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The Hosting.

STRANGE notes of silver linger there
Where the leaf-strewn meadows narrow to the
lane,—

The faery hosts through the evening air
Go summoning up the ghosts of summer's slain.

Where the grasses redden on the hill,
They throng together in their revelry;
And faery fires work the faery's will
Against the day-fall in the western sky.

Speer Strahan.

Bearing the Yoke.*

BY REV. PRESIDENT CAVANAUGH.

It is good for a man when he has borne the yoke from his youth.—*Lam. iii. 27.*

PURPOSE to speak to you this morning on the cultivation of the religious life. I am thinking chiefly of the problem as it faces the young man, and especially the young man at college. What part shall religion play, now and afterwards, in your life? What should be your attitude toward religion during these years? What spirit should you bring to the discharge of your religious duties day by day?

In the old classic story, Hercules, at the cross-roads, was confronted by two figures, Wisdom and Pleasure, each soliciting him to go her way. Hercules represents glorious youth, perfect strength, with all the hopes and temptations that go with strength and youth. Hercules is forever standing at the cross-roads. Youth and strength are day by day required to choose between the path of pleasure and the path of wisdom. But there are times when the decision of youth is freighted with unusual consequences, great hours of destiny on which the future largely hangs. Such a time is nearly always the day of one's

first Communion. Such a time may well be the day on which one enters college. If the college be an unspiritual one, breathing an atmosphere of doubt or infidelity or religious indifference, the student must develop remarkable character if he resists the pressure of that atmosphere. But if the college be consecrated to the cause of religion, exhaling an air of faith and piety as naturally as the violet exhales its fragrance, where religious precept is reinforced by religious practice, where good example and comradeship walk hand in hand, where faith is taken for granted in professor and text-book and fellow-student, it will not be hard to develop solidly those principles of the spiritual life without which no education is complete. Hence the particular function of such a school as this.

If you were to ask the theologian for reasons why you should be religious he would probably say that the first great reason is that it is an obligation you owe to your Creator. God, being perfect excellence, is constrained by a necessity of His nature to take complacency in Himself. If He could for a moment forget His own absolute perfection, if He could abate the divine egotism by which He takes complacency in His perfection, if He could share with any other the glory of His being and perfections, in that moment He would cease to be God. Egotism and self-complacency, which in men are imperfections, belong to the very nature of God, and in Him are highest excellence. Before creation nothing existed except God. For countless millions of years before even the morning stars sang together, God sat alone, unacclaimed by the Sanctus of any archangel, unworshipped by the aspiration of any saint,—sat alone through countless eternities, supremely happy in the contemplation of His own perfections. When out of the

* Sermon delivered in the University Church at the solemn religious opening of the scholastic year, Sunday, October 3, 1915.

abyssmal nothingness His creative fiat called forth angels and man and the material world, it was, and could be only that glory might come to Him from the worship of these creatures. Whatever they were to be or to do or have, must all be referred back to God in the form of worship. "What have you," says St. Paul, "that you have not received, and why do you glory as though you had not received?" Hence the cry of faith going back to the earliest ages of human life, "Not to us, O Lord, not to us, but to Thy name give the glory." Hence the practice, reaching back to the earliest human acts, of offering to God by way of sacrifice a portion of the things He had given to man. This is the very meaning of sacrifice: all things come to us from the hand of God; and we lovingly give back to Him in holocaust a part of His own gift as a symbol that we recognize His goodness to us and our dependence on Him. Therefore, not to be religious is to be out of tune with the universe. Therefore, rationalism is not rational. And as Christ has revealed to us more minutely the truth of God, and as He has established His Church to prescribe in detail the manner in which God desires to be worshipped, to fail in the faith of Christ or the duties prescribed by the Church is to fail in the essential obligation of creature to Creator.

A second great reason, the theologian will tell you, for being religious is that God gave us a spiritual nature when He created us body and soul, with an intellect to know Him and a will to love Him. Man, the philosophers say, is essentially a social being. It is natural for him to live in society. The cruelest punishment that can be inflicted on a culprit is solitary confinement. Man cannot, without violence to his nature, isolate himself from human associations. Just as truly is man a religious being; and as his heart cries out for human associations, just as truly does it cry out in aspiration after the divine. As there is a hunger of the body that cries for food, and a hunger of the mind that clamors for knowledge, so there is in every man a desire for religious thought and feeling and experience. It is in answer to this universal cry that from the beginning of time, in all countries, men have built temples, some of them to the true God of heaven and earth, others, through want of knowledge, to shadows or false claimants who presented themselves in the guise of God. "I have seen cities without

walls and without armies," says Plutarch, "but I have never seen a city without a temple to religion." "Thou hast made us for Thyself," says St. Augustine—one of the three or four greatest minds in the history of mankind—"and our hearts are unresting until they rest in Thee." It is a saying so profound that even an unspiritual world has adopted it as the cry of the human race.

And the theologian would tell you, too, that the knowledge and love of God, which is religion, is a necessary condition for attaining our last end—perfect happiness in union with God through eternity. These, then, are the chief reasons which the theologian would give you for the duty of leading a religious life. They ought to be ever present to your mind. But it is not to these reasons that I address myself particularly to-day. "It is good for a man," says the prophet, "when he has borne the yoke from his youth," and irreligion and ignorance foolishly answer that there are already too many yokes and burdens in life. Now, religion is truly a yoke. It is the glory of religion that it is our yoke. Apart from the reasons already cited, it is religion's chiefest claim to our love that it is a yoke. For what is a yoke? Is it a burden? Is it a sorrow? Is it a pain? Is it not, rather, an ingenious and merciful device invented by the mercy of men, which enables oxen to bear their burden with least possible discomfort and suffering? When men have great burdens to carry they invent apparatus—the wheelbarrow for light loads, the great cranes of our factories for heavy ones, the harness that enables the horse to pull more easily. The yoke of oxen is as ancient as the world; civilization has advanced, science has increased, mechanical devices have been multiplied, but men have never been able to devise an expedient better suited to enable these patient animals to bear their burden in comfort. And so religion is not a burden. It is not a painful obligation imposed upon us by Almighty God. It is rather a device of love issuing straight out of the heart of God to enable us to bear the burdens of life with the least possible pain and discomfort.

For example, religion is necessary in general for the upbuilding of character, and character is the most important attainment you can achieve. Character means clean living and honest dealing and sincere and truthful speaking. It means a loyalty to every good cause in which

you believe. It means high ideals of business, of politics and the social life. I do not deny that these things may sometimes be cultivated without the direct aid of religion. I am aware that for rare and exalted natures it is possible in a Christian atmosphere to attain to noble character through mere human striving; but when these naturally good tendencies receive the reinforcement and the sanction of the supernatural they are immeasurably strengthened, even in the noblest and the best. For the great mass of mankind nothing but religion furnishes a motive strong enough to make and to keep men virtuous. Culture will not do it. From time to time, great figures in the world of culture go down to sensational failures, to prove to the world that neither poetry nor philosophy nor a taste for the arts and refinements of life suffices to keep men from evil. Human respect will not do it. Powerful as is this motive among less daring spirits, painful as is the scourge of shame, effective as may be the love of approbation and the esteem of others, human respect is not strong enough to keep men moral. Will power will not do it. It is the fault of bold and original natures that they depend upon the power of their will to guide them safe through the temptations of life. But like the house built upon sand, the wind blows and the storms come and the house falls, and great is the fall thereof. There is no power in the world that can build up a saving character except religion. It is the only yoke that can strengthen us for the burden.

Again, there is no man born of woman who may hope to escape sorrow entirely. No king was ever so powerful but that sorrow could invade his castle; no man of wealth was ever so resourceful but that pain and death could penetrate his home; no philosopher was ever so wise but that grief and misery could desolate his heart. Beside each fireplace, so long as time shall endure, sorrow shall sit, the one unbidden but inevitable guest. Into each heart, sooner or later, must enter the iron of suffering. Now, no real man is content with the thin and tasteless comforts of what is called Christian Science. No man desires weakly the chloroform of a false hope or a false faith; but in those hours of desolation the strongest shrink and recoil; and from out of their Gethsemane they cry aloud to heaven: "Father, if it be possible, let this chalice pass from me." It is the strongest and wisest who come soonest

to see how feeble is human nature unsupported by the divine. And when that conviction comes, when the soul lies crushed under the burden of an insupportable sorrow, religion whispers the thought of God's providence, telling us that this is not blind fate but a merciful arrangement of the loving heart of God; telling us that we are not creatures of accident, but the objects of infinite solicitude and care. Faith whispers that this life with its adversities and its sorrows is but a training school for Eternity. Religion is the merciful yoke which enables us to bear the burden of life.

Moreover, the sweetest and sacredest relationships of life are consecrated by religion. Religion bent over your cradle; religion will follow your hearse; with the sweet and comforting sacraments of Penance and Holy Eucharist, religion consecrates the fresh and wonderful years of your childhood and youth. And when God calls you to become yourself a home-builder and to create anew that happy domestic life which was intended to be an earthly Paradise, you will receive the beautiful and holy sacrament of Matrimony. "In every true marriage," as has been beautifully said, "there are three parties, man, woman and Almighty God." Wherever the love of husband and wife is not consecrated by religion it has neither holiness nor stability. The fire that is not lighted at the altar is apt to die, leaving only cold and gray ashes as a remembrance. It is human love blessed by divine grace that makes the happy home. It is the lack of consecrated affection that makes the divorce. Here again religion is God's harness set about your shoulders to make your burden light. Here again religion is your yoke. It strengthens and purifies human love. It is the promise of fidelity between husband and wife; it is the prophecy of the affection and obedience of children. It is God visibly present to consecrate the home and make it happy and holy.

And, finally, religion will inspire you to do your best work in life. Religion has been the empire builder of the world; religion has been the inspirer of all the world's prophets and dreamers. Religion has painted the great pictures and written the great books and uplifted the most majestic buildings and chanted the sweetest music and produced the sublimest poetry and inspired the loftiest heroism since the beginning of time. It has given justice her throne and law her temple. Intelligently

understood and loyally practiced, religion will enlarge the power of any man in whatever field of action. You will be a greater journalist if you are a profoundly religious man. You will be an immeasurably greater jurist or physician if you are penetrated by the spirit of religion. In science, in engineering, in whatever vocation you adopt, religion, if it be vital and earnest, will multiply your power. Religion will beget in you the fear of God which will keep you from evil, and the love of God, which will brighten and solace your life and make it a benediction on mankind.

Can you doubt, therefore, the wisdom of wearing this yoke throughout life? Can you doubt especially the wisdom of wearing it from your youth? The young animal is more easily broken to the yoke than when once it has tasted the wild liberty of field or forest. Unless a man is trained from his youth in the knowledge and love of religion, it seldom happens that he can cultivate the spiritual life in later years. As a man brought up from his youth in total darkness would lack the power of sight; as a muscle that is not exercised in life becomes atrophied and useless, so the sense of religion, the capability of reverence, the love of divine worship, the profound appreciation of religion and what it does for individuals and nations must grow with your growth and strengthen with your strength if it is ever to be powerful as a force in your life. And especially is this true in the period of adolescence and young manhood. During that period when new forces begin to stir in the body of a young man, when first he feels a sense of independence and emancipation, and the need of a fresh readjustment to life and people and places—during that wonderful period is largely determined the question whether a young man shall be religious or not. Hence the need of the religious education of youth; hence, above all, the solemn duty of taking religion seriously, lovingly, earnestly. Moreover, that truth is most vital and enduring which, sprouting out of the infinite heart of God, is planted in human emotions. Hence, the powerful appeal of mother-love in every age and country. Religion will be a powerful force in your life, if coming to you with all the grace of divine faith, it is associated with loving memories of mother and early teachers and the old college and favorite professors and the friends of your young manhood—the weekday Mass in the

dimness of the early morning, the hymns chanted together in church, the regular Communion day each month, and especially the extra Communions that are your voluntary devotions. Thinking of all this so ever-present in a university like Notre Dame and so utterly absent from the state and secular universities, ask yourself, is it any wonder that the Church of God, to whom the salvation of a soul is more than the conquest of an empire, discovers such anxiety and makes such sacrifices that her children and youth should be educated in religious schools?

And who are they that hate religion and that would banish it from schools and destroy its symbols in hospital and courtroom and halls of legislature? Those who say religion is opposed to human liberty because they are not permitted to destroy Christian civilization under the guise of promoting new and fanciful theories; those who say it is a kill-joy, because, while blessing innocent and wholesome pleasure, it restrains the excesses of passion and libertinism; those who say it chloroforms progress because it challenges or condemns wild-eyed theorists who would recreate the world by waving a magic wand before the dazzled eyes of humanity; those who declare religion has been an instrument for enslaving the poor and ignorant, because, holding divine commission to teach, the Church will not resign her functions to mountebanks and medicine-men. As you may judge of a man by his friends, so you may judge of a cause by the enemies it makes.

But does not religion demand painful sacrifices? Is it not uncomfortable to be summoned from play in the bright air to solemn services and uncomfortable postures in church? Even if it were so, it would only prove that religion, like all other precious things in life, must be purchased by sacrifice. What you get for nothing is worth just exactly what it costs you. Men talk to-day about modern methods of teaching and ways of making education easy, exalting the new at the expense of the old. But the wisdom of the centuries answers that just when they have made education least painful they have made it utterly worthless. The easiest education is the worst. If it were possible to fill a man with knowledge without any effort on his part he would still be the least educated of men, for education is primarily such training of the faculties of the mind as enables it to make the right use of knowledge.

Perhaps religion does require some sacrifices. A young man feels the pulse of life beating warm and strong within him. He has never cultivated spiritual thought or emotion; he finds religion unattractive, sermons dull, prayers long. He has no enjoyment of ceremonies and devotions, no zest for the catechism classes, perhaps even a revulsion from Confession and Communion. Kneeling upright in church is painful to him; the thought of death perturbs and saddens him. To such a one I say that religion to the unreligious is no more difficult than knowledge to the ignorant; that it is no less important than knowledge; that if a man had to choose between going through the world ignorant and going through the world unreligious, unquestionably he should prefer religion; that there is no sillier slogan in modern life than that which exalts science in contrast with religion. A man might go through the world knowing little or even nothing at all of science and leading a happy, wholesome and beneficent life; but what rational man can doubt that all the science of the human mind would not suffice to make life tolerable without religion?

I urge you, therefore, to enlarge and strengthen the religious life within you. Cultivate religious fervor as a student cultivates learning or an athlete strength and skill. Resolve that never will you weaken your own faith nor scandalize and endanger the faith of those about you by careless or unworthy attitudes in chapel, or by indifference to sermons or prayers or religious exercises. Be acquainted with the apologetics of your religion and the reasons for the faith that is in you. Prepare yourself by earnest study to explain and defend the truth of God. More than that, as educated young men you ought to be familiar with the splendors and glories of that old Church which has moved majestically down the centuries of history, whose learning, as Gladstone says, has been the learning of the world,—the Church that has done more for civilization than all other human forces combined, whose art and music and poetry are nearly all that humanity has to boast of,—the Church that to-day, after two thousand years of incessant warfare against the enemies of God and against the more fatal exposure to the weakness and wickedness of her own children, is still God's rainbow in the sky and His promise that He will not destroy the race of man forever.

Varsity Verse.

WHAT ARE BRAINS FOR?

The Colonel bought a cotton ranch
With house and barns to suit;
It was a bargain won by chance,
With fifty coons to boot.

But soon the Colonel's work began,
It's true as sure as shootin';
With fifty coons, he couldn't plan
Just how to do the bootin'!

Well now I think you must admit,
The Colonel ain't no fool;
He scratched his head and thought a bit,
Then got a kickin' mule.

M. T. Hede.

MY IDOL.

If all the gold of setting suns
Were gathered in your hair
And roses blossomed in your cheeks,
You could not be more fair.

If you had been a fairy queen
Or Goddess of the Sea,
With all the shyness of a nymph
You were not more to me.

But lo! while it is still the dawn—
For quickly runs the day—
Come, lay your little hand in mine
And let us haste away.

Vincent Mooney.

ENCOURAGEMENT.

Only a smile, sweetheart, and I will bear
The burden of the years,
I care not how my spirit may be drenched
In sorrow and in tears.

Only a smile, and I will mount the hill
And struggle toward the dawn,
I will not care if eyes begin to dim,
And lips grow pale and wan.

Only a smile, and in the silent dusk
I'll lay me down to rest,
Folded to slumber like a broken rose
Upon your snowy breast. *Jerry Miller.*

Of All Sad Words.

BY DELMAR J. EDMONDSON.

Thornton smiled softly and gazed unseeingly through the window at the speeding fields of corn and the telegraph poles. Not even the shrill cries of the brakeman, who gave forth noises that sounded like the inscriptions on an Egyptian monument or a Chinese laundry sign to represent the various towns passed, disturbed the tranquil waters of his reverie. His mind was reverting to the days of Youth, when an Unbearded Countenance and Real Happiness were the marks of his lack of manly years. And how truly is Real Happiness the characteristic of immature age! Early in life Father Time's gait seems porpoise-like to us; we long for the "grown-up" period; scoff at the idea of the "happiest days" being those of childhood. But having reached manhood's estate we realize what we have lost; the irresponsible brightness of adolescence; and understand that all ripened age brings us is a weight of worldly cares. The business-burdened man swelters behind his desk and dreams of the lost summer days spent running in the fields or picking bugs from the potato-patch. He can laugh now at the troubles of his boyhood which seemed so monstrous at the time and which he longed to escape. Would that the struggles of Money-Getting were only twice as great! Surely the Child has a monopoly on all the Pure, Undiluted Joy in the world!

Meanwhile, Richard Thornton's grin has grown broader as he thinks of the memorable Sunday when he made his first appearance in "toga virilis," the inevitable blue-serge suit of the youth just escaping from the cocoon of bloomers. How proud he had felt that morning and yet how ashamed! His body had seemed to have suddenly become nothing but legs, which phenomenon had made him the "observed of all observers"—or so it had appeared to him.

Thornton's eyes again fell upon the R. R. schedule he held in his hand and once more "Clermont" caught his attention. It was this name that had sent his mind back to that little-thought-of past. Clermont! That was where Marion Tully, his correspondence sweet-heart, lived.

About sixteen years before when Dick had

been rapidly leaving his teens he had corresponded for a time with a young lady whom he had never met. His aunt, a friend of the girl's mother, had been instrumental in bringing about the U. S. M. romance and had been keenly disappointed that the two had never met and mated. Thornton had sent his picture to the unknown charmer and he still carried hers in his watch.

At one time he had built beautiful air-castles which had been inhabited only by Marian and himself. He had longed to slay ferocious dragons and pay off mortgages to prove his love to her, but the entire extent of his munificence toward the girl in the end had amounted only to the occasional presentation of a two-cent steel engraving of one of the Presidents. And when even these began to arrive at intervals of increasing duration, and finally stopped altogether, no one noticed but the post-man and he with a great deal of satisfaction. Now life held for Thornton nothing more romantic than a 2x4 flat and not altogether compatible wife whom he had married for her money. His case was another proof for the statement that in the marriage game Cupidity is not far behind Cupid. Dick pulled out his timepiece and looked at the pretty face encased in the back.

"It's a good thing my wife never had occasion to open this watch. She might not care about seeing another face where her's ought to be. Gee! but you're pretty, Marian. I remember how I used to tell you in writing that my watch was always slow because the works stopped working occasionally to take a look at your picture. Now if I wasn't married—Hum!—But what's the use? Such is life! Sic semper nabisco!"

Suddenly it occurred to him that he might at least stop off and see his Special Delivery friend even if it were too late to carry out his youthful plans. The porter decided for him. That personage presented himself with a Cream-of-Wheat grin and asked:

"Ain't this youh station, suh? Brush you off, suh?"

Who can resist a Pull Plutocrat? Thornton's indecision vanished before that dark, beckoning finger. The imaginary dust on his clothes disposed of; the artful African proceeded to rub his rag over Dick's already highly-polished shoes, thereby destroying a perfectly good shine.

"Well, now that I'm here, what am I going

to do?" muttered Thornton as he turned his back toward the depot and proceeded townward. One block from the public square he was stopped by an ex-member of Coxey's Army, who accosted him with the customary soft words and hard breath of the professional panhandler.

"Shay, mister, do you h-happen to have 'nexshtra pair 'o s-socks on?"

Thought Dick: "Evidently this old boy has got his door-step petition mixed with his curb stall."

Aloud he said: "Nope, one pair's enough this kind 'o weather. Didn't you mean to strike me for a dime?"

"Thasit! A pair 'o socks! Ain't that ridiculous? What I wan' is a loosh dime for carfare."

"All right, but I'm afraid the conductor this dime'll go to won't say: 'Fares.' He'll be more apt to say: 'Now, then, what's yours?'"

The recipient of Dick's charity was highly offended at this base and unfounded insinuation and refused to part with such information as he might have had concerning the Tully family. Therefore our friend resumed his march unenlightened. When he reached the courthouse he stopped long enough to marvel at the ability and endurance of a patent-medicine man who was haranguing the populace from the steps of the building.

"Y-E-S, good people, when I say that two doses of Dr. Jones' Jaundice Juice will relieve, ameliorate, and cure for all time any trouble of the skin, scalp or stomach I neither jest nor joke. Used by the Kaiser and Charlie Chaplin on their world-famous mustaches. It transforms a pate like John D's into a perfect garden of hair, rivalling the wild and untamed bushes of Australia. And to-night as a special inducement, offered onlee to the pepul of Clermont, with each 'ndevery bottle sold, we give away ab-b-solute-ly free, a brass-mounted, double-jointed folding bed. And the price is the re-ediculous sum of twenty-five cents, a kwatta, or the fote pottuvadolla. Gather around closer folks so those on the edge can hear!"

Just then, far down the street a pin dropped with a deadly thud, and the crowd started forth in search of further excitement.

As Dick Thornton moved onward, impelled by the tide of people which passed around him, he descried a pretty face on the outskirts of the crowd. Now it happened that this face

was the counterpart of the one which adorned the interior of his Waltham. Turning directly around he struggled enthusiastically in the direction of those pink cheeks and black lashes. Even then he would have lost them had not their owner at that moment caught sight of him. She paused, looked at him intently, and then her eyes and mouth grew wider simultaneously. Thornton's heart tripled its speed. She had recognized him! Many were the shins in Clermont that night that were colored even as the blue sky, and resembled a veterinary's office in fragrancly because of that reckless flight.

"You recognized me?" he cried delightedly when he had reached the Magnet's side.

"Are you—is your name—Richard—? Thornton?"

"Yes, and you are Marian Tully."

"Oh, I am—"

"I would recognize your face in a million! You're just exactly like your picture. One would think you weren't a day older."

A mischievous twinkle came into the girl's eyes and she smiled.

"You haven't changed much either," she said.

"Ah now, no flattery. I know that time hasn't dealt any too kindly with me."

"Oh believe me, sir, you still look very young and boyish."

As they walked along, Thornton could not help but notice her dignified step, the graceful poise of her head, and the beauty of her brown eyes and dimpled chin. Once more he found himself longing for his youth and bachelorhood. If only he had met this wonderful creature while there was yet time. To be her hero; to do the Earle Williams to her Anita Stewart! That would be Life with a very large capital L. Wait! It was not too late yet if—but there was his wife, hanging (figuratively speaking) about his neck like a millstone, dampening the Spirit of Romance like the smell of ham and cabbage.

At last he said: "But it seems remarkable to me that you should look so young. How old were you when you wrote to me?"

"About eighteen."

"You look just about that now."

"I'm just a year older, to be exact."

"A year older! What do you mean?"

"I mean that I am not Marian Tully. I am her daughter."

"Her daughter! Why didn't you tell me this before then?"

"But, sir, you didn't give me the chance."

"How in the world did you know me?"

"Oh mother has often told me about you and she still has your picture. Many times I see her looking at it and sighing. I must confess, sir, that my father is not always as kind as he should be. She has had many reasons to regret her hasty marriage."

"Good Night!"

"So please do not speak of your correspondence with mother at home because my father is very jealous. And now if you'll wait until I run into the post-office with this letter, we'll go home together."

"A letter? To a young man, of course?"

"Oh, yes. Your son, sir. I've written to him for a year despite the fact that I've never seen him. He looks remarkably like you from his picture, sir."

If we were Robert W. Chambers we would have Thornton and his Married Friend meet and go on loving each other to the dreary end through 250 pages of useless conversation. But not being that famous personage we will conclude by saying that our gray-haired hero left Clermont the next day firmly resolved that his son would meet that girl before he was a year older.

An Exposition With an Exposé.

BY HOWARD R. PARKER.

I don't mind telling you I hadn't known Miss Ariel Van Huren an hour before I greatly admired her. And if I were not a hopeless bachelor, I would admit that our acquaintance might be looked upon as a piece of romance, modernized to this era of world's expositions and Pullman car conveniences.

It was at one of the dances given in Festival Hall at the Exposition that I came upon Miss Van Huren. She was accompanied there, I found out later, perhaps ten minutes later, by a lady much older than herself. I did not begin to wonder why the young lady was not escorted by any gentleman friend; it only occurred to me that this made the coast rather clear for a better acquaintance.

When people are attending what is called a Rosebud Dance, at a regular world's fair and in a city like San Francisco, formality

hangs by a thread. So it was not long before I had been introduced to the attractive young woman, and had programmed her for several dances. We talked about everything and nothing, as people will do when dancing. I learned that she was on her way home from a trip to the Hawaiian Islands, where she had spent the summer with her aunt, her present escort. Her home was in Evanston, just outside of Chicago. This last interested me.

"Why, I am to leave soon for the East," I told her. "I surely would enjoy the pleasure of your company as far as Chicago."

"But I don't know when I am to leave," answered Miss Van Huren, apparently embarrassed. "You see, my aunt lives here in San Francisco, so that she will not be going along. And I'm afraid it would not look well were a young lady to travel East with a gentleman whom she has known for only an hour."

"Oh, certainly," I replied, unassuringly, "I wouldn't think of intruding. I spoke of it only hoping to be of some service to you, to say nothing of enjoying your company. But, of course, if you object, that's an end of it."

"Oh, it isn't that I object, Mr. Randall, but you understand how one must look at such a matter. Anyway, I'll ask auntie, and see what she says. But let's not bother about a horrid old train ride in the midst of such variety as this. On with the dance!"

The young lady had quite recovered her composure and during the rest of the afternoon we became much better acquainted. The dansant over, the three of us walked over to the Joy Zone and "took in" nearly every attraction it had to offer.

It was well into the evening when Miss Ariel's aunt suggested that they should be leaving the Jewel City, for, as she explained, they had promised to call on friends in Alameda on the Oakland side of the bay. I begged of them first to have dinner at the Inside Inn, the only hostelry within the grounds, but both ladies were gracious in their regrets. They even refused to let me take them to the Ferry station in a taxicab. But we did walk as far as the street car together, and before leaving, Miss Ariel asked that I meet her again on the second day following, at the Festival Building on the Exposition grounds. I could not understand why she had not asked me to her aunt's home, since it was about the trip East that she wished to see me. I guessed that

there was some younger and more attractive admirer in the case, and that Miss Van Huren did not care to have me in the way.

At any rate we met again on the Zone at the appointed time, and to my surprise, Miss Van Huren began talking at once about "our trip" to Chicago.

"I talked it over with Aunt Celia," she told me, "and she thinks it perfectly permissible. I am to leave on Saturday, if that is suitable to you. My ticket reads over the Western Pacific, to Denver and the Rock Island from Denver to Chicago."

"Any old line will do for me," I answered, much like a small boy, it seemed to me afterward. "I came out on the Southern Pacific, via Ogden, so a different route back will be just the thing."

The following Saturday we boarded the Western Pacific ferry boat, to connect with the Panama-Pacific Limited on the Oakland side.

At the Ferry, before we started, there was the checking of the trunks to be attended to.

"Let me have your ticket, and I will see that your trunk is fixed up," I told Miss Van Huren.

"Oh, no. I will attend to it," she replied quickly. "Don't bother. I always like to have a little responsibility when traveling. Please do not insist."

"But why be so foolish, Miss Van Huren. What an absurd idea, that a lady should be allowed to bother with her own trunk."

The young lady finally yielded, although with much reluctance, which she tried to conceal. I handed the baggage-smasher our two tickets and pointed out the trunks to him, giving him a "half" to make sure he would get our baggage off on time.

Returning to the waiting-room I found Miss Van Huren talking excitedly to her aunt. She was evidently pained at leaving her, although I had not noticed any especial warmth between them before. The young lady ceased talking as she caught sight of me. The bell had already sounded for boarding, so we said our good-byes to Aunt Celia and hurried for the boat.

Our trip eastward was very enjoyable. Miss Van Huren was a most affable traveling companion. Once only I became a little jealous, when she hurried from the train in the Salt Lake depot to the telephone booth nearby. "The other fellow," I thought to myself.

There was one consolation, however,—I, and not he, was enjoying the Fair Lady's company.

On the fourth day, we arrived at Chicago. Here I saw to it that Miss Van Huren was safely on the car for Evanston before leaving her. She gave me her address in Evanston, and asked me to call on her. Her little wariness, which I had often observed since meeting her in San Francisco, had quite disappeared.

Giving my check to a transfer man, I ordered him to take the trunk to an address on the West Side. Miss Van Huren's was to go through to Evanston. That evening after I had reached home, a strange trunk was dumped at the door. I did not recognize it. I examined it. It was marked "Passed—U. S. Customs—from Tokio, Japan."

I could not solve the mystery. The trunk could not be Miss Van Huren's, for she had told me of being at Honolulu.

I hope you will not think less of me if I tell you I opened the trunk to see what it contained. And when I did open it, I felt fully repaid, for inside, cleverly concealed in the folds of a woman's gown, were something less than three dozen pearls of various sizes.

I said the discovery repaid me. That is true, but it did not please me one bit, for it proved that my winsome friend, Miss Van Huren, was one of the cleverest female smugglers that had ever puzzled the United States Customs officers. Unconsciously I had made possible in the San Francisco depot the very thing she had feared would happen, the switching of our trunk-tags by the baggage-man.

The ordinary man would not have guessed these things. But I happen to be connected with the U. S. Secret Service, which had sent me to San Francisco to look for a certain Rose Starrett. Rose was reported to be coming to 'Frisco from Japan with another choice load of pearls, which cargo she always had forgotten to mention when talking to the Customs officer.

I couldn't believe that Miss Van Huren was the notorious Rose upon meeting her in San Francisco. Perhaps my heart was affected, as I hinted to you early in this narrative. At any rate, in spite of the many "queer" things "pulled" by the young lady during our acquaintance, and even considering my long service in the "system," Miss Van Huren was Miss Van Huren every minute until her true identity was disclosed by the bungling of a brainless baggage-buster.

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—This is the season of the year when college spirit is born. Often it is born merely to die a feeble death. Sometimes it develops and becomes an asset to college life and ambitions, a splendid interpretation of loyalty and devotion to the school. Without adequate college spirit few educational institutions can accomplish their ideals. With it a small college can become a big college, if not in numbers, at least in name and fame. It is the tie that binds. It is the bond of good will and encouragement that puts life and strength into college strife; the bond of sympathy that unites class to class, and renders possible things otherwise beyond reach. College spirit stands for a greater school, a better school and a winning school. It backs up all the activities of college life, whether in the class room or on the campus, and it unites for a single purpose,—the glory of the school,—men who otherwise could do little or nothing of themselves.

Notre Dame has college spirit, but not enough of it. We may get out and shout weakly and sing miserably and clap daintily on certain occasions, but we don't put the life or the vim into it that we should. We cannot logically expect and do not deserve to have a winning football team if we cannot support them in the proper manner. Rooting has often put new courage and determination into losing teams and brought about final victory. Abject silence from the grandstand usually heralds certain defeat, and apparently shows a spirit of indifference on the part of the audience. There

should be a greater interest taken and shown. Whether the team is winning or losing, we should do our best to prove to the men on the field that we are with them and for them. That is the least we can do. And the only way to offer such proof is to cultivate enough spirit and ambition to get out and yell ourselves hoarse. Yell for the team and the individual players. Yell when mistakes are made and when the line fails to hold, as well as any other time. Show that you have got college spirit by rooting on the football field; later back up the basketball quintet the same way, and do the same for the baseball players next spring. It will go a long way toward victory.

—The following editorial taken from the *Chicago Post* may interest our readers:

TIME IS FOOTBALL'S TYRANT.

Mr. Herbert Reed, the sporting writer of *Harper's Weekly*, names Time as the true football tyrant. "So much to teach, so much to learn in so little time," he says, is the wail of the coach.

It is true. In the old days when the mysteries of Yale's origination of "interference" were all that had to be learned in that ancient era of the early '90's when Lorin F. Deland tried to screw football strategy up to a level with that of the chessboard, in that hardly less ancient era when the Carlisle Indians brought in their eerie "revolving" wedge, in that comparatively modern era when Andy O'Dea and Herschberger were developing the kicking game—in those days the short football season was perhaps sufficient for what the men had to learn. But Mr. Herbert Reed is right when he calls the whole present season a race of the mind against time. Even to understand the "open game" as brought to its perfection by the great team of Notre Dame two seasons ago, requires time; to teach it requires far more.

Is it possible that our rules are tending to make football so scientific a sport that it will be impossible to play it, simply and solely on account of the limitations of time? Is football, in other words, approaching a theoretical perfection that may have to be legislated against like the "ace serve" in tennis?

Additions to the Library.

The librarian of the University of Notre Dame has just returned from a trip through Michigan. The object of this trip was to increase the already large historical collection of documents at the University. He has succeeded in procuring from the McLaughlins of Sturgis and the Mirantettes of Mendon, their entire family papers, among which are to be found treasures already sought by various collectors. Efforts have been made by the Michigan his-

torical Society at different times to get at least a few of these earlier records. Most of the papers have a double historical value because the Mirantette family have the royal blood of Robert, King of Navarre, in their veins.

In the early years of Michigan history, Detroit was one of the trading posts for the Indians. This brought prominent and prosperous citizens of France and Canada to dwell there. This led the King of France, Louis XV, to send as his representative, Robert Navarre, a great grandson of the king of the same name. Robert Navarre's family was one of the oldest founders of Monroe, Joliet, Chicago, Grand Rapids and Mendon. Patrick Mirantette and his wife as well as the Moutaws (a well-known name in Michigan) were his lineal descendants, and early settled in St. Joseph's county, Michigan. In 1831, Francis Moutaw came to this reservation in charge of a trading post established by Peter Godfroy near by where the Mirantette home now stands. This home may be regarded as the cradle of Catholicism in this part of the state.

In 1833 Patrick Mirantette took possession of this trading post and did much business with the Nattawa Indians. Among the documents obtained there is a parchment bearing the signature of President Andrew Jackson. This is a certificate of agreement entered into with the various Indian tribes whereby they handed over to Godfroy the lands they possessed in these parts. Another interesting document bearing on the removal of the Indians to the Mississippi is an early number an extra of the *South Bend Free Press*. The Mirantette's after Godfroy's departure from Nattawasepi took charge of the Indian post. The journal used in those days gives a good idea of the population at this place. Many interesting items show the variety of goods to be found in a trading store. Another interesting document is a broadside, a notice to Indian claimants against the united bands of Pattowatomies, Ottawas, and Chippewas and Pattowatomies of Indiana, that certificates will be issued at Elkhart village commencing Monday, February 28, 1842. This notice bears the signature of W. B. Mitchell, United States Commissioner of Indian Affairs. The notice bearing his signature further states that "the Department of war requires that the indebtedness of each Indian be set out so that if the papers already

on file in the office of the Commissioner will not enable him to charge the Indians separately, the claimants will be required to furnish such additional evidence as will accomplish that object. This does not apply to cases of 'depredations' where the individual trespassers cannot be designated." The certificate for claims, which originated prior to the commencement of preparations for immigrating the Indians, must be presented to the Indian debtors for their assent, which being obtained will entitle the creditor to payment by the agent out of the annuities of each individual Indian in proportions not exceeding one-fifth annually. Claims originating at the time of the immigration do not require the assent of the individual Indian charged. In all other respects, the payment will be made in the manner described above. Certificates for "depredations" must be assented to by the tribe where the individual Indian is unknown, and will be paid in like manner in the proportion of one-third annually.

Along with these important historical documents are a number of legal papers, giving an idea of how the land was parcelled out in Michigan at this time. A curious old prayer-book brought to this country by the third lineal descendant of Robert, King of Navarre, bears the signature of this pioneer settler and has been an heirloom in the Mirantette family for many generations. Many letters of early missionaries in Michigan and Indiana are part of this batch of documents.

This acquisition has been deemed important enough to be recorded as a distinct collection of archives. It shall be known hereafter as "The McLaughlin-Mirantette Collection of the Catholic Archives of America" at Notre Dame.

Personals.

—The friends of J. Bernard Corcoran, student of a year ago, will be glad to know that he is engaged in teaching in Canandaigua, N. Y.

—Mr. Eugene Kane (M. E., '14) is at present engaged by the Illinois State Highway Co. and is residing in Enfield, Ill. "Nig" was a popular student in his time and was an athlete of note in interhall circles.

—Mr. John C. Burke (C. E. '14) has charge of a land drainage project in Bemidji, Minn. Mr. Jose Bracho (C. E., '15) is associated with him in the work. A combination of this kind ought to solve any engineering problem.

—Richardo S. Saravia (old student), like so many other good Mexicans, has been obliged to leave his country on account of the present disturbed conditions. He is living at 129 Esperanza Avenue, Long Beach, California.

—Everyone at Notre Dame was glad to see Luke Kelley's team hold the Army to a 14-14 tie. Luke has been working hard with the Holy Cross team and his efforts are bearing abundant fruit. We hope this initial success will be repeated many times during the season.

—Mr. Jose Francisco Gaston (C. E., '02) paid a visit to the University on Sunday and met his old professors. Jose is at present superintendent of Rivers and Harbors in Havana Cuba, being, without doubt, an expert in his line of work. His address is 56 Septima, Havana, Cuba.

Obituary.

MR. WILLIAM FOLEY.

Mr. James Foley of Sorin Hall was called home recently by news of the death of his father who passed away at his home in Milford, Mass., October 2nd. The deceased was a prominent citizen of Milford and held public office for many years. He enjoyed in an extraordinary degree the confidence and esteem of his neighbors. We extend profound sympathy to the bereaved family. *R. I. P.*

Join the Glee Club.

Every man who would like to see Notre Dame have a Glee Club should attend the meeting Sunday morning in the Sorin Law Room. It is not necessary to be a Caruso; the only qualifications necessary are to be able to carry a tune without the aid of a handle and to be willing to learn. Besides singers, mandolin, guitar, banjo, and piano players are needed. A mandolin club will be started also if enough men turn out; but the University nightingales are the ones who are most needed as it will take about fifty men to organize the singing club. All others who can do specialty work are requested to attend the meeting, so if you are not included under any of the above classes, turn out anyway or urge someone else to come who is included in the above group. The meeting will be held in the Sorin Law Room immediately after Mass, Sunday, October 10.

In the Old Days.

In 1906 the Varsity was playing Wabash and Bob Bracken was running the team. After two unsuccessful attempts to gain, Bracken came out from under a crowd and shouted at his men: "Who the hell can kick?" It appeared to all present that no one had ever thought of a punter until that moment, although Draper had been doing all the punting and had no superior in the West.

* * *

We are informed by the athletic editor in 1909 that "Rosy" Dolan played from start to finish in every game for two years, which we believe is some record.

* * *

A 1905 card of sympathy starts as follows: "Whereas, God, in His infinite goodness and mercy has called," etc.

Nowadays we usually use the words "infinite wisdom"—one would believe from the above obituary that God was good and merciful to have relieved us of the person mentioned.

* * *

And these items are taken from St. Mary's Section of the 1887 SCHOLASTIC:

—By mistake the name of Miss Cora Prudhomme was omitted from the elocution report, 1st class, 2nd division.

—Miss Alice Bourne has deservedly won the title of "best speller" in her class. In all tests she has stood first.

—Miss Mary Burton finished the translation of the first six books of the "Aeneid" commenced last September. The young lady's diligence cannot be too highly praised.

—100 in lessons was given to but one junior last week, and that fortunate dear was Ella Blaine.

—The second seniors held a competition lately in modern History. Not one question was missed on either side.

—Miss Eva Quealey received the perfect mark of 100 points for politeness this week.

—In honor of Very Rev. Father General's return all the young ladies' names are on the "Roll of Honor."

* * *

It has been suggested that Notre Dame start a roll of honor and give badges for politeness. Our local column would then read somewhat like this:

—Charlie Bachman is this week wearing the medal for politeness and has also received 100 in elocution.

—Frank Rydzewski received 99 in lessons this week. He would have received a perfect mark had he not forgotten his apostrophe before s.

—Freeman Fitzgerald received a perfect mark both in crocheting and in punctuation. Freeman has mastered the semicolon and the comma.

—In honor of the return of Clem Mitchell, a graduate of '02, all the Carrollites have been placed on the "Roll of Honor" even Paul McKinley.

Local News.

—Found—A fob piece, marked 'Howe School.' Owner may apply to Bro. Alphonsus.

—Have you seen the Senior Smile? The unconditioned lists have just been published and special permissions granted by the President.

—Lost—A pocket book with the owner's name, Lawrence Stephan, and eleven dollars in it. Finder please return same to rector of Brownson Hall.

—On Tuesday morning Mass was celebrated in Sorin Hall Chapel by Rev. T. E. Burke, C. S. C., for the repose of the soul of James Foley's father who died Sunday. All the students of the hall were present.

—Local members of the Fourth Degree assembly, Indiana, Knights of Columbus will attend a banquet at the Oliver Hotel Tuesday night, Oct. 12. The address of the evening will be delivered by Rev. John C. McGinn, C. S. C., professor of Sociology at the University of Notre Dame.

—The attractive "Glee Club" posters on view in the various halls are the work of Raymond Humphreys, art editor of the DOME. The idea is generally conceded to be a good one. Everybody turn out and raise the chorus and provide us with a little amusement during the long, uneventful winter.

—The DOME managers are being daily besieged by engraving salesmen, each with "the best proposition on earth." Many of them seem to favor a solid gold cover studded with sapphires, in order to beat last year's production and carry out the college color scheme. The contract is still pending.

—Student mass meetings were held on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings in Washington Hall. Several songs were introduced and have become very popular. If anything will scare the Indians to-day it will be the harmonical attempts that emanate from the student section of the bleachers.

—On October 25th at 7:30 o'clock the annual mission for the students of the University will open. The preacher chosen for this year is the Rev. Joseph Boyle, C. S. C. (Litt. B., '08). Father Boyle is an earnest and impressive speaker, and the mission cannot but be successful if the students enter into it in the right spirit.

—The director of the Botanical Department and of the Department of Landscape Gardening acknowledge with thanks the receipt of a large consignment of plants from Mr. and Mrs. Christopher Winterich of Defiance, Ohio. Mr. Winterich is a specialist in producing new varieties and hybrids of *Cyclamens*. The specimens he sent of these plants are a welcome and valuable acquisition to the Department.

Alma Surprises the Varsity.

The 1915 football curtain was raised at Notre Dame last Saturday when Alma College sprung a surprise on the Varsity by holding them to the lowest score that a Notre Dame team has ever made against the Michigan boys. The final score was 32 to 0; but two of the touchdowns were made in the last quarter by the fresh second string against the tired opponents. The first half ended 13 to 0 with the Varsity going badly and the Alma team fighting for every inch of ground; never before has a team from Alma put up such a stubborn fight, and by the end of the first period the rooters were willing to believe the stories that Alma has one of the strongest teams in the history of that institution. On the other hand, every rooter saw that the Varsity was not going at its regular speed and that the men were not working together. Interference that has been the pride of the Gold and Blue teams in the past was absent most of the time and the defense was poor, especially when the invaders attempted the forward passes. The general conclusion of the bleachers was that the men will have to go much better to win any more of the games this season; and that an enormous amount of

work will have to be done by the men and coaches to put the team in shape for the big game next Saturday with the Haskell Indians.

While there was a great deal of gloom at last Saturday's game, there were also a few bright spots, particularly in the work of the new men. Of course the old men showed up well; but we have not been worrying about their individual work, we have confined our worries to the new men. Particularly, we have been anxious about the quarterback position, but the game showed that we have two good men for the position who are about equal. Bergman showed up especially well by his open field running and his end runs and his passing also gave the fans encouragement. Phelan, who replaced Bergman, seemed to be the better as far as judgment was concerned and his passes also were good. Another man who showed promise was Malone, last year's Freshman halfback, whose line plunging was up to the standard of Varsity quality. Malone seems to have wonderful power in his leg-drives; as he kept right on going after being tackled, sometimes carrying three or four of his opponents for a yard or so before being downed. Charlie Bachman looked well at full and his long run in the first quarter placed the Varsity in a position to score the first touchdown. Others of the team showed well individually; but the main thing that was missing was the teamwork and the interference. Shadows of the old interference was shown at times especially by Captain Fitzgerald and also when Bergman was carrying the ball; but Cofall was given practically no help on his runs.

The Varsity made only one touchdown in each of the first three quarters, but put two across in the last period by running in a completely new team (with a few exceptions) on the tired Alma men. The score in the first quarter came as a result of a long run of sixty yards by Bachman shortly after play had begun. After several attempts to make the goal had failed, Malone made the season's first touchdown by a clever end run. The rest of the period was spent with the ball within striking distance of the Alma goal, but the Alma men held their own and time and again took the ball away from the Varsity by holding them for downs.

The second score came in the second quarter after about five minutes of play with the ball in the Alma territory most of the time. This time "Dutch" Bergman carried the ball across

after a long run around left end and Cofall kicked goal, making the total dubious to the more superstitious. After this goal the Varsity pushed the ball to Alma's five-yard line twice, but the Michigan line held each time, and the Varsity were unable to get another goal in this period.

In the third quarter, contrary to expectation, the Alma men did not quit nor did the Varsity take a brace, in fact it looked as if the Collegians were going to put over one touchdown at least if not tie the score. They were getting through the Varsity line and their forward passes were worked to advantage as the Gold and Blue offered no defence against them. When the visitors had worked down into the Varsity territory Notre Dame took a brace, and after getting the ball on downs, carried it to the opposing goal where Bachman put it across by a plunge through center.

Almost a completely new team was sent into the field in the fourth quarter, and the second string men looked better than the first, for they pushed down the field twice on straight football and put over two touchdowns, one by Phelan on a straight buck through center and the other by the best forward pass of the day, from Phelan to Yeager who made a pretty catch. Stephan kicked goal after the first touchdown, but the ball was touched to the ground after the kick-out in the second case and the kick was not allowed.

Baujan, Yeager	R. E.	Spinney (cap), P. Robinson
King Fitzgerald	R. T.	French
McInerney, Frantz	R. G.	McCaughey
Rydzewski	C	Nolestine, Geis
Keefe, Jones	L. G.	Miller
Stephan	L. T.	Barnard
Elward, Wolf	L. E.	Richards
Bergman, Phelan	Q	Smith
Malone, W. Miller, Hardy	R. H.	Hyde, S. Robinson
Cofall, Voelkers	L. H.	N. Smith
Bachman, J. Miller	F	Fitch, Foote

Touchdowns—Malone, Bergman, Bachman, Phelan, Yeager. Goals from touchdowns—Cofall, Stephan. Referee—Messick of Indiana. Umpire—Edwards of Notre Dame. Head lineman—Jones of Notre Dame. Time of period—12 minutes.

Athletic Notes.

The Newark *Evening Star* prints a large picture of "Rupe" Mills (L.L. B., '15) with the following write-up:

Rupe Mills will be the white-haired boy when the Peps promenade back to town tomorrow to make their "farewell debut" of the season. Sounds funny to say "farewell debut," but that's about what it is. After an absence of nearly a month the Newfeds are coming back for a two-game-in-one-day stand, and the Baltimore Terrapins are the victims picked to make a holiday for local fans—providing these equinoctial storms do not hoist the no-game sign.

Rupe Mills, the local boy, will be lionized by local fandom. There was never a ball player over whom there was more agitation in home circles. Every Newarker was proud of Mills, but familiarity, you know, gives one a closer view than long-range parallels, and it was natural that some should be timid about Rupe's ability. Well, Rupe has made good on the road, and now he is going to get a good solid pat on the back from Newark. The fans, however, shouldn't expect him to do too much. Rupe will again naturally feel a bit awkward, and don't expect a home run every time he shoulders his bat.

INTERHALL FOOTBALL.

Constant daily practice during the week has done much to knock the rough edges off the various hall teams and the machines are at last beginning to work more smoothly and with greater assurance than before. It is impossible, however, even at this late time to predict with any certainty which team will stand the best chance of going through the season undefeated. Fast, clean-cut passing and lightning speed in carrying the ball during signal drill are always good indications, but not until the teams are pitted against each other on the field will we be sure of the staying power of the linemen and of the ability of the backfield men in getting off their plays in the face of an enemy.

Sorin Hall with Gus Jones, Walter Miller and Fitzpatrick in the backfield and Vince Mooney as general has looked good during the week. The line is composed of all experienced ex-Corby men among whom are Corcoran, Trudell, Shanahan, Daly, McConnell, and although these men are not so heavy perhaps as the men on the Corby and Walsh lines they are nevertheless full of fight and will give an excellent account of themselves.

When the Corby Hall team is discussed on the campus the names of Philbin and Caughlin are usually mentioned, and every one decides at once that the speaker has gone far enough. No doubt, at all, that Corby has a powerful team, and certainly the above-mentioned men will be stars of the first magnitude and almost able of themselves to make a team.

Walsh is going through hard practice every day under the direction of Charlie Bachman and Deak Jones, and has perhaps the most evenly balanced team of any of the halls. Unfortunately her star lineman dislocated his shoulder in a scrimmage and will be laid up for the rest of the season. However, Walsh will be there with the fight, and it will take a strong team to break up her clever formations, or to make headway through her line.

The Brownson team is the most talked of aggregation in the school and yet few seem to know just how they will "stack up." Big burly, ferocious looking fellows are seen wending their way to the Brownson study hall every day, but no one seems to know whether they are members of the team or house movers who have come to work around the premises. Surely, Brownson will not have a weak team, but whether or not she will have the heaviest eleven of all remains to be seen next Sunday when she plays her initial game with Sorin.

The season all in all cannot fail to be interesting from every point of view, and the team which carries away the silver loving cup will, indeed, deserve it. All the students are expected to be present at the games to give their teams their moral support. The schedule is as follows:

INTERHALL FOOTBALL SCHEDULE.

Oct.	10—A. M.	Sorin vs. Brownson
"	10—P. M.	Walsh vs. St. Joseph
"	17—A. M.	Corby vs. Sorin
"	17—P. M.	Brownson vs. St. Joseph
"	21—P. M.	Sorin vs. Walsh
"	28—P. M.	St. Joseph vs. Sorin
Nov.	1—P. M.	Walsh vs. Corby
"	5—P. M.	Corby vs. St. Joseph
"	7—P. M.	Walsh vs. Brownson
"	13—P. M.	Corby vs. Brownson

A game of baseball was played on the Brownson campus last Sunday morning between the members of last year's Varsity team who are still with us and the new stars who entered school this year. Slim Walsh, Oscar Dorwin, and Charles Sheehan were all on the mound for the old-timers, while Murray and Lally did the honors for the newcomers.

The game was interesting and even exciting at times, the score being close until the last few innings, when the old boys knocked the ball around the lot and brought in several scores. Everyone was well pleased with the exhibition and went away assured that next year's Varsity baseball team will be a whirlwind.

Safety Valve.

A SKIVER'S LITANY.

On the Hill Street Car the other night a student who had overstayed his permission in town was deeply wrapped in meditation, thinking of the serious consequences his disobedience might lead to. As the car turned the corner at Steinkohl's drug store the conductor shouted out, "St. Louis," and the student bowing his head murmured softly, "pray for us." At the next crossing the conductor threw open the door and announced in a harsh voice, "St. Peter," and the unhappy student still deep in meditation murmured in a penitent voice, "pray for us." The car was now arriving at the engine house and the conductor throwing open the door for the third time announced in a loud voice, "Notre Dame," and the student wincing in his seat and coming out of his reverie spoke out in audible tones "O Lord deliver us."

A NEW EXCUSE.

"I've simply got to get out of this military drill, Father. It's positively certain that if this country ever gets into war, the military companies of the various colleges will be called on at once to go to the front, and my mamma doesn't want me to fight."

At last the students have come to realize that we need some crops for the rain.

Minim:—"Yes, I punched his nose, and I'll do it every time he calls me names. I'm—"

Prefect:—"But what did he call you that made you so angry?"

Minim:—"He said I was 'neutral' and he knows it's a mean lie and I won't stand for it."

"You know, I told Joe when he came that I'd be glad to do anything I could for him and now the poor simp comes every day it rains to borrow my rain coat and promises to bring it back the first dry day we have."

A METAPHORICAL MIXTURE.

"I have a toothache now that is pounding away so hard it would make a guillotine so heartily ashamed of itself that it would crumple up and henceforth and forever live in obscurity eating worms."—*From a Freshman's English paper.*

DEER MOTHER:—

A new horror has come to me since this here skool started. I never new there was no such things as melletary drill until they herded us together in the jimnasion like sheeps and made us carry guns and baynuts, then a rude fellow with a voice like a moter-man stood before our batch and gave the most unand-derstandable cry and because I didn't drop my gun and baynut he said many new words to me, once when we was walking fast he hollored halt and because I didn't stop walking he shouted about ivory and bone and reinforsed konkrete that made everyone laff

at me, if he told me to stop walking I'd have did it but he didn't say nothing but halt. Then he made me change my gun from one shoulder to another until he didn't no where he wanted it and neither did I so I flung the old gun away and said he wouldn't make no fule of me and father Burke he give me lines to rite out of the scholastic all about Linckon that was writ by a fellow named clements who left the skool after writing it and never come back which I dont blame him for, when I asked to go to town bro. Alphonsus said I had deemerits and I never had no such thing—it was only hives and he ought to have nowed by the way I skrated 'em. Now mother I wisht youd rite to the presidunt and tell him all about how bad my dead father would feel if he nowed they was bossin me like this in drill, tell him you think I'm going crazy and hoping you are the same,

I remane..

JOHN.

A man can't help it if he's bowl-legged, it simply indicates that his wish-bone has dropped down or that he swallowed a hoop, neither is it a person's fault because his head grew out through his hair, leaving him bald headed, but a fellow who will deliberately wear the thing Joe Gargan has on his upper lip,—well,—let's pray for rain for the crops.

Now that the order has gone forth in Chicago to close saloons on Sunday, people are beginning to talk of having a *tight* Sunday in Chicago—What'dye mean tight?

J. P. McEvoy who runs the "Gist and Jest of It" in the *Chicago Record Herald* was a student at Notre Dame and told me many things about his college days. I can't say that I'm crazy about John, but I sure do like the Alma Mater. The following poem is not an advertisement.

I've never been to school myself
I've missed a heap I guess
But what I've heard of college life
Has pleased me I confess
John Mc. has told me of his school
And I have asked my *pater*
To let me spend the summer with
McEvoy's Alma Mater.

When one is parched with the long heat
And lives far from the water,
He often has a yearning for
McEvoy's Alma Mater,
And oh! how cool it makes one feel—
John surely was not fooling
When he made boast to all his friends
About his early schooling.

And so I'm going out next year
To visit John's old college
I cannot help but drink long draughts
Of this new kind of knowledge.
And when I've finished up the course
Or case as it may be
You'll say that Mc's old Alma ma
Agreed first rate with me.