The
Notre Dame Scholastic

·DISCE·QVASI·SEMPER·VICTVRVS· ·VIVE·QVASI·CRAS·MORITVRVS·

VOL. XLIX. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, OCTOBER 2, 1915. No. 4.

At Rest.

NOW does she rest in the sallow sand
Where the song of the siren sounds,
And the great gray ghostly clouds of dawn
Sweep over the silent mounds.

Sweet were the songs she used to sing,
And salt were the tears she shed,
But she sleeps her last, long, lonesome sleep
Alone with the lonely dead.

Over the wide, wide sounding sea
He waits for her step at morn,
But the long light sears the rose of hope
And leaves but sorrow's thorn.

And the restless, roving years roll by,
And the golden locks grow gray,
And the heart she loved lies down at last
To sleep in the coarse, cold clay.

And the silver sails that sweep the east
Grow gray in the golden west,
Where the desert rose is folded fast
Asleep on her lover's breast.

D. R. F.

The Nineteenth Century—The Golden Age of English Prose.

JOHN M. CULLIGAN.

IT is generally conceded by critics that the prose which was produced during the nineteenth century, is worthy of a place in the hall of fame. In fact, some of the masterpieces are considered precious gems whose brilliancy outshines the prose of all other ages. And, indeed, this requires that they possess a world of merit, because we cannot entirely overlook the achievements of the marvellous eighteenth century. No mean writers were Addison, Steele, Swift, Goldsmith and Fielding. From their pens flowed some of the most wonderful and surprising productions in all English literature. Notwithstanding all this, we intend to prove that the nineteenth century surpassed all others in regard to prose. It must be remembered that the century just passed startled the world by its marvellous command of the language and by its depth of thought. Arnold, Carlyle, Ruskin, Macaulay, Thackeray and Dickens, armed with the weapon which alone seems to be mightier than the sword, and headed by Cardinal Newman, the greatest English prose writer, have driven all others from the field. Everyone does not seem to hold the same opinion in this matter, but they must concede that it is a very debatable question.

Neither the eighteenth nor the nineteenth centuries confine their efforts to prose alone. Poetry was written during both ages, but the earlier was unsuccessful in this because of the Artificial School. This school laid down rules that must be followed if one wished to be a truly great poet, and for their authority they pointed to Dryden's "Essay on Dramatic Poetry." In Alexander Pope, Dryden had a staunch admirer, one who not only observed the rules himself, but saw to it that everyone else did. No one in the literary world could afford to anger "the wicked little wasp of Twickenham," as he was once called, because his dictatorial suasion was far-reaching and dangerous. The people of that time thought that Pope was by far the greatest poet that had ever lived, and, as a result, his word was law in all matters pertaining to literature. Consequently, the poetry of the eighteenth century was, for the most part, very artificial. During the latter half of the century, however, some beautiful poetry was written by members of the Romantic School. Wordsworth belongs to the Romantic School, yet cannot be said to belong to the eighteenth century. His poetry would add much to the fame of that period, but most of his works belong to the nineteenth century. It is evident, then, that the eighteenth

century was essentially a period of prose. However, this fact seems to add to the glory of the later century because it has surpassed the earlier in respect to both poetry and prose.

The admirers of the eighteenth century prose writers almost unanimously acclaim Joseph Addison the greatest of all English stylists and essayists. In his wonderful periodical essay, entitled the *Spectator*, he described things as he saw them around him in daily life, and, indeed, did this in a very masterly way. His work was one of reform in the great city of London and in this he was exceptionally successful. Although by nature a shy, retiring man, he nevertheless took great interest in life and humanity. His quietness, moreover, did not blind him. His keen sense of observation fitted him for the work of a critic. He seldom spoke in public but kept his eyes ever on the alert. He detected sham and pretense without difficulty, and from these observations, he chose the subject for his next editorial.

Addison's style is very pleasing to the reader. It is easy, fluent, clear and forceful. He points out and suggests remedies for abuses in a humorous manner, while Dean Swift, his contemporary, slashes and satirizes them in the most scathing language. The former's kind, sympathetic method of expression brought him a host of friends and admirers, while the latter's sour, sordid aspect caused fear and hatred to rise in the breasts of his fellowmen. It is told of one gentleman that he could not eat his breakfast until he had a copy of the *Spectator* beside him. Addison's fluency of language enabled him to produce articles without a great deal of difficulty. In fact, the works over which he spent hours in correction were not so good as those which were never given a second thought. All these qualities make Addison famous as an essayist. His choice of themes was a point wherein he was lacking. They were of light and trivial matters, often pertaining to such things as women's dress and their use of cosmetics. This gains for him a place among the "surface men." This name is very appropriate for all the writers of the eighteenth century, and is perhaps the most serious fault of the entire age. Many think that Addison would have found it extremely difficult to write an essay on a weighty subject.

Addison's close friend, Sir Richard Steele, though not so noted an essayist, should not be passed by, as is often the case, with a sneering smile. His *Tatler* is deserving of high praise. Inconsistency in work, however, led to his downfall and ruined his possibilities for becoming a truly remarkable author. He was always the care-free Dick Steele who seemed more solicitous for the welfare of his friends than for his own. His style resembles that of Addison, but has not all the qualities which the master's possesses. Moreover, the *Tatler* is famous, not so much for Steele's contributions, as for those contributed to it by Addison.

It seems difficult to conceive an author who can surpass one possessing all the qualities of Addison. But, nevertheless, Cardinal Newman accomplishes this. In style he is Addison's equal, if not his superior. Fluency, purity of diction, and forceful construction characterize his works. In regard to forcefulness, at least, Newman is the better, and in a case like this, where a nice distinction is necessary, this point is very valuable. His power of forceful construction alone is enough to place him on an equal with the masters of English prose.

The Cardinal does not follow Addison's example in his choice of themes. No mere trifling conventionalities of the age ever adorn his pages. They teem with the most profound philosophy. Matters of importance to religion and morals are discussed. His pleasing style is always present and his beautiful phraseology and delightful choice of words are fascinating.

Volumes have been written praising the writings of Newman. His depth of thought has taken up not a little of the time of many noted critics. One of the best criticisms of his style reads: "It is animated, it is varied; at times icy cold, it often glows with a fervent heat." Matthew Arnold praises him in a beautiful little poem. Carlyle gives out his opinion of Newman in his ardent, rough manner, and indeed, when such men as these, especially Carlyle, praise him, he must be worthy of it.

In the satirical world we must concede that the eighteenth century is the superior. Dean Swift slashes everyone who dares to cross his path. As a result we have such books as "The Tale of a Tub," "The Battle of the Books" and "Gulliver's Travels." In all of these, we find an excellent satirical style; one which is attained only by a master. However, satire in itself is the only point wherein that age excels. Swift's command of the language is not to be compared with that of Macaulay or Ruskin. Among the writers of the later

age, we find men in sympathy with their fellows. Not so with the Dean. His ever-present criticisms, and the fact that he hated his fellowmen destroys the pleasure of reading his works and so condemns him as a truly successful author.

It is undoubtedly conceded that during the nineteenth century more weighty productions were penned. This at least seems to be a point wherein the earlier century is entirely outclassed. Of course, we must admit,—as was once said of Robert Burns, the Scotch poet—that as pioneers of prose, the earlier century men had to fashion the tools with which they had to work. The essay before Addison was nothing to speak of; the novel was entirely new, and so, of course, these men had no models to follow, whereas Addison served as an excellent model for all who came after him. But the prose itself—and after all, that is what we are to consider—does not begin to compare with that written during the later period.

Oliver Goldsmith attempted almost every kind of literature: poetry, essays, dramas, novels, all came from this peculiar genius. He was successful in all to a certain degree; "The Vicar of Wakefield" is a real masterpiece of fiction. In fact, it is the only truly good novel of the eighteenth century. This one work cannot hope to contend with the many excellent novels of Thackeray and Dickens. The other novelists of the earlier period are scarcely worthy of consideration. Fielding and Richardson were successful only because their works were new. It is admitted by all that Thackeray and Dickens are superior to all English novelists; Thackeray especially for his style, and Dickens for his power of characterization.

One of the most remarkable men of the eighteenth century was Dr. Samuel Johnson. This man was a wonderful critic. His circle of admirers, Burke, Sheridan, and Garrick, were all wonderful men, but none were remarkable as prose writers. Johnson's best work is "Rasselas." His dictionary was very good at that time, but it is now considered very faulty. In fact, if we were dependent upon his works to preserve his memory, we feel certain that he would be forgotten long ago. Boswell's wonderful biography of Johnson keeps him alive. This biography is wonderful, not for its literary style, but for its accuracy.

Of course, we are not trying to prove that the members of the later age are perfect. Carlyle cared nothing for rhetoric; he even made grammatical mistakes and took no trouble to correct them. Macaulay was not always exact in regard to the authenticity of his statements. He sacrificed everything to style. Yet both deserve a great deal of credit: Carlyle for his depth of thought and force of style, and Macaulay for his style and rhetoric. Ruskin combines almost the force of Carlyle and the style of Macaulay. In this man we have a world of weight far overbalancing the scales in favor of the nineteenth century.

The capabilities of the eighteenth century might have been greater; if Addison had not imbibed so freely, if Steele had attended more strictly to business, if Dean Swift had been a lover instead of a hater of mankind, the result might have been far different. Swift is superior to all in regard to satire; but his sour, morose nature ruins his possibilities as an author. However, there is scarcely any question as to whether his slashing is as effective as the Cardinal's persuasion and Ruskin's and Arnold's delightful suggestion; the good which he did by his satire is not to be compared with that done by these men.

In summing up the literary productions written in prose during the eighteenth century, we find Addison's essays, a few of Steele's, Dean Swift's three satires, and Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield." These are the only productions worthy of the name, "literature." The nineteenth century gives us the wonderful essays of Newman which alone offset Addison's works. Macaulay, Ruskin, Arnold and Carlyle combined, more than overbalance Steele and Swift; and the novels of Thackeray and Dickens place the latter century far ahead of the eighteenth in the world of fiction. It seems to us to be quite obvious, that where the quality and the quantity of prose of one age surpass those of another, the only conclusion which can be drawn is that the former is the superior. It seems, too, that where this is the case, the age deserves to be called the "Golden Age."

If those who still believe that the eighteenth century surpasses the nineteenth would become acquainted with Newman, Ruskin, Carlyle and Arnold, we feel certain that they would soon realize the superiority of the deep thinkers. This faculty, combined with a forceful, pleasing style, gives the reader something which is never received from the perusal of the "surface men" of the preceding century.

"Hands Up!"

JOHN A. LEMMER.

NOVEL ORGANIZATION—FORMED YESTERDAY.

The Bay View Club yesterday was the place of an assembly of almost two hundred men drawn together by a common bond of affliction—bald-headedness. The lustre of so many effulgent heads dispensed with the necessity of lights. The Honorable James Power acted as temporary chairman and read to his audience of unfortunates the Constitution of the proposed Band of Bald-Headed Beings. Immediately after the unanimous adoption of the Constitution, the election of officers occurred.

The Constitution declares that the member most destitute of adornment on his cranium be the first president. Joseph Briggs, fourth ward alderman and prominent merchant, and Emil Raser, Civil War veteran, became the logical candidates for the office. Dr. Royce, also the possessor of a resplendent dome, officiated as judge. With the aid of a magnifying glass he examined the head of Joseph Briggs and announced finally he had discovered the acme of perfection in the B. O. B. B. Emil Raser was then examined, but the magnifying glass revealed a feeble, stunted hair. It is said Mr. Raser attempted to bribe the investigator and have him withdraw the single obstacle to fame, but Dr. Royce proved himself immune to the temptation, and proclaimed Joseph Briggs, president; James Green, janitor at the Briggs residence, was elected vice-president; George Schuh of the Schuh Printing Co., secretary, and August Germane, president of the First National Bank, treasurer.

It is believed that the local band of Bald-Headed Beings is the first organization of its kind in existence. Bald-headedness is the sole requisite to secure admission. An initiation fee of ten dollars is charged, as well as annual dues of the same amount. The Band proposes splendid entertainment for its members. It is the opinion of the *News* that its existence is to be perpetual. Its members are loyal, its expansion will not be so great as to weaken its bonds and cause disruption. But one remote possibility will effect disbanding; that is the discovery of a hair restorer which will bring joy to the heart of each individual of the Band by being a restorer in fact as well as in name. The treasury is open at all times to the man who produces a genuine reviver of hair—a reviver that will act in a restoring capacity for all the constituents of the Band from President Briggs, the perfect member, to Adam Sodam, who barely received admission, because the bald spot on his head scarcely occupies three square inches.

All representatives of hair restorers are invited to visit President Briggs, providing they possess full proof to all their claims.

Joseph Briggs, prominent merchant and alderman, was reading the above account in his office in the Main Store when his office boy entered.

"Man to see you," he said, handing his employer a card.

"It's too bad you aren't bald, Charlie," responded faithful President Briggs of the B. O. B. B. "H. G. Gerder, Representing Silvas Hair Restorer," he read.

"Show him in, Charlie. I guess the president of the Bald Band will be sufficiently busy with the duties of his office if agents are in such haste to break up our organization."

"Good morning, Mr. Briggs," greeted H. G. Gerder, who possessed a beauteous quantity of curly hair. "I happened to be in the city on business for the Silvas Hair Restorer Company when I saw the article concerning your Band in the *News* this morning. I hope I am the first to visit you in this regard, Mr. Briggs. Undoubtedly you have in your experience with hair restorers never used Silvas or you would not be president of the Band you lead to-day. I am one of the thousands of examples proving the success of Silvas."

"Were you bald at one time, Mr. Gerder?" interrupted Mr. Briggs, glancing at the agent's curly locks.

"I would have been eligible to two memberships in your Band, Mr. Briggs. But Silvas fixed me up. In this city alone we boast of at least one hundred satisfied users of Silvas. Here are some testimonials we received from them."

Briggs was handed a score or so of letters. Just then the telephone rang.

"Briggs talking. . . . Hello, George. Yes, we'll need the blanks today. Hurry them along. . . . . Say, George, rather, Mr. Secretary of the B. O. B. B. A representative of the Silvas Hair Restorer Company is with me now. He claims he can disband our organization in its infancy. . . . Yes, the Silvas. . . . . What's that? You've used it? Did it bring about the development of any hairs? . . . . What's that? It led to your being one of the brilliant Band? . . . . No hope for the Silvas then . . . . Good-bye."

"Sorry, Mr. Gerder," said Briggs, as he hung up the receiver and turned to the agent, "our Constitution says that any restorer having failed to give satisfaction to any one of our Band shall not be considered for general use among the members. Our Secretary informs me that he has used Silvas with no success, so I can do nothing for you. Good-day!"

When the hairs which were once in Presi-

dent Briggs' head had first displayed the tendency of withdrawing themselves and increasing the exposed surface of the skin, he had with great assiduity perused newspapers and magazines for advertisements of hair restorers, and had become familiar with most of them. His wide experience enabled him to turn away representatives by the dozen, stating to them that since he was an unsatisfied user of their remedies, he could not, in accordance with the Constitution, propose the general use of their restoratives. Many times a week Briggs suffered surprise when a new compound was presented him since he believed himself to be on speaking terms with all hair restorers on the market. Calls to the other officials of the B. O. B. B. soon revealed one at least who had been a discontented user of the kind under consideration, and the life of the Band was prolonged.

. . . . . .

The Band of Bald-Headed Beings was enjoying its sixth month of enthusiastic existence. It had sought in vain for its destroyer. The duties of Briggs as president had lessened considerably. Most of the so-called restorers had been put to the test and found wanting.

One morning during the sixth month of the Band's life, Briggs found a man awaiting him in his office.

"My name is Blane," he informed Briggs, "I'm from the Guarantee Hair Grower Company. We've a fine proposition to make you as president of the B. O. B. B. It'll take some of your time."

"Go ahead, Mr. Blane. I thought I had sent away the last hair-growing agent a week ago, but you're welcome. I never heard of your concern."

"No, sir. The Guarantee Hair Grower is a most recent discovery, made by Dr. Johnson of Oskaloosa, Iowa. He experimented with it for years, and in all its trials it has never failed. I was almost totally bald, but three bottles of Guarantee brought the hair back. I'm past fifty. You will see that our claims are not extravagant. It will take at least one month before the Guarantee begins its work. One bottle is sufficient during that time. It probably will take four or five before a complete head of hair results."

"You say this is a new discovery?" asked Mr. Briggs.

"I can assure you that it is on the market less than a year and that it is now receiving its introduction in your city."

"There is no danger of finding any constitutional objection to your restorer, then," said Mr. Briggs. "I must say I am somewhat impressed with what you say. Your hair, too, is quite an argument. I'll ask you to stop at my residence about five-thirty this evening. The vice-president of the Band works for me, and the other officers are neighbors, so I'll call a meeting of the executive committee at my place, then, and we'll discuss the matter with you.

James, better known as Jim Green, was playing the hose on certain dry spots of the Briggs' lawn. He had been notified of the executive meeting, which, as vice-president, it would be his duty to attend. Until the arrival of the others, his work engaged him.

Mr. Blane of the Guarantee Hair Grower Company was prompt in his arrival. He glanced at the janitor disinterestedly as he walked up the entrance to the house. Jim's first look at the agent was repeated, then prolonged into a stare. He dropped his janitorial occupation immediately and followed Blane.

"Gentlemen," announced Mr. Briggs, as president of the B. O. B. B. when all were seated, "Mr. Blane, who is with us, represents the Guarantee Hair Grower Company. He has impressed me very favorably with his restorer, and I have called you to employ your power to see if, at last, we have unearthed the means of depriving the Band of its life blood. Mr. Blane, you may now convince us of the Guarantee's success as a hair grower."

Mr. Blane was an interesting speaker. It seemed that these disheartened seekers of hair were about to be satiated.

"Now, gentlemen," said Mr. Blane, "you know our record of no failures. The hair on my head is the most convincing argument I possess. Your endorsement would be the greatest advertisement the Guarantee could receive. In view of that, we stand ready to make you a special offer. You say your Band numbers two hundred, and that when you purchase a hair restorer, you will purchase for all, the funds in the treasury being used for that purpose. The Guarantee sells at four-fifty a bottle. Our price to you is two dollars and fifty cents."

"I'm in favor of accepting the offer," said Treasurer Germane. "We have over fifteen hundred in the treasury. I believe the Guarantee is what we have been seeking to soothe our vanity ever since we entered the ranks of the bald."

"Those in favor of accepting Mr. Blane's offer, vote Aye," said Briggs.

Jim alone stood opposed.

"What's the matter, Jim? Tried the Guarantee and found it a failure?" asked Schuh.

"No," replied Jim shortly.

"What's the reason for your disagreement?" Jim ignored the question.

"The stuff is made in Oskaloosa?" he asked the agent.

"Yes, sir," replied Blane, "but I'll be able to deliver the entire order to-morrow."

"This need not be paid until then?"

"That is satisfactory to us."

"The vote is three to one. Guarantee wins. Go ahead and complete the arrangements; I've some sprinkling to do," and Jim left the room.

Jim had turned the water on at full pressure and was giving the closest personal attention to blades of grass that were flooded in min'ature ponds when the door opened and Briggs and his guests came out.

"Hands up!" cried Jim with the hose, smilingly threatening the group coming down the steps, but watching Blane closely.

"Hold-up in broad daylight on fashionable street. Bold bandit has hose for weapon, eh Jim?" said the bank president. "Here's my watch but spare my scalp," he pleaded.

"Permit me to contribute—" Blane's offer was cut short in a gurgle. Jim, at a distance of ten feet, squirted the water in the agent's face.

"What the—!" A stream of water entering one's eyes, ears, nose and mouth is not conducive to conversation. Blane's hat flew backward. The stream was directed at his hair. The scalp and all seemed to move.

"I'm a native of Oskaloosa, Blane," Jim shouted, so that the agent might hear. "Mr. President of the B. O. B. B. I move that the offer of the Guarantee Hair Growing Company be rejected without stating reasons for such rejection."

Briggs and Germane and Schuh stared at Blane. His head was perfectly bald. In a puddle of water at his feet floated a wig.

"Support that motion!" all three shouted.

Notre Dame at Harvest Time.

(Evening.)

THERE, where the eyes of Mary rest,
The silver seas of grain far run,
Billow on billow down the west
Against the country of the sun.

Why gaze those heaven-gloried eyes
Over all those fields of wheat far-tossed;
See they in these fair evening skies
The snow-like shining of the Host?

Speer Strahan.

Lincoln's Power of Logical Thought and Expression.

BY WALTER L. CLEMENTS.

CONCLUSION.

Clear and deep as are Lincoln's campaign speeches of '58, the motive and method of the man's public actions are best revealed in an address delivered by him in 1837 before a young men's organization in Springfield, Ill. Declaring that the fires of genius which stirred and animated the heroes of our revolution and fathers of our government had been dimmed by the accomplishment of their purpose, he said that it would be difficult for their descendants to preserve the free government which they founded:

"They were the pillars of the temple of liberty, and now that they have crumbled away that temple must fall unless we, their descendants supply their places with other pillars hewn from the solid quarry of sober reason. Passion has helped us, but can do so no more. It will in future be our enemy. Reason—cold, calculating, unimpassioned reason—must furnish all the materials for our future support and defense. Let these materials be moulded into a general intelligence, sound morality, and in particular, reverence for the Constitution and the laws."

Here we have his political creed and his method of practising it. He was always religiously loyal to it. It furnished the incentive to all his actions. It embraced the essentials to true Americanism.

But Lincoln's mind encompassed not only the abstract ideal of national entity, it encompassed the practical side of propositions as well. To have been able to formulate a political

doctrine in that era of strife and passion so that it involved no contradictions was difficult. We have seen how Douglas failed in the attempt. To govern one's action amid the violence of the sectional conflict so that it was the logical outcome of this doctrine was the supreme test of all. Yet a search of Lincoln's executive acts reveals nothing inconsistent with his political gospel as expressed in his debates with Douglas and campaign speeches.

When he was elected president, more by accident as it seemed than anything else, Horace Greeley through his powerful New York *Tribune* was sending to the nation daily harangues urging that the Southern states be permitted to secede in peace. But Lincoln replied that to consider secession forces us to ask: "Is there in all republics this inherent weakness? Must a government of necessity be too strong for the liberties of its own people, or too weak to maintain its own existence?" He firmly but regretfully called out the army in spite of the coolness of the North and the ardor of the South with regard to secession, and he resolved to stand by the Union to death.

When the South had actually seceded and hostilities were resumed, Seward, as Secretary of State, advised President Lincoln to demand an explanation from France and Spain on the point of recognizing the Confederacy, "and if," he advised, "satisfactory explanations are not received from Spain and France, he would convene Congress and declare war against them." It was the old trick to create foreign discord for the purpose of securing domestic peace and unity, but Lincoln thrust this advice aside, and left it to be inferred that he would stand on his own feet as chief executive. Despite Copperheadism and Abolitionism with all their excessive demands, Lincoln pursued his own course which was always consistent with his doctrine, and during all those violent days neither fear nor favor could turn him aside.

Horace Greeley in 1862 wrote his "Prayer of 20,000,000," demanding the immediate abolition of slavery. But Lincoln replied to him:

"My paramount object is to save the Union and not either to save or destroy slavery. If I could save the Union without freeing any slave, I would do it. If I could save it by freeing all the slaves I would do it. And if I could save it by freeing some and leaving others alone, I would also do that."

Later on the President did emancipate the slaves of those engaged upon the Confederate side, but he did this as a war measure because he felt that as Commander-in-Chief he was justified under the Constitution to take this step to prevent the slave from sustaining the master with his labor while the master fought against the Union. President Lincoln favored the constitutional amendment freeing the negro principally because he feared that slavery might further divide the Union if left on American soil. But on March 4th, 1864, he was no nearer the propaganda of the abolitionists who later controlled Congress during reconstruction than he was when he debated with Douglas at Ottawa. The fact that he reasoned out the issues of his day so well, that he was able to go through those four trying years of civil discord without going contrary to the principles laid down at Springfield and Ottawa in '58, that by following those principles he was able to culminate the Civil War successfully, whereas had he taken the advice of his "lieutenants" it would have ended disastrously for the North and ultimately for the South too, proves that his ability to decide a thing once and for all was logical and unerring, thus constituting the secret of his genius.

Outside of action perhaps the truest guide to what a man really thinks and how he really feels is often discovered in the way he expresses himself rather than what he actually says. In other words, though the devil may quote scripture he can not do so with a heart. The index to character is perhaps best found in the connative side of human nature, and since our feeling is mirrored in our modes of expression, the style reveals the writer himself. Then judging Lincoln from his style of expression we would best describe him as being in love with truth.

In his debates with Douglas he seems always to be trying to convey to his hearers not only all that he thinks upon any topic, but the manner in which he arrived at such a conclusion—and he does so briefly, but effectively. Hence one can best describe his style by calling it logical. All attempts to cover up the bare body of logic with the trappings of rhetoric is less discoverable in Lincoln's works than in any other orator's. Even those artists whom the world calls its greatest orators have moments in which they seem to be trying to "cover up their tracks," so to speak, with fine words, but Lincoln efficiently employs his words as

if he would bare his very soul. To this purpose he often uses in his arguments the set forms of logic in proving a point or showing the inconsistency of an opponent. For example, in proving that the logical effect of the Dred Scott decision is to extend slavery into the free states eventually, he uses the syllogism effectively:

"The essence of the Dred Scott decision is compressed into the sentence which I will now read: 'Now as we have already said in the earlier part of this opinion upon a different point, the right of property in a slave is distinctly and expressly affirmed in the Constitution.' . . . I think it follows, and I submit to the consideration of men capable of arguing, whether, as I state it, in syllogistic form, the argument has any fault in it? Nothing in the Constitution or laws of any state can destroy a right distinctly and expressly affirmed in the Constitution of the United States. The right of property in a slave is distinctly and expressly affirmed in the Constitution of the United States. Therefore, nothing in the Constitution or laws of any state can destroy the right of property in a slave. I believe that no fault can be pointed out in the argument: assuming the truth of the premises, the conclusion, so far as I have capacity at all to understand it, follows inevitably. There is a fault in it as I think, but the fault is not in the reasoning, but the fault in fact is a fault of the premises. I believe that the right of property in a slave is not expressly and distinctly affirmed in the Constitution, and Judge Douglas thinks it is."

By showing the logical conclusion of Douglas' premises, Lincoln in effect employed the '*reductio ad absurdum*' against him, for the people of the free states opposed the establishment of the institution among them and thought with Lincoln that such would be unjust. We have already seen how he brought out the inconsistency of Douglas' sanction of the Dred Scott decision, when Douglas replied that the territories by interior regulation could prohibit the introduction of slavery; but Lincoln was not content until he put before the people this matter in this plain and direct sentence:

"Clear it of all the verbiage and that is the naked truth of the proposition, that a thing may be lawfully driven from a place where it lawfully has a right to stay."

A thorough review of all Lincoln's speeches reveals this clear and concise method of presenting an argument. Writers of text-books of argumentation draw more inspiration and more exemplification from this unschooled rail-splitter than from any two of the most learned debaters and parliamentarians. Rhetoricians have been teaching the necessity of a clear style for centuries, but to find the best use of that quality they go to Lincoln, who had the minimum opportunity to profit by their learned discourses. They expound the necessity of being concise and never using a word too many, and their rules are best exemplified in the work of this same Lincoln. Dialecticians warn us against the use of the '*argumentum ad hominem;*' but while nearly all the great debaters of academic antecedents were sometimes swayed by the passion of the hour, and sometimes stooped to attack their opponents instead of their opponents' arguments, Lincoln does not accuse his antagonists but merely arrays evidence against them. He disliked slavery, but sympathized with the slave-owner. He waged war against secession, but not against the people and states that seceded.

Life had made him what our universities too often fail to teach. If we appreciate the simple grandeur of his style of expression, we must also appreciate the simple grandeur of his life. The logical force and clearness of his style are the natural results of his efforts to comprehend the whole truth of any proposition before him, and to convey that truth "in toto" to his hearers. I can not help but couple these qualities of style with the old-fashioned honesty which he maintained through the struggles of his early life, with his refusal as a lawyer to take a case which he did not feel was just, and with his resolution to stand or fall with the "house divided against itself" utterance. St. Patrick is credited with having said: "The truth will make you free." But in contemplation of this man's life I would further add, the truth will also make you great.

Lincoln's ability to get at the fundamental issue of any proposition to which he devoted his attention, always enabled him to sense the public opinion of his day and to reckon whither it was tending. He thus maintained a broad sympathy for those among whom he lived—kept his fingers on the pulses of the people. He was not very widely read in the great literature of Europe, but he knew how to take his figures of speech from the everyday life

of the people among whom he lived. Consequently his style has a truer stamp of Americanism about it than perhaps that of any other speaker or writer which this country has produced in its history. And after all, his figures of speech appealed more directly to the masses than all the fine flowers gathered from foreign marts could have appealed. For example, when he wished to explain to the people that it was a bad idea to change administrations during the war, he did so by telling them "It's a bad idea to swap horses when crossing a stream." The plain people understood, and re-elected him against the wishes of many prominent politicians of the North.

We have seen that Lincoln's political doctrines and executive acts were consistent throughout his administration and were necessary to the welfare of the nation during those troublesome times which the nation would not have survived had a man of any other calibre been in the White House, thus proving that the mind of Lincoln understood better than any other the fundamental needs of his day. We have seen that his literary style of expression was the direct and proximate outcome of the thought and conduct of his life, and that his style is the most logical of all our great masters of the forum. Thus, both his word and deed bear witness to his power of deep and logical thinking.

The whole history of Lincoln's relation with the vital questions of his day is like a well-pleaded case at bar. The parties to the suit are Nationalism *versus* Sectionalism. Lincoln pleads the cause of Nationalism in that speech delivered in 1837 and in his Springfield speech of acceptance. During the years of civil discord he presents his proof and sums up his evidence in the final Inaugural and Gettysburg addresses. But the Sectionalism against which he argued, was Sectionalism equally at home in North as well as South. His jury was the whole American people. Searching the records, one will find that there was no variance between the pleading and his proof, and that in his Gettysburg and last Inaugural addresses he summed the whole case briefly but completely. Observing the great American nation to-day, one would realize, though it were not written in history, that the whole people have upheld the cause of Nationalism as advocated by Lincoln.

In a magazine article on Lincoln, Henry Watterson, the noted Southern journalist and Confederate veteran, said: "Before the war we were a huddle of petty sovereignties held together by a rope of sand; we were as a community of children playing at government. Hamilton felt it, Marshall feared it, Clay ignored it and Webster evaded it. They were the intellectual progenitors of Abraham Lincoln. He became the incarnation of the brain and soul of the Union." Is he a great world-hero? If free government and equality of opportunity are of any importance to mankind, we must answer in the affirmative. When Rome was torn by civil discord, Julius Caesar saved it, but at the expense of the republic. Lincoln saved our nation and upheld the arm of its laws, but he left democracy still rooted deep in our soil.

The facts that he was thrust into the executive chair by what seemed a concourse of accidents, and that later events proved him to be the only man of the day capable of guiding the destiny of the nation through the war period, give to Americans faith in the Providence which will not fail to raise heroes to champion their cause in time of danger, give them faith in that "Divinity which shapes our ends." Born of uncultured parents, growing up amid the lowly surroundings of western frontier, and spending his life in what was then the backwoods of America, Lincoln's life is a striking proof of what the humblest in our land may aspire to, under the system of free government. I deplore the efforts of those who would belittle the parentage of Lincoln. They were little different from the average settler on the western march of civilization. But it is impossible for us to explain his surpassing greatness in view only of his heredity and environment. His life was an exemplification of the inherent possibilities of the human intellect, and as long as humanity reasons, as long as the minds of men have difficulties to overcome, the life of Abraham Lincoln will be an inspiration.

Mysteries.

I never knew that dawn could be so fair,
Robed in the glory of the Eastern skies,
Until I saw his simple loveliness
Reflected in the sparkle of your eyes.

I never knew that night could be so dark,
Freighted with sorrows that no tongue could speak,
Until I looked upon your sad, sweet face
And saw a teardrop glisten on your cheek.

Leo Tschudi.

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC

Entered as Second-Class Mail Matter.

Published every Saturday during the School Term at
THE UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME

Terms: $1:50 per Annum. Postpaid

Address: THE EDITOR, NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC
Notre Dame, Indiana

XLIX. OCTOBER 2, 1915 No. 4.

—The first fearful qualms of trepidation and uncertainty have passed into the realm of memory. The new student is installed. He has already outgrown the stage of pew-rent gullibility. He has been made aware of the fact that Father Sorin is not personally in charge of the Students' Office. But one thing remains for which his soul pines with ardent longing. It is some measure of that elaborate nonchalance that characterizes the "old men." He forthwith sets out to acquire it, and acquire it he does, precipitately, indiscriminately. If there are any current slang expressions for "proper" designation of the folks who probably worked hard to send him here, he eagerly incorporates such into his vocabulary. He calls Varsity stars by given name or nickname; he has substituted "jane" for less sophisticated expressions; he has invented his own appellation for prefects and professors. How now can he top off with some truly climactic achievement? 'Tis a sorely perplexing question. He arrives at last at the answer. Swaggering over to some of his super-sophisticated ilk, he queries with just the proper intonation of blase indifference, "Say, can you slip me four bits, till I get a ship?" The new student has indeed "arrived." He has begun borrowing. Of all pernicious pests, the college borrower is universally conceded to be the worst. He is deliberately sapping his own moral stamina. He is a constant annoyance to others. He solicits "two bits" here, a dollar there, five dollars elsewhere. He really is not that hard pressed for cash. It may be only a matter of a day or two until he receives some of his own. But it's the air of the thing. He has heard some of the older men joke over their financial embarrassment. He concludes that this must indeed be the finishing touch. He accordingly makes the rounds, eager to proclaim his plight, anxious to be enrolled among that ancient and distinguished circle of "regular gosh-darn-its." He may or may not pay debts so contracted. If he keeps it up for his full course, he very probably will not. But that is not the point to be emphasized. Borrowing is an evil habit. It weaves a web that ultimately enmeshes its devotee. It is a practice at once unnecessary, slovenly and deplorable. It paves the way to greater evils. It is something to be shunned and abhorred. Discourage the college borrower. Do not emulate him. He and his avocation are largely instrumental in preventing a college career from becoming an unmixed blessing.

The Student Who Borrows.

—The inability and unpreparedness of the United States to adequately repel invasion or wage offensive warfare against a possible enemy has received much attention from the press and the people in the last few months. The nation has apparently awakened to a tardy realization of how small and insignificant our army and our navy really are in comparison with those of any other first-class power. Eminent newspapers and men of influence and wealth have commenced a campaign to educate the public to a sense of its danger, and to bring about a navy that will be something more than a "popular university," and an army that will rise above the plane of a police force.

Military Training.

That the matter is one for serious consideration may be seen from the attitude of government officials in the affair. President Wilson has called for the facts of the situation. Secretary Daniels has asked for more fast cruisers, a host of submarines, and a great aeroplane auxiliary. Secretary Garrison wants to increase both the regular and reserve armies. The War Department has sanctioned for the first time in history several citizen training camps besides calling upon the national guard of the various states to recruit to full standing. A few congressmen and others have gone so far as to advocate the introduction of compulsory military training into this country. All these facts, and many more of less importance, point to an ultimate reorganization of our military system and a more extensive training of citizens in the use of arms. The entire world is arming, and whether we like it or not, we must join the movement for our own protection.

Hence military drill, as practised at Notre

Dame and other large schools and colleges throughout the country, will take on an added significance this year. It is on the men in training at these institutions that the government must rely in case of war to officer and drill the green volunteers upon whom our safety will depend. In both the Civil and Spanish wars the great difficulty was in procuring competent officers rather than sufficient troops, and to remedy this condition the government has spent millions in recent years to train college men in military drill and tactics. Whether the money has been well spent or not remains to be seen, but when the emergency comes the men who have received the training will be expected to be able to do their duty; and whether we can or not depends a great deal upon the spirit with which we drill these next few months here at Notre Dame. If we go out and loaf we are simply playing the coward's game.

Personals.

—"As a jurist," says the *Daily Illinoian Star*, "few men in this part of the state have made a better record than has Honorable J. J. Cooke, (LL. B., '94) Judge of the City Court of Beardstown."

—Lawrence R. Cain of St. Joseph's Hall set out for the Grand Seminary in Montreal last week. Lawrence has been adopted into the diocese of Burlington, Vermont. S'long, Larry, and good luck!

—Mr. William J. Mooney (LL. B '15) visited the University last Tuesday and looked over the old crowd in Sorin. Will is in the pharmacy business with his father in Indianapolis, Indiana.

—Art Carmody writes to Charlie Sheehan that for the first time in his life he must admit that he is homesick. Art, of course, is in his home town this year, but he is not used to it, having spent the last five or six years at Notre Dame.

—Mr. Robert Bracken (LL. B., '08) is practicing law in Polo, Ill., and is certainly making good. Bob was a star football player in his day and helped the team to many a victory. He sends regards to his many firiends at Notre Dame.

—Mr. John G. Ewing (B. S. '77), former professor of history at the University, visited his many friends during the week. Mr. Ewing is engaged in the Life Insurance business and has his offices in the Free Press Building, Detroit, Michigan.

—Announcement is made of the approaching marriage of Miss Grace Evelyn Johnson to Mr. Russell Gregory Finn (A. B. 1912). The ceremony will take place at the Cathedral in Detroit on October 6th, at eleven o'clock. Mr. Finn was President of his class.

—Mr. Edward Cleary (Litt. B., '09) made a flying visit to Notre Dame on Saturday. Ed is as genial as ever and the worries of running a bank seem to have affected him little. He reports that the other Notre Dame boys in Momence, Illinois, are doing well.

—The marriage of Miss Katie Ray Owens to Mr. Albert Heuser Keys (E. E., '12) is announced to take place at Holy Family Church, Tulsa, Oklahoma, October 5th. Mr. and Mrs. Keys will be at home after November 1st at 802 Avenue D, Lawton, Oklahoma.

—A full column of the editorial page of Wednesday's Chicago *Tribune* was devoted to a report of the relief work being done in Belgium by the Red Cross Society, written by Frank Holslag, student of two years ago. Holslag was connected with the Society until his return to America this summer.

—Mr. William Joseph Granfield (LL. B., '13), commonly known in these parts as "Peaches," won the Democratic nomination for representative in the fourth Hampden district, Springfield, Mass., by a majority of seventy-nine votes. Will was one of the most popular students in the school in his day. He played third base on the Varsity baseball team and was a star forward on the basketball team. We hope, for the sake of Springfield, that Peaches is elected representative.

In the Old Days.

TALENT OR BRASS?

William Mug was the winner of the Mason Medal in '83 and the Sophomore Medal in '84.

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In an 1894 *Local* we are told that "the unusually large attendance in Brownson Hall necessitated the placing of several new desks in the study hall." That same study hall has all the desks it will hold this year and a large number of boys have been transferred

to other places of study. Never until this year did the registration in Brownson exceed two hundred.

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In a review of Dr. James Field Spalding's lectures in 1906 the editor has the following appreciation: "There is a remarkable thoroughness in Dr. Spalding's work and a complete grasp of the subject that holds the attention of the audience every minute. This is grateful when so many public lecturers are dry and uninteresting."

We have slept through these lectures several times and are of the opinion that the reviewer never heard the noted lecturer.

***

"Pat Beacom," says the 1906 SCHOLASTIC, "was the all-around weight man but was forced to give up track work on account of his being pressed with classes."

As we remember Pat, he never looked very *pressed*. It would take something heavier than a class to press him.

***

In 1887 a football team from Michigan University came to Notre Dame to teach the students how to play the game. "At first," says the athletic editor, "two teams were chosen irrespective of colleges so that our boys might become familiar with the game. After a short practice, however, Michigan got her team together and Notre Dame formed a team as follows: H. Jewett, fullback; J. Cusack and H. Lund, halfbacks; G. Cartier, quarterback, G. A. Houck, center; F. Fehr, P. Nelson, B. Sawkins, W. Springer, T. O'Regan, P. Maloney, rush line." The writer says that on account of the short time the Michigan boys had to stay, only a part of an *inning* was played and that Michigan won by a score of 8 to 0.

In 1909, however, we returned Michigan's compliment by showing them some fine points of the game and incidentally coming away with an 11 to 3 victory. It was a practice game, as Yost will tell you, and his team profited by the practice even as ours did in 1887.

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The students may be well drilled to-day in their respective Military Companies, but there are veterans on the premises who will tell you that the best company in the school to-day would look shabby longside of the "Hoynes' Light Guards" of 1888.

Local News.

—Found.—A pair of nose glasses on the Brownson Campus. Owner may have them by applying to Bro. Alphonsus.

—The far-famed Delinquent List has just made its initial appearance for the season of 1915–1916. For the casualties consult any hall bulletin board.

—The Notre Dame battalion assembled for its initial instruction at the gymnasium Thursday morning, following a talk from the commandant in Washington Hall.

—On Wednesday afternoon Sorin Hall met en masse in their rec room and elected Erich de Frees Cheer Leader and James FoleyAthletic Manager for the ensuing year.

—The first cool days of autumn have brought out the ever-faithful military shirt for use among the collegians. Campus life at Notre Dame minus this familiar article of apparel would be almost like a rube play without the "high-water" overalls.

—With the appearance to-day of the Varsity against Alma College the campus fans are given their first chance to "dope" the team in action instead of merely on paper. From now on football news will be assimilated along with the buns in the morning, if student tendencies of the past again work out.

—A regular orchestra has blossomed forth in St. Joseph Hall, and each "rec" night the boys are entertained by the offerings of five Alexanders, whose instruments include violin, clarinets, trombone and piano. P. Weiland, T. Quinlan, R. Tyner, F. Carey, and H. Parker comprise the musical quintette.

—George Windoffer of Kokomo, Indiana, has been elected president of the Brownson Literary and Debating Society. The other officers are Richard Lightfoot, vice-president; E. J. Linderman, secretary; John Shea, treasurer; J. J. Ryan, sergeant-at-arms; John Blackwell, chaplain; Prof. E. Lenihan, critic.

—The first call to drill this season was wafted sweetly across the Quadrangle last Thursday morning. Probably the largest band of heroes ever seen in these parts promptly answered the call and assembled in Washington Hall to receive first instructions, ready for any emergency including a German invasion or a trip to the Bend.

—The Senior Class re-formed last Monday night in the Sorin Law Room and unanimously voted to re-elect their principal officers of the Junior year. They are, Hugh O'Donnell, president; Eugene McBride, vice-president; Edward Marcus, secretary, and Frederick Pralatowski, treasurer. The offices of sergeant-at-arms, class historian and chaplain went to George J. Holmes, Harry Sylvestre, and Robert Daly respectively.

—The Architectural Club of the University reorganized last Wednesday afternoon in their studio in the Main Building. Patrick J. Flynn, (familiarly known as Stubby") was chosen president; Jacob Eckel, vice-president and K. I. Krajewski, secretary and treasurer. The purpose of the organization is to invite well-known architects of the Chicago and South Bend districts to deliver practical lectures and to assign special papers for reading at each meeting. Professor Kervick, Dean of the Architectural School, was chosen as advisor in recognition of his kindly assistance to the members and his wonderful work for the course.

—An election of officers was staged by the Day Students' Association at their first meeting last Monday. Edward Marcus, sometime citizen of Lafayette, but now of South Bend, was elevated to the presidency of the down-towners. The other men chosen are Russell Downey, vice-president; Vernon Helman, secretary; Leo Berner, treasurer; John Riley, reporter; Arnold McInerny, sergeant-at-arms; James Foley, athletic manager; and Thomas Conway, assistant athletic manager. Father John F. DeGroote was named chaplain.

—Annual election of officers for the Notre Dame council of the Knights of Columbus, was held at Walsh Hall, resulting as follows: Joseph F. Smith, grand knight; Hon. Francis J. Vurpillat, deputy grand knight; Frank Mahoney, treasurer; Jeremiah McCarthy, financial secretary; James Roach, recording secretary; Sergt. George A. Campbell, chancellor; E. Vincent Mooney, advocate; John R. Mangan, warden; Walter P. McCourt and Arthur J. Bergman, guards. Martin E. Walter was appointed lecturer. Installation of the officers will take place Oct. 12, at which time a program will be rendered commemorating Columbus day.

Earl C. Dickens, past grand knight, left Notre Dame at the end of the school year after serving three years in that office.

—An examination for clerk and carrier will be held at the post office October 21, 1915. Age limit, 18 to 45 years on the date of the examination. Married women will not be admitted to the examination. This prohibition, however, does not apply to women who are divorced, but they are eligible for appointment only as clerk. Applicants must be physically sound, and male applicants must not be less than 5 feet 4 inches in height in bare feet, and weigh not less than 125 pounds without overcoat or hat. For application blanks and for full information relative to the examination qualifications, duties, salaries, vacations, promotions, etc., address immediately Mr. J. T. Aldridge, Temporary Secretary, Board of Civil Service Examiners, Post office, Notre Dame, Indiana.

First Football Game To-Day.

The official opening of the football season is scheduled for this afternoon with Alma College opposing the Varsity on Cartier Field. For two seasons the Michigan college has furnished the athletic opening attraction, and on each occasion the Varsity has been able to roll up about sixty points. Consequently the game is not regarded as an exceedingly difficult one, although no one-sided affair is likely. Notre Dame will not present a veteran all-star line-up to-day as she has at the opening of the last two seasons, and hence the outcome of the first game is not an absolute certainty. One thing is certain, however, and that is that one can form a much better idea of the real strength of the Varsity after the new men have been seen under fire in to-day's battle.

Uncertainty seems to be the keynote of the outlook thus far. The line-up is still undecided and probably will be until the last moment. Coaches Harper and Rockne have had a difficult task in picking the men to fill the vacant places on the team and they have spared no effort in trying every possible combination. For the last ten days the men have been put through long scrimmages just as often as their physical condition would permit. The clashing of headgears has furnished music for the anxious fans and the dopesters have been exceedingly busy. Dame Fortune has smiled thus far in that there have been no serious injuries, but the prevalence of fumbling has prevented any premature exultation.

The Freshmen appeared on Cartier Field for the first time last Saturday when they faced the Varsity in an exciting scrimmage. The yearlings were not yet ready for a hard clash, since they had been practising but a few days, and the Varsity had little trouble in scoring. Still the showing of the Varsity was nothing to enthuse over. Philbin, the Freshman tackle, came through time after time and spoiled plays. On his showing Saturday Philbin looks like one of the best football players Notre Dame has had in a long time. Judgment must be suspended on the rest of the new men until they have had a better opportunity to show their skill.

The first and second Varsity elevens were put through a long scrimmage on Tuesday. Some improvement was evident, but the work was far from satisfactory. Cofall, Bachman and Malone worked well in the backfield, and it is likely that this trio will start in the backfield. Steffan and McInerny, who had been playing tackles on the first team for several days, were relegated to the second eleven, Halmes and King moving up to take their places. The rest of the line remained as it has been for some time, with Rydzewski at center, Captain Fitzgerald and Emmet Keefe at guards, and Elward and Baujan on the ends. Phelan was at quarter, although this position has been shared almost equally between Phelan and Bergman.

The real feature of Tuesday's scrimmage was the defensive playing of Hugh O'Donnell at center on the second team. The popular Senior was in every play showing speed, aggressiveness and tackling ability that is bound to bring him recognition from the coaches. Wolf on end also showed up well, and when Elward was absent from practice on Wednesday, Louie was rewarded with a place on the first team. John Miller worked at half on the second eleven during the early part of the scrimmage and when Malone was given a rest he was moved up to the first squad. "Long John" looked better than at any time this year, showing some of the plunging ability that made him such a feared man last year. The battle between Halmes and Steffan was an interesting one, and both acquitted themselves so well that "Ducky" held his place on the first squad in Wednesday's signal drill, and "Steve "was back at his old post on the other side of the line.

The fight for quarterback is still undecided, with Phelan, Bergman and Dorais still in the running. Dorais has been a third choice from the first because of his lack of weight, but Joe is showing good ability with the forward pass and considerable of that cool-headedness which was so characteristic of his more famous brother, and it would not be surprising to see him shot into the fray at any time should Bergman and Phelan show signs of slipping. Between "Dutch" and the young Oregonion it is difficult to choose. Bergman is undoubtedly the best man at carrying the ball, while Phelan excels with the forward pass. It looks very much as though the job would go to the man who shows the better generalship under fire.

Notre Dame will face veteran teams in practically every combat. Alma will present a line-up that will contain eight of last year's men. Next Saturday's game with Haskell will probably be the crucial combat of the season. To-day the Indians are scheduled to meet Illinois at Champaign, and later in the season they will battle with Stagg's Maroons at Chicago. With these big games in view, the Kansas squad has been working since September first, and heroic efforts will be made in an effort to snatch victory from one of her famous opponents. If the Varsity can score a decisive victory over Haskell our chances against Nebraska should be almost even, despite the fact that the Cornhuskers have gone through the past three seasons without a defeat and have lost only three men of last year's star team, which was one of the claimants of the western championship. One thing is certain—either Nebraska or Notre Dame will be eliminated from championship calculations this year.

After the Nebraska game the Varsity will return home to face South Dakota on October 30th. Little is known of the strength of the Coyotes, although they claim to have a stronger team than last year. Certainly not one who witnessed the thrilling combat when South Dakota appeared here two years ago can be overconfident. A week following the South Dakota game comes the annual tilt with the Army, in point of national prestige, undoubtedly the big game of the year. We can only hope that our team will show sufficient improvement by that time to give the Soldiers a good battle. Creighton is a new team on our schedule. The Westerners are being coached by "Red" Miller, the hero of our '09 victory over Michigan. Almost all of last year's team is back at Creighton, and needless to say Miller will make a

great stand against his old Alma Mater.

The Texas trip will undoubtedly be the hardest of the season. The Longhorns claim the strongest team in their history, and not a team in the Southwest will dispute their claim. Their quarterback is hailed as another Dorais—"the Dorais of Texas." With climatic conditions all in favor of Texas nothing but a desperate battle can be expected. Rice Institute is not as strong as the State University, but Notre Dame will undoubtedly be weakened by the Thanksgiving Day game, and with only a single day of rest will have to give the best she has to come out on top. All in all, the schedule is an extremely hard one, and we can only hope that we can start with a decisive victory over Alma that will give the men renewed courage and fighting spirit.

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In 1910—

Cy Williams and Aleck McCarthy are bitter rivals for the only open position on the Notre Dame baseball team.

In 1915—

Cy Williams and Aleck McCarthy are fighting just as hard to bring victory to the Chicago Cubs.

College men often speak of the Notre Dame baseball team of 1910. It was one of the wonders of college sport in those days and its reputation has lost none in the years that have followed. Then it was considered one of the greatest nines ever assembled in an institution of learning. It beat the best in all parts of the country. It was the last word in a college nine.

BOTH CAME FROM NOTRE DAME.

Cy Williams and Aleck McCarthy were members of that team, and thereby hinges the story.

When the candidates for the Notre Dame nine were called to the field there responded a tall, elongated, awkward youth, whom they called Cy and who was enrolled under the name of Williams. He had wonderful speed, a wonderful drive behind his bat.

There also responded another youth called "Aleck" and enrolled as McCarthy—a youth who also was wonderfully fast on his feet, and if he was a bit shy with the wallop he still hit the ball hard enough to enable his legs to carry him over many bags.

RIVALS FOR THE OUTFIELD.

These two were rivals for the one and only vacant position on the club. That position was in the outfield. These two were the despair of the coach. Williams in the practice would slam the ball to the tar corners of the lot and run the bases at a ten-second clip. Then along would come McCarthy, make some phenomenal running catch and make the coach wish that he had decided their fate by the toss of a coin on the first day of the practice. There simply was no choosing between them and as each became better as the days wore on, the coach closed both eyes, yanked a fellow off the infield and placed McCarthy there, while he gave Cy the vacant outfield post.

Then the 1910 nine began to do things. McCarthy and Williams were the stars, and when the season was over Williams singed with the Cubs and McCarthy was picked up by Fred Clarke. Now we have with us

Cy Williams, Cub outfielder, and

Aleck McCarthy, Cub infielder.—Chicago *Evening American.*

Interhall Football.

The outlook for an interesting, hard-fought struggle in the Interhall Football League is especially bright this year. Together with last year's minor stars of the gridiron each hall has a number of new men anxious to prove their mettle.

Naturally, the promoters of each team are betting on their own outfits. Father Farley declares that if a few trades which he is negotiating at present pull through successfully, Walsh has the championship cinched, even without the aid of Larue Lawbaugh. Captain Freund of St. Joseph is very optimistic, having under him much promising material, including a backfield of experienced men. Corby's line will average 180 pounds, and boasts a number of players of great individual merit. Confidently expecting history to repeat itself, Sorin has already prepared a nest for the eagle of victory. Outside of that, however, the Senior Hall has made scant provision for the Fall sport. Brownson's team will be comparatively light, averaging something under 165 pounds. Nevertheless, Captain Morales is rounding his men into shape and looks for an A 1 machine. Among the old men we find Corcoran, Shanahan, Mooney, Daley, Grady, O'Neil, Andres, Deiner, Andrews, Kline and Sheehan. Some new names are: Fitzpatrick, Miller, Philbin, McDermott, O'Hara, Huber, Murphy, Thomas and Madrigan.

Already a number of subscriptions have been taken up and neat sums realized with which to purchase athletic equipment.

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Corby failed to put the kibosh on last year's base all champions in a well-played game on Wednesday afternoon. The sixth inning found the score 3 to 2, with Corby up, but in the next period, the lucky seventh, the Main Building lads pulled down 3 Joy-Bringers. Fortunately for them the contest was called in the seventh. Lally proved to be an able, level-headed Southpaw. The batteries were: Corby, Lally and Keenan. Brownson: Lea Mond and Fernan.

Safety Valve.

Now that a Mr. Punch has registered we suggest that Punch and Tschudi get together and give the school some amusement.

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MONDAY MORNING.

Freshman:—"Notre Dame is sure a great school. Why there's real steam in the pipes—feel them. It's not true that we have to take the radiators to bed with us to warm them.

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Walshite:—"I'm going to get an education this year or never. Every free moment I get I'll read history or study economics. I won't go to town at all, I won't write letters, I won't even go to the games. I'm going to stick fast to my books from morning till night, I'm going—"

Sorinite (*overhearing him*):—"Somebody's been feeding that fellow meat again."

SNAPPY CONVERSATION.

William:—"Mother, did you ask Katie to mend my football stockings with blue yarn and to put more stuffing in my shoulder pads so that when I fall on my shoulder it will not hurt me very much?"

Mother:—"No, William, I didn't ask Katie to mend your football stockings because there is no blue yarn in the house, and there is not any stuffing to put into the shoulder pads so that when you fall you may not hurt your shoulders."

William:—"All right, Mother, if there is no blue yarn in the house Katie need not mend my football stockings to-day and since there is no stuffing she can wait until some other time to fill my shoulder pads to keep me from getting hurt on the shoulder when I fall."

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THEM HALLS.

I'd like to be a Sorinite
And live in Students Hall,
Where I could put my books to bed
And go out to a ball.
It's funny some one don't get wise
On them guys over there;
About the only thing they do
Is go to morning prayer.

I'd like to live in Corby Hall
In spite of all the noise;
I'd bring my mandolin and drum
And several other toys.
I'd tell the prefects that the spark
Of music in my breast
Was driving me to play my drum
And mandolin with zest.

I'd like to live in Walsh awhile
And have a million bones—
Not in my head as them guys have
Who live on ice-cream cones.
It's great to be an astocrat
With nothing else to do,
But hustle off to town at night
When you are feeling blue.

But I'm a poor old Brownsonite
And find it rather prudent
To scratch my head and make pretend
I'm somewhat of a student.
The plan worked fine the first two weeks
I never once was missed
Till five Profs put my name one day
On the Delinquent List.

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"To-day when a fellow seen me trying to recite an elocution piece, he asked me 'if the rest of the family was well,' and I said 'Yes.' Then I told him I was a good speaker and he listened for a while and then he said he wouldn't for the world mean to be personal, but that I was a liar!'"

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OFF FOR COLLEGE.

Reginald:—"At all hazards, mother, don't forget to send the coachman down to the station with my golf sticks. The boys will think I'm powerfully ordinary if I haven't them with me. My camera and fishing tackle can be put into the fourth suitcase; my hunting outfit can be expressed with my tennis rackets, and my white duck trousers and riding suits can be put in the fifth suitcase.

Mother:—"And where shall I put your Geography and Speller, dear?"

Reginald:—"Now for goodness sake, mother, don't be ridiculous. What can I do with books? Leave them for sister when she grows up.

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STUDENT'S DIARY.

1st—Yesterday I ate six hot dogs and about a quart of mustard, and to-day I feel like Vesuvius. I wish I had that mustard plaster on the outside where it would be soothing.

2nd—To-day I ran down stairs and washed my neck—Gee! but it hurt. They didn't have to give me gas to put my collar on, and one fellow gave me some awful things called cuffs that nearly cut the hands off me—*She* laughed when she seen them.

3rd—I borrowed a pair of Vince Mooney's socks and never knew there was holes in them until I seen my big toe breaking out. When I got down town a fellow yelled at me that my gear chain was hanging and I looked down and seen the string of them socks a half foot behind me. They had a big black number on them which people thought was my licence number, but no cop took it because I wasn't speeding.

4th—To-day I got a tooth brush but as my teeth wasn't dusty I didn't use it. They gave me some tooth powder to keep down the dust while sweeping my teeth, but I didn't need that either. Unless we get dry weather I won't need any of these.

5th—Yesterday I ate an ice-cream cone and an onion, but forgot to mark it down because it didn't bother me till to-day. I think I would be able to remember it now without marking it down.

6th—Nothing happened to-day except that I swallowed a gold crown that got caught in the steak that I was trying to eat. They sent for the Secretary of the University and he got it. I also took a bath when I found out where the tub was. I've been awfully cold ever since.