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Autumn.

SOFTLY the bright leaves flutter down,
Russet and brown and gold;
Soon shall they sleep their long, long sleep
In a winding sheet of mould.

Sweetly the Spring may come again
With misty blue-bell eyes,
Calling the soulful songsters home,
And bidding the flowers rise.

Roses may crimson every path
Under a sky of grey,
But gone to rest for evermore
Are the leaves of yesterday.

George William Shanahan.

The Ballad.

BY KERNDT M. HEALY.

OUR English ballads deserve much more consideration and appreciation than they receive. Their literary excellence, the light they throw upon the men and customs of early England and their influence upon later poetry make them worthy of consideration.

For a long time the question of popular literature was not considered worthy of men of letters. However, within comparatively recent years serious study has been given to the ballad, and in the seventeenth century Percy collected some three hundred and published them in his "Reliques." Sir Walter Scott, too, has been instrumental in the revival of the ballad.

The Oxford English Dictionary says a ballad was originally "a song intended as the accompaniment to a dance." Later the word was used to describe "a light, simple song," narrative in subject, lyrical in form and traditional in origin. A well-known writer says the ballad

is "The Nut-Brown Maid," or "Sir Patrick Spens," it is,

about the dead hour o' the night
She heard the bridles ring.

and

O we were sisters, sisters seven
We were the fairest under heaven.

A professor of sociology has shown the great influence of primitive verse on the social life of man and the assistance choral rhythm lent the development of society. The ballads are the songs of the people. Rarely, if ever, is an old ballad found which is the work of but one person. Communal authorship seems to be the best explanation of their origin when we consider that they are the product of an age when singing, dancing and improvising were the common modes of expression. The ballads appeal to the common memory and imagination and are but the "natural expression of an unsophisticated age and an uneducated people." Another argument for communal authorship is the many variations on the same theme which have been preserved treating of local rather than of national events. The ballad was not the work of minstrels, who rather intruded upon the field of balladry, but was handed down from generation to generation by an unlettered community. "The work of the singer was only a ripple in the stream of national poetry."

What, then, are the excellent qualities of the ballad and why is it worthy of consideration? The literary excellence of the ballad is to be considered first. Two reasons why the ballad flourished in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, are the desire everyone has to hear a good story and the joy man takes in acting "a familiar or exciting" situation in company with his friends. Entertainment seems to be one of the chief purposes of the ballad, and accordingly it was sung whenever there were gatherings of any sort. It was Cowper who said the ballad was adapted to the drollest and most

tragic subjects and that it was characterized by simplicity and ease. Primarily, the ballad is one of situation and many of the situations are tragic. "The ballad is dramatic in origin, in setting, and in splendid tragic possibilities." Many ballads have family woes for their theme. The false wife ruins the happiness of her husband, or the wicked mother schemes for the destruction of the wife. Some of the tragic ballads secure romantic details in their development, but they remain simple tales "of love and obstacles, flight, fight and death."

The old English ballads were expressed in simple diction, they moved swiftly and were capable of portraying the great moments of human life. Incremental changes and simple repetition are the two basic structural features of the ballad. Oftentimes the narration ceases for the time being to permit incremental repetition which consists of returning to the main theme with variations. It has been called trivial and commonplace, but if it is so, why has the refrain endured so many years until it now remains a very popular and fundamental form of verse? The ballads, many of them in fact, are almost entirely composed of incremental repetition. "It is the legacy of an early and popular art, no invention of a poet in a library," and has been called the genius of the ballad itself. In "Child Waters," the repetition is shown to good advantage in the dialogue between Ellen and her lover. Some critics have pronounced this ballad as having no superior in English, but in that splendid ballad of "Child Maurice,"

And heere I send her a mantle of greene
As greene as any grasse—
And there I send her a ring of gold
A ring of precious stone,—

we find an example of ballad structure independent and unique, based on a law of literary form. Gray wrote that this ballad "is divine—Aristotle's best rules are observed in it in a manner which shows that the author never heard of Aristotle."

The refrain is also an essential part of the ballad and it argues very forcibly for its choral origin. Dialogue, in many instances, coupled with refrain, composes many ballads. Dialogue which takes the form of charge and denial, question and reply, is found in such ballads as the "Drowned Lovers," the splendid and haunting "Edward, Edward," and the "Nut-Brown Maid." In this ballad the meter is

extraordinarily good and it possesses more pleasing qualities than any preceding lyric. "Barbara Allen" and "Lady Alice" are beautiful lyrics, and Goldsmith delighted in hearing an old dairymaid sing him into tears with "Barbara Allen's cruelty."

Objectivity is a quality prominent in the ballad. The individual is sacrificed and obliterated in the effort to tell an impersonal story. The balladist has no concern with himself; he is not introspective; he simply tells the story, and no idea of the individual's feelings may be had from the direct narration of events. The traditional ballad either tells a story or presents a situation each for its own sake; whatever lyric qualities it may have are restricted to the singable verses, and if it have any purpose, any subjective feeling, it cannot be called a ballad.

The vocabulary of the ballad is quite limited and analogies and metaphors are rare. The epithets employed are very general and traditional and are used over and over again. Wives are "true;" knights are "brave;" ladies are "gay;" feet are "white;" water is "wan." The ballad has no idea of character development and rarely are particulars of time and place ever given. The Robin Hood cycle is to be excepted, however, for in these poems the hero's character is portrayed rather carefully. The balladist does not try to "heighten" style and give it an air of individuality and artistry; indeed he often follows convention to the entire disregard of the facts.

The charm of the ballads lies in their freshness and their naïveté, a quality rarely found at the present day. "This frank play of thought and feeling compensates for a more perfect art in the ballads." They do not often soar to the highest pinnacles of poetic perfection, but they have sincerity, spontaneity and power of vivid portrayal. It must be remembered "they are not rivers of song, deep, wide and swift, but rather cool, clear springs among the hills" coursing down to the plain of Poetry with enchanting melody.

In many ways the ballads throw light upon the men and customs of early England. In the days when ballads were made the people sang and danced to express their feelings and emotions. The men sang of the sea and heroes and outlaws and battles and border raids. "The Hunting of the Cheviot," the ballad which moved Sir Philip Sidney's heart "more

than a trumpet," tells of the strife between the clans of Douglas and Percie. In Gilbert K. Chesterton's modern "Ballad of the White Horse," King Alfred chances upon a band of Danish warriors. The harp is passed around to each one in turn and they sing of "some old British raid" and of wars and seas and gods. The people sang of domestic complications and stolen brides and of infidelity and fidelity and of kinship. "Bewick and Graham" is a ballad of kinship in which the story of sworn brotherhood is well told. The fathers of two young men quarrel; they call upon their sons to fight in their stead. Bewick is fatally wounded by Graham who then falls on his own sword. The father is not often given a place in the ballads, but the mother plays a prominent part, sometimes as a good, loving parent, more often as the wicked step-mother. The fact that a sister's son is frequently given precedence over a man's own son and that the brother assumed the "paternal position" over the sister, is revealed by the stories the ballads tell.

The festal year was not complete without a great amount of choral song. The seasons of the year were welcomed with solemn ritual and ceremonies, and Nature herself was praised in chant and dance. At funerals the coronachs were sung in which the dead were celebrated and mourned and the singers foretold, according to the good or evil deeds of the deceased, what his life in the other world would be. "When any dieth," says an old account, "certaine women sing a song to the dead bodie, rectyting the journey that the partye deceased must go." The mothers and nurses sang the children ballads of ghosts and fairies, for belief in spirits was general during this time. If a mortal kissed a fairy or a ghost he was ever afterward thought to be under the influence of supernatural powers; if he touched a morsel of food in elfland he would never be permitted to return to earth. Many superstitions controlled the lives of these simple folk and they swore by the "Mass," by the "corn," by the "greene grasse," "the king looks over his left shoulder;" a corpse bleeds and is instrumental in apprehending the murderer. Many of the men professed to have second sight, and sailors often saw mermaids just before they were shipwrecked. A common occurrence, so the ballads relate, was for a severed head to illuminate a house, a knight's sword to blaze and speak and a person's garments to give a weird light.

The influence of the ballads upon later poetry makes them worthy of consideration. The ballad in some instances is a miniature of the epic. Edward Bliss Reed remarks "that for centuries the ballads were sung, yet as a class they are not songs, but narrative poems, little epics." The epic deals with an event of national importance, an historical or mythological incident capable of being treated at some length. It is direct and simple, and according to Aristotle, "a single action, entire and complete." The ballad is closely related to the epic and on a smaller scale reproduces its qualities and characteristics. It treats of local happenings and is content to tell the story without didacticism or moralization. The ballads of Robin Hood, for instance, are innumerable and so closely connected that they suggest epic treatment. "The Gest of Robin Hood" approaches nearest the epic. However, an epic poet was not living to perpetuate the popular hero of England, so Robin Hood remains the chief figure in a variety of episodes in disconnected ballads.

The ballads have dramatic, lyric and narrative power. Those which combine these three qualities are considered the most perfect. "Leesome Brand" is fortunate to contain them all, while "Helen of Kirconnell" is the embodiment of lyric verse.

I wish I were where Helen lies;
Night and day on me she cries;
O that I were where Helen lies,
On fair Kirconnell lea!

The ballad of "Cospatrick" combines very effectively the dramatic and lyric elements into some exquisite verses. The beautiful lines of "The Braes o' Yarrow," in which the name of the river is repeated from verse to verse, has been imitated by many of the most renowned English poets. Indeed poetic genius has taken the simple communal refrain, and by rearrangement and refinement given us those exquisite forms, the roundel and the ballade. Thus it is seen that three modern poetical forms are developed from the ballad. The epic is developed by emphasizing the narrative and eliminating the choral element; the lyric by introducing the subjective element; the drama by emphasizing action and introducing actors.

Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch says that when the ballad is placed beside poems of Herrick, Gray and Browning, it "suffers greatly by

apposition." Nevertheless, the ballads possess a greatness quite their own on account of their attitude toward life, "their summary and transcript" of it. They realize that only the pain of certain conflict is after all worth while. The "Twa Corbies," "Sir Patrick Spens" and "The Daemon Lover" will, however, bear the test of being chosen to take a place beside the highest poetry. One must not pick out the attractive passages of the ballads, but rather learn to love them as a whole, for they are the "Voices of the Nations, of the people" and these voices appeal to the heart. They sing of the joy and the pity of life; they awaken the past, which is not dead but only asleep, telling over and over again of fate and hate and tears and joy. Finally the ballad, because of its literary excellence, the light it throws upon the men and customs of early England and its influence upon later poetry, is worthy of more consideration and appreciation. The interesting fact to remember is that "the ballad at its best and the great poems of the world are akin in many ways and walk one path."

William Henry Mieh.

BY J. L.

Howard Jones was bashful. That is, he courted his young lady friend five years, and still he had not discovered in himself the courageous spirit requisite to present the proposal. Howard was a very deliberate speaker, especially so when in conversation with his young lady friend aforementioned. He made frequent and protracted pauses after every three or four words addressed to her. Also, Howard forgot his *h*'s.

Exit, Howard. Enter, his young lady friend.

Dorothy Mase was pretty, else Howard would scarcely have cared for her. But Dorothy was impatient. She disapproved of courtships longer than three years. And Howard had extended her limit by two years. Then, very important, Howard's lady friend was becoming a more appropriate expression than Howard's young lady friend.

Certainly, Dorothy loved Howard, too much in fact to desert him. But now she was becoming decidedly impatient. Her dexterous manoeuvres, her skilful intrigues to impel the momentous question from Howard's lips had failed lugubriously. She rejoiced somewhat in

the approaching leap year, but she preferred Howard to do the plunging. And then it happened.

Howard presented himself as usual that Sunday evening. They were to attend the Princess that night. After the movies they chatted in the parlor.

"Did you 'ear"—pause—"Father O'Brien's sermon"—pause—"at eight o'clock Mass?" Howard asked.

Dorothy's heart leaped and bounded and tossed about.

Was it coming at last? Father O'Brien's sermon had been a stern denunciation of long courtships. She had felt the sermon was directed at Howard and herself.

"Yes," she announced faintly, eagerly, anticipatingly, "and I agreed with him," she added to give Howard encouragement in case of its necessity.

"I thought 'e did—pause—"not deliver it"—pause—"with 'is accustomed"—pause—"energy."

Dorothy's heart, which had been leaping and bounding and tossing about, stopped. At any rate, Dorothy thought it did.

Well, leap year was coming and then she would propose. Yes, she would, she determined.

To avoid the heartrending scene which would reveal to us Dorothy's disappointment, let us peep into Howard's coat pocket. In it merely rests a pocket book.

What does the pocket-book contain? Money? Possibly, but we're not interested in money. Of course, we are, but not in Howard's.

Two pieces of cardboard are the objects which interest us. They are lecture tickets. You see nothing entertaining there. Well, since the lights are not turned low, let us read:

LECTURE

WILLIAM HARRY MIEH, PH. D.

"Health and Wealth"

Wednesday,

City

8 o'clock

High School

Just as we have satisfied our curiosity, Howard notices the presence of the tickets. They recall to his mind the need of making the appointment to attend the lecture with Dorothy.

"Oh, Dorothy,"—pause—"William 'Arry Mieh—"

Dorothy's heart tossed about again. So did her arms.

"Certainly, Howard," she muttered.

Varsity Verse.

REFLECTION.

I never knew a teardrop could reflect
The daily deeds we do,
That like a mirror it could hold our souls
Up for our eyes to view.

I thought that I had lived a sainted life
Nor knew a passing fear,
Until I saw the record of my deeds
Reflected in your tear.

John Francis Mahoney.

TERRA COUPEE'S BURGOMASTER.

I am the Mayor of Warsaw—
Alias Blackstone.
Skilled in the teachings of Far'baugh
Who fills the law throne,
Known throughout all the West,
Hailed as old Poland's best,
I loved 'em all with zest,—
Warsaw is my zone.

William Ethelbert Brodbery.

I'LL SAY SO.

Now don't you think it's mighty cruel
To spring a sudden quiz?
When you are taken unprepared,
Yes, I'll say that it is.

Is logic hard to comprehend,
'Till you get down to "biz?"
Well, try it once, and you'll agree
When I say that it is.

How can I write a page of this?
I've racked my brain, "Cee whizz!"
You say it's rather difficult—
Agreed, I'll say it is.

V. R. Helman.

THE FATE OF THE SERGEANT'S DOG.

Oh where, oh where, is my little dog gone?
Oh where, oh where, can he be?
Your little dog's gone
And he'll never come back,
For they've eaten him out at N. D.

W. Harold Keenan.

OUT OF SEASON.

The Autumn time has come at last
The leaves are falling from the trees,
A biting frost is in the air
And still I'm wearing B. V. D's.

Music Hath Charms.

BY JOHN A. LEMMER.

Reverend Schmit was surprised and he had reason to be, to say the least. He was the twelfth person to whom I had told the news and each one had manifested a genuine surprise. Mrs. Hillman, who lives next door to our place, received the tidings first; she just said, "Well, of all things!" which means that what I told her would be the subject of her conversation regularly every ten minutes for the following two days. Mrs. Creighton across the street exclaimed, "You don't say!" in that tone which displays her envious nature whenever she's not the informant of the latest gossip. But Reverend Schmit! He forgot he was on the point of rising and reversed his actions so suddenly that the red bench shook in surprise. No wonder! Two hundred and forty-three astonished pounds is sufficient cause, when set into motion, to produce all sorts of tremulous agitations.

"Lizzie Neal's beau is here from Oregon!"

"Lizzie's beau! beau!" he repeated that word as though it were a stranger in his vocabulary. "A man came all the way to Squaw Creek, Upper Peninsula of Michigan, from Oregon, to see Lizzie Neal! Good for Lizzie! And pray, who may he be, he who has become so infatuated with our own Evangeline? A description of him, kind sir. Has Dame Fortune smilingly presented herself in our midst, or do you believe reasons other than a sweetheart's attachment have brought him here?"

"Hold on there, Reverend," said I. We were on pretty good terms. I mowed the parsonage lawn once a week, and tended to the furnace in winter, so I knew all his Reverend's likes and dislikes. He seldom hesitated to display his true feelings in my presence. I knew he would get excited when I told him Lizzie had a beau. So would you too, if you knew Lizzie. She had witnessed at least thirty anniversaries of her birth, and I guess I'm putting it mildly. Her face,—well, I'd give it sixty-nine per cent in a beauty contest if the rest of the contestants were Timbuctoo maidens aged threescore and more. Lizzie possessed one redeeming feature. She was a charming conversationalist: she knew exactly when to

smile, when to say "Yes," and "Well, I never!" and had all the current remarks about the weather well memorized.

The church organist was Miss Elizabeth Neal. That was why each resident of Squaw Creek had an interest in her future. Every Sunday, promptly at two-thirty, Lizzie started somebody's "Grand March" on the pipe organ. She has played here three years now since her half decade of western life, and last Sunday the march was the same one we heard on the day of her first appearance, only she plays it with the sharps now instead of overlooking them as she did that day. Then also, she could play that run at the top of the second page without making more than two mistakes unless the keys were unusually slippery.

A couple of us fellows sang tenor in the choir because the contribution box was never passed there. We quit though. The director expressed his displeasure when we dropped his rubbers into the water-pitcher. We thought they were Lizzie's. We did not mind losing our places, however, since the new fellow who takes up the collection acquired the habit of visiting the choir. Besides, I think discords sound more harmonious the greater the distance from the producing agency. Standing next to a pipe-organ opened at full blast with a person at the keys who can't use the pedals and whose fingers are accustomed to strike notes other than those desired and indicated by the composer, is not a pleasant duty, or a simple one either, when you must direct the emission of sound from vocal cords such as I am gifted with,—my mother never dared consider me musical—and the best bass singer is standing and singing behind you.

"Well, Reverend," said I, to get back to the minister's questions, "Lizzie's beau's name is Allan Welterton. He comes from Carter, Oregon. He says he's a school teacher. As to what he is like, all I can say is, if Lizzie doesn't want to die without the necessity of saying, 'Meet me in heaven' to a husband, she will not have the opportunity of being very fastidious in her choice of a male companion through life. Mr. Welterton will never be called upon by the State of Oregon to represent that grand commonwealth at the International Exhibit of Handsome Men. And say, I heard him sing last night. Lizzie was playing the piano. If two negatives make a positive then two discords ought to make accord; and

if love is anything like their expression thereof in that song, I pray that my heart beats undisturbedly forever."

"Lizzie would make a fine wife for the right man," Reverend Schmit declared philosophically, "but spare me from an exhibition of her musical genius. I sincerely hope her friend takes her back to his native state. I'll marry them without asking the usual fee for the privilege of hiring a new organist, one I can discharge at will, not another Squaw Creek girl. Do you know, Jack, maxims to me, are epigrammatic means of being ironical, and if I employ one in a sermon again, may I be compelled to an hour's torment each day by listening to Lizzie's playing. 'Practice makes perfect' is the most sarcastic utterance you can pronounce in my presence. Lizzie will practice six hours a day; ten, if I ask her to, and perfection will be as remote as ever. 'Well begun is half done.' Ridiculous! Whenever Lizzie is so unfortunate as to begin a selection well, may the good Lord pardon me if I give vent to my feelings when she is doing the rest.

"I feared for poor Billy Green at his wife's funeral. I thought surely Lizzie's want of dexterity at the keys would resurrect the deceased and bring back to patient Billy more years of doubtful wedded happiness. Mrs. Green wasn't buried alive; I'm positive of that. The Creator may have inflicted some students with wooden heads, but when a musician develops wooden ears and wooden fingers—" he didn't finish the sentence. "Our organist, Miss Neal," was the subject of his favorite soliloquy when indisposed.

You may wonder why Reverend Schmit permitted such an originator of discordant noises to continue in service as the presiding official at the organ. The reasons were various, almost as numerous as the members of the Neal family. Mr. J. O. Neal, Jr., brother of Miss Lizzie, was a handsome young man, very popular with the marriageable damsels of the congregation. Miss Vivian Neal, Lizzie's younger sister, was president of the Young Ladies' Aid. Mr. J. O. Neal, Sr., was director of the Church Board of Trustees. Mrs. Neal, mother of the musician, was the possessor of as highly flavored a tongue as I have ever been privileged to hear. I always gave Reverend Schmit credit for his discretion in retaining Lizzie.

Just as the minister terminated the emanation

of words, the gate opened and Nan Lawson, Neal's neighbor's little girl, entered the yard.

"Mrs. Neal said you was invited to a party at their house to-night, Reverend Schmit. She wants you to be sure and come. Lizzie's feller is here from way out West, and he's goin' to be there. 'The orchestra is goin' to play, Jack,'" she added, looking at me. I played the drums, so, of course, then I'll be at the party too.

"Tell Mrs. Neal I thank her very kindly, that I will surely be there," Reverend Schmit directed Nan, and she was gone.

Allan Welterton was the guest of honor at a grand party that night. Almost every person in Squaw Creek was at Neals'. The orchestra was there in its entirety, for five dollars had been promised each member. When it came to advertising Mr. Neal was not conservative. On this occasion he became an extremists. No one blamed him, however. When you have two daughters, each one as eager to be married as the chances are she never will, and you get rid of the one you thought would forever be tied to your pocket-book, I'll never criticise you for celebrating a little.

"The Neal home, the scene of the merry-making, presented a shower of Cupids, hearts, and arrows," said the Squaw Creek *Bugle* in describing the event, and, I must admit, the decorations were beautiful. The announcement of Lizzie's engagement was to be the climax of the evening's entertainment. The guests were led to luncheon promptly at midnight. The place-cards awaiting them gave Lizzie's blessed secret away. Each place card consisted of two hearts linked as one, the one bearing Lizzie's initials, the other, Mr. Welterton's. I remembered reading on the society page of a Sunday newspaper a few weeks before a suggestion under the "Social Helps" to a reader who signed herself "Eager." The Neals had followed this suggestion.

When the guests had assembled, blushing Lizzie was escorted into the dining-room by Allan Welterton. Her face was as red as the place-cards; so was Mr. Welterton's for that matter, but he was more courageous. He led Lizzie to the head of the table.

"Friends," he announced in a voice that squeaked. "I present the future Mrs. Welterton." Then he kissed Lizzie. I guess Lizzie didn't expect that kiss; she didn't return it gracefully. All clapped their hands while Lizzie and her publicly avowed fiance hastened

to their seats. We commenced to play Lohengrin's. The cornetist got his numbers mixed and was playing "Silver Threads," but fortunately, in the general excitement, it passed unnoticed.

When the heaviest eaters were almost finished, Mr. Neal, Sr., arose, and in about fifteen thousand words, informed his guests of the exceptional and highly desirable qualities his future son-in-law possessed. How exceptional these qualities were we did not appreciate then. At the conclusion of Mr. Neal's remarks, Mr. Welterton thanked his father-in-law-yet-to-be for his kind expressions which he feared were exaggerations, and, in turn, lauded Mr. Neal's fair daughter Elizabeth. A few hundred words satisfied the prospective bridegroom. Reverend Schmit was then called upon. Talk about diplomacy! Reverend Schmit has Dr. Dumba beat a mile! He referred to Lizzie as his organist, and the sentences he uttered could as well be used in speaking about the weather without injuring the reputation of that ancient agency. "May Miss Neal's future bear as much harmony as her past!" was his concluding sentence. I doubt if John Dryden ever perpetrated a more delicate satire.

The Welterton-Neal wedding was to occur the Thursday following the party. At least, such was the intention of one of the persons directly interested. Regarding the other, his intentions were pretty well concealed. The all-important fact I'm trying to lead up to is, the wedding was planned to occur on Thursday. The fact is, it did not occur. Furthermore, a Welterton-Neal wedding is not entered on the books of the Squaw Creek Church. You can readily understand this when I tell you it is rather a difficult proposition for a Neal to marry a Welterton when there is no Welterton around. When Thursday morning dawned,—a serene, unspotted morning, filled with fulgent, scintillating moments, any one of which might be advantageously selected to make permanent the work of Cupid,—there was no Welterton in Squaw Creek.

Lugubrious, disconsolate, dejected, rejected Lizzie! Many are the trials that have befallen thy lot in the three hundred and sixty-odd months of thy existence! Before another Thursday was torn off the grocery store calendar Squaw Creek possessed but five hundred and seventy-three inhabitants. Elizabeth had gone West, where she had accepted a position as

chief musician of some thriving young city.

Our village was an exciting place those days; so exciting, that Reverend Schmit almost forgot the acquisition of his heart's desire,—the possibility of seeking a new organist. The reasons for Welterton's hasty departure were commonly known by this time. They say "murder will out." So will appropriating four or three thousand dollars that belong to some one else. It seems Allan was not particularly in love with Lizzie. He preferred her father's pocket-book, but before he could make an estimate of its cogency, he found it desirable to leave. Again, it seems he had not been teaching school for a year or more; he had been selecting gold certificates from a wholesale hardware company's treasury while he was the entrusted treasurer. Climatic conditions were becoming excessively warm in this hardware store in Carter, and he decided to visit Squaw Creek. His excuse for the trip was marriage. He hoped whatever danger of detection there might be would disappear when he was absent. If not, Squaw Creek was a long way from Carter. Besides, marriage with Lizzie would be most expedient; he knew she was willing; and wealthy father-in-laws are not to be had for the asking.

It was some time before we recovered from the village's greatest sensation. A year passed, the congregation had an expert organist. Reverend Schmit seldom irritated his auditory sense by referring to all the dissonance Lizzie had created. He was happy again. "Every cloud has its silver lining" became his favorite expression; his contempt of maxims was forgotten.

"I had a letter from George this morning, Jack," he greeted me one day. His face shone as the sun, the moon, the stars, and all the spot-lights on earth. "Here, read it."

Before I read it, I'll have to tell you who George was. I realize I neglected an important detail of this story by not referring to George before, but because no one dared mention that name in Reverend Schmit's presence, I did not want to mention it to you. I was sort of afraid of the minister, you see. George was about thirty-five years old. He had left Squaw City ten years before because of a quarrel with the minister. The minister was his father.

"Dear Father," the letter read, "your prodigal son asks forgiveness. He returns home the twentieth. He brings success with him, a

prosperous conclusion to a career as a detective. He is a wonder in discovering crooks, even should this be written by himself. His latest feat was the capture of Allan Welterton, a noted criminal hereabouts. This capture brought your son a great reward. So great a reward he decided to enter the state of matrimony. Consequently, a wife returns with him, a loving girl who prefers a small town like Squaw Creek to a city. Your son, too, prefers village life. Have your heart open to receive him and your daughter-in-law. He knows you will love her. He loved her when first he saw her at an organ producing the most beautiful music conceivable. Incidentally, you may discharge the organist you have now. Your son, George."

Reverend Schmit gleamed and glittered in his happiness. We all rejoiced with him. He was becoming old and needed care; his wife was long dead. George had been popular with all; the news of his return with a wife was received with acclaim.

When the twentieth arrived, the band was perfect; it was reorganized and had rehearsed three whole afternoons for the event. The church organist was discharged, the place was ready for Mrs. George Schmit. We were all at the depot anxious to greet George, to welcome his dear wife.

"There's the whistle!" cried Reverend Schmit. His eagerness was obvious. I was standing next to him. "George and his wife!" I heard him murmur. "I hope she's a good organist."

The train was in. I joined the band, and it broke into a harmonious blending of "Here Comes the Bride."

George stepped out upon the platform. Shouts from hundreds of throats and noises from a score of instruments welcomed him.

"Your wife!" was the demand. And before it could be repeated, Lizzie Neal stood beside him.

HUMAN life is the soul's outreaching to something better than it has attained; and when we get insight we perceive that what the soul yearns for is as close to it as its own being. The aim and end pointed to alike by faith and reason; is, not to gain possession of anything whatever, but to become pure, gentle, loving and wise, that we may awaken to the consciousness of God's presence.—*Spalding*.

At Night.

Not in the rosy stillness of the dawn
Nor in the tumbling tumult of the day,
Does the heart hunger for a word of love
Dim sorrow's toll to pay.

But in the sunken silence of the night
When grief's grey shadows gather in the breast
We listen for the music of a voice
That lulls our hearts to rest.

Walter Patrick McCourt.

The Last One.

BY F. HOLSLAG.

With stately step and firm carriage he entered. For a man of seventy with plenty of money and white hair he fell far short of being feeble. But to-day he acted strangely.

Sitting with bowed head in front of the glowing grate he bade me bring out his N. D. trophies. Ah! to-day was Reunion Day, but why did not his class fellows come? To be sure, they were all old but not so that I could notice it, for I was usually worn out by night, but it was night already and they hadn't come.

A year had passed since he had last seen his two remaining comrades. Could they have died, could it be that this sad-faced man was the last?

He reached out a wrinkled hand for the Loving Cup. It was a large one with three handles adorned with figures. On each handle was a word, on one Love, another Hope, and the other Faith. On the sides were inscribed the twenty-four names of the class.

Standing with what seemed a great effort, with the cup in one hand he looked long into the glowing grate.

"Ah! my comrades," he was muttering, "in taking up the cup I have grasped the handle of Love, I now take hold of Faith. I've kept both my faith and love to you and our college.

"I can see you all, dear boys, as clear as on our first reunion. There was only one place vacant then—but now—" he seemed to falter, I sprang to his aid but he pushed me aside.

"There you were, Jack, thoughtless sometimes, no doubt, but always you were to me

the same dear chum. There too was Steele, 'the morbid-minded Jester,' how you did make us laugh and keep up our spirits when we seemed to think everything was wrong. You were the next to go—our first real loss. Then Will, our toastmaster, together with Grace.

"Silently you have left us every one till at last I alone remain. There remains but the handle of Hope to grasp. It is pointing toward you, the path that I must take."

Sinking gently into the big armchair, with his head toward the grate he recited in a scarcely audible voice:

School of our boyhood,
We must leave with heavy heart;
Home of our manhood,
Fare-thee-well, our ways now part.
In thy dear wall's splendor
Where our memories love to dwell
Our hearts, sad but tender,
Speak their fond farewell.

His words seemed to grow fainter and fainter, but at the end he raised his head and spoke to me: "I can remember, James, when there were twenty-three more that sang that on our 'Grad' day. Water, please." I brought him the glass, but when I reached him it was over.

I can see him now as I sit above the stables (I'm a stable hand now) just as plainly as he saw his comrades. He was a lovable man and died without a murmur, and even if I haven't had an education I say with fervor that a school that can grow men to be that thoughtful of their school is the greatest on earth, and that school is Notre Dame.

My Light.

The dying day incarnadines the world,
The shadows deepen on the brow of night,
Yet what care I how long the darkness reigns—
You are my love, my light.

You will illumine the flow'ry path that leads
Our wedded souls across the vasty deep,
And like sweet children weary of their play
We shall lie down to sleep.

Morning will break with silver spears of light
Not from the portals of the Eastern skies,
But from the virgin depths of your pure soul
Through your awakening eyes.

Charles George Corcoran.

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Board of Editors.

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EUGENE MCBRIDE, '16	D. EDMONDSON, '18
HOWARD PARKER, '17	

—Next Monday evening will commence the students' annual retreat or mission. It will be conducted by the Rev. Joseph Boyle, C. S. C., one of the Holy Cross missionaries. Almost all the students have attended a retreat or mission either here or in their parishes at home. The SCHOLASTIC takes occasion, nevertheless, to remind them of the nature and importance of this spiritual exercise.

The retreat is a time of serious thought and prayer. In the midst of worldly concerns a halt is called. When a man is on a long journey in an automobile and has driven the machine hard over rough roads into strange territory, he stops at some little town, consults his map and inquires of the inhabitants if he is on the right road; he looks the car over; he notices whether anything has been loosened or broken; he renews his supply of oil and gasoline. The retreat is such a stop for the far-travelled soul. What city are you bound for? Are you on the right road? or have you wandered into some forlorn land far from the path you were bound for? Every Catholic student in the University should honestly and firmly resolve to take advantage of this season of prayer and instruction to indulge in a little serious thinking. To be accorded the pleasure and the opportunity of making the retreat is nothing short of a privilege, and we should strive to show our appreciation of the favor in a conscientious manner. We should endeavor to enter into this important religious exercise with the proper sentiment and the right spirit, with the desire to get the full benefit of it, and with the

determination to make it the very best and holiest retreat we have ever made. If we have no disposition or inclination to regard the retreat in an earnest manner, if we think it a trifling affair and intend to treat it as such, the best thing we can do is to stay away. The services will be all the better for our absence.

Each and every individual in the school has a perfect right to reap full harvest from the retreat. No one has the authority to attend the exercises merely to disrupt them or to distract the attention of others. We are all in need of a retreat, no matter how good, bad, or indifferent we may be, and for us to try and make it in a slovenly, unconcerned way is an insult to God and our fellowmen, besides being an act of foolishness on our own part. Hence if we cannot resolve to make the retreat in the right spirit we had better resolve to stay away from the exercises, show ourselves up for what we are, and suffer the consequences. Let those who wish to make the retreat in the proper manner do so without hindrance or restraint.

—A recent decision by the Board of Trustees of Wabash College to make military training at that institution compulsory, has been the occasion of the Indianapolis

Drill at *Star's* remarking editorially that Notre Dame. Wabash has "taken the lead among Indiana institutions" in this respect. The trifling circumstance of Notre Dame having had compulsory military training for the last four years, seems to have entirely escaped the notice of the *Star's* editorial writer. As a matter of fact, the annual enrollment in the Notre Dame Cadet Corps for any year since 1911, will be found to be slightly greater than Wabash's total registration. Two competent military officers have been assigned to Notre Dame by the War Department ever since 1910, and the result of their co-operation with an interested Faculty, might have been witnessed last spring, when the local cadet regiment was the recipient of high commendation from the army officer detailed to inspect it.

All freshmen and sophomores, as well as the students in the preparatory departments, are required to attend military drill three times a week. Juniors and Seniors electing to continue in the work, hold posts as commissioned officers. The bugle call which rings across the campus every Monday, Thursday and Friday, brings hundreds of uniformed young men out of the

various halls. Notre Dame's two thousand acres of ground, afford splendid facilities for drill grounds, battle tactics, target practice, and the other forms of activity incidental to military training. The splendid big gymnasium, large enough to permit of the manoeuvring of two battalions, is utilized as an armory during the winter months. It is also worthy of note in this connection, that the local school boasts the largest college rifle club in the United States, and has a fully equipped shooting gallery and rifle range for its own exclusive use.

Without in any way detracting from the fair fame of our sister institution, it may be pointed out that Notre Dame is the only University in Indiana, if not in the United States, to have its own G. A. R. organization. With the opening of hostilities between the North and South, Father Sorin made the heroic sacrifice of depleting the ranks of the faculty by sending seven priests to act as chaplains in the army. Many brothers of Holy Cross, before having joined the order, served during the Civil War.

William F. Lynch, who afterward became a Colonel in the 58th Illinois Infantry, organized his famous Notre Dame Zouaves in 1859, yet the organizer of the "Continental Cadets" was by no means the first Notre Dame man to actively interest himself in the matter of military drill for the students. Military drill was part of the curriculum since 1848. Lynch himself was badly wounded, but survived the war and attained the post of brigadier-general. Robert W. Healy, one of the erstwhile "Continental Cadets," attained the rank of general and was highly commended by General Grant for his services in the Union Cause. Practically all of the Continental Cadets of other days, it may be remarked in passing, enlisted in the Union army as soon as the war broke out.

Appreciation of Notre Dame's splendid loyalty by men whose deeds have firmly established themselves in history, has brought to Notre Dame's wonderful museum the swords of General Francis Shields and General Thomas Meagher, the Battle Flag of the Irish Brigade, the uniform coat worn by General Sherman on his famous march to the sea, and other war relics innumerable.

Notre Dame's patriotic zeal, in no less degree than her practical endeavor in the work of reasonable preparedness, entitles her to more consideration than might be inferred from the pen wielder for the *Indianapolis Star*.

The Croxton Quartet.

Last Monday evening saw the opening of the winter concert and lecture season in Washington Hall. The Frank Croxton mixed quartet of New York City was the attraction. The same organization appeared here two years ago.

Bernard L. Lytton, the accompanist of the organization, came in for much of the applause accorded the performers. He achieved the distinction of being one of the few pianists ever to have been insistently encored by a student audience in Washington Hall. His rendition of several difficult classical numbers was artistic, although some of his selections were too long for complete enjoyment.

Miss Inez Barboin, soprano, and Miss Rose Bryan, contralto, were well received in solo offerings. The former young lady showed power in her singing of Russian airs, one of which was given without accompaniment.

Mr. Frank Croxton, director and basso of the organization, was especially pleasing in some negro dialect songs. William Wheeler's tenor voice was heard to advantage in more serious numbers.

The quartet showed admirable blending of voices in its four-part numbers, but it failed to "get over" with the audience as well as the all-male Imperial Quartet which appeared a year ago. This is partly due, perhaps, to the Croxton's avoidance of comedy, in which the Chicago men specialized.

The Glee Club.

The organization of the Notre Dame Glee Club is progressing rapidly. The officials are working hard and the men are all showing a gratifying spirit of co-operation. Meetings are being held in the Sorin Hall Law Room on Tuesday and Thursday evenings. The work is under the direction of Ward Perrott, Notre Dame's all-American tenor. Part of the music for the club has arrived and we can expect to hear some real music before long. The number of men who have turned out is far above expectations, but there is still room for men with talent. The members have been classified as follows:

FIRST TENORS.

H. P. Conboy, '16, James Hayes, '17, S. D. Heffer-

nan, '19, M. G. Kazus, '17, R. E. Lightfoot, '19, C. J. O'Malley, James Foley, '16, Jas. T. McMahon, '17, A. Schlipf, '16, G. W. Shanahan, '17, F. W. Holslag, '17, C. McCauley, '19, F. E. Birmingham, Prep, Neil Whalen, '18, Hugh O'Donnell, '16, L. L. Tschudi, P. G. Harry Baujan, '17, F. D. Jones, '18, F. Corona, '19.

SECOND TENORS.

W. O. Finch, '16, R. A. Downey, '16, Leon Russell, '17, D. Edmondson, '18, M. Keady, '19, R. Sackley, '17, Erich deFries, P. G., J. E. Minavio, '19, J. M. McDonough, '16, C. Sheehan, '16, H. McConnell, '16, P. G., R. M. Brown, '19, Thos. Moore, '19, Drexel Duffey, '16, H. McCollough, '19, Donald Smith, '19, J. Vurpillat, '18, Charles Sheehan, '16, T. P. Galvin, '16, H. Goodes, '19, W. P. McCourt, '16, P. J. Smith, '16, William B. McDonald, '18, F. L. Mahaffey, '17,

FIRST BASS.

Gerald Carlton, '19, L. Carroll, '16, R. J. Dunn, '18, T. C. Kelley, '17, Tom Hayes, '16, Jac. Leinenkugel, '16, Chas. Williams, '18, S. Carroll, '17, Tom Truder, '16, Logan Lanahan, '18, H. L. Leslie, '19, H. A. Cremer, '19, W. F. Fox, '18, Daniel McGlynn, '19, Ed Ryan, '16, D. J. Voll, '17, Dudley Pearson, '19, G. J. Kelley, '19, P. Talagre, '19, R. Himenex, '18, Syl. Mersch, '19, Wm. Grady, '18, J. D. Cook, '18, Richard Daley, '17, Joseph McGinnis, '19, H. E. Scott, '17, H. D. MacDonald, '16.

SECOND BASS.

F. J. Carey, '17, S. R. Rudolph, '17, Leo DuBois, '19, H. R. Burt, '19, Robert Daley, '16, Frank Welch, '16, Ned Barrett, '17, Matthew Trudelle, '17, George O'Laughlin, '18, Russell Hardy, '16, Jerome Miller, '17.

In the Old Days.

A diary written in 1859 by a Notre Dame student was among the old manuscripts recently received by the University from two well-known families in Michigan. It starts out as follows, showing that even in those days prefects had troubles:—

SUNDAY, JAN. 16, 1859.

It snowed to-day. I got a letter from home. It was my sister Carrie that wrote it. I went to Mass in the forenoon and also to vespers in the afternoon. We stayed to bed yesterday morning till 7 o'clock because they did not have anyone to light the lamps. We thought that we were all going to be expelled on account of our misbehaving the night before. I played football in the forenoon before it snowed and had a good deal of fun. I thought a good deal of home and wished I was home.

MONDAY, JAN. 17, 1859.

It has been very unpleasant to-day. The boys were talking about having a sleigh ride

on the following day. I went to the infirmary and bought 10 cents worth of cakes. I tore my coat and had to take it to the shop. I received the Holy Eucharist last Sunday, but forgot to write it down. Mr. C. and I have been talking about going hunting on Wednesday next.

TUESDAY, JAN. 18, 1859.

Pleasant to-day, the sun shone all day. I felt quite homesick at noon and wished that I had only one more week to stay here. I was called out on the floor to explain a sum. It was the 8th sum on page 25 of Davis' Arithmetic. I sent my coat to the tailor shop this morning and told them to have it back just as soon as they got it mended.

FRIDAY, JAN. 21, 1859.

It has been very dreary to-day and there was competition in every class. I wrote a letter home to my sister Lizzy. I played football and won but I happened to trip Mr. F. and throw him down and he got all mud. Some one went and told him that I said I had done it on purpose, so he said that he would pay me back for it sometime. I borrowed a post stamp from Mr. Fitz Gibbons.

SATURDAY, JAN. 22, 1859.

It was very cool to-day. It blustered and blew the snow through every little crevice that there was in the house. I bought five post stamps. I went to the infirmary and bought a pie. I paid ten cents for it. I went down in the wash-room at noon and washed my neck and hands and brushed my shoes. There was a fellow got hurt there. He kept pushing Mr. P— and bye and bye Mr. P— got mad and hit him in the face and made his mouth bleed very bad. I got my competition paper back to-day. I had made twelve mistakes.

F. C. M.

Obituary.

MRS. S. N. MCGONIGLE.

Stephen McGonigle of St. Joseph Hall was summoned to his home at Belvidere, Illinois, Sunday night by the serious illness of his mother, who died before he could reach the bedside. The funeral took place on Wednesday. An immense floral piece bore the condolence of the boys of St. Joseph Hall. The sympathy of the student body is extended to the family. R. I. P.

Local News.

—Bishop Curley of St Augustine, Florida, made his first visit to Notre Dame on Tuesday of this week. He spoke briefly to the students at the noon hour. He was accompanied by Mgr. Evers of New York City, an old graduate of Notre Dame.

—The ambitious Hill Street car made another attempt to enter the campus Wednesday night. The old boat remained on the rocks until Thursday morning.

—The first Delinquent Lists were made out at the teachers' meeting on Friday, October fifteenth. Several of the new men seem to have sought places on these rolls of notoriety.

—The marriage is announced of Miss Gertrude Johanna Arnold to Mr. William Joseph Corcoran (B. S. in Biol., '13) to take place Thursday, October 14th, at Holyoke, Mass.

—The Brownson bulletin board quotes Governor Ferris of Michigan on military training and preparedness. One statement is underlined, i. e., "*I protest against even optional training in our schools.*"

—A send-off mass meeting was held on Cartier Field at four o'clock Wednesday afternoon. The team left for Lincoln Thursday morning there to meet the Corn Huskers in a fight-to-the-finish battle.

—A series of lectures on Catholic doctrine was given this past week in the large auditorium of the new High School at South Bend. Many of the students of Notre Dame heard one or more of Father Conway's talks.

—At the request of members of the class, the Freshmen who are taking Criminal Law have been divided into two sections. The overcrowded condition having been eliminated, the freshies promise to buckle down to work.

—A new class in Railway Transportation will be open to upper classmen in the Ph. B. course. Father Bolger announces that the class will start next week and will meet on Wednesdays at 11:10 A. M. and on Fridays at 9:05 A. M.

—Professor Lenihan has added to his list of artists for the coming vaudeville the dainty "International Dancer," Eddie Mann. It will be remembered he carried off the first prize which was given last year by the K. of C.

—"Tis here—the annual cactus local. Dominic *et al.* were seen last Wednesday, sneaking toward the hot-house with our highly prized specimen: of the genus *agave*. Overcoats and "heavies" will now come forth. The Notre Dame barometer points to winter.

—Dr. H. Boyd-Snee has generously offered to award monogram pins to the members of the champion teams in St. Edward Hall. The contest has proved a very keen one so far as every one wishes to be the recipient of one of these artistic pins.

—The Apostolate Library has its branch established in St. Joseph Hall this year under the supervision of a student who is sure to be an excellent promoter, Mr. Alfred Fries. Brother Alphonsus is anxious to further the reading of Catholic literature in all of the halls.

—Lee Vogel had his first chance to display his nimrodic prowess last Wednesday when a stray hound dog mistook a second story window in Sorin for a doorway and "obeyed that impulse." The shot from Vogel's rifle that put the dog out of his misery narrowly escaped adding inquisitive Mr. Scott to our obituary list.

—The Notre Dame Glee Club is coming along famously. Encouraging results were obtained from the tryouts for tenors and basses, and further practice meetings are to be held in the near future. Ward Perrott of Sorin Hall is responsible for most of the success achieved. For the ambitious gleeist whose vocal chords need retouching he will prove a valuable teacher.

—The South Bend-Logansport High School football game staged on Cartier Field last Saturday afternoon was well attended by the student body. The onlookers displayed a tendency to cheer everything from the head-linesman to the water carriers, giving several unique yells that we hope they will spring on South Dakota. Every little yelp helps, so be on hand with yours.

—Broad grins and blank looks abounded last Wednesday noon in the Senior quarters in the main refectory, after the conditioned examination notices had been given out. Fine thing to hand a fellow a few hours before the Day Dodgers' Ball. Which reminds us that the above-mentioned affair was a huge success—one of the biggest crowds that ever attended a Notre Dame dance being present.

—The following denizens of the campus have taken up their abode at the "Lilacs" for the school year: Paul Duffy, D. L. Duffy, Stuart Carroll, Leonard Carroll, Ed Moran, Paul Weiland, John Mahoney, William Henry, Leonard Evans, George Shanahan, Paul Smith, Charles Corcoran, Royal Bosshard, Fred Prolatowski, Leo McGahan, Jack Young and Dan Keegan. They promise to be a studious seventeen.

—The little log chapel where Father Sorin was sheltered on his arrival here, and where Father Badin, the first priest ordained in the United States is now buried, is being made a shrine for the propagation of devotion to the Sacred Heart. Several cures have recently been performed at Notre Dame through this devotion and it is hoped that it may increase. Brother Columba will be in charge of visitors on Sundays.

—The Walsh Hall Chicks gave a stout walloping to the Brownson Chicklets last Sunday morning when they battled on Cartier Field. The game was a good, fast, snappy one and was not cinched until the whistle ended the last quarter. Moore's "intelligent" toe snatched the game from the Brownsonites when he dropped the ball on the twenty-five-yard line and booted it gracefully over the cross-bar. Moore, Myers, Ryan, and Mills starred for Walsh, while Mulligan, McConnell and Curley did the spectacular work for the Brownsonites.

—The October woods are decked in red and gold, making the landscape at Notre Dame as beautiful as a dream. The frisky red squirrel is gathering his winter store of nuts, leaving the shells at the door of his den in abundance. Something has told him to make his provisions large, so that he may not feel the pangs of hunger during the long and severe winter that is coming. His old enemy, the red-headed woodpecker, disappeared in September, not having the courage to brave the blasts as he did for the last two winters.

—Local news has been lagging of late, partly through editorial laziness and partly on account of the "darn" sameness of things. Surely the men of the School must realize that one or two men cannot cover the news of the whole community. We suggest the hearty co-operation of every student with the Local editor, in order to make it what it has never

been—a true chronicle of the week's happenings. Bring your news and shove it under the door of 339 Sorin, or else cease to crab when your particular class, hall, or set fails to get the recognition that is coming to it in this column. What's doing among the literary, engineering, and social organizations? Let's hear, and we'll tell everybody about it.

—In a football game that at times resembled a battle royal, the Brownson Chicks trimmed the Walsh Hall Chicks by the score of 20 to 0 on Cartier Field Thursday morning. The score does not tell the true story of the game, for the lighter Walsh Hallers put up a scrappy fight. But weight told and Barry, Brownson quarter, Mulligan and Fennesy, Brownson halfbacks, tore through the line and around the ends for long gains. "Red" Brown, at quarter, Edwin Moore and Steve Meyers were the stars for Walsh. Within fifteen yards of his own goal line, Meyers intercepted a pass and ran fifty yards through a line of broken interference before he was downed.

—In June the Department of Architecture of the University of Notre Dame published a bulletin illustrating the work of the students. This bulletin has created much interest among architects, and many interesting letters have been received complimenting Mr. Kervick upon the work accomplished.

Mr. Ralph Adams Cram, Professor of Architecture at Massachusetts Institute of Technology, who is the leader of Gothic architecture in America and architect of St. John the Divine Cathedral in New York City, expresses the "keenest interest," and says:

The designs are quite remarkable. The type of design is admirable and the intelligence shown in working it out is most notable. Mr. William's chapel is a brilliant and intelligent piece of work, the plan being particularly notable. I like Mr. Eck's country church conceived on absolutely the right lines. Mr. William's community masoleum is also admirable, and on the other hand the classical work is exceedingly good, particularly, I should say, Mr. Flynn's Art Museum.

I congratulate you most highly on the work you have done and are doing, for you are working on a most notable, constructive and comprehensive line, and I am vastly encouraged to know that at last the Roman Catholic Church has now a school where the true principles of architecture and its fundamental importance are being taught on the right lines.

—The day students of the University gave an informal dancing party Wednesday evening,

October 20, at Place Hall. About 130 couples were present, the largest crowd that ever attended a Notre Dame dance. The feature of the evening was the presence of Jimmie's "Goat" with a Nebraska pennant on its back. The decorations were decidedly unique. The electric lights were covered with autumn boughs, and corn stalks tied in Gold and Blue ribbon were tastily arranged about the hall. At each end of the hall was a cozy corner.

The patrons and patronesses were: Prof. and Mrs. Wm. Benitz, Prof. and Mrs. John M. Cooney, Prof. and Mrs. John Tiernan, Coach and Mrs. J. C. Harper.

The committee in charge of the arrangements were Edward N. Marcus, chairman; John U. Riley, Wilmer O. Finch, Thos. W. Conway, Paul Fogarty, Joseph F. Flynn, and Paul Edgren.

Varsity Football.

The Nebraska encounter to-day is one of the hardest games on the local schedule; and it was for this game that the coaching of the past two weeks was directed. Scrimmages in secret against the second and the freshman teams with the latter two using the Nebraska style of play, made up the harder part of the workouts with long signal drills, instructions in blocking, line scrimmage, and practice in passing and kicking, filling out the hard two weeks' work. The only change in the line-up since the Haskell game has been the shifting of "Big Frank" to right tackle. The rest of the team is the same as when it faced the Indians; but noticeable improvements have been made by the individual men in playing their positions since then. The men are all in fairly good physical condition as the rest has been long enough to let the old injuries heal up. Keefe and O'Donnell have been out of most of the scrimmages due to injuries, but both are in condition to play against the "Corn Huskers."

The team seems to be in the best possible shape for the big game as all of the men realized the fact that this game makes or breaks our standing in the West this year; and all have gone into the work of preparation with a determination that makes football teams. Everyone realizes the importance of this game, and most of the fans who know the class of ball usually played by the Nebraska men, know that

this game will be a battle from the first whistle to the last. The reports from the student body and also from the members of the team of the Nebraska school express the opinion that the Gold and Blue will undoubtedly meet defeat, but they expect a hard game. Students from that part of the country contend that the "Huskers" have one of the best teams in their history and that this game will be much harder than the encounter with the Army. It is certain, however, that Nebraska has for the past few years been considered with Michigan, the Conference Champion, and Notre Dame as a contender for the Western Championship. To-day's game will aid greatly in settling the Championship, and we fervently hope Notre Dame will not be the team eliminated.

The most interesting work in the past two weeks was the scrimmages with the freshmen, the first-year men using the Nebraska plays. The Freshies were evidently well coached by Deac Jones; for many times they played havoc with the Varsity line, and often gained good ground on the tackle back plays. The success of the latter play, however, was largely due to the work of Philbin, the giant tackle on the first-year team, who carries the ball better than the average college backfield man. Other plays which the freshmen handled well were the end around plays which Berkey and Thomas carried out to perfection. Miller, the sensational fullback, also showed up particularly well, going through the Varsity line like an Eichenlaub. In these scrimmages the first-year men kept the ball throughout the play and showed wonderful form on the offensive.

Tuesday the freshmen ran through the Varsity for huge gains carrying the ball from the middle of the field to the goal line twice while the Varsity figured out ways to stop the Nebraska plays. On Wednesday the student body turned out to see the men in their last practice before the big game. The team was run through a short signal practice, and it was announced that a wire would be run to the "Gym from the Nebraska field. The team composed of 22 men left Thursday for Lincoln. The regular team will consist of: Elward, Stephan, Keefe, O'Donnell, Capt. Fitzgerald, Rydzewski, Baujan, Phelan, Bergman, Bachman, and Cofall. The others to make the trip are: Whipple, Yeager, McInerny, Holmes, King, Franz, Jones, Dorais, John Miller, Voelkers and Malone.

Safety Valve.

1st Student:—"Say, have you got change for a dollar?"

2nd Student:—"Sure thing."

1st Student:—"Lend me a dime for a couple of sandwiches, will you?"

FAVORITE SAYINGS.

"Well, look at what the cat dragged in."

"Who put the coal in the bath-tub?"

"You've got the spark plug out again."

THE FAMOUS TRIPLE PLAY IN DISCIPLINE.

Father Farley to Father Burke to Father Cavanaugh.

SOME RUSH.

A student in English I. ended his description of the campus in this way: "The walks can be seen running down to the entrance, accompanied by large trees."

The Brownsonite who asked the prefect for a hall permission to go to town double crossed himself.

Bill Hanly is conducting a school of music in Walsh Hall. Lessons, 25 demerits.

If you want to get half shot, go hunting watermelons.—Blakeslee.

Anyone interested in the watchful waiting policy will kindly report at the Grotto.

Carrollite:—"They tell us that if we get ninety in all our classes we can go to town twice a week, and they know as well as we do that a kid what gets ninety in his classes couldn't have no fun in town."

The fact that the Lawrence College football team swiped fourteen towels from Wisconsin and nineteen from Michigan simply shows that Lawrence is for *clean* athletics.

LI—LAC 'ELL.

Shanahan:—"What's the matter, Corc? Why so sad looking?"

Corcoran:—"Well, you see it's this way, Shanny. I wrote several letters to my girl describing the "Lilacs" nestled in a sea of flowers. I told her of the beautiful large rooms, of the mission furniture, of the old rich tapestries; then I went over on Washington Street and took a picture of Studebaker's house and sent it to her with my room marked, and—I just got a letter saying she's coming to visit me this week."

THE CROXTON QUARTET.

Crock! Crock! Crock! Crock!

Not to mention the pianist.

Now that a New York judge has decided that babies have a right to cry even though they disturb other tenants in an apartment house, the Carrollites are trying a test case to ascertain if they haven't

the right to leave the campus, to skive class or at least to do something that other people don't like.

THE FATAL COUPON, OR THE STUDENT'S DOWNFALL.

A student he was standing

In Hullie's cigar store,

His arms against the show-case, and

His feet against the floor;

'Twas plain that he was thinking,

And thinking very hard,

When Hullie he stepped up to him

And said: "What's wrong, old pard?"

The student he looked up at George,

And watery grew his cheek,

And while he chewed a coupon,

These words he then did speak.

CHORUS.

I used to be a gentleman,

And now I am a soak,

I once had lots of money,

And now I am dead broke,

I always was unlucky, George,

I once bought a cigar,

And so of course 'twas just my luck

To draw your damned Ford car.

1st Student:—"If I really loved a girl, John, I wouldn't hesitate to do anything that might make her happy. I'd skive class to visit her, I'd take night permissions into my own hands, I'd borrow money to bring her to theatre parties, I'd—"

2nd Student:—"I read that story in the *Red Book* and you don't need to tell me any more of it. It's told better than you can tell it."

1st Student:—"And did you read as far as where the student defies the prefect and goes to town anyway so as not to break his appointment with his sweetheart?"

2nd Student:—"Yes, yes, I read it all."

1st Student:—"Well, that's just the kind of a fellow I am, and I promised I'd take her to a dance to-night and I'm going to do it. If I'm refused permission, I'll go anyway. I'll just ask as a matter of form. (*exit.*)

2nd Student:—"That fellow is losing his mind, he'll be fired and lose all his credits and he won't be able to finish his course. I can't—"

(*Enter 1st student and begins to take off his collar.*)

2nd Student:—"So you're going to get ready for the dance, are you?"

1st Student:—"No. I'm going to bed, I'm tired."

FOOLISH QUESTIONS.

Where is Christian Science Hall?

How often may we go to Saint Mary's?

Are the Exams hard?

Were you ever caught skiving?

When is the DOME coming out?

Who's rector of Washington Hall?

What does the Athletic Board do when there are no hall teams to legislate against?

Who is the kind man who insists that students shall not be bothered reading text-books for their classes?

Who's the nut warden at Notre Dame?