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## Summer's Death.

ACROSS a stretch of autumn land  
I saw the scarlet sumach stand  
Where Summer, vanquished, dying lay,  
His very life - blood ebbd away.

S. S.

## The Purposeful Novel is a Legitimate and Plausible Literary Form.

BY B. WALTER.

THE intention of fiction is, according to F. Marion Crawford, to amuse and please, not to teach or preach. He says, "In art of all kinds the moral lesson is a mistake." He brands the "purpose-novel" as a kind of literary vagabond which, he says, "proposes to escape from my definition of the novel in general and make itself an 'intellectual moral lesson instead of an 'intellectual artistic luxury.'" Notwithstanding the probability that Mr. Crawford is sincere in his statement, it might be questioned whether even he has rigorously adhered to these views in the creation of his own admirable novels.

No doubt the primary purpose of the novel, as of all fiction, is to entertain; for there exists between the writer and the reader at least a tacit understanding that the fictional commodity shall be pleasing and readable, perhaps even amusing. So true is this, at least on the reader's side, that probably ninety-nine per cent, if not more, of the novels purchased from the bookstore or drawn from the circulating libraries are obtained with entertainment as the only end in view.

Acknowledging, then, that the primary purpose of the novel, aside from the economic consideration, is to furnish entertainment to the reader, we are free to probe the subject farther, and examine if there be not, contrary

to Mr. Crawford's statement, a legitimate secondary function which the novel may exercise. May not the novelist have a wider and more praiseworthy aim than merely to entertain? A widely accepted view is that he may.

Father Coppens, S. J., says of the novel, "It should aim at a higher purpose than mere amusement—namely, to deck valuable knowledge and true wisdom in the pleasing garb of fiction, so as to captivate the imagination, and thus more readily gain mind and heart to what is worthy of man." Nearly every student of fiction recognizes the lawfulness of the purposeful element in the novel, the place of the moral lesson in fiction, and the general educational value which a well-written novel may possess.

Those who, with Mr. Crawford, hold that the sole function of the novel is to entertain, claim logically enough that a novel with a purpose has a poor chance, not only of being a ready seller, but of being sold at all; they affirm that if a man wants a book from which he may learn correct morals, or historical facts, or scientific knowledge, he will seek that learning, not in fictional works, but in treatises which purport to teach the subject in question. This indictment is hardly just, except in regard to that type of ultra-didactic fiction which we shall call, in the literal meaning of the terms, the *purpose-novel*. Most certainly, the novel which sets out with the avowed intent to teach or preach, and with only a half-hearted design to please, is doomed to ignominious and perpetual failure, for it is a literary hybrid, and as such will eventually succumb in the struggle for existence.

Yet perhaps this sweeping statement should be modified. For there are novels written with a real and undisguised purpose, which have not only accomplished the aim which their authors had in view, but have lived on into succeeding ages and taken their honored places among the world's classics. Such a novel is

"Uncle Tom's Cabin," in every sense a "purpose novel." But fiction of this type is rare; probably not more than a score of such novels by English or American authors could be named, and the proportion among the works in other tongues is scarcely larger. Moreover, it is safe to say that these infrequent types, far from succeeding because of their avowed purpose, have flourished in spite of it, and because they were instinct with life and charged to overflowing with the emotions of living men and women.

But if the purpose-novel is rare, there is another type, less radical in its measures, which is receiving an ever-increasing recognition, this is the "purposeful-novel"—the happy *via media* in which entertainment and instruction are skilfully blended; where pleasure, and even amusement, is furnished, and yet not without an admixture of those subtle elements which tend to satisfy our natural cravings for beauty and truth and goodness.

The novelist may complain that the realization of such a combination in fiction is difficult. Granted; but it is far from being an insurmountable difficulty. No doubt it is no easy task for the fiction producer to furnish the entertainment demanded and yet to instil into that very entertainment the elements of a moral lesson, the social or political atmosphere of a bygone age, the customs of a foreign people, or the bewitching beauty of an Alpine scene. Yet why desist because it is difficult? Is it not a nobler accomplishment to produce fiction that will make toward better morals, higher education and more permanent happiness, than to offer that which can satisfy only a passing and transient need? That the successful blending of entertainment and instruction within the novel is possible not only in theory but in practice, is proved by the large number of such works produced in the past and continuing to appear on the market from time to time.

Leaving out of consideration, then, that extreme type, the "purpose-novel"—the one aim of which is to teach—and alluding only to the purposeful novel—the type in which entertainment and instruction are felicitously combined—we may note some of the advantages of the latter from the double view-point of diversion and education.

A wholesome source of pleasure and amusement is a thing not to be despised. Man is so constituted that he needs a certain amount

of diversion and relaxation, and this the novel is able to furnish. That it should be wholesome is taken for granted, since, in this regard, all that does not tend to elevate in some way is rather an abuse than a legitimate use. But of the functions of entertainment it were useless to speak at length; the object of our attention is rather the secondary object of the novel; that is, its function as an immediate educator, since the legitimacy of this function is the question at issue. Some observations on the educational merits of modern fictional works, and the kinds of instruction that can be successfully imported by means of fiction, will serve to establish the proposition that the novel, besides furnishing entertainment, may successfully take upon itself the role of educator.

Upon critical and unprejudiced examination it will be found that the novel is capable of advancing the reader intellectually in any or in all of four ways, namely; morally, aesthetically, scientifically, and by way of general information; for to the dissemination of any sort of knowledge the novel lends itself with a pliability and unobtrusiveness little known in other methods of instruction.

First, it is a well-known fact that many people have not the disposition to pick up a spiritual book. The atmosphere of asceticism seems to envelop every volume which bears the character of spirituality so much, that these books are left to the pious few. But if the same teaching be deftly sandwiched into the novel, it is readily assimilated; a point is gained by the moralist, and the patient is not bored to death or frightened by the administration of the spiritual medicine. Besides the positive moral effect of leading toward good, there may be the negative one of influencing away from evil. If thrilling stories of murder and robbery have induced to the commission of crime, certainly the story which holds up the villain as a disgusting and degraded wretch will possess some power to influence away from evil. Eminently successful fictions in which the moral lesson is driven home dexterously and surely, are the novels of R. H. Benson, of John Ayscough, and of Andrew Klarmann. Nor can it be said that these novelists have lessened the sources of interest and entertainment in their novels by adding to them, or rather permeating them with, sound moral doctrines.

The instruction furnished by fiction may be

aesthetic as well as moral. In fact it is hard to see how a novel which lacked altogether the qualities which make toward aesthetic instruction could possibly possess anything that would make it at all worth reading or even readable. The very idea of aesthetics—of beauty—is intellectual, and hence it must educate, if not directly by instruction, at least indirectly by aesthetical entertainment. Experience has shown that the novel is able to advance the cause of education by creating or developing a taste for the higher things, the ideals of life. Who could read a novel of Walter Scott without feeling better able to appreciate the nobler things in life?

The weightiest opposition to the purposeful novel is that waged against the theory that any truly scientific instruction can be given in fictional works. Since the existence of a thing is a sufficient proof of its possibility, it only remains to cite some successful contributions to scientific knowledge in novels to establish the proposition that fictional works may have a real scientific value.

First of all, the extensive catalogue of historical novels must be considered as a reference list to truly scientific information; for every historical novel, in so far as it is true to its name, is a record of the past and a wellspring of truth. Nor does any one deny the value of such novels as Winston Churchill's "The Crisis" in bringing down to us the spirit of the Civil War, the nature of the issues which were then discussed, the extent and duration of that intestine upheaval which came near to wrecking a nation, and the character and ideals of the mental giants who were the leaders in thought and action.

The novel "Ramona," by Helen Hunt Jackson, besides being a delightful and entertaining tale, gives us a wealth of real, practical knowledge about the great Southwest, and a thorough and historically true idea of the Indian as he lived and labored under Mexican and under American influence.

Among juveniles, the works of Henty are recognized as thoroughly instructive, and the boy-world has amply testified, by a seal of universal approbation, to their ability to entertain. Tales of adventure like "The Boy Hunters" and "The Young Voyageurs" in the Captain Mayne Reid series have done much to educate young minds in the right use and appreciation of the things of nature. Yet, of

none of these books can it be said that their sole aim is to teach; evidently, the primary purpose of the authors was to entertain.

In political and social affairs the opinions of the masses have been altered by the novel. Russian and French writers have used this medium very widely to effect true social advances or pseudo-reforms. The humanitarian novels of Dickens, Kingsley and Reade show the possibilities in the line of real social uplift.

Under the heading of "general instruction" comes that vast bulk of unclassifiable knowledge or information, valuable beyond measure, which would otherwise be difficult or impossible for those to obtain who have not the opportunity to study or to travel. A judicious selection of fictional works cannot but give the careful reader a liberal education, for in a sense, the novel brings the whole world to our fireside.

We grant that the novel is by no means to be considered as a pack-mule for conveying burdens of religious, ethical, social, political or scientific instruction. Yet it would seem, in view of the foregoing facts, that, besides fulfilling its primary purpose of furnishing entertainment, the novel may have a legitimate and plausible secondary aim; namely, to create an atmosphere of culture and to impart, by dexterously handled moral, aesthetic, scientific and informational lessons, a real and thoroughly useful knowledge.

### Centerville vs. Bean Blossom.

BY HARRY SCOTT.

Centerville was excited!

This observation deserves a separate paragraph; for the town is by no means a Paris of Gayety and a partial eclipse of the moon will cause more excitement in the above-mentioned burg than would a flock of September Morns walking up State Street, Chicago.

All on account of a ball game! Not an ordinary game like those played in the National League, but one which meant for the winner the "champeen-ship" of Buck county. Once each year all of the ordinarily quiet, hard-working people living in the county came together to cheer, yell and in every way act different from the way they acted on all other days. Once every year teams from Centerville and Bean Blossom met on the baseball field and the result was everything from friendly

arguments to fist fights. The eventful day was at hand. Naturally Centerville was excited.

The Harvy House, the one hotel the town could boast of (if it cared to), was crowded with people, each trying to talk louder than his neighbor. A tall grinning farmer walked up to the one behind the desk and asked:

"What time's the Bean Blossom crowd a-coming, Hy?"

Hy, red-faced, fat and lazy, slowly looked up at the fly-specked face of the clock.

"Oh, I reckon they oughta be in 'n 'bout an 'our. I hear they got a couple ringers, but we'll beat 'em anyway. Seen Bill Wade, lately?"

"Thar he is over yonder," replied the first speaker, pointing to a tall powerful young man who was smiling boyishly and shaking hands as fast as a politician.

Bill Wade was the hero of Centerville, the Home Run Baker of the team. Jes Long had once said of him: "When Bill comes to bat, count up as many runs as there are fellers on base plus one, get another ball and let the next man go to bat." Which was only partly true.

All were crowding around the hero, asking him questions or giving him advice. The conversation suddenly ceased when a well-dressed stranger ceremoniously edged his way into the crowd. Glancing around the group, he spoke very impressively:

"Is Mr. Wade in the crowd?" Mr. Wade, his chest slightly expanded, stepped forward.

"That's what they call me."

"Ah, Mr. Wade, I am very glad to meet you," shaking hands cordially. "My name is Carson, Henry Carson. I would like to speak to you for a few minutes—" and noticing the eagerness of those around him, he added—"privately. Just step up to my room."

As the shining star of the Centerville team followed the stranger up the stairs, the crowd stood amazed, speechless. Finally Jeb Davis, always quick-witted under such circumstances, rushed up to open-mouthed Hy Harvy who was leaning onto the desk for support.

"Who's that feller going up the steps with Wade?" he demanded excitedly.

"Cordin' to what he writ in the book his name is H. M. Carson and he hails from Marshall. Came in on the three-fifty this morning. Why?"

Hy's slow wits had not yet grasped the importance of the situation.

"I'll bet he's a gambler and he's trying to get Bill to throw the game." And suspicious Jeb Davis turned to the crowd that had followed him to the desk.

"Fellers, that man Carson is a gambler from Marshall and he is trying to buy Bill to throw the game."

"Nonsense, Jeb," spoke up Jes Long. "You know that he couldn't buy Bill. I think—"

His thoughts might have been immortal, but it mattered not for they were never spoken. Just then Bill came hurrying down the stairs, followed by the stranger, and on his face was a glorious smile.

The crowd did not regain their wits until the two were outside the door, which was at the foot of the stairs. Then all made a rush for the door at the same time. The first to reach the sidewalk was Bill and the stranger in a throbbing automobile. As the machine slowly glided away, the mighty slugger, standing up, shouted to his friends:

"I been signed up, fellers! I been signed up! At last my chance has come to play in orgynized baseball. I been signed up to play with Marshall. I been—" The rest was lost to the ears of his listeners for the machine was speeding down the street, enveloped in a cloud of dust.

"What does he mean he has been signed up," asked Hy Harvy who, coming out to see what all the fuss was about, had heard only a part of what Bill had said.

"What does it mean?" thundered Jeb Davis. "Why it means Bill Wade ain't going to play with Centerville this afternoon."

This blunt statement of the situation fell like a cannon shot among them and each realized for the first time what Wade's parting remarks really meant. All of a sudden the sun ceased to shine in Centerville, literally speaking.

Accounts of the disaster spread faster than does generally the news of a young girl's slight deviation from the straight and narrow in a small country town. Which is some traveling! Details were lacking, but whether he was going to play with the Cincinnati Nationals or going to the big leagues, the result was the same. Many blamed him; but some excused him by saying: "A chance to play in orgynized baseball don't come ever" full of the moon."

"Who should play right field?" that was the question.

A consultation was held by the team, and

after much hesitation and a great deal of deliberation, Hy Harvy, hotel clerk, dreamer extraordinary, was selected to fill the place of the mighty slugger. This decision was reached, not because of Hy's playing ability but because of his availability. No one else was there in town who could play anything more than a game of "pass." Still Hy considered it an honor and secretly decided to "show them all up."

Not long after, the Bean Blossom crowd arrived, yelling like Indians. This made the Centerville rooters mad and they succeeded in making as much noise. But their optimism was forced and unnatural. Their faces wore smiles but their hearts could do nothing but frown. And natural enough! Had not Fate, in the guise of a baseball scout, decreed that they should lose their hero, the only one who could win for them the "champeen-ship of Buck County."

The game was called at three o'clock. It was played at the fair grounds, on a field about as smooth as the ocean in stormy weather. The small rickety "grand" stand was crowded. People were sitting around the diamond, tailor fashion. And all were hot! There was much mopping of foreheads and much reminding of the obvious: "Kinda warm, ain't it?"

The gods of fate were neutral up to the seventh inning, when Bean Blossom got two runs, making the score 14 to 12 in their favor. Centerville had fought desperately and had only made eight errors, but the mighty Wade and his bat were missing. The eighth ended, neither side having scored. Lem Barry remarked that it was "kinda nip and tuck," and all around him mopped their brows, nodding in agreement.

Bean Blossom was unable to score in the first of the ninth, and as the "home boys" came to bat, the Centerville rooters yelled themselves hoarse, more to give vent to their wounded pride than because they expected to win. To them the "champeenship" seemed as far away and as unattainable as the scorching sun that burned in the sky.

Marshall was only thirty miles from Centerville, but to Bill Wade it seemed three hundred and thirty, although never in his uneventful life (spent mostly behind a plow) had he ridden so fast. Mr. Carson was smoking a fat black cigar and smiling as a big league scout probably smiles after discovering a young Ty Cobb.

"You will no doubt play in to-day's game," he was saying. "Although our team is in first place, Denning and Bagersburg are crowding us. Burke, our manager, said to me the other day, 'Carson, we need a real slugger—someone who can hit the ball every time he comes to bat.' It was up to me to produce one; I heard of you, and, my boy, if you make good, as I think you will, you will be a member of this year's pennant winners of the State League."

Wade drew in such a breath that the air around him became a pound less in pressure.

"At last my chance has come to play in orgy-nized baseball," kept running through his mind.

The two entered Marshall without any mishap, which Wade feared, and drove to the Howard House, the best hotel in the town. Mr. Carson took a card from his pocket and handed it to the recruit.

"I've got some business to attend to at the hotel here. You report at the office—two blocks down, on this side of the street. I'll be waiting for you here in the lobby." And, as if thinking of something confidential, he came closer to him. "Listen, Kid! Your worth a lot to Burke. Don't sign a contract for nothing. Make him come through. So long for now!"

Wade, whose knees were beginning to wobble on being left alone, looked at the card in his hand. On it was written in pencil:

433 High Street.

Summoning up his courage, he started down the street. It was two blocks down Mr. Carson had said. He read the numbers as he went along to keep up his nerve, coming finally to 401.

"401, 403, 405." Cold chills were running up and down his back. "427, 429, 431."

"This next must be the place," he thought. "Yes, there was the number. But below it read a sign:

FISH MARKET.

A tiny cloud appeared high up in his sky of hope. After hesitating a bit, he entered. A sleek, smelly man came up to him.

"Something?" he asked politely.

"Is Mr. Burke, the manager of the ball team, here?" he managed to stammer.

"You mean Pat Burke, manager of the Marshall Tip Tops?"

With open mouth and eyes large, Bill jerked his head up and down in mute agreement.

The clerk looked at him in such an amazed

way that the hero of the town of Centerville, realizing that something was wrong, hurried out before he could get an answer.

He half ran, half walked to the hotel, but could find no Mr. Carson. Nor could he find any one who knew him. He looked around the lobby; he asked the hotel clerk; he even looked in the bar. It came to him all at once, as he found himself standing on the sidewalk.

"I've been buncoed!" He admitted this aloud so that several passers-by turned to look at him. He saw it all now. Much money had been bet on Bean Blossom to win, and he had been kidnapped. Hurrying to the inter-urban station, he found that the next car for Centerville left in forty minutes. So he waited.

Hy Holler, the first man up in the ninth, thinking the crowd was cheering for him personally, took off his hat and bowed smilingly. The first ball pitched hit him in the back of the neck—no one knew how it ever happened but that mattered little—and took his base. All Ezra Parkins could do was to pop up to the pitcher, but Jim Bradley lined out a single which put Holler on second and himself on first with only one out. The home crowd cheered mightily and hope rose in each breast. That is, it started to rise but dropped as soon as it realized that Hy Harvy, substitute right fielder, was stepping to the plate. In four times at bat Hy had struck out three times. The other time he had been called out on strikes. So no self-respecting hope could be expected to rise with him as the cause.

Hy's plans for fame had gone amiss, but he was fully determined to make good use of this last chance to redeem himself. As he stood swinging his bat, a loud whooping was heard and a coatless man was seen running to the ball field. The crowd stretched their necks in silence. All play ceased! Jeb Davis yelled "It's Bill Wade." And a young cyclone broke out in Centerville's part of the grand stand.

"What's the score?" he demanded as he staggered up to the player's bench. On being told that it was 14 to 12 in favor of Bean Blossom, he grabbed his favorite bat and said to the umpire: "I'm battin' fer Harvy." Hy gave way to the hero with commendable modesty. The umpire, a short, thin fellow, wearing glasses and a bushy, white beard, sang out in a high-squeaky voice:

"Wade battin' fer Harvy," and play was

resumed. The pitcher for Bean Blossom, a tall lanky fellow who had chewed at least a quarter's worth of scrap tobacco during the progress of the game, was apparently little excited by the arrival of this home-run swatter. He only chewed a bit harder. One half of the crowd was pitifully silent, the other half cheered like inhabitants of an insane asylum.

The first ball pitched was a little wild. "Ball one," the umpire called.

Bill swung hard at the next one, but struck nothing more movable than air. "Strike one!" sang the umps. Then followed two balls, a strike and another ball. Three and two! This one told! The crowd was quiet save for a single voice here and there, such as "hit it out Bill" or "you can do it Bill." The tall pitcher stopped to take a fresh chew and then, stepping slowly into the box, swinging his arm around his head several times, he let go of the ball. As it shot across the plate Bill swung with all the force of his husky body and— and missed. Like the mighty Casey he had struck out. The Centerville rooters were silent. Bill was red with anger.

It was then that Hy Harvy, slow, dreaming Hy Harvy, looking solemn and sorrowful, begged Bradley, manager of the team, to give him a chance. Excited, completely discouraged, he shook his head, yes.

"Harvy battin' fer Mootz," the umpire announced. To which the Bean Blossom team objected, saying that when a man is taken out he can not bat again. But the umps could not see it that way. "Here it is in the rule book," some one said.

"Wall, we ain't never gone by that book yet and we ain't goin' to start now." And since his word was final, play was resumed.

In all his life Hy had never hurried, he had never become excited, his feelings had never been ruffled. But the pent-up spirit of all this time had now broken loose. In his heart he was sure that he would hit the ball. The mocking grin of the pitcher and the jeers of the Bean Blossom rooters incensed him the more.

As the first ball came toward him, he shut his eyes and swung. There was a mighty c-r-a-c-k and—

In the wild rush that followed, when the cheering crowd was carrying Hy Harvy around on their shoulders, Bill's hat was knocked off, but no one seemed to notice it.



## Varsity Verse.

## SOMETIME.

Sometime perchance in the far distant days  
When eyes begin to dim and cheeks grow wan,  
You may look back across the faded years  
And wonder where the happy hours are gone.

Sometime you may remember the sad youth  
With crimson cheek and eyes of deepest blue  
Who lived beneath the sunshine of your smile  
And would have walked life's thorny way with you.

Sometime you may believe his heart was true,  
And long to hear him whisper love again,  
And tears may gather in your drooping eyes  
Remembering the lover you have slain.

Sometime—but now goodbye, and fare-thee-well,  
Let the grey years bring what of death they may,  
They cannot crush again the bruised reed—  
A broken heart is laid to rest to-day.

*DeWald McDonald.*

## A DOMESTIC SPAT.

A kindly man was Mr. Pratt  
As kindly as could be;  
Yet there were times when his fair spouse  
And he could not agree.  
"Long may our home," said Mr. Pratt  
"With happiness be blessed  
And may sweet fortune to our flat  
Send favors yet unguessed."  
Just then the sound of baby's voice  
Disturbed his reverie.  
"And may Dame Fortune's foremost gift  
A Maxim Husher be!"  
Cried Mrs. Pratt: "You horrid thing  
To speak of Claudine so!  
What would our lives without her be?  
Pray tell me if you know!"  
Her lord replied: "One grand sweet song;  
Not sung at *night*, my dear.  
Like baby there, whose *Nocturnes* strong  
The neighborhood can hear!"  
Wailed Better Half: "Oh, ainchu mean  
To slight your daughter so?  
Thank God, Muhma's not far away,  
To her I'm goin to go!"  
"Aw, honey now you oughta know  
I don't mean what I say!  
Come, can't I take the little dear  
Out for a ride to-day?"

*D. J. E.*

## POETICAL INSPIRATIONS.

If I were a fish in the deep green sea  
And you were a precious pearl,  
I would build a coral home for you  
Where the waters seethe and whirl  
And I'd keep you safe lest the angry tide  
Should carry you far away—  
If I were a fish in the deep blue sea  
And you were a pearl to-day.

If I were a nut in a hickory tree  
And you were a chipmonk small,  
I would grow all ruddy and ripe for you  
In the frosts of early fall,  
And I'd whisper to you to eat me up  
So that I might be with you,  
If I were a nut in a hickory tree,  
And you were a chipmonk true.

If I were the Dome at Notre Dame  
And you were a sub-way room,  
I'd carry the morning sun to you  
To shatter the winter's gloom.  
And I'd keep my eyes on your sweet face  
Down there in your college tomb,  
If I were the Dome at Notre Dame,  
And you were a sub-way room.

But alas! a blundering ass am I  
And you are a freak, I think,  
And I'm spending study time writing this  
And using up my ink.  
And I'll find my name on the "Dinky" List  
As sure as the grass is green  
For I am the king of the idlers  
And you are my idle queen. *C. J. C.*

## Ibsen's Nora.

BY LOUIS P. HARL.

Nora was the first "new" woman. After the "reformation" and the "revolution," after Luther, Voltaire, Rousseau, Hume and the rest, had, as they thought, completed the destruction of the "old" religion and government and almost the old civilization itself, their successors, the advanced thinkers of the nineteenth century—Darwin and the scientists, Marx, Schopenhauer, and the philosophers, Hugo and the humanists—set about founding a new society upon new theories and ideals. Philosophy, literature, science, the platform, the press, and the stage, were all pressed into

service to advance the movement. Everything was to be new except Christianity, and since this could not be made over again it was to be done away with entirely. So many and enthusiastic have been the workers, so catching the idea that lo and behold! already almost everything under the sun is new. Wonderful indeed, has been the transformation! Scarcely a vestige of the old civilization remains, so completely have they evolutionized and revolutionized this old globe. Already we have that extraordinary pair the "superman" and the "new" woman. Shortly by the proper application of sex hygiene and eugenics all the old race will be eliminated and we will have the "super" society.

In this work of renovating the world, in this later day renaissance, Henrik Ibsen, the Norwegian dramatist, has played an important part. Not only has he promulgated most of the new ideas but he has contributed quite a number of his own. He is primarily responsible for the "new" drama and the "new" woman. It is true, the prototype of the "new" woman had already made her appearance in literature. It is also true that the feminist movement, as a movement, did not begin until some years after Ibsen. But Ibsen, who has often been called the prophet of the feminist movement was in reality more than a prophet, he was a creator of the movement.

The idea that inspires the movement was first brought forth in the "Doll's House." Ever since reason had been defied by its enthronement, in the person of a lewd woman, on the altar of Notre Dame, the idea had been germinating. In the woman of Sand and Elliot and particularly in "Madam Bovary" of Flaubert the thought found further expression. It was left however for Ibsen to create the "new" woman, and she was called Nora. Later she found even fuller development perhaps in Hedda Gabler. The "new" woman was not made from a man's rib, and she was breathed on by Ibsen, which accounts, no doubt, for her superiority. She had many advantages. In the first place her work did not consist in homemaking or in peopling the world, but in reforming and converting it. Then, again, she did not have the handicaps of her older sister, since she was accountable for her conduct only to herself, was bound by no ideals, no old worn-out traditions, no moral laws. No wonder her evolution was so rapid or that her

enlightened descendant, the "new" woman of to-day, can preach free love, sex equality, social improvement and morality with equal readiness, and smash church windows and policemen and politicians' heads with equal grace. Being descendants of Nora hardly less could be expected of them; it was to be anticipated that they would far outstrip their less fortunate sisters who were only descendants of Eve.

What a contrast between this woman and Mary, the Mother of God, the Madonna of the ages, whose sweet face and pure life has ever been the inspiration of men,—this "new" woman who places self before husband and family, who knows not the meaning of such words as devotion, self-sacrifice, and love! How she casts into the shade Antigone and Joan of Arc, St. Teresa and Florence Nightingale and the woman of Shakespeare,—this "doll" with her childish whims and fancies, who fibs so glibly and who loves her children in something of the same way she loves macaroons.

But who is this Nora who is the origin of a new species and who therefore takes rank with Darwin's ape as one of the greatest productions of the nineteenth century?

Nora Helmar has been for eight years the happy and contented child-wife of Torvald Helmar. They have three fine children and are at last, after years of struggle, in comfortable circumstances when Nora is brought to the terrible realization that she is only a child-wife, a doll, and forthwith, without giving her husband the chance which he asks to treat her as a companion and a wife, leaves him and her family, to, as she expresses it, "grow up," and "to become herself."

The Nora of the first two and of the last act of Ibsen's play is almost a different woman, but in neither instance is she a type of true womanhood. With the Nora of the first two acts, however, we have little to quarrel. True, she is not one of those noble women Shakespeare makes us love so well. Ibsen's women are never heroines, as Shakespeare's are. In the first act, Nora is a real woman, interesting and charming, but hardly admirable. We can at least understand Nora's fibs and the macaroons, the unbecoming frankness and flirtation with Dr. Rank. We might even pass over the forgery and the more serious lies. These are



grave offenses, but she was impelled to them by a powerful motive, love, and she gave in. In doing these things she is only human. The real Nora (whose story it is said suggested the plot of the play) committed forgery to redecorate her house. Nora's contemplation of suicide cannot be condoned, but since it did not occur we may pass it over in silence.

But the faults of the Nora of the first part of the play are forgotten when we come to that tremendous third act. The Nora of the last act is different. We almost admire her until the reverberation of the door (the stage effect which closes the play) has died away. Even Nora's decision to leave home has at first sight some show of defense. Helmar, her husband, lacks much of being what some critics make him out—an ideal husband. He is before all things an egotist who while he loves his wife loves himself more. We cannot altogether blame him for treating his wife as a doll, she was one, but he is too content to let her remain so. His wrath on discovering his wife's guilt is justifiable, even though many of his statements are extravagant, but his sudden recovery of equilibrium when he learns that his name will not be disgraced through the disclosure of her deed shows that he thought little or nothing of the moral gravity of the offense. But it is in that last act that the man and woman are brought out each in his true color, and from sympathizing with the wife we are brought to sympathize with her husband. It is a wonderful act, when man and wife seated at a table discuss the failure of their marriage in the first serious talk of their life—a triumph of dramatic art! In that short talk we learn more of their characters than we would from whole years of acquaintance. What a terribly true picture of herself Nora gives us in such expressions as when speaking of her fitness to rear children she admits "that problem is beyond me," or when she confesses that she does not know what religion really is.

The thing that stands out before everything else in that last act is the selfishness of Nora—for after all that is the right term for all her talk about going away "to be herself" and to "grow up." The new Nora is utterly incapable of such a thing as self-sacrifice. The whole act is a wonderful exposition of Ibsen's individualism. Take for instance, where Nora says in regard to religion: "I will see whether what he taught me is right, or at any

rate whether it is right for me." Here she acknowledges no right or wrong save that which pleases herself. Take again, the passage where Nora expresses for the first time the gospel of the feminist movement. Helmar asks her: "Can you forsake your holiest duties in this way?"

NORA. "What do you consider my holiest duties?"

HELMAR. "Do I need to tell you that? Your duties to your husband and your children."

NORA. "I have other duties equally holy."

HELMAR. "Impossible! What duties do you mean?"

NORA. "My duties toward myself."

HELMAR. "Before all else you are a wife and mother."

NORA. "That I no longer believe."

Exactly how far Ibsen would have us carry these principles, exactly how he would have us interpret "this duty toward ourselves" we do not know.

Ibsen evidently had it in mind to defend the action of Nora. In his attempt, like most of the new-fangled moralizers, to defend immorality as the acme of morality, to preach falsehood as the latest gospel of truth, was his most grievous sin. But the deeper one reads into that last act the weaker and more fallacious Ibsen's defense of Nora's conduct becomes. Is it not the height of the illogical that she who of all creatures is the most lacking in loyalty and devotion, who will sacrifice nothing for her children and her husband, should ask for the accomplishment of what she calls the "miracle," that is that her husband sacrifice his name and honor merely to prove his love and devotion for her? To this he replies: "But no man sacrifices his honor even for one he loves," and she answers: "Million of women have done so." Is not that a rather weak retort from such a champion of duty? Nora's last defense is torn away when her husband, broken hearted and crushed, all his egotism gone and willing to make any concession, cries out from the depths of his heart: "I have strength to become another man," and Nora spurning the offer turns away, and without so much as a look at the sleeping children, goes into the street. As the slam of the door vibrates and revibrates in our ear we wonder if it is not womanhood rather than marriage that Ibsen puts the question mark after in his "Doll's." House

# THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC

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—Motionless and conspicuous among the dregs and nonentities of college life sits the dreamer. Not the ordinary, night-blooming variety of dreamer, but the **The Dreamer.** credulous, blinking, professional day-dreamer. The egotistic visionary whose life is totally centered in his own rampant imagination; the effeminate individual who constantly and lavishly entertains the most preposterous schemes and speculations; the aerial architect who scorns to stoop to mundane activities; the unbalanced hypocrite who allows his facile and fanciful conceptions to uproot all his ambition, thrift, and application; the so-called student who is playing a losing game. He is here in goodly numbers with us this year, not spiritually or mentally perhaps, but at least obstructing the campus and occupying valuable space, devouring his share of the buns and trying to put something over on his professors. Briefly, *he* is here,—his mind isn't.

College life is replete with pests, ranging all the way from checker champions down to imitation yodlers, but the day-dreamer tops them all. His blasé contempt for the material side of life is appalling, his bland ignorance disgusting. With his paltry cranium crammed with whims and nonsense he is incapable of absorbing any practical knowledge. He lives in a world apart, an artificial, superficial world. He is the mighty hero of the realms of his own imagination, and he excludes the commonplace from his eminent existence. He can never answer a question in class, but he can charm

himself for hours with moping over some impossible wool-gathering expedition. He can vividly picture himself rescuing some frightened maiden from the depths of a bottomless chasm by means of a quarter-inch rope, even if he does spell it "roap." He can visualize himself leading legions into battle, but he is too absentminded to keep in step at drill. He can discern himself as a millionaire business man, although he can't subtract three from seven without making several errors. He can enthrone himself on the pinnacle of glory without ever thinking of the means necessary to actually get there. He is dreaming. His mind is floating around in the clouds above the gilded dome. He is fitting himself for a place in the headline. He is playing a losing game.

## Personals.

—Leo Welsh (old student), who is at present in the banking business with his father, made a short call on his friends last Sunday.

—Edward P. Escher (C. E., 1909) is District Manager of the Stephens-Adamson Manufacturing Company, of Aurora, Illinois, with office in Detroit.

—John W. Culligan, known here a year ago as "Jack" by a legion of friends, has joined the teaching staff of St. Thomas College, St. Paul, Minnesota.

—Mr. James Riddle, who was so popular in last year's DOME and with last year's students, is to enter the Benedictine Order. His address is St. Paul's College, Covington, Louisiana.

—Mr. Otto Baujan visited his brother Harry last week and met many of his old friends. Otto was a student at Notre Dame four years ago and is at present in business with his father.

—Campus fans and others will be interested to learn that Joe Pliska has been engaged as football coach for St. Ignatius College in Chicago. He has already taken up his new duties.

—Dwight Cusick (Ph. B., '12), popularly known at school as the center of the Sorin team in 1912, has given up football and is in the office of the Prosecuting Attorney of Lucas County, Toledo, Ohio.

—Among the enthusiastic supporters of the Gold and Blue football team at last Saturday's game with Haskell was Hon. James Deery (LL. B., '11). Jim seems to be going swiftly

toward the highest honors his community can bestow.

—Jim Sanford (Ph. B., '15) is with the Federal Brass Co. of Detroit, Michigan. His address is 189 Frederick St., Detroit, Mich.

—Mr. Stephen Burns (E. E., '15) visited the University during the past week. Steve is with the Electric Co. of Fort Wayne, Indiana. He will be remembered as the star pianist at the vaudeville shows.

—William A. O'Brien, who was registered here as a student from Fairbury, Illinois, in 1908, announces that he is opening offices at 1524 Hamilton Boulevard, Detroit, Michigan, for the practice of medicine.

—Art and Mike Carmody (E. E., '15) are connected with the Standard Oil Company at Shreveport, La. Both were athletes of note and had been attending the University for a number of years. The students miss them this year.

—Among the old boys who have been successful are T. Gerraughty and his brother Will (students '00-'04). They are with the Northern Pacific R. R. Tom writes that he has three fine children and expects to send the boy to Notre Dame.

—Paul Byrne (Ph. B., '13) has joined the faculty of Ohio State University, in the capacity of teacher of bibliography and assistant in the cataloguing department of the institution. Byrne has just graduated from the New York School of Library Science.

—Mr. Thomas Hearn (LL. B., '15), who was the business manager of last year's DOME, is practicing law in Chisholm, Minnesota. No one who knew Tom intimately doubts about his making good. Tom had as we say in the vernacular "some line."

—Herbert Kelly returned to the University during the week from a successful season in the Southern and National Leagues. Moke's showing while in the Dixie circuit was so good that he was recalled by Pittsburgh. He has resumed his engineering work here.

—John Hynes (LL. B., '15), quarterback on the Sorin team of last year, is now calling signals for the law firm of Stipp, Perry and Sterzinger of Des Moines, Iowa. John passed the Iowa bar examination with high honors and is doing good work for his firm.

—Mr George Schuster (A. B., '15) is teaching

school in Hibbing, Minn. George carried away three medals last year and was also a member of the N. D. debating team. George writes: "Old N. D. looks like the million dollar mystery to me now, since I came out here in the wilderness."

—Mr. Harold Madden (LL. B., '15), better known to the students as "skinny," dropped in for the Haskell-Notre Dame football game last Saturday. Harold was a member of the "Lilac Club" last year, but he is a hard-working man this year being engaged in the practice of law in Chicago.

—Mr. Harry Miller (LL. B., '09), the famous "golden-haired" half-back who tore up the Michigan line in 1909 and was in a large part responsible for a decisive victory over the Wolverines, visited his brother, Walter, during the week. Harry is making good as a lawyer in Omaha, Nebraska.

—On Saturday Jim Nolan (LL. B., '12) was a guest at the University. Jim is having no little success as a lawyer in Indianapolis and is making himself better known every day. His early experience collected in Corby Hall when he was manager of the athletic teams, has stood by him and helped him to argue cases. He was accompanied by Dennis Moran.

—A. M. Prichard (LL. B., '12), in a letter to the Editor of the SCHOLASTIC, has the following words of commendation:

"Please allow me to congratulate you on your splendid and vivid description of 'The Student Who Borrows.' He is indeed a cussed cuss. Your editorial is a gem. It should be posted conspicuously and indelibly on top of every desk, beneath the eyes of every student. Its single lesson is an education, and the student who learns that and nothing more will get his money's worth."

### Local News.

—The general opinion is that the "Lilacs" is to be reopened before very long.

—The Day Dodgers' organization is planning their first dance of the year and have invited all members of the Senior Class to attend.

—Stray shots on drill days remind us that the supply of blank cartridges dealt out at Lawton last summer is not yet exhausted.

—The first dance of the Day Dodgers will be held in Place Hall next Wednesday night. Permission has been secured for all who desire to attend.

—Professor Lenihan requests all histrioni-

cally inclined students to see him in regard to the vaudeville show which he plans to produce in a short time.

—From the pepper shown last Sunday in connection with the opening interhall games, it looks as though this year would witness the most interesting season for many years.

—The dance of the South Bend Council Knights of Columbus held last Tuesday night was well patronized by the Knights of Notre Dame. The latter plan to give a dance sometime in the near future.

—To further accommodate the increased registration, even the porter's lodge opposite the postoffice is to be utilized. The lodge has been renovated and is being occupied by Frank Holslag, who wished to be "at the front."

—The Class of 1917 has elected Royal Bosshard as its president for the coming year. The other men honored are George Shanahan, vice-president; Edgar Moran, treasurer; Chas. Corcoran, secretary; and Leonard Evans, sergeant-at-arms.

—The Day Students have invited the rest of the University to an informal dancing party at Place Hall on Wednesday evening, October 20th. The "daily visitors" are pushing the affair in order to buy athletic equipment for their entry in the interhall competition.

—Miss Cecilia Bohan and Albert Marcus were united in marriage in Sacred Heart Church, Notre Dame, Indiana, on September 28. Rev. Matthew Schumacher performed the ceremony. The groom, who is a brother of Ed Marcus, will be remembered as the host of the students who hiked from South Bend to Chicago to witness the Carlisle game.

—Founder's Day was celebrated last Wednesday by the time-honored Solemn High Mass and holiday. Mass was celebrated by Father Cavanaugh, with Father Schumacher and Father Walsh as deacon and subdeacon respectively. In a short but beautiful sermon, Father Walsh sketched the devoted life of the venerable founder and offered it as a model for the students of the school that he founded.

—An article by Dr. P. Foik, C. S. C., on "Pioneer Efforts in Catholic Journalism in the United States 1809-1840," has just appeared in the *Catholic Historical Review*. Dr. Foik has had access to the old documents, papers, and periodicals that deal with the early history of the State of Michigan and is considered an

authority on early Michigan manuscripts. He is quoted this week by Charles Melvin Lee a writer of no little note.

—On Wednesday afternoon, St. Edward's Day, the members of St. Edward Hall, according to a time-honored custom, held all manner of field events on the minims' campus. Sack races, three-legged races, egg races, and several other comical sports were features of the day. Though the weather was somewhat stormy, it failed to dampen the spirits of the youngsters who managed to get in their various events between showers. The thirteenth of October is a great day for the minims, but it is enjoyed equally as well by the older students who spend the afternoon watching the little fellows battle for honors.

—The Notre Dame Rifle Club has been reorganized. The new officers are: Lea Vogel, president; Emmett Walters, secretary, and Sergeant Campbell, treasurer. A campaign is on foot to make this organization a true part of the school. Hitherto it has been patronized by a few members of the Military department, and neglected by the rest of the students. This year it is the intention of the club to buy several new high-power target rifles and to triple last year's membership if possible. Fifty cents a year will give any student the privilege of using the gallery at will. It is a proposition well worth the consideration of every student.

—In conformity with a custom prevalent throughout the country, the Notre Dame Council, Knights of Columbus, celebrated Columbus Day with appropriate ceremony in their council chambers in Walsh Hall last Wednesday night. The program was as follows: Selection, Collegian's Orchestra; recitation, Emmett Lenihan; vocal selection, Ward Perrott; selection, Orchestra; address on Columbus, Rev. M. A. Quinlan; violin solo, J. Hanna; humorous recitation, Rev. E. Burke; cornet solo, Minavio; selection, Orchestra; refreshments; "The Star Spangled Banner."

—The attractive posters of Raymond Humphreys and the untiring efforts of George McDonald and Ward Perrott, brought one hundred prospective members of the new Glee Club to the first meeting in Sorin Law Room last Sunday morning. Father Cavanaugh presided and was chosen honorary president. He in turn, appointed George DeWald McDonald, president; Harold Ambrose McConnell, vice-president; Louis Keifer, secretary,

and Ward Perrott, director. All these offices are temporary, pending the permanent organization that will take place when the sheep are weeded from the goats and the true singers are discovered.

—The Brownson Literary Society had its first regular program Friday evening, Oct. 8, at eight o'clock. Foremost among the speakers were Mr. Daniel McGlynn who delivered the well-known and favorite selection "Spartacus to the Gladiators," and Mr. Wm. A. Curley, member of last year's Freshman debating team, who gave Patrick Henry's famous speech, "The Call to Arms."

After the program a discussion was opened to the members of the society. The subject chosen was "Our National Preparedness for Defense." Several good speeches and short rebuttals were made; but the discussion was easily won by the advocates of an increase in the means of defense for the United States. The meeting was closed by a short address by Professor Lenihan, the critic of the society.

—Rev. John Scheier, C. S. C., professor of Latin and Greek at the University of Notre Dame and pastor of Sacred Heart Church, has donated to the University Library a collection of ancient classics of great value and of fine workmanship:

Among the most valuable of these books are: a Florentine edition of the "Comedies of Plautus" printed in 1554; Hugo Grotius' "Menander and Philemon" printed in 1809; Decier's works of "Horace" printed by Vanderhoeck in Hamburg in 1753, and a valuable work by Theophrastus in Greek and Latin, printed by the DeHorsey Press, London, in 1612.

This is the third donation of books to the University Library made by Father Scheier from his collection of classics, which is one of the finest private collections in the state.

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### In the Old Days.

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This year's SCHOLASTIC staff thoroughly realizes that if the University publication is to be made interesting for old students who remember well the Notre Dame of their own time, but who have not been able to keep up with the changes that occurred since and who know nothing of the present-day students, it must contain stories of old days—tales that only the old boys know, and to which only they

could give the real flavor and local color.

However well meaning a present-day student might be, however industriously he might labor in perusing the old volumes of the college paper, he would find it impossible to gather the most interesting themes, partly because he does not know the significance or importance of references to things that occurred long ago, and partly because many of the most humorous events were never recorded.

Now we are fully aware that nearly all the old boys have little spare time. Their day is full of business transactions and they find it difficult to snatch a little time now and then for much-needed recreation. We know also that many of them whose business is along other lines than newspaper work, have been little given to writing stories of any kind. Yet for the sake of making the SCHOLASTIC interesting to the alumni we believe that all would be willing to take an hour or two to write their reminiscences either in narrative form or in notes that will be filled out after they are sent in.

Very often a little incident, long ago forgotten by an alumnus, when recalled by a classmate, will bring up golden memories hidden beneath the years. Frequently a name will carry one back to the old campus and paint for him scenes that he will delight to gaze upon. Everyone who writes the little happenings that occurred in his day, be they humorous or serious, may be sure that he is giving real pleasure to a host of other students scattered over the country who will recall the story and enjoy it. Byron Kanaley in his address at the Alumni banquet gave several incidents that had the old boys in fits of laughter, and in tears. Charlie Bryan's inimitable stories could not fail to interest everyone; Louis Reed had last year's alumni spellbound, and there are many others who can do the same. Everyone can do something if he has the good will—and it was never lacking to a follower of the Gold and Blue.

We ask you, therefore, that you write your reminiscences and send them in so that the college paper may be for the Alumni as well as for the students of to-day, and surely the present-day students may find that with all their modern ideas they have things to learn—even in the way of putting things over on the prefects—from the boys of other days. This notice is not for the other fellow, it's for you and you won't miss the hour you give in doing your part.

### Varsity Outclasses Haskell.

Notre Dame was treated to the most pleasant surprise of the year last Saturday when the Varsity football team, showing a complete reversal of form and playing in real Notre Dame style, walloped the Haskell Indians to the tune of 34 to 0. It may have been due to the presence of several new men in the lineup; it may have been due to Coach Harper's insistence on teamwork and "pep;" it may have been due to Coach Rockne's persistent efforts to improve the line; probably it was due to all of these and other circumstances. But the fact of the matter is that the Varsity looked like an altogether different team from that which made such a sorry showing against Alma on the previous Saturday. The new line-up displayed almost unlimited possibilities, being deficient only in that smoothness and speed in running off plays which hard practice will surely give. Every man on the team was full of fight and anxious to do his part in every play. Perhaps the most pleasing feature of all was the excellent generalship displayed by Phelan who started his first game at quarter. There were of course many rough spots in the work of the team, but the improvement was so conspicuous that these were overlooked.

The game was scarcely under way when the Varsity began to display a prowess that brought the rooters to their feet with one wild cheer after another. Notre Dame defended the north goal. Haskell kicked off to Phelan and "Jimmy" returned the kick to his own forty-yard line. Cofall went around right end for twenty yards and Bergman gained ten around left end. Bachman hit the center of the line for ten and Cofall dashed around right end for the first touchdown. Cofall's try for goal hit the goal-post. Score: Notre Dame, 6; Haskell, 0.

Hugh O'Donnell kicked off for Notre Dame. His booting was splendid throughout the game. Haskell was unable to gain and punted to Phelan who was downed in his tracks. Two penalties forced Notre Dame back past the middle of the field. Phelan punted and Haskell returned the kick. Bachman caught the punt on Haskell's forty-yard line and dashed straight through the entire Indian team for a touchdown. It was a spectacular run, the big fullback shaking off at least six tacklers and displaying

wonderful speed. Cofall kicked goal. Score: Notre Dame, 13; Haskell, 0.

There was no more scoring until late in the second quarter. The Haskell line stopped the Notre Dame backs at the opening of the second period. Phelan opened up several forward passes, but those which succeeded were good for only short gains. Bergman tried a number of end runs from regular formations, but his interference failed to form and he was unable to gain. Cofall and Phelan outkicked the Haskell punters and the ball was in Haskell territory throughout the first half. Toward the end of the half a series of line plunges by Bachman and Cofall carried the ball to Haskell's fifteen-yard line and Cofall circled right end for his second touchdown. Stephan kicked goal. Score: Notre Dame, 20; Haskell, 0.

There were no changes in the Notre Dame line-up at the opening of the second half. O'Donnell kicked off and Haskell made a desperate effort to score. With McCloskey and Clements carrying the ball the Indians advanced about thirty yards before they were checked. Excellent defensive playing by Elward, O'Donnell and Cofall stopped the visitors before they became dangerous. Notre Dame started another march down the field with Bergman starring on end runs. Haskell held the Varsity on the seven-yard line. The Indians were again able to make a first down, but Bergman stopped them when he intercepted a forward pass on Notre Dame's forty-five-yard line. Bachman smashed through left tackle for fifteen yards. Bergman on a sensational run around left end gained thirty yards. Bachman gained three yards through the line just as the quarter ended.

On the first play of the last quarter, Cofall went around right end for a touchdown. Stephan kicked goal. Score: Notre Dame, 27; Haskell, 0.

After this fourth touchdown, Coach Harper made his first substitution, Rydzewski replacing O'Donnell at center. O'Donnell had been injured in the game, but he had gamely stayed at his post. Hugh played a wonderful game and practically clinched the pivotal position. Cofall kicked off after O'Donnell left the field and Haskell returned to her own thirty-five-yard line. The Indians tried to rush the ball, but Fitzgerald and McInerny broke up the first play and Haskell punted to Phelan who returned to the middle of the field. On the next play Bergman was given the ball and with



perfect interference he swept fifty yards down the field for a touchdown. Stephan kicked goal. Score: Notre Dame, 34; Haskell, 0.

Wholesale substitutions were made at this point, only Stephan, Phelan, Cofall and McInerny of the regulars remaining in the game. Jones and Franz went in at guards, while Wolf and Whipple were sent in at ends. Malone replaced Bergman and John Miller took Bachman's place at full. Haskell rallied after the seconds went in and made the best showing of the afternoon. On a series of delayed end runs and forward passes the Indians carried the ball into Notre Dame territory, and for a moment it seemed that the visitors were going to score. Notre Dame regained possession of the ball when Cofall intercepted a forward pass on his own twenty-yard line. The second backfield had little time to show its offensive ability, but in two attempts John Miller was able to hit center for eleven yards and a first down. The game ended with the ball in Notre Dame's possession on her own forty-yard line.

A regrettable feature of the game was the fact that two of the Haskell men were injured. Wilson was forced out with a sprain and Evans was taken to the hospital suffering from slight concussion of the brain. All Notre Dame rooters will be pleased to hear he is recovering.

Attention is now focussed on what will probably prove the crucial combat of the season, the Nebraska game on October 23rd. A week ago we scarcely dared to hope for a victory over the mighty Cornhuskers, but if the Varsity continues to improve as it has during the past week there will be no necessity for Notre Dame to strike her colors in advance. Out of a wealth of extremely green material, hard work and the old Notre Dame fighting spirit are developing a football team. Whether the team will be sufficiently developed to conquer Nebraska next Saturday, time alone can tell.

NOTRE DAME, 34	LINE-UP	HASKELL, 0
Elward	L. E.	C. Evans
Stephan	L. T.	Campbell
Keefe	L. G.	Timothy
O'Donnell	C	King
Fitzgerald	R. G.	Choate
McInerny	R. T.	Deer
Baujan	R. E.	Williams
Phelan	Q.	Wilson
Cofall	L. H.	Clements
Bergman	R. H.	L. Evans
Bachman	F	McCloskey
Notre Dame	13 7 0	14—34
Haskell	0 0 0	0—0

Time of quarters—15 minutes. Touchdowns—Cofall, 3; Bachman, Bergman. Goals from touchdowns—Cofall, Stephan, 3. Substitutions—(Notre Dame) Rydzewski for O'Donnell, Wolf for Elward, Jones for Keefe, Frantz for Fitzgerald, Whipple for Baujan, Malone for Bergman, J. Miller for Bachman: (Haskell Indians), Fire for Deer, Clements for Wilson, McCloskey for L. Evans, Williams for Fire, Frazier for Williams, Tanner for C. Evans. Officials—Referee, Holderness, Lehigh; umpire, Eckersall, Chicago; head-linesman, Messick, Indiana.

### Athletic Notes.

The Interhall Football conflict opened with two battles royal that gave early fulfillment to the expectation for an interesting season. By a peculiar coincidence both games played on October 10th resulted in ties.

In the morning Sorin and Brownson had it out, fighting through the four quarters individually and collectively, even the fans making frequent verbal sallies at the referee. During the first three periods the tide of battle waged back and forth uncertainly, favoring either side. Each team would play a splendid defensive game, holding the other for downs or even forcing them back, then on receiving the ball would fail to get past their opponent's goal posts. Morales and Corcoran were especially prominent, making themselves felt in each play. Murphy and Fitzpatrick at quarter and full also distinguished themselves by their big gains.

Shortly after the opening of the last quarter Corcoran recovered a fumbled ball and made a long drive down field for Sorin's first and only touchdown. But Brownson came back with a vim and soon forced their way into dangerous territory. An incompleated pass to the left, then a pass to the right with Allison receiving the ball on the right side of the line ended the game. Referees: Philbin and Miller; Head-linesman: McDermott.

The afternoon tussle between Walsh and St. Joseph resulted in a scoreless tie-up. Both teams performed well, playing each other to a standstill, but Bachman's proteges had not a shade on the St. Joseph team.

Walsh's particular star was Pierson at quarter. He and Grady were the most consistent ground-gainers. For St. Joseph, Captain Fruend and Andres played a splendid game. The former excelled in end-runs, the latter in line plunges. Referees, Baujan and Bergman.

## Safety Valve.

## THE BEGINNING OF A TOUCHING STORY.

The large soft brown eyes seemed to mirror an untroubled soul, the dimpled cheeks smiled at all the world, the red lips were like fresh berries—he was indeed a dear child. He had never thrown an ice box at his father or a bathtub at his mother. He was superior to those who eat soup with a hair brush and comb their hair with philosophy text-books. He had no scruples as far as dominoes went and would have played ferociously till midnight.

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## EXPERIENCE THE BEST TEACHER.

In a recent examination one of the professors in the law department asked his class what was meant by the "law of torts." By a printer's mistake "torts" was spelled "tarts," and one of the answers received was "It is a law regulating the dessert for Sunday's dinner."

\*\*\*

It's about time for someone to start raffling off the Main Building, we've had chances on everything else.

\*\*\*

1st student:—"Did you see that girl I had out to the Haskell-Notre Dame game?"

2nd student:—"Yes, I believe I did notice her."

1st student:—"And did you remark the dark arched eyebrows, the delicate pink of the cheeks and the velvet—"

2nd student:—"No, I didn't. I had my eyes riveted on the gold crown on her upper left-hand wisdom tooth."

\*\*\*

A new student who had bumped his head five consecutive times against the window frame of the Hill St. car, on his way out to Notre Dame, inquired of his companions: "Why don't they put this car on the track?"

\*\*\*

If you want to find out the active members of the Holy Name Society, stand at the post-office some evening and listen to students who arrive there, all out of breath from running, just in time to see the car pull out.

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DEAR JOHN:—

I saw your father to-day and he was very angry. He said he had received a letter from the Prefect of Discipline, saying that you had not attended one class this week—and to think that in each of the five letters you wrote to me you closed by saying: "As the bell is ringing for class, I must close." Can it be that you are false?

HELEN.

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## A BROWNSONITE'S EXPLANATION.

"The bronze plate has been taken off the Shillington Marker so that the monument may give passers-by the idea of the shattered battleship Maine. There was no idea of destruction in the marker before and the historical accuracy was spoiled."

Will exchange an economics text-book (the one being used this year in the University) for a set of military hair brushes or a leather tobacco pouch. Apply 346 Sorin Hall.

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DEAR EDITOR:—

I have heard many strange expressions in this school. What does it mean "a bun on"? Why is the sentence not finished? The bun is on what, or where? Or perhaps this is an idiot of the English language?

RUBIO.

This is not exactly an idiom, but scientists have not been able to say just exactly where the bun is. It seems to be in a different place every step an illuminated man takes, if one can judge by the list to right or left. Watch a man with a bun on and perhaps you will be able to complete the sentence. We never have been able to do it.

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## PEST NO. 708.

Corby hammers walking across the lawn and destroying the most beautiful campus in the West. A concrete reminder, or a reminder to concrete—which?

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## TERRIBLE EFFECTS OF DROUGHT.

Last Sunday when all the Chicago saloons were closed for the first time in many years, a man whose wife had died the day before reported to the police that two crepes had been stolen from his door. Such a theft was unheard of before in Chicago.

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## STUDENT'S DIARY.

Sunday night I went to Mike's for my supper and got a hamberger sandwich. I took the onion out before I started to eat the sandwich but Mike wouldn't give me no rebate.

Monday I joined the Glee Club, but as they didn't sing "Wait till the Sun Shines, Nellie" or "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," I resigned.

Tuesday I went up to see the president about all-night lights, but when he finished talking to me about the Delinquent List I forgot what I wanted.

Wednesday we had rec and church and chicken and after dinner I wasn't hungry so I went over to Brother Leopold's and asked him what time it was. He told me to go out and look at the tower clock. It rained all day to-day. I think the faculty try to pick out all the rainy days for free days, and judging from their accuracy in picking them, I believe they all must have rheumatism.

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## CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE II.

When Steve Myers was taken sick in Walsh Hall last week he was anointed by Father Doremus. One of the students asked Mahaffey who happened to be coming from Myer's room whether or not Steve was dangerously ill. "I should say he is," Mahaffey made reply, "the priest is just after giving him Holy Orders."

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By the way the hall teams are playing tie games one would be led to believe that the gate receipts were going to the players. They're not.—Tony, the pop-corn man, is getting them.