behind it to give it added charm. She is passing fair despite it all, and many men will love her for her face and despise her lack of soul. Thank heaven she is only negatively bad, for she is weak! She can do no evil that is positive; her sins will be all of omission not of trespass.

Near the marigold is my snap-dragon—a rotund little German with a face like that of the moon when it looks down full sized over the tree-tops. I love my kindly snap-dragon, for a warm heart is throbbing beneath his queer blue coat. See that little dog leaping and bounding all about him as if he wished to show his master how glad he is to see the sunshine. Good old German Fritz picked up that dog as a puppy in the street, set tenderly the legs the trolley car had broken and nursed him back to life. Do you wonder that the grateful creature adores the very ground Fritz presses with his broad-toed shoes?

Take away your eyes from that group and do not follow them too far, else you lose the sight of many other blossoms. Yonder around the corner is coming again my jonquil. Her friend is with her now, and I am sure there could not be a much more perfect contrast. Surely there is something in the fact of electric science that only unlike poles attract, for my jonquil and her brunette friend are truly a woman's edition of the old-time fable of Pythias and Damon. The dark girl is my poppy, for she strikes with her beauty all aflash as does the flower, and there lurks in her deep brown eyes an intoxication just as subtle as the flower's heart contains. See the girl to whom these two flowers are speaking; she is one of my roses that budded but this season. Look at her and you can tell that she has blossomed forth beneath the chandeliers; for, as she looks up, you can almost see from here how dark are the rings beneath her pretty eyes. Too much society does not agree with her, and I fear that two or three more years of it will spoil the beauty of this my "la France rose." I am surprised to see her out thus early, but May is not all gayety, and she perhaps spent more than half last night at home.

The young man who has just joined company with "la France" is one of the blots upon

the beauty of my garden. His sallow face, his languid air and perpetual cigarette have won for him the honor of being the dockweed of my garden. He had a sister, though!—poor little Pearl—whose beauty was as tender and as fragile as the flower whose name she bore, for she was my lily-of-the-valley. She lived in the sombre house across the way, and I always looked expectantly for her smile when she tripped down the steps and sped away to school. One day, though, I missed her; and my heart was heavy when I saw the doctor's carriage stopped before the door. A little bit of crape told us, four days after, the end of her sad story, and I noticed that all my flowers, even to my Johnny-jump-up, gloomed awhile their brightness when they saw that sign of woe. Nature has never wafted another such a lily into my garden.

Here now is a group of my homely old-time flowers. These laughing, chatting negroes are my pansies, portulaca and ragged pinks. That little lad behind them with the flaming hair is my carnation, to be sure, and the blue-eyed girl across the street, who never fails to smile in passing, is my forget-me-not.

That is a lily yonder, tall and graceful brunette that she is, but wanting in fire and spirit. No tiger-lily she, but rather the tender calla or the flowers of the Bermudas that bloom at Eastertide. But there behind her is another rose; I must be going now, for she is my "American beauty," and I cannot let her pass. I am rude, you say—well, but you must remember this is a fairy garden, and all things can have place in fairy tales. Come again tomorrow after luncheon, and I will show you my other flowers.

Some Day.

'Tis sweet to limn in waking dreams
Fair pictures out of dim hope gleams
To see the future rosy hued
And all the world with good imbued,
Pleasant to hide our cares away
And picture what will come some day.

'Tis sweet to free from reason's chains
Our minds, for when our fancy reigns
We are true princes, we have gained
Successes no man e'er attained.
Dear dreams of youth, nay, sweet away
To picture what will come some day.

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—With genuine sorrow we lay a mourning wreath on the grave of the late Archbishop Quigley. He was a great prelate, and in any age

of the Church or in any country he would have been an outstanding figure. In him were singularly combined those qualities of strength

and gentleness which sit so becomingly on the priestly character; in him was a great and fine devotedness to the souls trusted to his care. Trojan and Tyrian were treated by him without discrimination, and the spiritual welfare of the lowliest member of his flock was to him a matter of acute solicitude. He was a martyr to his work, and the great Archbishopric over which he presided will cherish his memory as one of its noblest, ablest and strongest prelates.

For Notre Dame the Archbishop always entertained a deep affection. He brought his splendid priests every year for their annual retreat and in many ways manifested an interest and friendship that was precious to all of us. There will be many prayers for the repose of his soul. *R. I. P.*

—The barrier is down and the merry race is on once more. The school year of 1915-16 has officially commenced, and it behooves all

of us to officially and earnestly commence with it. A good start, a real start, and one

worth while will prove a mighty big factor in our ultimate success. Whether we finish our school year next June with flying colors or a heavy heart depends a great deal upon the way we travel these first few weeks. A lagging behind, a shirking of duty now, a spirit of indifference, may very easily lose for us now more than we can possibly regain by frenzied sprinting at the end of the year. Getting on the right road now and sticking to it consistently is the only sure policy that will put us up ahead and keep us there.

It may be hard to settle down into a studious routine just at present, when the weather is still abominably hot, and the joyous moments of summer are yet uneffaced from our memory, but the sooner we realize that the hilarious days of recreation are over the better will be our chances of getting through the year with a good record,—and a good record and a successful year are what we are all striving for. For those of us who are just beginning our scholastic careers at Notre Dame, this year should be made one really worth while, and for those of us who are to graduate in June it should be made the best and finest year in our whole lives, but to do either requires an immediate start. The longer we lazily drift with the tide the harder is it going to be to shake off the tired feeling and begin right. It's easy enough to be an "also ran," but if we want individual laurels, personal success, the name and fame of one who has made good, we've got to get busy now and not rely on future hazy bursts of speed to put us through. A good start is half the race.

The Late Bishop of Dacca.

The well-known "Veritas," Roman correspondent of the *Philadelphia Standard and Times*, has the following interesting reminiscences of the late Bishop Frederick Linneborn, C. S. C., of Dacca, India.

Just a few words of personal reminiscence on my old and dear friend, the Right Rev. Frederick Linneborn, Bishop of Dacca, India, whose death has been officially announced to the Sacred Congregation of the Propaganda for some weeks. When he filled the office of procurator-general of the Congregation of Holy Cross in Rome we lived together for two years and therefore I have all the more reason for regretting his untimely death and for appreciating the loss which the flourishing congregation to which he belonged sustains. For Father Linneborn was a clergyman deeply respected in the Eternal City, a man born to bring honor upon any society to which he might belong.

There is just one memory that comes before me about Bishop Linneborn, now that he has gone over to the majority. It is connected with his nomination as Bishop of Dacca.

"Do you know, Father Linneborn," I remarked one evening on sitting down to supper, "that you have been made a Bishop?"

"Go on, tell us another!" he replied with a big, hearty laugh that never failed to make life with him so pleasant. His laugh was, if I may so put it, in proportion to his stature. He was a great big man with a broad brow and a frank, cheerful countenance.

"No, it is no jest. You have been named Bishop of Dacca, the diocese given to your congregation. The Holy Father has ratified within the past day or two the choice of Propaganda."

For some reason or another no intimation of the appointment came to him for a considerable time. A week, two and four weeks passed by, and still nothing from Propaganda. A cable came to Father Linneborn from the General of the Congregation of Holy Cross, United States, inquiring as to the truth of the report that he (Father Linneborn) had been nominated a Bishop. But all he could reply was: "Know nothing officially." No word yet from Propaganda.

Next morning he felt the situation keenly. "I am in a delicate position," he said to the writer. But that evening the official announcement reached him from His Eminence Cardinal Gotti, Prefect of the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda, who held a very high opinion of the zealous American.

"In all my years as Prefect of this Sacred Congregation," said the great Carmelite to Father Linneborn, the next day in Propaganda, "I have not seen more unanimity among those responsible for the choice of Bishops than has been shown in your regard."

It was a high compliment, and one well deserved. Before his consecration took place Pope Pius X. presented the good American ecclesiastic with a beautiful pectoral cross of gold, and an Irish-American took care the chain should be in keeping with it.

Bishop Linneborn was an alumnus of the University and was formerly a professor and Rector of Holy Cross Seminary. A notice of his death appeared in the mid-summer SCHOLASTIC.

Personals.

—Rev. Francis Clement Kelley (LL. D., '07) has an exquisitely beautiful tribute to the late Archbishop Quigley in the August *Extension*. One paragraph of particular interest to our readers is as follows:

I shall never forget my first meeting with Archbishop Quigley. It was on the piazza of the Presbytery at Notre Dame University. I was tired; for I had been trying to find some one to put his love back of the home missions, and powerful enough to give the work I had been dreaming of an effective support. It was too dark that evening for me to see very much of the face of Archbishop Quigley; but the outline of his head gave me the impression of having my own father before me; and he had been a stern man.

Perhaps I talked for twenty-minutes—bolder than I thought I ever could be, gaining confidence from the silence of the listener. When I had finished, the Archbishop did not speak for a few moments. After that he did not need to speak; for, without his having said a word, I knew that the day was won. Here at last, after years of weary waiting, I had been given a hearing. Without being told, I knew that the work was about to begin; and that this man before

me, sitting silent but all intent, had weighed the thing *with himself left out*. I could then almost see my own father in front of me, studying the right and the wrong—the good and the evil of my petition—and coming to the decision that his reason rather than his heart dictated. The impressions of that evening at Notre Dame are as vivid with me to-day, after ten years, as they were then. They will always be as vivid.

It is not generally known that the Church Extension Society was born at the University of Notre Dame. We are proud of the circumstances and feel that the good work being done by that admirable society must bring God's blessing on Alma Mater.

—Ignacio Quintanilla (E. M., '15) is now directing work on a new Copper Mine in Cuba.

—George W. Sprenger (LL. B., '08) has been appointed Judge of the Juvenile Court of Peoria, Illinois.

—Joseph W. Stack (B. S. in Biol) has been appointed instructor in Zoology in the Michigan Agricultural College at Lansing. Good Luck!

—Professor Jerome J. Greene, late of the Department of Electrical Engineering, has recovered his health in California and will teach next year in San Diego.

—Mr. Frank H. Stamm (student '73-'74) visited the University last week and renewed old friendships. He was accompanied by his wife and daughter. Mr. Stamm is the proprietor of the Hotel Stamm in Wheeling, West Virginia, one of the popular hotels of the South.

—Charles Sweeney (student 1898-99) is attached to the Second Regiment of the Foreign Legion in the armies of France. He has recently been made a Sub-Lieutenant. His promotion was gazetted in the *Journal Officiel*.

—On Wednesday, August 8, Miss Emma Christene Stuppy and Mr. Charles A. Roach (old student) were united in marriage at Indianapolis, Ind. After the first of October they will be at home in Bourbonnais, Ill.

—Born to Mr. and Mrs. Albert Alton Kotte, Alliance, Ohio, on August 26th, Mary Kathryn Kotte.

Al writes: "I am not a good alumnus, but Mary Kathryn will be eligible for St. Mary's."

—Dr. L. G. Christian (old student) is now City Physician of Rock Springs, Wyoming, with offices in the Anderson Block. Dr. Christian's loyalty to the old school—"remembering my happy and fruitful days with you"—

is being proved in the most practical way. He is a booster that boosts.

—We announce with much pleasure the elevation of the Right Rev. Francis Clement Kelley (LL. D., '07) to the position of Protonotary Apostolic, with the title of Right Reverend Monsignore. Never was honor more worthily bestowed. We congratulate Monsignor Kelley, and look forward to the day when he will be called to even greater dignities.

—Cards are out announcing the marriage of Miss Clara Christine Kennedy to Mr. Thomas Daniel Lyons (Litt. B., '04). The place was Amsterdam, N. Y., and the date September 2nd. Tom Lyons was one of the popular men of his time and his work since leaving school has fulfilled all promises. Mr. and Mrs. Lyons will be at home after December 1st at 1617 South Denver Avenue, Tulsa, Okla.

—Accompanying a beautifully engraved invitation from the Philippine Board of the Panama Pacific Exposition is a card which bears the name of "Segundo Hipolito, Representative of the Philippine Librard, at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, San Francisco, Cal." This is our old friend of Brownson, and we wish to share with our readers our own delight in finding him doing so important work for his country.

—The August number of *Extension*, the official organ of the Catholic Church Extension Society of the United States, is an educational number. It contains an article by the President of the University entitled, "The Value of a University Education," and a most interesting article by Rev. Dr. Irving, C. S. C., Professor of Physics at Notre Dame, on the "Advantages of a Technical Training," and a valuable contribution on "How I worked My Way through College," by Jeremiah E. McCarthy of Sorin Hall.

Obituary.

THE HON. LUCIUS HUBBARD, LL. D., '93.

With extreme regret we announce the death of the Hon. Lucius Hubbard, who passed away at his home in South Bend, on August 10th, at the age of seventy-one. Lucius Hubbard was a man of remarkable mind and character. He had been a State Senator and former Judge of the Circuit Court of St. Joseph County. He was honored by lawyers as one of the most wonderful members of the profession.

His character was uniformly admired. No

emolument could tempt him a hair's-breadth from the straight line of duty. A gentleman of the highest probity, a friend of tried and unshakable loyalty, a citizen of greatest worth, Judge Hubbard is lamented by all who knew him.

He was for a time a professor in the School of Law at Notre Dame and was himself a student in the School of Law at the age of fifteen.

To the bereaved family and particularly to his son, Arthur L. Hubbard, a professor of Law in the University, we extend our heartfelt sympathy.

John Maloney of Brownson Hall has the sympathy of the Faculty and students in the sudden but not unprovided death of his good father who passed away at his home several months ago. News of his death has just reached the University. He will be remembered in prayer. *R. I. P.*

Mr. John W. Schindler (LL. D., '09) has the sympathy of a multitude of friends in the death of his father who passed away suddenly at his home in Mishawaka, August 2d. Mr. Schindler was a man of most excellent quality and many civic and religious virtues. He was greatly respected and beloved in the community in which he lived. *R. I. P.*

In the Old Days.

Time was when the SCHOLASTIC contained a real "Roll of Honor" just like the *Chimes*, and among the names thereon we find Fred Powers, Warren Cartier, and Frank Ackerman—how they must have changed since! Some of the other names on said roll are Backrack, Bloomhuff, Blumenthal, Beerman, Boettcher, Bombeck, Beckwith, Baldrick, Brewer and Morgenweek, "them was the days when Notre Dame was not neutral."

Those students who believe that the trick of changing recreation days into class days was invented by our present Director of Studies should look into the SCHOLASTIC of 1886, where we read "Tuesday's classes will be held on Wednesday."

In the olden days the SCHOLASTIC gave two pages to St. Mary's Academy, the St. Mary's students furnishing the news and editing the section. Now and then we run upon such items in this section as the following: "Miss

Horn, class of '87, has returned to St. Mary's to take the advanced course in music." We learn from later numbers that Miss Horn was accustomed to make good music.

Louis Reed, who gave such an interesting and amusing talk at the Alumni Banquet last year has a story in an old SCHOLASTIC which ends in the following manner: "With one mighty effort Denton rouses himself from his stupor and rushes madly out upon the stage. The audience is startled. A cry of derision descends from the galleries but ceases quickly. Denton and Delome are seen grappling with each other. A bloody dagger is in the hand of Delome. Then a cry of horror rings out over the whole house—"

As true as we live this is the kind of stuff Louie Reed used to write when in College.

THE OLD BOYS SUFFERED TOO.

Way back in the nineties, Military drill was a common occurrence at Notre Dame. In 1899

C. H. Atherton	was captain of	Company A
J. F. Murphy	" " "	B
W. M. Geoghegan	" " "	C
P. J. Ragan	" " "	D

and a note in the SCHOLASTIC informs us that "hereafter promotion will be made according to the merit system instead of the age system"—some progress.

Just the other day a stranger sauntered slowly up the steps

And he shivered as he slowly rang the bell,
And he asked if Lottie Collins was attending college still

Or if he could have a word with Runt Cornell.

When I told him they had left us he bowed low his head and wept,

And he pleaded with me as he turned to leave,
If it wouldn't inconvenience you, would you allow me, sir,

To meet my friends, Joe Sullivan and Steve?

They are living in Chicago, they are multi-millionaires,
I informed him; and a light gleamed in his eyes,
And he answered, "College boys are just exactly what they were,

I can tell it from your cheerful little lies."

So he slowly turned and left me standing on the college porch.

And I heard him murmur, "They are gone away—
John J. Dowd and Thomas Dillon, Steele and Henry, Funk and all—

"The old college chums with whom I used to play.

Book Reviews.

"THE LITTLE APOSTLE ON CRUTCHES." By Henriette Delamare. Benzigers. 35 cts.

Here is a very interesting story for children. The Little Apostle is a crippled boy whose affliction instead of rendering him useless, incites him to help others. His many trials and triumphs are pleasingly told, the scenes being set in New York City, New York.

"THE HALDEMAN CHILDREN." By Mary E. Mannix. Price 35 cts.

From the title of this story, we can easily guess the nature of its contents. The plot is somewhat unusual yet pleasingly developed. Young people will follow the fortunes of the Haldemans with eagerness, for the book appeals especially to the youthful mind.

"THE ELDER MISS AINSBOROUGH." By Marion Ames Taggart. Benziger Bros. Price \$1. 25.

This is an admirable story, depicting strong contrasts in character, with an exactness almost realistic. Hedwig, the elder Miss Ainsborough, wins the sympathy of the reader, by the nature of her many sacrifices—for her frivolous young sister. Yet for the sake of contrasts the author has somewhat overdrawn the character of the younger sister. However, we can see a reason for this in the splendid moral the story points out.

Local News.

—Anyone having for sale a copy of the 1915 DOME is requested to communicate with the Students' Office.

—The tennis courts have all been made ready during the last week and white-trousered youths bearing tennis rackets may be seen all over the Campus.

—The youth who appeared at the entrance of the Brownson reading room, mistaking that hall for Walsh, and demanded a room with a bath—got the bath all right.

—The Brownson study hall was filled on Thursday morning and places had to be made for five new students Thursday noon. From the way new students are still coming in it looks as though a new Brownson study hall would soon have to be opened.

—The porch of the Administration Building is being painted and is again taking on the appearance of the White House porch. Every student that entered by the front way last Thursday tested the paint with his hand to ascertain whether or not it was dry—it wasn't.

—A printer's error occurred in Jimmie & Coat's football schedule. The dates of the Nebraska and South Dakota games were transposed. They should read: October 23—University of Nebraska at Lincoln; October 30—University of South Dakota at Notre Dame.

—Yes, I've registered, but I had some difficulty with the Prefect of Studies trying to remain neutral. He insisted on making me take either French or German, and I never thought about fighting against the English class he gave me or I might have side-stepped that too.

—The Campus shower baths for St. Edward Hall are being completed and it will be only a short time till the little fellows will be taking a shower bath every afternoon after their recreation before going to the class room. A great many colds caused by sitting in a cool room when perspiring will then be avoided.

—The new students have been asking if the Notre Dame temperature is normal this year. Ninety degrees in the shade on the 15th of September seems to be a new experience for most of them. Never mind, boys, we are just beginning to get the heat. During October we expect 98 degrees—when the lid goes on.

—B gelow & Compnay, 25 Pine Street, New York City, can place one or two recent graduates of college who are desirous of learning the investment banking business. The salary to start with is a nominal one of five dollars a week. The place is regarded rather as an opportunity to learn the investment banking business than as lucrative employment.

—We haven't as yet located in this year's student body a Glen Herricks or a Bill Ferguson, but one winning youth from Brownson Hall may qualify if he continues to stand on the front porch of the Main Building every day after dinner holding in his mouth an unlit cigar and looking out over the campus as if to assure himself that the boys go to their respective halls.

—The Preparatory school opened on Friday, September 10, and the usually large number of students were on hand for the opening day. Since that time preparatory students, mostly new boys, have been coming in daily and everything points to a banner year in that department. On Friday, the 17th, the Colleges opened with a bang, the largest number of

students being registered on the opening day in the history of the University. Every course is under way now, with practically no stops till Christmas.

—Now that Vinc Mooney is back, the three Editors of the DOME for 1916 may go into conclave any time and pick out the "goats" for next year's humorous section. A student has been appointed to take the measure of the new boys as they come into the News Stand, for it is there more than anywhere else that the real big boy shows himself. It's hard for him to let go of three cents without making a demonstration of some kind.

The Football Outlook.

Vastly different from that of last September is the present football situation at Notre Dame. Then a veteran team was preparing to face the greatest elevens in the country; that the season would be a success was a certainty. This year a new team must face a schedule which, though it may not bring the prestige of last year's slate, will prove equally difficult. Yet the outlook is not so gloomy as might be supposed. Realizing the difficulty of the task before them, many of the players cut short their vacations and reported for pre-season practice. As a result of this sacrifice on the part of the football men, the opening of school finds Notre Dame with more well conditioned men than ever before. Not only are the players on hand in goodly numbers and in fine condition, but they are displaying a spirit unparalleled in Notre Dame football history. The realization that Notre Dame's football reputation is at stake this year more than ever before has given the men a determination that is truly inspiring. The presence of a large number of new men on the Varsity squad has enlivened the fight for positions and the men are going into their work with a spirit that is bound to bring results.

The greenness of the squad is, however, all too apparent. Ten of last year's monogram men were lost by graduation, and the problem of filling these vacant places is indeed a difficult one. Still there are many good men on hand, and if their inexperience does not prove too great a handicap the team will be a strong one.

Coach Harper has been doing some careful planning during the summer and is now trying a number of experiments with the line-up,

some of which may prove successful. Captain Fitzgerald has been shifted from center to guard, the position which he held two years ago. To fill the vacancy at center three men are being tried, Hugh O'Donnell of last year's reserves, McInerny and big Frank, all of last year's Freshman team. O'Donnell showed well last year and is an exceptionally strong defense man. Fitzgerald reported in fine condition and should have the best year of his career. Working along with "Fitz" at guard are the veterans, Emmet Keefe, one of the most dependable men on last year's team, Ward of the 1914 reserves, Franz of last year's Freshman team and Craig, a man who did not play football last year but who has had experience at St. Edward's College, Texas.

Two monogram men are being worked at tackle. They are "Ducky" Holmes who won his monogram by playing a brilliant game against Haskell and "Steve" Steffan whose work in the Syracuse game was one of the features of the season. Steffan played guard last year, but his weight should help him at tackle. "Hoot" King and "Jim" Odam, who were members of the Varsity squad last year, and "Jerry" Jones of the Freshman team are also being worked at tackle. McInerny is receiving a trial at this position as well as at center.

Elward and Baujan, last year's ends are both in line and the wing positions should give little trouble. Whipple, a Freshman end last year is developing fast. Murphy, who played tackle for the yearlings has been shifted to end and Tom King, Corby's basketball star of last year, is being worked at the same position. "Dutch" Yeager, who came back too late to get into the line-up last year, is also a candidate for an end position.

The backfield prospects are not so bright. Quarter presents the greatest problem. Dorais and Phelan of last year's freshman, "Little Dutch" Bergman, pilot of Corby's 1914 eleven, and O'Neill, who played quarter for Walsh, are the men from whom the new quarter back must be picked. Dorais and Bergman are the brothers of two of Notre Dame's greatest stars, but they have yet to demonstrate their own abilities. Cofall, who played a star game at half last year, will be one of the best half-backs in the country this year and it is around the aggressive "Stan" that the new backfield will be constructed. A merry fight is on for

the other half. The candidates are, John Miller, sub-fullback last year, who is going good, Walter Miller, brother of "Red" Miller star halfback in 1909, and Malone, half on the Freshman team last year. Voelkers, sub-center two years ago, is being tried at half, as is Beh, candidate for the line last year. "Bill" Grady, star of the Walsh team last season, completes the list of halves.

To fill the place left vacant by the graduation of Eichenlaub and Duggan, Bachman has been pulled back from the line to fullback. "Bach's" weight and speed should make him a splendid successor to last year's stars. Other candidates for full are, Frank Jones, Slackford and Lawbaugh, all members of last fall's Freshman team.

Despite the intense heat the men have been put through a number of stiff practices. Scrimmage will begin next week and then the season will be on in earnest. The schedule is as follows:

Oct.	2.....	Alma College at Notre Dame
"	9.....	Haskell Indians " " "
"	16.....	Varsity vs. Freshman
"	23.....	Nebraska at Lincoln
"	30.....	South Dakota at Notre Dame
Nov.	6.....	Army at West Point
"	13.....	Creighton at Omaha
"	25.....	Texas at Austin
"	27.....	Rice Institute at Houston

The Freshman team will be called out Sunday morning and suits will be handed out at that time. A good turn-out is expected and the freshmen will be in charge of "Deak" Jones, the popular captain of last year's eleven.

Cartier Field's Improvements.

Improvements will be started on Cartier Field this fall which will make the Varsity athletic field one of the best-arranged of any in the country.

The Field is to be extended 150 feet to the north and a new baseball diamond will be laid out in the north end. The old grandstand will be moved to the baseball diamond.

The tracks will not be changed but a new football field will be made inside the quarter-mile track. That is, the ground now used for the diamond will be turned into the new gridiron. Permanent bleachers will be erected on the east side of the 220-yard straightaway which can be used to accommodate the crowds at both football games and track meets.

Both of these fields will be enclosed by permanent fences. The feature of the new grounds will be two fields for football practice. These will be located in the northeast corner. One of the fields will be for the Freshman team to practice on and the other will be used for Varsity practice. These new practice fields will save the gridiron when the games will be played as most of the wear on the field is caused by the daily practice which takes place in all kinds of weather.

The work will be started immediately, and it is expected that the new field will be completed in a year's time.

Safety Valve.

DEAR MOTHER:—

I am settled down at Notre Dame and I am just enraptured with the luxurious scenery. The little birds that inhabit the air and spill music, the sweet flowers that exude fragrance, the zephyrs that lightly breathe upon one when one walks abroad, all are delightful. But the average student is a harsh, rude character. He uses slang and sings ragtime songs, knowing nothing of Emerson's style and Chopin's melodies. Yesterday I walked up to a boy with a sweet face, who, I thought, must be refined. "Will you pass a delicious hour with me," I said, "playing checkers?" He told me to go to hell. Yes, mother, he did, though his deep brown eyes and dimpled cheeks made him look like an angel. What awful profanity! What outrageous swearing! I left him and walked over to another boy who is in my English class "Let's go out into the woods," I said, "and read that volume of Coventry Patmore recommended by our English teacher." "Don't be an ass," he said, "our teacher never read such rot as that himself. Come down to Hullie's with me, and I'll shake dice with you for the cigars."

Yes, mother, it's true! the students smoke vile pipes and wicked cigars and wont look at Shakespeare and Johnson. I am compelled to go alone into the woods and read my Horace and Virgil and apples drop upon my head out of maple trees. I simply can't understand it—and they drop with such force too. The night before last I must have had a terrible nightmare for at 2 o'clock A. M. I found myself on the floor of the dormitory fully twenty yards from my bed and I had all my bed clothes on top of me including mattress and spring. Two kind boys who happened to be passing—they couldn't sleep and were just going down to the study hall to get their Latin books—helped me back to bed. They said I was carrying all my bedding when they met me and just as they were about to stop me, I fell. I must have struck my head on the floor just where some boy had thrown his gum because I found four wads in my hair this morning that I couldn't get out till the barber cut my hair down to the scalp. My face was as black as a nigger's and the boys said I fell just underneath the stove-

pipe in the dormitory and that the thud loosened it from the wall and let the soot out on my face. I am getting to like the boys better, however, because they are kind. When they saw how black my face was one boy went for some iodine and gave it to me telling me it was the only thing to remove lampblack. I used it as he said and you may be sure it burned but my face is not black as it was, but a queer brown. They told me to use the iodine twice a day and my face would soon be white.

Well, mother, it's nice to be a real college boy and they all tell me I am the real kind that can't be "buffaloed." I don't know just what the word means, but one boy said it meant that the boys were afraid of me and kept their distance.

Give papa a kiss for me and ask sister to send me my work-box as I may be able to do some crocheting on Sunday afternoon.

Very much love from your big boy,

HORACE.

Who put the war in Warsaw?

Old Student—"Did you register at the Students' Office yet?"

New Student—"Yes, and the way the Secretary looked at me scared me half to death. I thought he was going to ask me how to spell Przemyśl."

It shows foresight on the part of those in authority when they put the swimming tank and trunk-room in the same building.

THIS WAY OUT.

Now that serious work has started and the "lid is on" it will behoove many to start their dentist work in town.

You may pour your tea on your saucer and blow on it till you are blue in the face, you may eat with your knife whenever you have a mind to, and do any one of a hundred other little tricks, but if you want to live a peaceful life and have friends don't ask where the golf links is.

Fond parent (*to rector*)—"No, I don't want Hortense to work too hard at his classes for fear of a strain. I simply want him to dip here and there and gather some pearls—"

Old Student (*to his pal*)—"The good woman must have forgotten that we have two lakes here, but I could assure her from the one look I've had at Hortense that before a week is up the dear boy will dip here and there."

Walsh Haller—"Yes, my father got me a job and I've been working all summer and it certainly does seem good to be back again where I can rest."

HEARD IN CORBY.

"Have you heard of the ghastly, gory conflict that is devastating all Europe?"

"No, Algernon, tell us about it."