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At Sunset.

FAR to the softly gleaming west
The fair lands of the sunset lie,—
Vineyard and hill and snowy crest
And field with roadway winding by.

And shining streams in silence flow,
Half murmuring, on to amber seas,
Past shadowy orchards all a-glow
With fruit of the Hesperides.

—♦—
Speer Strahan.

Lincoln's Power of Logical Thought and Expression.

BY WALTER L. CLEMENTS.

WHEN Abraham Lincoln delivered his first inaugural address to our nation, at that time shaken to its foundation by the approaching civil war, leaders in his own party felt that he was little more than a shrewd politician who could thank his lucky stars if he could get capable lieutenants to help his administration through the impending crisis. But to-day the world has formed a different opinion of Lincoln.

The conflicts in which he participated have been replaced by other battles; the sections are once again united in spirit as well as form, and Lincoln is regarded as the colossal figure standing lonely above the greatness which his age has produced. "Now he belongs to the ages," were the words with which his death was announced. The South was still prostrate from the effects of the war, when Henry W. Grady, one of her most ardent sons, pronounced him the 'first American.' The stories of "Honest Abe Lincoln" never grow old as they are passed from lip to lip. People dwell on the poverty of his early life with a touch of that reverence with which they kneel at Bethlehem. They follow his struggle upward through the discouragements and reverses of life to the closing

scene of its tragedy and pronounce him the man of destiny.

This homage is the tribute of popular sentiment, and though the heart often reaches truths by short cuts unknown to reason, it is not wise to let our hearts run too far in advance of our heads. The world feels the inspiration of Lincoln's life, but it is not altogether sure just what that inspiration is and how far it goes. We feel the magnitude of his greatness but fail to comprehend it. We sympathize with his early life but hardly understand how such greatness came of it. Concerning this point an American biographer has declared:

"The great men of various eras and nations are comprehensible at least upon broad lines. The traits to which each owes his own peculiar power can be pretty well agreed upon. . . But Lincoln stands apart, a striking solitude, an enigma to all men. The world eagerly asks of each person who endeavors to speak or write of him: What illumination have you for us? Have you solved the mystery? Can you explain this man? The task has been essayed many times: it will be essayed many times more: it never has been and never will be entirely achieved."

True as these words are, an attempt to define those traits of character which made him great ought to be interesting; it might be illuminative. It is difficult, not because of the complexity of the man's character, but because of its homely simplicity. We too often fail to grasp the all-important things about us because we fail to understand the full force of that word *simplicity*. Philosophers tell us that the soul is simple, that thought is simple, that the process of reason is simple, and that logic is simple. Would it be surprising to learn that simplicity and genius are closely linked together? After all, it is the fundamental principle which is the simplest, and I can not fail to couple the unpretentious plainness of Lincoln's life and the straightforwardness of

his character with his ability to grasp the fundamental principle of any cause to which he directed his attention, while those about him were losing themselves in the "bushel of chaff." This ability seems to be the source of his power of logical thought, logical expression and of action consistent with his convictions. It was the power wherein was the force of his genius.

Lincoln's power to get at the basic issue of a contention is best evidenced by a brief review of the issues of the day and how he met them. Tracing the seed of our civil conflict back to the founding of the republic, it is observed that the fathers of the constitution left two big questions unsettled because perhaps it would have been impossible for the required majority of states to have reached a definite policy concerning them. One was whether or not the state had a right to secede from the Union at its discretion and during the antebellum period of our national existence whenever the people of any particular state or set of states became incensed at the way the majority of the Union was going, they would threaten secession. North as well as South was equally prone to take up this cry of state sovereignty. It was in the Hartford convention that representatives of Massachusetts and Connecticut were among the first to endorse the doctrine. But any attempt to put it into practice was feeble and short of life, until the slavery agitation.

The slavery question was the other bone of contention. Both sections were guilty of its introduction. It was profitable to the South but not to the North. The framers of our constitution recognized it as an evil, but an evil the termination of which might give rise to a greater injury to the general welfare. But with time it was plain that the advance of civilization and the idea of free government had doomed the institution. Slavery being impracticable in the North, naturally abolitionism took root there. The South had something like a billion dollars invested in slavery, and it feared the thought of some of the things which actually did happen later during reconstruction. Hence the struggle between pro and anti-slavery factions for control over the new territories.

When Missouri sought to be admitted in 1820 a clash occurred as to whether that state should be admitted free or slave, until finally Clay secured the Missouri Compromise, admitting that state with slavery, but agreeing to

keep it south of 36-30 north latitude. In 1850 another conflict occurred over the admission of California and the status of territory acquired from Mexico. At this juncture Clay brought forth another compromise, among the measures of which were provisions for a more stringent "fugitive slave law," and that slavery in the territories of Utah and New Mexico should be left to the disposal of the "squatters." But at that state of affairs, compromise engendered discord.

Four years later Stephen A. Douglas introduced his Kansas-Nebraska bill, the most important part of which was to declare that the effect of the bill of 1850 was to leave the question of local government in the future to all territories, and slavery was of course considered a matter of local government. This would practically repeal the first Missouri compromise and leave the matter to be fought out within the Kansas and Nebraska territories. The Dred Scott decision followed upon the heels of the Kansas-Nebraska bill. It reaffirmed the right of property in slaves, and declared the right of the individual to own and possess slaves in any federal territory. This was going a step farther than Douglas had gone. In fact it involved a contradiction to his doctrine of squatter sovereignty, but Douglas ratified the court's decision. He regained his popularity in the North by his stand against the Lecompton constitution, when "bleeding Kansas" sought to be admitted, and he was the leader of northern Democracy.

Had the pro-slavery measures of this period been brought to a successful conclusion, it is probable that the institution would have been nationalized. Yet it is more certain that slavery would have eventually been forced to go. The abolitionists of this period forced the issue with their wild agitation for immediate emancipation. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" had stirred the emotions of thousands of readers. Was there ever a better subject for the fanatic's howl than slavery? The South rightfully became alarmed at some of the demands of the abolitionists. It had to face conditions and not wild theories. It had a billion dollars in slavery, and was, like all mankind, loath to abandon any material interest. It would retain the institution, though that meant secession. The conflict was irrepressible, patriots lost their reason, and partisanship ruled.

Into this vortex of political excitement

circumstances drew Abraham Lincoln. When he was chosen by the newly organized Republican party to run against Douglas for United States Senator, he was far from being a national figure. The attention of the nation never would have been called to him had he not been pitted against such a powerful antagonist. But when the public read the accounts of the joint debates between him and the "little giant," it was surprised to find that Douglas had at last met his match. Lincoln's analysis of the fundamental issues of the day was deeper, more thorough, and more plainly put than anything Sumner, Chase, or Seward had shown. His political insight was more far-reaching than that of the leaders in either party. He saw that Douglas was the one hope of uniting the southern and northern wings of the Democratic party in the coming presidential race which would occur two years later. The southern wing was dominated by the slave owner, the northern wing was against the slave-propaganda. By two brief questions he showed the inconsistency of Douglas' attempt to play both ends of the game and spoiled his chance for the presidency. Believing that it was intended by the pro-slavery advocates that the Dred Scott decision was to be eventually extended over the free states as well as the territories, he put to Douglas these questions:

"Can the people of a United States territory in any lawful way, against the wish of any citizen of the United States, exclude slavery from its limits prior to the adoption of a state constitution?"

"If the Supreme Court of the United States shall decide that states can not exclude slavery from their limits, are you in favor of acquiescing in, adopting, and following such decisions as a rule of political action?"

In order to keep the favor of his section, Douglas was forced to answer the first affirmatively and the latter negatively. Lincoln then pointed out the inconsistency between the territorial policy of Douglas and his stand for the Dred Scott decision. Lincoln knew that the southern politicians would infer from Douglas' negative answer that they could not depend on Douglas to co-operate with their plans and that his intra-territorial policy would lead them to doubt the constancy of his political doctrine. Douglas won the senatorial race, but, as Lincoln foresaw, he divided his party and lost the presidential race of '60.

Had Douglas answered these questions conversely, he would have lost the support of the northern voter. They were dilemmas which politically ruined Douglas either way he answered them, but they were neither the cunning contrivance of a shrewd brain nor born of a prophet's vision. They were the outcome of Lincoln's common sense which told him that there could be no reconciliation between the two sections until one or the other became either all slave or all free. He had clearly reasoned the thing out and despite the fact that the northern voters believed that the sections could get along peaceably half slave and half free, he told them what he thought. No better explanation could be given to-day, fifty years after the close of the civil war, which Lincoln foresaw in '58.

The question of paramount importance to him was whether or not the nation could survive the shock of the impending crisis. Previous to the delivery of his speech of acceptance for the senatorial nomination, he read it to a group of his close friends. They were dismayed at the introduction in which Lincoln said:

"If we could first know where we are and whither we are tending, we could better judge what to do and how to do it. We are now far into the fifth year since a policy was initiated with the avowed object and confident promise of putting an end to the slavery agitation. Under the operation of that policy, that agitation has not only not ceased, but has constantly augmented. In my opinion it shall not cease until a crisis shall have been reached and passed. 'A house divided against itself cannot stand.' I believe this government cannot endure permanently half slave and half free. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved—I do not expect the house to fall—but I do expect it will cease to be divided. It will become all one thing or all the other."

Lincoln was told that if he delivered that speech it would cost him hundreds of votes. Everybody in Illinois was hoping that the states could get along half slave and half free. But Lincoln declared that what he had written was true, and he would say it even if he had to go down with it, that he would "rather be defeated with this expression in his speech than to be victorious without it!" Commenting upon the episode a biographer says: "Consequently occurrences soon showed his

friends to be right so far as concerned the near practical point—that paragraph would cost him more votes than he could lose without losing the election. But beyond that point a little further away in time, much deeper down amid enduring results, Lincoln's judgment was seen to rest ultimately upon fundamental wisdom politically as well as morally."

Lincoln's chief regard was for the 'house' and not for any faction in that house, and he all the more reproached Douglas for not caring "whether slavery is voted up or down." He declared that the main issue between him and Douglas was slavery, saying:

"All, or nearly all, of Judge Douglas' arguments are logical, if you admit that slavery is as good and as right as freedom and not one of them is worth a rush if you deny it."

But his stand against slavery was as different from that of the abolitionists of his period as the raids of John Brown were different from the strong and sturdy march of western civilization. He does not hurl invective against the slave owner and he appreciates the difficulties of his own position. His attitude is told briefest and best in his own words:

"I hate it because of the monstrous injustice of slavery itself. I hate it because it deprives our republican example of its just influence in the world; enables the enemies of free institutions with plausibility to taunt us as hypocrites; causes the real friends of freedom to doubt our sincerity, and especially because it forces so many good men amongst ourselves into open war with the fundamental principles of civil liberty—criticising the Declaration of Independence, and insisting that there is no right principle of action but self-interest.

"Before proceeding, let me say I think I have no prejudice against the Southern people. They are just what we would be in their situation. If slavery did not exist among them, they would not now introduce it. If it did now exist among us we would not instantly give it up. This I believe of the masses North and South.

"When Southern people tell us they are no more responsible for the origin of slavery than we, I acknowledge the fact. When it is said that the institution exists and that it is very difficult to get rid of it in any satisfactory way, I can understand and appreciate the saying. I surely will not blame them for not doing what I should not know how to do myself. If all earthly power were given me I surely would

not know what to do as to the existing institution. My first impulse would be to free all the slaves, and send them to Liberia—to their own native land. But a moment's reflection would convince me that whatever of high hope (as I think there is) there may be in this in the long run, its sudden execution is impossible. . . . What then? Free them all and keep them among us as underlings? Is it quite certain that this betters their condition? I think I would not hold one in slavery at any rate, yet the point is not clear enough to me to denounce people upon. What next? Free them and make them politically and socially our equals? My own feelings will not admit of this, and if mine would not, we know well that those of the great mass of white people will not. . . . A universal feeling, whether well or ill-founded, cannot be safely disregarded." We can not make them equals. It does seem to me that systems of gradual emancipation might be adopted; but for their tardiness in this I will not undertake to judge our brethren of the South."

Than this Afro-American doctrine of Lincoln no wiser and no more thorough doctrine has been laid down either before or since his day. Since his death no one has accomplished much toward the solution of this momentous problem which he undertook.

But Lincoln's great purpose was to preserve the soul and body of our nation as conceived and dedicated by the fathers of the constitution. Slavery to him was secondary. He felt that the only way to avoid having the house divided against itself was to put slavery in the way of ultimate extinction, where he argued that the fathers had put it "by restricting it from new territories where it had not gone, and by the abrogation of the slave trade, thus putting the seal of legislation against its spread." He wanted to put slavery in the course of ultimate extinction because he felt that this alone would bring rest to the public mind. Later developments proved that what Lincoln thought would happen prevailed temporarily at least over what he wanted to bring about. But later events proved that the mind of Lincoln grasped the fundamental needs of the day when Horace Greeley, William H. Seward, and other powerful leaders of the North lost their judgments, that while those about him were thinking in sectional terms he was thinking in national terms.

(Conclusion next week.)

Corby Hall.

Fellows, leave me here a little, while as yet 'tis early fall,
Leave me here, and when you want me, I will answer to your call.

'Tis the place, and all within it, as of old, is merriest song,
From the rising bell at morning till the evening bedtime gong.

Corby Hall that, in the distance, smiles upon the campus green,
And the lakes in wondrous beauty add a freshness to the scene.

Many a night from yonder window, 'ere I jumped into my bed,
Did I count the stars above me, calmly watching overhead.

Many a time we saw the watchman, coming through the moon's faint light,
Stop to see if any student broke the peaceful sleep of night.

Here about the lakes we wandered, dreaming of great victories,
Singing o'er the songs we loved, attended by the soothing breeze.

With those years now far behind me, do I find you in my place,
And I see the happy sunshine that shone once upon my face.

May I ask you to remember voices that once echoed there!
Sounded joyous in past decades ere you saw this world so fair.

Corby walls can tell the story; they can tell the story, dear,
To your father's heart now aged, for they know when he was near.

They have witnessed mighty struggles, long ago, before your time,
They have seen our happy feastings,—we were in our youth sublime.

Oh, I dream again the dreamings, dreams that once were real and true!
And I feel again the gladness that is given now to you.

Howsoever these things be, a long farewell to Corby Hall!
Now for me my hair may whiten, now for me my mem'ry fall.

Comes a vision from the ages brightening my thoughts now dim,
Crowding out the many sorrows, soothing as a vesper hymn.

Let the joy e'er reign in Corby, may it there forever gleam!
Let it be there for the others, though for me 'tis but a dream.

John Lemmer.

A Grandstand Play.

BY T. MCMANUS.

Al Weber was seated in a comfortable armchair reading the latest edition of the *News*. His companion James Burnett, commonly known to the police as Society Jim, was lying on a large bed with a black cigar in his mouth thinking seriously of the best and safest way to obtain some of the world's goods without paying for them. He was awakened from his reverie by the sound of Al's sharp, nervous voice calling him.

"See, Jim, what I found in to-night's paper."

"What is it?" said Jim, "have they unearthed a new white hope, or did the Germans get licked?"

"Aw, nothing like that," returned Al disgustedly, "this isn't the time for foolishness. Don't you know that we're down and out, and need some coin quick? Listen, it says here that "De Lane, the jeweler, has just received some diamonds, and that one of the lot is a prize worth a hundred thousand. Just think, Jim, a hundred thousand. Why couldn't we—"

"Sh, don't talk so loud," said Jim. "Let me see the paper."

He arose from the bed quickly and bent over Al's shoulder to read the item.

"Say, Al, I believe we ought to make a try. It's sure worth it."

Thereupon the two best crooks in the country whose operations were confined strictly to full-dress affairs and week end summer resort parties, started to plan, and after an hour or so of serious argument in low-toned conversation, they retired for the night.

II.

Archibald De Lane sat at his desk in his sumptuous jewelry store next morning figuring up some minor expenses when two well-dressed men entered and walked toward the main show case. From the lofty manners of the customers, De Lane inferred that they intended an expensive purchase, and he arose to accommodate them himself.

"Good morning, gentlemen," he said, "can I be of any service to you?"

"Good morning," they returned, "we only wish to buy a few small stones."

"Certainly, certainly, sirs," and the jovial proprietor became all smiles.

De Lane exhibited several trays of stones, mostly diamonds, to the men, but they seemed to be dissatisfied with all. Finally one of the men, Burnett, said.

"You see, Mr. De Lane, this diamond we intend to buy is to be the center stone in a tiara, which I am having made as a present to my wife, and expense won't bother much. I would like a large one, very large, in fact, if I could get one."

"I have just what you want," spoke De Lane pleasantly. "It is a prize stone that I've just received. I know you'll be delighted with it. I'll bring it in just a moment. He replaced the trays and entered the vault. While opening the small safe inside, it occurred to him that he had seen his customers before. Then it came upon him in a flash—"yes, how could he mistake them?" Weber and Burnett, the society adventurers. They had been pointed out to him in the Congress Hotel by Halladay, the chief of detectives. Halladay had also warned him against them. Disgusted at his own stupidity, De Lane resolved to carry the game through. He was willing to risk his wit and cleverness against the two. Hastily calling a clerk into the vault he explained. The dapper clerk was sure that he could guard the jewel while De Lane telephoned to Halladay at headquarters.

Meanwhile Weber and Burnett seemed to

interest themselves in any stone but the large diamond. Their nimble fingers picked out diamonds in a separate tray, lying alongside the one containing the large stone.

"How much is this one?" inquired Weber, holding out a fair-sized gem.

For a fraction of a second the clerk's eyes left the prize gem to see the other.

"Well that—" he looked at the other tray—the large stone was gone! He looked for the other customer, but that man was standing quite a distance away inspecting unconcernedly an antique hall clock.

Almost as if in a trance the clerk started to speak when De Lane came from the office.

"The diamond—it's—it's gone!" stammered the clerk between ghastly white lips.

"Gone—where?" gasped the proprietor, excitedly, looking from the clerk to the customers. "Who could have—" His eyes glanced toward the door as two other tall athletic looking men entered, and his nervous fidgety manner left him. He became calm. He nodded to the newcomers, saying: "You've come just in time, Halladay. They have this stone, and we might just as well fin—"

He was cut short in his speech by the unexpected move of Burnett. The latter's face assumed surprised joy when he saw and recognized the chief of sleuths. Burnett rushed up smiling and grasped Halladay's hand.

"Why! Mr. Halladay, how are you? It's really a pleasure to see you again. I—"

"Now, that's enough of that, Mr. Society Jim. You're under arrest."

The two crooks were led into an anti-room, and carefully searched. When no trace of the stone could be found on their clothes, they were stripped, but still no diamond could be found. It was mysterious. The great detective, after hearing the clerk vow that no one had taken the stone from under his eyes, was baffled. Evidently the crooks had it. But where? He did not want to free them, yet he had no cause for detention. Well, he would take them to headquarters and search them again.

The suspects were led into the office. Burnett had requested that they be permitted to call a lawyer. This was a reasonable thing, and Halladay granted. The crook was watched through the glass door of the booth, but his actions were altogether ordinary, his conver-

sation though, had the chief heard it would have solved the mystery.

"Central—nine—nine. Is Steve there?—'Lo Steve, this is Jimmie. Listen—I'm down at De Lane's hardware factory in charge of Halladay. Yes, we got away with a dazzler, but they haven't got the goods on us. Hurry right over and meet us on our way to the station. Get on the chief's right side. You know the old stunt. I'll meet you at your place right after they free us. Hurry up, Steve."

Burnett hung up the receiver and came out of the booth.

"Well, chief, I'm ready for the show."

The chief was doubtful, so much so that he had the prisoners taken back into the anti-room and submitted to another searching. He did not like to run the chance of having the stone, if they had it, dropped or gotten rid of some way outside. His efforts, however, were of no avail, the stone could not be found.

They started for the station, and were hardly a block from it when a well-dressed young man, who had followed them from the store, caught up with them and addressed Burnett.

"Hello, Burnett, where are you going? Not in trouble are you?"

"Oh, no. I will be out in a few minutes. I'll see you again. Oh, by the way, will you do something for me?"

The young stranger moved closer to the chief who was on the outside of the crook's right.

"I want you to be around," said Burnett, "so in case they detain me unjustly you can go to my lawyer and fix up things. Will you do that?"

"Certainly," said the stranger. "I'll come up to headquarters in a half hour to see if you're still there. If you're let go before then, I'll meet you in Ashley's. Good luck, Jim."

"Thanks," returned Jim and Al as they entered headquarters.

No charge could be placed against the suspects at headquarters, so the police were forced to confess that they were baffled, and the prisoners were freed, much against the will of Mr. De Lane.

The facts of the affair were suppressed and a quiet search made. Jim and Al had disappeared suddenly, and after a time the case was forgotten by all save the jeweler, who felt his loss too much to forget, and Halladay, the

detective chief, who felt his defeat too keenly to forget.

III.

A half year later, as Halladay was in his office reading his morning mail he came upon one letter post-marked Sidney, Australia. Naturally he opened it first, out of curiosity, and settled back in his chair to read it. After reading the first few lines, a look of disgust overspread his countenance. He came to the part which read as follows:

"Then while I was shaking hands with you, I slipped the 'dazzler' into your pocket, and my friend, that met us on the street extracted it while we were on our way to headquarters. I will send you a present soon from the proceeds, probably a microscope or a diamond detector."

With best regards to you and De Lane,
SOCIETY JIM."

Brownson the Critic.

BY ARTHUR J. HAYES, '15.

CONCLUSION.

Brownson finds first that poetry, prose—all literature—seek to reveal or develop some truth about surrounding Nature, some noble hopes or aspirations, some splendid sentiment born of the Soul's keen desire to adjust itself to its environment, to puzzle out the 'whys' of its being, the 'wherefores' of its ultimate destiny. He finds Truth, Beauty and Goodness components of a perfection, to be found only in God. He finds that poetry is true poetry only when it is inspired of a sound philosophy. He finds the rebellious note something splendidly tragic, but pitifully misdirected, contrary to reason and inimical to the acknowledgment of the poem as a genuine product of genius.

Art cannot exist without beauty. It can have no substance save that of truth and goodness. Poetry, prose, all that springs from the mind and heart of man, must fulfil these conditions. Otherwise they are but mocking counterfeits of that which they seem to be. They are the whited sepulchres of literature, that lure with a beautiful exterior only to nauseate with the stench of corrupt philosophy and the gruesome bones of abandoned faith.

This is Brownson's theory of literary criticism. Identifying poetic art with the good and the beautiful, he weds the welded trio

to Faith, humility and sound philosophy. To ignore this union is to sacrifice all claim to the approbation of intelligent and well-balanced critics. Carlyle, observing these unities, becomes greater than Shelley or Keats or Byron, who have ignored them.

Schiller, worshipper in the "old pagan fane" while conceded wonderful potential genius, is renounced in disgust. The famous German bard's admission that artists have erred in clinging to false beauty, mistaking it for the true, is turned upon himself, and made the instrument of his conviction. To every poet Brownson would put the query, "Whither goest thou?" If the reply makes some reasonable concession to orthodoxy, the product of his pen is considered to invite inspection. But if the answer affirms ignorance or skepticism on philosophical points approved by Brownson, if it entails aught that is irreverent or profane, the literary pilgrim is condemned out of hand.

Modern criticism would expend much caustic wit at the expense of this uncompromising front. It would exclaim that the function of the critic is but to weigh and interpret what the poet or novelist has written. It would negate the righteousness of 'a priori' standards. The reader must not think for the poet. Nor must he foist upon him the truths that his own lesser mind accepts implicitly. The philosophy of common minds, the tenets of lesser creeds, would only hamper their thought, mar their expression and dim the lustre of their utterances. There is no moral gauge for genius. It is something to be exalted beyond all common criteria. The poet or novelist is a law unto himself. The mind unable to duplicate or parallel the effort, is forever unworthy to essay the role of tutor. Genius should suffer no restraint. It transcends petty convention, narrow creed, irksome philosophical categories. There is genius greater than revealed religion, intellectual power immune from moral responsibility, literary ability emancipated from all checks. Thus the attitude of the age, and thus the standards of modern literary criticism.

Brownson, in his day and generation, dared to question this. As God is greater than man, so, he argued, are His Truths greater than man's opinion. The essentials to art are found only in God, and as reflected in valid philosophy and true religion. The most magnificent worker in words, Brownson would not permit

to blaspheme. This is his first measure of worthiness. This is the splendid precept for which we cannot but admire his literary criticism.

One phase of Brownson's criticism has thus far engrossed all our attention—his undaunted Christianity in all things. But it is worthy of observation also, that the vehicle of his thoughts is worthy of its precious freight. For Brownson possesses a clear though hardly simple style that drives his arguments home with clinching force. There is something about his stately sentences, his towering periods, faintly suggestive of Daniel Webster. We find, however, rather less flexibility of style than distinguished the work of the great Massachusetts orator. But Brownson's mode of expression is just as clear, just as convincing, just as immutably logical. He who would seriously maintain the old contention that Brownson is "hard to read" lays himself liable to the charge of being rather markedly obtuse. Philosophical passages in his criticisms are undoubtedly subtle and recondite to a degree, but, then, when was philosophy ever simple?

What Brownson has to say, in his literary criticisms, he says well and convincingly. One may take the exception to some of his opinions, in so far as they do not share the domain of theology or philosophy. But his knowledge of poetical technique is thorough. His conversance with the dramatic unities may not be gainsaid. Narrowed down to mere matters of personal opinion, we more often find ourselves at a variance with his views. Many will continue to admire the melancholy beauty of Emerson's "Threnody" even while the implacable Brownson fulminates against its godlessness.

In questions of ethical nicety one has the props afforded by the authority of many minds. In matters of mere word beauty each must be to some extent a law unto himself. It would be worse than futile to hold against Brownson's criticism the fact that you would not view everything as he does. Temperament and idiosyncrasy color every preference and impart latitude to every opinion. But in matters germane to philosophy, it is a safe assumption that Brownson's verdict is a sound one.

Brownson's technical treatment is never strongly accentuated. Indeed, it may be said that he took most of the structure for granted.

If a thing had poetic beauty, logical excellence or literary charm, why it is but natural that you should see it. He was not afraid that the reader would fail to perceive the merit inhering in the work. Rather was he apprehensive that the fascination it possessed might cloak a poisonous system of ethics, a menacing weapon of immorality.

Yet his sympathy with the weariness of an impatient and restive soul was sincere and ever ready. It came from the heart, because he himself had known many such moments. He understood the nature and appreciated the intensity of such fierce and conflicting emotions. He was ever ready to pardon the man who gave rash utterance to the rebellious feelings they engendered. But literary effort thus unwholesomely leavened, he could not tolerate. It was in his eyes a product of evil, a message of deceit from Satan, fathered by the bitterest malice and cloaked in infinite guile. To him it was anathema. So while "loving the sinner, he yet hated the sin."

Brownson the Critic, is first of all Brownson the Philosopher. But the critic is also the sociologist, the poet soul and the lover of his fellow-men. To these qualities he united an intellectual versatility that could follow the aerial flight of Shelley's skylark, and plod with Carlyle through a sober analysis of the psychology of the French Revolution. No phase of literary criticism found him out of his depth or ill prepared for its peculiar exigencies of sentiment, science or psychology. His mind comprehended literature as it comprehended the most recherche metaphysical distinctions, strongly, boldly and unerringly.

His confidence in himself, in his judgments and conclusions, constitutes no slight portion of his excellence. He submitted no opinion tentatively, vouchsafed no preference timidly, tendered no conclusion subject to the revelation of auditors or readers. His self-confidence was not born of egotism. It was not fostered by arrogance. It was rooted in humility and grew in the soil of faith. He believed firmly that his Catholic Faith endowed him with sufficient knowledge of the ultimates in life, to make his principles of criticism almost infallible. He believed—it were more emphatic to say that he *knew*—that there were truths antecedent to the speculations of the poet, novelist or philosopher. He believed that it was the function of literature to emblazon

these truths in the skies, that men might chant their praises and their glories. He believed that this was the divinely ordained function of all gifted pens. He yielded to no man in appreciation of literature, nor in understanding the nature and scope of the art of creative writing. But as earnestly as he championed the importance of such effort in the affairs of men, just so earnestly did he deny that the poet or the novelist, the historian or the essayist, had any privilege or prerogative to justify the prostituting of his talents to base purpose.

The proclaiming of truth, divine attribute of the Almighty, is the only legitimate office of literature. To proclaim false doctrines is blasphemy. That which exalts the false and fallacious is not to be recognized as literature. It is rather the unholy manifestation of genius debased and talent travestied.

In maintaining this principle constantly, in making it a veritable spectroscope for the detection of literary flaws, he attained to the greatest accuracy, the highest critical power. Quite correctly he refused to subordinate the ensemble effort, to beauty of constituent detail. What though this passage was eloquent, or that phrase neatly turned? Who admires the bolts and levers of the machine that is to destroy him?

In achieving a perspective that rendered so pitifully futile the literary artifices of false prophets, in demanding that literature serve its only valid purpose, its only legitimate end, in the glorification of God and His Universe, in putting forward so trenchantly his splendid militant Catholicism, Brownson becomes the ideal critic. We need men of his mighty mould in our own day. May the spirit that actuated him in all his works, go abroad in the land and strengthen the faltering pens of cowardice and indecision!

Forgiveness.

If she had cursed the ground on which I stood,
And poured mad maledictions on my head,
I would have felt her every word was true;
But must have followed where the old path led.

But lo! I turned me like a beaten brute
And wandered many a weary, footsore mile
Away from the old paths of death, because
I could not bear her sweet, forgiving smile.

S. P.

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—With the opening of the nation's schools we find the spelling reform movement again being advocated with renewed vigor. It is put forth not only as a positive cure-all for the many defects of our educational system, but as a wonderful boon to literature as well. Apparently the backers of the idea have forgotten, or deliberately ignored, the rather obvious fact that their doctrine presents practically the same debatable aspects as does the social reform propaganda now being so earnestly advocated from the soapbox. Simplified spelling, like Socialism, is the extreme tenet of enthusiastic radicals, who have devolved a preposterous conclusion from an essentially sane premise. They are blindly championing a remedy of more portentous mien than the defect they seek to eradicate; they would replace an evident evil with a prodigious one, and speedily render conditions worse instead of better,—and all this under the flimsy pretense of Progress.

Naturally none can deny that our present spelling actually calls for reform, but merely a consistent reform and not an outrageous butchering of the language. There seems no grounds for such a tremendous remolding of the English tongue as the spelling reformists deem necessary; certainly the latter have as yet presented no efficient argument for their belief. True, it has been declared that phonetic spelling will liberate one from a great deal of dependence upon memory, and will leave the mind open for a more rapid advancement along other lines of learning. This, however, is merely a clever assumption and not a proven fact, for there is nothing to show that a revised and syncopated spelling method would be less of a mental strain than our present form. Spelling according to sound would be as fundamentally open to error as any other system, for no dexterous elimination of letters will assure

all sounding the word the same way, or all spelling the sound in like manner. Children would not be metamorphosed into perfect spellers by the introduction of simplified spelling any more than men would develop into angels under Socialism. Reading would not be made appreciably easier, nor would foreigners meet with less difficulty in mastering the phonetic system than they do in learning the logical form.

To the simplified speller's statement that the adoption of their proposals will result in a great social and individual uplift, it need only be answered that the Socialists make the same extravagant promises, that the Holy Jumpers use the same gag in the expansion of their beliefs, and that the great majority of promoters of all other unsound sects and principles stretch out the same alluring beacon toward the unwary. Hence such a glowing overstatement cannot materially heighten our enthusiasm or perceivably diminish our scepticism for their doctrines. To affirm that dropping a final *e* from the word or substituting a *p* for *ph* in another word will miraculously regenerate our language and our literature, is simply taking it for granted that "judgment has fled to brutish beasts, and men have lost their reason." Fine rhetoric never made convincing proof, and simplified spelling is a theory which isn't even beautiful.

Formal Opening of the Scholastic Year.

The formal opening of the scholastic year 1915-16, which occurred last Sunday, was marked by a pleasant change from the custom of past years, the presence of Rt. Rev. Bishop Lillis of Kansas City making it possible for the day to be fittingly observed by the celebration of a Solemn Pontifical Mass, sung by the visiting prelate.

As soon after eight o'clock as the student congregation had assembled in the church, the ministers of the Mass, accompanied by cross-bearer, acolytes, and the clergy in cassock and surplice, passed in procession from the sacristy through the church, and thence to the Main Building, where they were joined by the lay faculty in cap and gown. Here the Bishop was met and conducted to the church. When all had reached the sanctuary, he knelt for a moment before the altar and moved toward the episcopal throne, the vesting for

the Mass being begun at once. The ministers of the Mass were: Father Walsh, as assistant priest, Father Schumacher as deacon, and Father Davis as subdeacon. Father Connor was present in his usual post as Master of Ceremonies, being ably assisted by Mr. Frank Monighan. After the Mass was completed, Bishop Lillis gave a short talk that evidenced his real interest in the students, and his reverent appreciation for those who are endeavoring to carry on the work of Catholic education. It is rarely that one hears a visitor speak with more earnestness than Bishop Lillis, and the year so well begun with his blessing and good wishes, must fulfil in every way the good omens that attended its beginning.

Wise Words from Gotham.

The New York *Sun* is as wise as it is witty, and the popularity it enjoys among educated men is due in a large measure to the variety of topics which it prints with sanity and humor; for example, how little moonshine and how much *SUN*shine there is in the following article entitled:

THE HORRIBLE "CONFESSIONS" OF A COLLEGE BOY.

The sad old men of twenty who know all about it pronounce college a failure. One of them mumbles in the *Outlook* his "Confessions of an Undergraduate." College destroys the capacity for work. It encourages the habit of doing no more than the irreducible minimum. "Courses" are dull, and through fault not of the studies or the student but of the instructor. And the instructor instructs, not because he loves to teach, but to make his bread and butter.

"Incredibly" little time is now required, not merely to "get through," but to graduate with honors and a Phi Beta Kappa key. "Bluffing" is easy and profitable; class work is all routine, mechanical. Ten minutes of study a day is enough for a bright "man." Instruction and diversions are alike dull, dreary, uninspiring. The barriers of caste are "impregnable and inviolable." The campus has its "complete set of ready-made ideas." Non-conformers suffer.

But the picture is not all dark. Not even college can prevent the determined student from getting an education. He can read; in the words of this ornament of the confessional, "pour" over "Piers Plowman" and Montesquieu. Perhaps "in spite of itself a college course is better than nothing of the sort at all."

This melancholy young person's college is quite unmistakably recognizable in his scolding, and it is one of exalted prestige honestly earned and well deserved. But the injury which such vapid utterances may do to wool-witted readers, feeders on error, affects not this single institution, but the whole college world. For this reason, though the identity

of the anonymous, hopelessly self-conscious blaster is no concern of ours, we take the trouble to say that we cannot possibly believe this *Outlook* article was written by any present undergraduate. If it is, as we strongly incline to believe, the composition of a graduate of, say a dozen years' standing, a literary hack with a turn and taste for fault-finding and "reform," it is an imposition on DOCTOR LYMAN ABBOT's habitual power. If it is what it purports to be, then the colleges are to be congratulated on being in such a state of health that they find critics principally among those whose unhealthy dilettantism, affectation and flabby mentality nullify the effect of their feeble mouthings.

The American college boy is a fine fellow. The American college professor knows his business. The American college is the healthiest and ought to be the happiest microcosm in the wide, wide universe.

Personals.

—Victor Hillman, a student of a few years ago, announces the arrival of a daughter.

—Born to Mr. and Mrs. George C. Ziebold, August 29th, Paul George. The youngster may be addressed at "Whistlecote," Waterloo, Illinois.

—Mr. J. J. Meyers (LL. B., '04) is State Deputy of the Knights of Columbus, with headquarters at Carroll, Iowa. He is one of the most popular and prosperous young lawyers in his State.

—Albert Keys (E. E., '12) and his brother Arthur (E. E., '12) were guests at the University during the past week. Al is with the Electric Light & Power Co., Lawton, Oklahoma, and his brother put the Art in Artesia, New Mexico.

—Mr. Charles Mulcrone (Student '04) owns the electric lighting plant of St. Ignace, Mich. Charlie spent the summer autoing across the country and met many of his old friends on the trip. He promises to attend the Alumni reunion in June.

—Paul Martin ('07) associate editor of the *Indiana Catholic*, published at Indianapolis, is a model of Alumni loyalty. If everybody manifested as much interest in the prosperity of the University as he does, there would be no limit to development.

—The class of 1900 will remember Peter Lennon who is now a prominent lawyer and has the distinction of having his home town named after him, Lennon, Michigan. Peter is among the old boys who have made good and he is highly esteemed and respected in his community.

He will attend Commencement at Notre Dame in June.

—Mr. Joseph B. McGlynn (LL. B., '12) visited the University and placed his two brothers in Brownson Hall. Joe has certainly made good, having been elected recently to the responsible position of prosecuting attorney of East St. Louis. His loyalty to Notre Dame is best manifested in the fact that there are two more McGlynnns with us preparing for their work.

—The marriage is announced of Miss Teresa Garlock to Mr. Fred Gushurst (LL. B., '14). For the benefit of Fred's many friends we reprint the following from the Lead (S. D.) *Daily Call*:

The young couple, giving the impression they were to go to Hot Springs, went into the Denver Car, and to-day sent a message to Mr. and Mrs. Gushurst stating that they were sorry they missed the reception at Hot Springs, and that Denver was lovely. And they certainly did miss a reception, for a number of friends who went to the Springs to organize congratulatory forces were mighty disappointed when Mr. and Mrs. Fred Gushurst failed to alight from the train.

—From the *Editorial*, a paper well known in this section of the country, we copy the following interesting item:

During the past few weeks there have appeared in various papers of the larger towns and cities articles on the European war, from the gifted pen of Col. Wm. Hoynes, dean of the law department of Notre Dame University. These articles must have proved quite a treat to the papers in which these contributions to current literature made their appearance. Few men in this country are better qualified to speak or write intelligently and instructively on war problems than Col. Hoynes. Coupling with his extraordinary ability to write elegant yet vigorous English, a masterful understanding of the issues at war in the Old World, the articles written by Col. Hoynes may properly be adjudged among the ablest that have appeared in any American publication. This nation would have been vastly benefited could Col. Hoynes have been induced a year ago to discuss from day to day the varying aspects of the war in Europe. Much of the bias and misrepresentation that has characterized the discussion of the European war situation would have been neutralized by the logic of Col. Hoynes' presentation of the subject. Equally well versed in law and warfare, splendidly equipped with an analytical mind, thoroughly fair and impartial in elucidating political maneuverings, Col. Hoynes deservedly takes high rank among the most capable as well as the most fascinating writers of the land. In the discussion of war topics he enjoys the decided advantage of having been both soldier and editor in the days of his youth. Besides, he is, under any and all circumstances, a patriot in the truest sense of the term.

Obituary.

THE VERY REV. THOMAS LORENTE, O. P.

The Very Rev. Thomas Lorente, O. P., who passed away recently in New Orleans, was a devoted friend of the University, which he visited several times. Father Lorente was Vice-Provincial of the Dominican Order in Spanish America, visitator in Central America, Cuba and the United States, and Rector of the Church of St. Anthony de Padua in New Orleans. He was a man of charming character and large ability. *R. I. P.*

THE REV. JACOB LAUTH, O. S. B.

The death is announced of the Rev. Jacob Lauth, O. S. B., who passed away at St. Bernard's Monastery, St. Bernard, Alabama, on August 29. Father Jacob was a brother of Fathers Peter, John and Michael Lauth of the Congregation of Holy Cross, and of Sisters Boniface and Susanna of the Congregation of the Sisters of the Holy Cross. He was well known at Notre Dame, where he made his studies. He was a priest of exemplary life and a linguist of marked ability. *R. I. P.*

In the Old Days.

One of the first intercollegiate football games that Notre Dame ever took part in was with Northwestern College in Chicago. In those days there was no such thing as an athletic fund that provided for fitting out the players in respectable togs. Every man was his own costumer and could wear just what he pleased. Nothing could be more laughable, the old boys tell us, than the advent of the Notre Dame team on Northwestern's gridiron. Every man was dressed differently. Some had only football trousers, others had whole football suits, while at least two had the old-style padded baseball suits. Some had green stockings, some blue, some red, while the full-back, the hero of that game, had only short socks and no garters.

In the Old Days it was customary to hold Commencement on the Nation's Festival Day, and lately we came upon an eight-page pamphlet giving a report of the "Solemn Distribution of Premiums at Notre Dame du Lac University, July 4, 1848." In some respects we have

it on the men of '48 who got no vacation until July 4th.

ALTON PACKARD NOT SO BAD.

"Where Shall We Search for the Origin of Harmony?" was the subject of the monthly lecture before the St. Cecilian Society.—*Local* 1886.

In 1895 we were just beginning to get a college yell, and a Local reads as follows: "We have at last decided upon the following yell:

Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah!

Notre Dame! Notre Dame!

Rah! Rah! Rah!"

And that was our first college yell.

In the List of Excellence published in 1899, Frank O'Shaughnessy leads off for excellence in advanced Christian Doctrine—how he did it we don't know.

Walter O'Donnell, '06, in a story entitled, "A Striking Resemblance," works up to this: "One look was enough to assure Kent of the identity of the Chair's occupant. A feeling of satisfaction passed over him as he placed the revolver in the keyhole which was on a level with the top of the rocker—" we pause to remark "Some keyhole!"—the villain must have been in Brother Leopold's store.

At the St. Edward Hall Commencement 1906 a gold medal was awarded to William E. Cotter. Who would have believed that Will was ever a minim, and who could now be convinced that he ever deserved a medal for deportment.

Local News.

—The huge Journalism room has been partitioned into three sections—class room, office and correspondence room.

—Rumblings from various parts of the Campus indicate that the pigskin tossers will soon be battling valiantly for the glory of their halls and the favor of their prefects.

—The handshakes are all over, the broad smiles have disappeared, and the long grind has begun. Already the proud Senior speaks knowingly of theses and graduation.

—Patrons of the famed emporium conducted

by Brother Leopold are congratulating him upon the improvements made in the interior of his place of business by a squad of painters during the summer.

—The first meeting of the cadet officers of last year was held in Captain Stoggsdall's sanctum in the Gymnasium last Tuesday afternoon. Plans for this year's organization were discussed at length.

—Brother Leo, C. S. C., carried away seven blue ribbons from the Interstate Fair held recently at Springbrook Park, South Bend. In scientific farming and in the raising of stock Brother Leo has no superior in the country.

—The new diminutive park surrounding the Shillington monument in front of Washington Hall adds greatly to the appearance of the Quad. (That's a new name for campus that we learned in the East this summer.)

—Rupe Mills, last year's Varsity first baseman, is playing the initial sack regularly for the Newark Federals, after warming the bench for a couple of months. The box scores show that Rupe has not lost his swatting eye since moving up into major company.

—And now that we are all back and in good health, it has been suggested by some lovers of song that we get together, if such a thing is possible, the last year's Commencement Quartette, and have them sing that altogether new arrangement of "Home, Sweet Home."

—The Association Football Team has not yet started practice on account of the warm weather, but we expect to see them in action the first cool day this fall. John Mannion and Tom Ward will each be captain of a team, and some interesting playing may be expected from both teams.

—The Bicycle Club in St. Edward Hall has been organized again, and the minims will take long rides into the country and visit all the neighboring towns on recreation days during the Fall. This is one of the most popular clubs ever formed in St. Edward Hall, having a membership of over sixty minims.

—Twenty-two men responded to Professor Derrick's call for band members, at the first rehearsal Thursday morning. All but four of last year's musicians are again in college, and several experienced performers are numbered among the newcomers. The University orchestra will organize next Thursday.

—Fearing that the display in the Campus

Store was not elaborate enough to attract the crowds, Harry Poulin, proprietor of said store, has begun to raise a mustache which is attracting students from even serious old Sorin Hall. It is the verdict of all who visit the Athletic Store that nothing quite like Harry's mustache was ever seen around these parts before.

—The official registration Friday noon showed 1002 students enrolled. The Freshman class is the largest in the history of the University.

—After closely examining the above-mentioned gentlemen we are reasonably certain that the Herrick species is extinct. However, the blushing autumn ever brings a goodly crop of assorted nuts.

—The Brownson Literary and Debating Society will be organized for 1915-16 at a meeting to be called to-morrow evening in the Columbian Room of the Main Building. It should be noted that membership in the society is not limited to residents of Brownson Hall, but is open to all students of the University. The work accomplished by the organization in the past presages a round of interesting programs during the winter months.

—St. Joseph's Hall is the first to make ready for the fall athletic season. At a rousing meeting in the all-day "rec" hall Tuesday evening, the names of three men, Al Fries, C. N. Diener, and E. J. McOsker, were selected to be submitted to the faculty committee as nominees for the position of athletic manager. Albert Freund, of Meadville, Pa., was unanimously proclaimed football captain, while H. Parker was named Keeper of the Theoretical Treasury.

—The SCHOLASTIC is now more than a local paper. At the annual meeting of the Alumni Association last June it was suggested that the student publication be mailed every week to each Alumnus of the University. The plan is now in operation. We mention this that it may serve as an inspiration to bashful and delinquent brothers of the pen within the confines of the Campus. 'Tis pleasant sure to see one's name in print and to realize that one's work is read, every week, in all parts of the country.

—Brownson Hall seems to be the most sought for residence in the University this year. Already the number of enrollments has passed the two hundred mark and new students are reporting daily. Every available desk

has been taken and a large number of Brownsonites had to be placed in the Carroll study hall. If the rush continues the prefects will have to give up their places and let the boys do the best they can in directing the Hall. It's pretty much like putting the conductor off the car on account of the crowd.

—Carroll Hall appeared in football suits for the first time this year on last Tuesday. Despite the extreme heat the candidates for the team practised hard and earnestly for over an hour and retired only when the five o'clock bell called them to their hall. The practice was started by passing the ball to one another and by falling on the ball, but before the recreation was over two teams were chosen and a regular scrimmage ensued. Unlike the Varsity players these experts get into scrimmage on the first practice day and they never fear that they will lose weight or be injured on account of not being in condition.

—The 1916 DOME Board is now in session. Editor-in-Chief Galvin, Art Editor Humphreys and Business Manager Mooney have all made their appointments. Editor Galvin has chosen for his Associate Editors, Louis Keifer and Eugene McBride and also Arthur Hayes, Editor of the 1915 DOME. Art Editor Humphreys has appointed Casimir Crajewski his art assistant and Grove Miller his photographer. Jerry McCarthy and George McDonald will assist the Business Manager. The Art Editor requests all student artists to meet in his room (339 Sorin) and offer their services. The possessors of annual publications of other schools will confer a great favor by bringing them to the same room for inspection by the DOME Board.

Athletic Notes.

Scrimmage has been started, and with the coming of the real competition, comes the big battle for positions. As there are over three complete teams on hand and as no one has his position cinched, the fight for places on the regular team promises to be one of the hottest we have ever seen.

The men are new, generally speaking, but no one is ever so green that he doesn't know enough to fight for what he wants. With this eagerness already developed in the men by the number of open places, the coaches are finding willing and apt pupils. The presence

of this spirit of competition will do a great deal toward building up a winning team, for each man will feel that if he does not give the best he has, another man will be put in his place.

The scrimmages have brought about some slight changes in the Varsity line-up, or the so-called Varsity line-up. The regular line-up so far is being changed from day to day and no combination has been constant during the past week. Bachman has been working at full, Cofall at one half and Miller and Malone at the other half. Phelan and Bergman have been dividing the work at the quarter back position about equally. Big Frank has worked at center, Fitzgerald and Keefe at guards, McInerney and Steffan at tackles, and Baujan, Elwards and Andrews at the ends.

Any of these positions may be changed during the next week, for the men on the second string are going about as well as the men in the first line-up. Frank Jones is going very well at full, O'Donnell at center, Franz and "Jerry" Jones at guard, Kirg, DeGree and "Ducky" Holmes at tackles and Yeager, Whipple and Wolf at end. In the backfield there are many men striving for the positions temporarily held.

Dorais is giving "Dutch" Bergman and Phelan a hard run for quarter, and Slackford, Voelkers, Walter Miller and Beh are fighting for the halfback positions.

Two short scrimmages featured the week's practice, but the daily workouts were all stiff. Line scrimmage was given every day and the coaches drilled the line men on the rudiments of the game. Long signal drills were made part of the daily work as this is one of the most important factors in the work.

The men at this stage are in good condition, and most of the charley horse and stiff muscles have disappeared. From now on the scrimmages will be part of the regular routine and hard work will be continued during the next week to put the team in shape for the opening game with Alma.

FRESHMAN FOOTBALL PRACTICE.

In response to the first call for candidates for the Freshman football eleven, some forty or fifty huskies, near-huskies and non-huskies reported to Coach "Deak" Jones on last Sunday morning. The E. S. B. turned out to look over the bunch of hopefuls, and though no one was able to detect "Gus" Dorais in disguise

among the rookies, still no one was disappointed with the diversion which the newcomers furnished. Horace was out for the team, also Percival and Alphonse. Horace has the most comely eyebrows we have ever seen. However, we were not long permitted to look upon this tender youth, for once he ascertained the purpose of the gathering on Cartier Field, Horace retired in confusion. The roughness of some of his classmates so disconcerted Horace that he suffered an attack of heartburn and immediately sought the official trainer that he might secure a cup of hot chocolate. Percival remained on the field a little longer than Horace. Indeed he seemed to enjoy himself as he ran sportively up and down the field; but when big "Red" Fitzpatrick, whose hair and name have made a favorable impression upon us, rudely collided with Percival, the latter hastily retreated to the sidelines that he might brush his soiled purple socks.

Did you notice Alphonse? Alphonse was the star of his High School eleven. We were certain of this as soon as he appeared on the field, even though his underpinning was slight and his shoulders narrow. No one but a star could have leaned so unconcernedly against the goal-posts as he surveyed the crowd. No one but a star could have contrived to spend so much time in front of the crowded portions of the bleachers. How the girls must have worshipped Alphonse in his own home town, and how rude the college boys were to suggest that he go back home and milk the cows when Alphonse confidently expected to receive nine lusty cheers. However, Alphonse should not be discouraged; if he continues to reside in Brownson we are sure that he will receive more attention in the future.

The Athletic Association displayed its generosity by giving a suit to every man that reported for a tryout. After the fainthearted had retired from the scene of action, Philbin, a tackle from Oregon, gave an exhibition of punting that aroused the admiration of the most skeptical Seniors. Then three elevens were lined up and signal practice began. Every old student was glad to see "Deak" Jones in charge of the Freshies and has confidence in the ability of last year's captain. "Deak" is putting his proteges through a strenuous series of workouts, and hopes to have them in shape to face the Varsity in a scrimmage next week. Besides Philbin, the linemen who have

shown up well thus far are Caughlin, a center from Englewood High School in Chicago; Andrews, a guard, Stafford, a guard, and Berkie, a speedy end from South Bend. In the backfield there seems to be an excess of quarterbacks and full backs. Pearson, who hails from Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin, the home of "Gus" Dorais, and Murphy from Chicago are the men who have looked good at quarter. Besides Fitzpatrick, Maddigan and Miller have done well at full.

Of course there has been little chance as yet for all the men to show their abilities, and it is likely that October will find Coach Jones with an eleven at least as strong as last year's all-freshman team. The schedule for the yearlings has not yet been completed, but games with Culver and St. Viator's College are assured, and other dates are pending. The big game will of course be the clash with the Varsity on October 16th.

Safety Valve.

DEAR FATHER:—

Notre Dame school is a very nice place and I like it very much. We have much freedom here and a boy is allowed to ask many permissions in one day and it is not like the school I went to last year where we was forbid to ask permissions. Yesterday they let me ask for many things I wanted. I asked Brother Alphonsus could I go to town. He said "No." Then I asked Father Burke could I go to Haney's for supper. He said "No." I met Coach Harper and told him if I could put on a football suit and practice. He said "No." So I went to the Infirmary and asked Sister Purgativa if I would take my meal there. She said "No." Just then I happened to see Father Moloney in his office so I asked him for some spending money. He said "No," and something else too. So I am very pleased with all the permissions I asked and Notre Dame has some nice trees. Your sun, HENRY.

If you want to start a riot on the Campus say something about needing rain for the crops.

WASH HALL PHILOSOPHY.

"Come down, you boob, and have a game of catch. Don't study till after Christmas. Do you want to make the Delinquent List useless? Think how hard someone worked to invent it."

MERE KINDNESS.

"Between you and me, Jack, I don't care a snap for *her*. I write to her every day simply because I think she's terribly lonesome for me. You know, I used to sit on the veranda with her every night during vacation until eleven o'clock and I guess she misses me pretty much now."

And every now and then some altogether original youth will spring that altogether new theory that the war in Europe must be causing all the rain.

Last week we ran part of the VALVE on the cover of the SCHOLASTIC. Hence that issue bears the date of August 18—and you thought all the time it was a mistake, didn't you?

Corbyite:—"You know, John, every free moment I get I just sit down and think of *her*—the little white face, the sparkling blue eyes, the—"

Brownsonite:—"And to believe our physics Prof. called you a boob, and said you couldn't *think!*"

THE LAST STRAW.

Downcast Student:—"Life is miserable—there's no enjoyment, no happiness, no pleasure of any kind. What's the use of going on any longer? Yes, I've decided to do it—I'll take,—yes, I'll take Greek and German."

The discussion at the waiters' table as to how many peas the ordinary man could hold on his knife, when eating peas with that implement, was suddenly cut short when it was discovered that the non-combatants had devoured most of the dessert.

DEAR EDITOR:—

Kindly advise me what to use on my mustache, which is short and scraggy, and very hard to train.

HILTGARTNER.

We advise you to use a razor.—Ed.

"I spent most of my vacation trying to explain to a friend of mine just how the Delinquent List worked, and I'm blamed if he could understand it. And you know, Al, we learn about the darn thing almost by intuition."

It is rumored that the wet weather has completely ruined the cornflake crop and that rhubarb will hereafter be served for the morning repast.

Since it seems impossible to keep students from singing that popular screech "Tulip Time in Holland," professors are requested to teach their pupils how to pronounce the *u* in tulip. We can't stand it any longer.

KEEP IT QUIET, FELLOWS.

They've had Makings in Brownson Hall ever since the opening of school.

"No, I'm not homesick. I'm simply lonesome. Class books and writing pads never made company for me. That old rot about 'communing with your books and being happy,' is all wrong, and at last I'm in a position to prove it."

The other day when Tony stopped his wagon in front of Corby and the whistle on his peanut roaster could be heard from the rooms, some one was heard to exclaim, "There's a fellow outside with hay fever."