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A Vineyard.

NEAR where an autumn road runs by
There is a vineyard that I know,
Whose fruitage 'neath a morning sky
Was trod in vintage long ago.

And now far through the evening air
I see upon the western way,
Another vineyard purpling there
With ripened fruitage of the Day.

John Byrne.

Benson's Contribution to Catholic Thought.

BY FRANK REMMES.

A WRITER may be judged, not by the number or variety of his books but by the contribution he has made to the thought of his time. By this we do not mean that he must present a new body of truth; indeed, to do that is impossible. But a writer may take rank by what he brings home to the mind of his age, since thereby he makes an actual contribution to its knowledge. It is under this aspect that we propose to view Mgr. Benson. We find the distinctive feature of his writing to be the emphasis which he put upon an old truth, namely, that Christ dwells in the Church.

Perhaps it would be better to observe briefly the intellectual and spiritual development of this man who has exerted such an intellectual and spiritual influence on the world in which he lived. Benson's elementary training was by no means thorough. Throughout his preparatory years the religious was made subservient to the mental. As a result of this, he became very active mentally, but spiritually, he was in a coma. This is strikingly evident during his sickness while in the Alps. To use his own words: "Now although I appeared unconscious, and for a while was so, I was perfectly aware,

even when my sense failed to act, that I was dying; I even began to speculate what would be the first phenomenon of the supernatural world that would disclose itself to me; and I fancied, owing no doubt to the suggestions conveyed to me by the vast icy peaks on which I had closed my eyes, that this would be a vision of the Great White Throne. Yet never for one instant was I conscious of the least touch of apprehensiveness at the thought of meeting God, nor of the least impulse to make an act of contrition for my past life. My religion, such as it was, was of so impersonal and unvital a nature that, while I never doubted the objective truth of what I had been taught, I neither feared God nor loved Him: I felt no sense of responsibility toward Him, nor was I even moved at the prospect of seeing Him. I acquiesced passively in my belief that He was present, but neither shrank from Him in fear, nor aspired toward Him with affection. And this, I think, was typical of my whole attitude toward religion in ordinary life. Intellectually I accepted the Christian creed; but with my will and my emotions. Except in moments, or for short periods of superficial excitement, I was wholly uninterested. My religion had no spark in it of real vitality."

Having in view this state of spiritual indifference, one can hardly imagine how Benson entered the ministry. There were, however, three principal motives for this turn of life: the message from his dying sister, the desire to follow the course of least resistance, and the pleasure this change would bring to his father. Though the motives are insufficient enough, the result is noteworthy. This change necessitated a study of theology and church history, which soon disclosed to him the real spiritual side of religion. That this disclosure did not arouse him is clearly manifest at the time of his ordination to the diaconate. He expresses his condition when he says, "I sat in a dusky nave like a soul in hell."

Shortly afterwards he attended a retreat given by Father Maturin, in which he learned for the first time how the Sacraments follow inevitably from the Incarnation, and how confession has its place in the divine order of things. And it was this knowledge, being adverse to what the young deacon had previously been taught, that sowed the seed which later fructified in his conversion; for he was well aware that the Church in which he was laboring laid very little stress on the importance of confession, and even tried—in many places—to discourage it. A few years after his ordination, while on a trip through France and Italy, he first recognized how insignificant the Anglican communion really was. This thought was discomfiting, and he would often remain after the choral ceremonies wondering if the elaborate and pleasing display in which he had participated was not a mere sham, in short, whether the High Church was all it professed to be. During his spare moments, he read many controversial and cynical books, but these failed to reach that trouble, which, as he himself says, arose from the “sense of Anglican isolations and from the strong case for Roman continuity with the pre-Reformation Church and the respective weakness of my own.” By this time he was ready to accept all the Catholic dogmas save the one of Papal infallibility, and even started to preach these in “veiled” language. It may easily be judged that his way into the Church would be straight, and so it was. He had accepted the teachings and dogmas of the Catholic faith; he had become convinced that the Catholic Church was Divine; he had tested his convictions and had found them to be true. There was only one thing for him to do—make the change. He was sent to preach an Easter sermon in the southern part of England, but while he was carrying out this mission, he knew well that it would be his last one as a High Church minister. And as he descended the steps of the pulpit on that Easter morning, he saw for the first time the exquisite splendor and beauty of the Bride of the Risen God.

A soul such as Father Benson's—tossed this way and that between doubts and certainties, at one time rising above the hazy twilight of doubtful dogma, and again relapsing into it—was, during all these years, subject to constant unrest. A great internal conflict was ever waging between the thoughts of family and

tradition, binding him to Anglicanism on the one side, and the undeniable claims of Catholicism on the other. He hesitated to forsake the Church which he had learned to love from his youth; and was, indeed, loath to ally himself to one which he feared and understood but little. Yet he was brave enough to take the step. It seemed indeed quite natural for such a soul to expect on its entrance into the Catholic Church a spiritual change little short of the miraculous; it was, however, filled with a “childlike contentment.”

From what has been said, it is easy to gauge the character of the young convert. Benson was by no means a passive member of the Catholic Church. He was ever flaming with a priestly zeal for leading men to their God, and his work has placed him among our greatest mystics. Let us now consider the contribution which he has made to Catholic thought in “Christ in the Church.”

The arguments by which Benson substantiates his thesis—that Christ is still living in His Church—are most convincing, being founded on the facts of daily experience; facts which are irrefutable. It may be helpful to state that Benson's method is this: he shows what the life of Christ was as recorded in the Scriptures, and then shows how the history of Christianity is but a rewriting of that life. In other words Christ is living still; now as a church, or as *the Church*, or more specifically, *living over again mystically the very same life which He lived in the Flesh of God Incarnate*.

We learn from the Scriptures that there were two classes of men drawn to the little stable in Bethlehem on that bleak and silent night of the Nativity; the shepherds—the simplest and most unlearned of men, and the kings—the wisest and most thoughtful of their time. Obviously enough, the same thing is true of the Church to-day. Those who are swelling the ranks of Catholicism are the extremely simple and uneducated, and the extremely wise and shrewd—the bourgeois class very rarely contributes to the fold of Christ. It may be helpful to state that by the term “bourgeois” Benson wishes to connote “that great class of the tolerably thoughtful, the tolerably educated and intelligent, and more especially those who are content with their knowledge, and are unaware of its limitations.” This class very rarely contributes to the Church. The truth of this observation is

borne out by daily experience in all countries. We may cite France as an example,—a country which has recently given to the Church such men as Brunetiere, Coppee, Paul Bourget, Huysmans, and Rette, along with many poor, simple peasants from the country districts. Just as in the life of Christ we find the learned St. Paul and Nicodemus, and the simple and unlearned St. Peter and the other fishermen, so it is, and ever has been, in the life of His Church. For the bourgeois remains at home wrapped up in business affairs, while the "shepherds and kings go to the stable and adore."

"Hiddenness" is a marked characteristic of Christ and of His Church. Of the thirty-three years of His life on earth Christ spent thirty in absolute silence, as far as the world is concerned. The Church bids her children go apart from the world, and admonishes them that the life of seclusion is the highest and noblest that can be lived on earth. Though other creeds, such as Mohammedanism, Buddhism, and Confucianism possess the mark of hiddenness to a certain extent, yet they all lack that one element—a burning zeal for proselytism—which typifies Divinity.

At the very outset of Christ's public ministry He declared himself to be the Truth. And immediately He was rejected by those who thought that Truth was subjective and was found dwelling "among the clouds" or at the bottom of a deep well, or, at any rate, could not be found in any human being. Truth, however, is not subservient to man's interpretation; it cannot be made to adapt itself to the whims and fancies of man; it stands apart and cannot be compromised. It must have a universal application and this is found in the Church alone. Christ was stoned for claiming to possess the truth; and the same is true of the Church to-day.

The element of the miraculous in the Church has been scoffed at for ages. And until very recently men have denied her healing power; but to-day, since no scientist may so much as doubt it without appearing ridiculous, many men unite in their attempt to explain it away by psychology. But the miracles of Lourdes, for example, the instant healing of a broken leg, cannot be explained away. This attempt, however, becomes the more interesting when we remember that Our Lord never convinced His enemies. His miracles were explained

away as frauds or as machinations of the devil.

One of the principal elements in any world religion is that of vicarious suffering. It is a positive fact that any religion which fails to recognize this essential is doomed to premature disruption, because it is "true neither to life nor to experience." The Catholic Church alone realizes that the "pain of creation must involve the pain of the Creator." Hence it is, that within her fold we find men going apart from the world and freely embracing lives of excruciating suffering and hardship, just as our Lord went apart from His own disciples and suffered that bloody agony in the Garden of Gethsemane.

We have seen that the Church is living a life identical with that of Christ Himself; we have now to see how, like Him, she suffers miserable failure. Considering the greatness of her claims and the comparatively little she has accomplished, she has failed indeed. She has lost France, parts of England, Scotland and Wales, and is unable even to maintain the faith of many of her adherents. She is charged with not keeping in pace with the times; with not laying aside her dreams and her visions, and contenting herself with the affairs of the practical world; and with the contradictory accusation that she is too worldly—is ever meddling in temporal affairs and not confining herself exclusively to the eternal. These causes of her failure are identical with those of our Lord's and, like His, are due to the fact that both are human and Divine. Caiaphas condemned Christ because He was Divine; Pilate condemned Him because He professed Himself to be a human being. Hence both Christ and the Church are at once too worldly and too "other-worldly," and both are raised on the Cross between heaven and earth, symbolizing their rejection by both the human and the Divine.

Every day has its Judas. This man apostatized from Christ, thereby making himself the most abject traitor of all time. It is a friend alone who could commit such an outrage. We experience daily the same treachery in the Church. And to-day the apostate priests and so-called escaped nuns, those who once held the key to Christ's Heart, but who have sold their God for worldly pleasure, sensual enjoyment, or self-love, are committing much the same outrage as Judas did. Could a Church be

human and not Divine which has outlived so many Judases?

Three other figures standing out prominently in our Lord's passion are Caiaphas—symbolizing the antagonism of the external world; Pilate—typifying the agnostic; and Herod—symbolizing those who believe the Church should be amusing rather than dogmatic. Caiaphas, unable to win Christ to his side, condemned Him because His teaching was truly Divine, hence leaving no room for compromise. The Church maintains her uniqueness, and for this she is condemned by many at the present time. The second—Pilate—who could not understand how Truth could be so childlike, condemning Christ because He is too simple. The Agnostics of to-day condemn the Church on the same charge—she is too simple. The third, namely Herod, that seeker after the curious, was glad to have our Lord come to his court, for he expected to see great things done by Him—"a display of celestial fireworks." Christ offered him light, but failing to satisfy his curiosity, Herod condemned Him. The Church is condemned by many because it fails to produce the marvels of the age. The Church, with Christ, offers them light, but emotion is the soul of their religion,—the truth is too deep.

There are three great ideals in the world: the Good, the True, and the Beautiful. Some who are ever discussing the Good condemn Christ because He disregarded human laws and troubled the Roman peace. Others allying themselves under the standards of the True condemn Him because He dared to call Himself the Truth, which they believe to be some great abstract thing which the world itself cannot contain, much less a human being. Finally the artists condemn Him in the words of Swinburne: "Wilt thou yet take all, Galilean? but these thou shalt not take. The laurel, the palm and the pean, the breasts of the nymphs in the brake, and all the wings of the loves; and all the joys before death—Thou hast conquered, O pale Galilean; the world is grown gray with thy breath." The Church, like Christ, is condemned by the good because she is the cause of much trouble and sedition; because by the rigid laws of the Church, self-indulgence, which the world deems a good, is prohibited, and self-sacrifice which is a real good is advocated. She is thought to be an enemy of advanced education and scientific research; she condemns free thought; she

proclaims herself the Truth, which to some seems either too simple, too deep or too elaborate. Finally, she is condemned as hostile to the Beautiful, because she is too ugly and ever making the world gloomy by her "Thou shalt not."

It is claimed that the Church perished through the destructive powers of the Reformation and Modernism; that she is but a corpse to be mourned over by a few feeble-minded, fanatical handfuls of Catholics-scattered throughout the world. Yet, like Christ Himself, she lives. Those who profess her faith are not fools, for amongst them we find many of the greatest philosophers and scientists of all times. And those who say, "If I were anything I would be a Catholic," actually recognize her vitality. Considering the supereminence of the men who very recently have entered the fold, and the success of the Eucharistic Congresses in all parts of the world at the present time, it is indeed a poor time to say the Church is dead, or even dying. In short, the Church is alive to-day and is just as active and zealous in the execution of her mission; for being Divine like Christ, death has no power over her. For, as Benson states in the magnificent closing passage, "Easter is but Bethlehem once again; the cycle runs around again to its beginning and the conflict is all to fight again; for they will not be persuaded, though One rise daily from the dead."

In summarizing the great work, "Christ in the Church," we may say that the Church is living over again the same life as that lived by the God-man two thousand years ago. She is ever waging war against man's intellectual pride and sensuous appetite; and though at times the world spreads palm beneath her passing and cries "Hosanna" to its king, yet it is always very clear, that Calvary is not far off and that the world will soon send her on that sorrowful and painful journey which terminates in crucifixion. Though she has been crucified by every false creed and by almost every class of men—by the lawgivers, the artists, and the agnostics—yet she lives and is proclaiming the truth to-day as vigorously and fearlessly as ever. For though the world crucify her daily, yet she will not die until the Divine ceases to be Divine—until God ceases to be God.

Undoubtedly, Benson was at his best in "Christ in the Church"—for here he deals

with a mystery, for the treatment of which he had been fitting himself from his youth. We reflect that he labored for many weary and seemingly unprolific days in studying the Church and comparing it with his own. I say unprolific, for at that time there was little or no evidence of progress. Yet he was really equipping himself for the noble work which we have here outlined. It is a marked characteristic of many of our converts to manifest a high perfection of some particular talent. This undoubtedly, is due to the particular path along which they journeyed towards the Catholic Church. Benson had viewed the Church from the outside; he had read cynical books with the purpose of stifling his tendency towards Catholicism, but these served only to show what the Church was not; he had analyzed her dogmas; he had scrutinized all her vital parts. And it is this intensive study which more than all else gained for him that remarkable knowledge of the Church evinced in his "Christ in the Church," and it is his method of comparing the respective qualities of the two Churches, which, being perfected in this work, has given to the Catholic mind a knowledge of that great mystery which shall perish only when the Church herself has ceased to be.

This, then, is the real contribution which has been bequeathed by Monsignor Benson to Catholic Thought. If ever a book was, as the philosopher said, the "life-blood of a man," "Christ in the Church" is that book. It is Benson; it is the sum of his "message," the man's whole self under a clearly defined aspect, and its thought is such with which none other has been indentified. It is very truly, then, Monsignor Benson's contribution to the thought of his time.

A Mistake.

EDWARD DENVIR.

The Allies buy our guns and ships,
They buy our powder too,
We furnish them with uniforms
Of yellow, red and blue.
The only thing they haven't bought,
To give the Germans fright
Is Walter Eckersall himself
To referee the fight.

Uneasy Lies the Head that Wears a Crown.

BY FRANCIS J. VURPILLAT.

Contrav Vorceff was the only man in sight on the forsaken street. The weather was unsettled and smothered lights glowed through the mists and fog of the gathering darkness.

Contrav was as unsettled as the weather. He had been in Moscow two years; he had held the position of chief police detective in Paris. But, through no fault of his own, he was involved in the famous Mauberge scandal and had been discharged. He came to Moscow, and after passing a rigorous examination succeeded in obtaining a position on the detective force. At that time Moscow was the capital of Russia and the police had their hands full frustrating numerous plots against the lives of the authorities. Contrav was told that his sole duty was to detect and stop their fulfilment.

That was two years ago. In the meantime Contrav had associated with toughs, frequented their rendezvous, and had actually joined in one of their conspiracies. He had so skilfully and completely disguised himself that he would have found it difficult to establish his identity. He never removed his disguise during the two years and he even forgot how he once had looked. During that time he had never reported at headquarters.

On this particular night, as he stood in an expectant mood, he drew a smudgy pipe from his dirty blouse, filled and lighted it. Suddenly a light shone from a room on the second floor of a building across the street. Contrav saw it and hastened across. Before reaching the top of the stairs he emptied his pipe and thrust it into his pocket. At the door he was confronted by a guard who demanded the sign and password. "X," grunted Contrav, and, rolling up his left sleeve, he displayed an X neatly tattooed on his brawny arm. He was then allowed to enter. About a dozen plotters were lounging around a stove in the other end of the room, but all carefully avoided the boxes at the opposite end. Shovels, spades, picks, sledge hammers, drills and leather-capped chisels were stacked in the corner and along the wall. It seemed obvious that a project was contemplated which required excavation. One of the most daring plots had been formed.

The Kremlin is the center of Moscow and is an ancient fort. It is located on the north bank of the River Moskva and is surrounded by a wall fifty feet high. The river bank is protected by a wall of the same height, and an avenue occupies the space between the two walls. Inside the Kremlin, a short distance from the wall, is the arsenal which at that time contained five million rounds of ammunition, as well as cannon, rifles and other ordnance. About a thousand feet away is the imperial palace. The plotters determined to blow up the arsenal, which would destroy the palace as well as all other edifices in the vicinity.

At the word of the leader the implements were shouldered and all took different directions toward the river and again congregated at the bridge. They descended the stone steps at the side of the bridge where a large flat boat was moored. The tools were deposited in one end of the boat and every man took an oar. With muffled strokes the boat proceeded up the river and bore into the bank just south of the arsenal. The anchor was dropped with a "plunk" for which the fellow was severely reprimanded by the leader. Then the drills were brought forward and two of the men began to drill into the wall. Meanwhile the other men made a Jacob's ladder fast to the iron fence on the wall above and one of them clambered up. He was to drop a stone into the river if anybody passed along the avenue. The drills had made a sufficiently large opening in the rock to permit the use of the chisels and sledges. Before morning a breach about five feet square had been made near the water line. The stones were replaced and the boat was taken back to the bridge.

On the following night the aperture was again opened and before dawn they had tunneled about twenty-five feet. The next night they came upon a large sewer. They dug over this and on the tenth successive night they reached the walls of the arsenal. The drills and hammers were again brought into play and the plotters emerged into an immense cellar stored with boxes of cartridges and kegs of powder. It was with the greatest hopes of success that the plotters dispersed to their lodging places that night.

Contrav now thought he allowed the plotters to proceed far enough. So the morning after the tunnel had reached the arsenal he decided to visit the chief of police. He removed his

disguise, and after much washing and combing, succeeded somewhat in conforming himself to his genuine photograph. After waiting an hour he presented his card and was admitted into the private office of the chief of police. Their eyes met. Instantly Nicolai Borz, notorious criminal and leader of the plotters recognized Jean Maure, famous Paris detective, his pursuer and fellow plotter. Vorceff knew his man. Both endeavored to conceal their knowledge. Contrav put his hand to his right sleeve. The other knew what that meant. It elicited a weak "What can I do for you?"

Contrav evasively answered "I wish to ask permission to examine the police records for last year."

"You'll have to see the Mayor. He has them. Next!" The sergeant ushered in another, and Contrav left.

He immediately went to the Mayor and revealed the identity of the Chief of Police as well as the plot to blow up the arsenal. He asked the Mayor to let him have ten police without the knowledge of the Chief. The Mayor consented. Contrav ordered five of his men to come up the river in a boat about eight o'clock, set the plotters' boat adrift and cut off their escape at that end. The other five were to enter the cellar of the arsenal at the same time.

About half-past seven the conspirators thought it was dark enough for their final maneuvers and they hastened to the scene of the contemplated destruction. When they reached the cellar one set about boring a hole in a keg of powder. The leader drew a metal case from his blouse along with several yards of fuse and a bottle of caps. The explosion was to be timed by the clockwork which the case contained. One end of the fuse was placed in the power keg; the other was on the clockwork. The infernal machine worked like an alarm clock. An hour was set for the alarm, but in its place was a little hammer and a small pan for the caps and the powder. At the desired time the hammer would be released, striking the caps and igniting the powder and fuse. This was to happen at midnight. It was now eight o'clock. The plotters intended to set the clockwork, hurry back to the bidge in the boat, take the 9:30 train for Kiev and there disband. When the explosion occurred they would be about a hundred miles away. All the other powder kegs were gathered about

the one having the fuse attached. Everything was ready and the plotters gathered up their tools. Just then one of them rushed in and declared that the boat was gone. The police had cut its anchor and set it adrift after seizing the watcher. The air was filled with volumes of curses. One yelled, the sewer, the sewer!"

"Hold," cried the leader, "come one of us is responsible for this. It must be Jean Maure. There," pointing to Contrav, "pull off his whiskers, Zeff." The fellow did so and off came the whiskers, wig and all. All recognized the dreaded sleuth.

"Bind him," commanded the leader. "Tie him to the keg. He'll enjoy seeing the sights, for, by St. Nick, he'll be farther away than we when it goes off. Get the picks! Break the sewer! everybody!" Turning to Contrav, he sneered, 'Ha! you haven't got me yet, Maure! That you may enjoy the suspense more, I'll tell you I've locked this arsenal so that no one can enter. I am Chief of Police, you know.' Then he gave him a blow on the head which rendered him unconscious. Taking a lantern he disappeared into the tunnel.

When Contrav regained consciousness he could hear the ticking of the clockwork. He had no idea how long he had been insensible. However, he felt the blood trickling from his forehead. Suddenly, there was a flash and the fuse dropped from the clockwork with a little red spark at its end. Nearer and nearer it sputtered. Contrav stared at it like a madman; his hair was on end; it turned white as snow. Now the spark was an inch;—he struggled in desperation; in one sec—and it disappeared. His own blood had dampened the fuse and saved him. Then he heard blows battering the big door of the arsenal. In a few minutes he was carried to a hospital.

Contrav received the gold chain of the Knights of St. Nicholas, Borz and the other plotters were captured and sent to Siberia.

To-day when the children of Contrav Vorceff ask him where he got such white hair he tells them this story.

Wrong Signals

Tell me not in football numbers
Seven, sixty-four, sixteen,
For I never caught a football—
I would miss a soup tureen.

In the Old Days.

On the editorial page of the SCHOLASTIC for October 1, 1887, we find the following excerpt from a letter:—"I read with great pleasure that you intend to erect at Notre Dame a library building." In the Locals for January 28, 1888, we read the announcement that: "The College Glee Club will give an entertainment in Washington Hall next Thursday. A small admission fee will be charged." There's nothing new under the sun.

From the issue of Dec. 3, 1887: "Notre Dame's college cheer, 'Rah! Rah! Rah! Nostra Domina!' was adopted by the students of the Senior department in 1879 in preference to 'S-s-st! Nostra Domina! Boom!' and similar cries."

October, 1887:—"On Wednesday evening the Elbel Orchestra rendered some choice "morceaux" during supper in the Senior refectory." (It must have been the supper he meant.)

—Same year, October 22: "Company B, Hoynes Light Guards, has been reorganized with a membership of forty-five."

In the papal Jubilee Number of December, '87, is the announcement that: "Brother Leopold has on hand a complete line of nice skates." (Nothing stronger than lemonade since)

In the St. Mary's Academy department of the SCHOLASTIC for March 10, '88: "Thanks are returned to Mrs. Saviers, Columbus, Ohio, for a carpet sweeper."

Ten years ago to-day Notre Dame triumphed over the football team of the American College of Medicine and Surgery on Cartier Field. The final score, probably the largest ever made on any field, was 142 to 0. Of the game the New York Sun has this to say:

The scoring cataclysm with which the Notre Dame team swept away the team of the American College of Medicine and Surgery of Chicago last Saturday included twenty-seven touchdowns in the 142 points. The total distance gained by Notre Dame is not given, but experts figure out that Notre Dame rushed the ball a million miles to one inch for the other side. All point-a-minute performances were put in the shade. There were thirty-three minutes of play, which means 4-1-3 points a minute. Yost's hurry up system is now a mere tortoise. There was one period of the game in which ten touchdowns were scored in eight minutes. That means $7\frac{1}{4}$ points a minute. Whether or not the report that Notre Dame cultivated speed by racing jackrabbits be true, it is said the play was so fast that the only time the spectators saw the players was before the game and between the halves.

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—The celebration of the 75th anniversary of the foundation of St. Mary-of-the-Woods assembled a large number of friends of that great school on the 20th

A Beautiful instant, when Coadjutor-Diamond Jubilee. Bishop Chartrand of Indianapolis pontificated and Archbishop Glennon of St. Louis delivered a notable sermon.

The genial sunshine, the exquisite beauty of the place, the historic memories that came rushing to the mind, the thought of the noble work done by the pioneers and still carried on with greater resources and equally holy spirit, the well-bred enthusiasm of alumnae and students, the quiet, happy faces of the nuns—all made an occasion not soon to be forgotten by those who witnessed it.

St. Mary-of-the-Woods deserves well of America after these seventy-five years of enlightened and successful service. It deserves well of the Church of whose spirit it has been such a perfect exponent, and especially it has claim on the affectionate gratitude of a great multitude of souls who were directly or indirectly influenced in the course of their lives by its noble teachings. The Church and the Nation share in the joy and happiness of the jubilee.

Notre Dame has an extra reason for entering sympathetically into the celebration of this great day. The Sisters of Providence, through whose labors St. Mary-of-the-Woods has become a great school, were founded by Father Dujarié, who also founded the Brothers of St. Joseph (now Holy Cross) and after whom Dujarié Institute is named. The spirit of their saintly

founder has taken strong root in the community, and Mother Theodore Guerin who led the first little band of Sisters to their new home close to Terre Haute, is now a candidate for canonization. Who can doubt but that much of the success of the school is due to her prayers, now that she has ceased to labor visibly among her nuns.

—When the long-needed and long-hoped for Notre Dame Glee Club was recently formed it was thought probable that this worthy organization would serve to centralize and harmonize the various local talent rampant in the University. It was believed

that by separating the sheep from the goats,—by gathering all who really could sing into one fold, and those who only thought they could sing into another corral, that the latter would be awed into silence and would desist from their daily impromptu concerts in the corridors. But this hypothesis was all wrong. Those who could sing joined the Glee Club, while those who only thought they could sing, instead of being discouraged by a realization of their deficiencies took heart and retired to the privacy of their respective halls to practice, thus rendering the day hideous and the night horrible with their wailings, and provoking a flood of profanity from subway to skylight. If there is anything more pathetic than a half-baked, unattached yodler, it's beyond comprehension.

The Glee Club is an institution, the individual and untaught songster a pest. While the first promotes harmony, the second scatters discord. The yelping imbecile who dashes down the corridor at eleven p. m. screeching snatches of opera and doggerel is a very ripe subject for the sanity test. The mental dwarf who drapes himself out of his window to yowl and bay to the moon about yellow tulips and red roses is an individual that should be put out of his misery with all expediency. The hyena who hurries to the showers to mingle his raucous plaints with the splashing waters should be choked and gagged for the rest of his days. Even if one can bray like a Rocky Mountain canary, he has no moral right or call to disturb the study and sleep of those more rational than himself. Hence let those who must sing, and can sing, join the Glee Club. If they must sing, and can't sing, let them be examined by the nearest lunacy commission.

Mr. W. M. Lewis.

On Tuesday afternoon in Washington Hall, Mr. W. M. Lewis, Field Secretary for the Middle West, representing the Navy League of the U. S., discussed the subject of a larger naval force for the United States. Mr. Lewis was a practical, straightforward talker, and gave his facts in a convincing manner. He showed how the past wars of this country were caused or prolonged by the lack of proper marine defense, and based his plea for the future on Washington's statement that the best guarantee of peace is preparedness for conflict. The pictorial history of the American Navy, which closed the lecture, was instructive though rather long.

Cecil Fanning.

An audience brooding over the near-won game at Nebraska last Saturday, did violence to its disposition to go out and eat worms and rather decently appreciated the splendid recital offered that evening by Mr. Cecil Fanning, baritone, assisted by Miss Gleason, accompanist. There was one pleasure missing in Mr. Fanning's work this year,—the element of surprise. Last year he dropped in upon us out of the sky; this year his coming was more like the return of acquainted spring. Several old favorites appeared on his program, notably the French songs and the German. To these were added new favorites, for surely Mr. Fanning's superb rendering of "It is Enough," from "Elijah" will make that masterwork forever desirable. Another fresh success was "Meet me by Moonlight Alone." There are few, if any, concert singers who have the gift of voice, the art of expression and the interpretative genius of this young man. And his is a rising star.

Obituary.

JAMES SHEPARD CABANNE.

The campus was overcast with gloom on Saturday when it became known that Shep Cabanne had passed away during the night. Two days after his arrival in September he was taken ill of typhoid fever, which seemed to run a typical course toward recovery until osteomyelitis developed, and after suffering much pain Shep breathed his last Friday night

at eleven-forty. The body was brought to St. Louis the next afternoon, and the funeral was held Monday at ten o'clock.

Shep Cabanne was a boy of quite unusual quality. To remarkable keenness of mind he united a character of rare beauty and attractiveness. He was a prime favorite with both faculty and students and though his life was brief he will be tenderly remembered at Notre Dame.

His closing days were brightened by the presence of his devoted father who was called early in his illness to assume charge of the case. Nothing could exceed the tenderness and devotion of this noble man for the alleviation of the pain of little Shep. In his great bereavement he has the heartfelt sympathy of all at the University.

Besides many masses privately said by Shep's friends Requiem services have been held in St. Edward Hall, Carroll Hall and the University church with a full attendance of faculty and students. *R. I. P.*

HARRY LEWIS PRITCHARD.

We regret to announce the death of Harry Lewis Pritchard (B. S., '90) who passed away at Baltimore, October 16th. Harry Pritchard is remembered by the men of his time with great affection as a clean boy of good strong character. His success in later life was quite exceptional, though purchased at the expense of such devotion to his work as finally cost him his life. We extend cordial sympathy to the bereaved family.

Personals.

—Tom Shaughnessy and Joe Pliska, both graduates last June, came down from Chicago Tuesday for a short visit.

—The marriage is announced of Miss Catharine Cecile to Mr. Daniel Robert Shoumlin (old student '09). The ceremony took place October 20th.

—March Forth Wells (LL. B., '15) has moved from Kalamazoo to New York City where he is associated with Peter McElligott (LL. B., '02) in the practice of law.

—Eugene P. Melady, a member of the crack football team of '88, is at the head of the big commission house of Melady Brothers, South Omaha, Nebraska. He deserves the great prosperity he has achieved.

—The marriage of Mr. Jasper Lawton (B. S. in Biol., '11) to Miss Mildred Wilcox is announced as having taken place at Detroit last week. The best wishes of all the friends of the happy couple attend them.

—Benedetto Pasquini, former instructor in Italian, is now Lieutenant of the 81st Infantry in the Italian Army. His address is Rome. He has not yet been sent to the front, but is employed in the military instruction of troops.

—Anthony J. Brogan (Litt. B., '01) is in Paris, from where he writes, "Europe is being torn up by the roots." Brogan is having wonderful experiences in the great capitals of Europe during these turbulent days. We ought to have a good book as the result.

—Cards have been received announcing the marriage of Miss Caroline Selig of Chicago to Charles Joseph Cullinan (student from '99 to '03), formerly of Pittsburgh but now of the Windy City. The ceremony took place October 26th. Mr. and Mrs. Cullinan will be at home after the first of December at 917 E. 44th St. Chicago, Illinois.

—Mr. Matthew McEniry (LL. B., '81) was elected president of the Rock Island County Bar Association. Mr. McEniry is one of the oldest practicing lawyers belonging to the association and is regarded by the men of his community as a most representative man. His many friends at Notre Dame and elsewhere will be glad to hear of his appointment.

—Frank L. Madden (old student) writes from Mackinac Island, where he is superintendent of schools: "I am located in a very nice community, and the teachers with whom I am associated are all Catholics. Ninety per cent of the people here are also Catholics. I am endeavoring to start a Literary Society in the school, and a Catholic Reading Circle among the parishioners."

—The following communication from Cassius M. Proctor (C. E., '75) was received during the week:

EDITOR SCHOLASTIC:—In your SCHOLASTIC you asked for the old boys to write their reminiscences. Well, I am not going to tell of the time I put the bumble bee in John Kelley's bed, but I wish to remind all of the old boys that I am among the living and living in Bay Minette, Baldwin County, Alabama, where land is cheap and can be farmed every month in the year and can raise everything, in fact three crops a year on the same land and where fishing and hunting are good and we will live twenty years longer than in the cold north.

I would be pleased to hear from any old college boy and I will be at the Notre Dame Commencement in 1925, if not before.

Yours truly

CASSIUS M. PROCTOR OF 1875

1st Civil Engineer Graduate of Notre Dame.

—The general satisfaction experienced throughout the country at the announcement that Mr. William P. Breen (A. B., '77; A. M., '80; LL. D., '02) had been offered the Ambassadorship to Mexico was speedily overclouded by the news that Mr. Breen for reasons extremely honorable to himself had decided not to accept the post. The politicians especially were amazed because the Ambassadorship to Mexico is from the point of view of emolument the most luscious plum in the American Diplomatic Service. Just now also it is a post of primary importance as well as difficulty, and the opportunity it affords for assuming a large importance in the public eye would be most tempting to an ambitious man. The Fort Wayne *Journal Gazette* in the following editorial probably expresses the feeling of the country as regards Mr. Breen's qualifications:

MR. BREEN WORTHY THE HONOR.

The announcement that months ago the offer of an appointment as ambassador to Mexico was made to Attorney William P. Breen and by him was unostentatiously declined, while belated, does not preclude the statement that no man in Indiana, or in the nation, for that matter, would fill the post with greater dignity or grace. It is to be regretted that Mr. Breen's interests at home prevented him serving the nation in the capacity outlined. Mr. Breen is possessed of the profound knowledge of the law, the judicial temperament and native diplomacy to especially fit him for duties of the exact nature required in the service to which he was to be assigned. Fort Wayne is proud of Mr. Breen, and while it naturally regrets that he finds it impossible to carry the fame of the city with him on missions of state, it is gratifying to know that he finds home ties so close as to put their severance out of the question.

Local News.

—Father Burke has issued invitations to all Juniors to attend elocution classes.

—"Quo Vadis" is to be shown in moving pictures in Washington Hall next Saturday morning at eight o'clock.

—The inevitable fall photographer has made his invasion of the campus and now we shall not be called upon to pose *en masse* until next spring.

—The Day Students of the University were invited to attend the services of the Students'

Annual Retreat. All of them took advantage of this opportunity.

—Rifle practice for both experienced and inexperienced students is now on in full sway. All practice will soon be restricted to that from the prone position.

—Didst notice that "portrait" of Capt. Fitzgerald in Sunday's *Tribune*? If not, look it up. Something must have happened to the *Trib's* "morgue" last week.

—There seems to be something "hoodooish" in gathering in the Gym for leased wire returns. The last game we "saw" there was the Yale game, and who has forgotten that?

—The students in the Art Department of the University have ordered new working costumes. Henceforth these lovers of the beautiful will appear in long white smocks during class hours.

—Frank Kiernan, Carleton Beh and John Welch are the students who helped to make up the 8000 at the game. Beh stopped off at his home in western Iowa for a brief reunion with the home folks.

—Those who keep tab on the weather, storm dates, and such, say that the Snow King, whoever he may be, is four days overdue, upon his record of 1914, when he was first seen at Notre Dame and environs on October 26.

—The removal from the rear campus of the old oil tanks that for so long served the needs of the University took place during the summer. Some of the plates in these tanks are now serving as target backs in the shooting gallery.

—Professor Tiernan was forced to miss several classes during the past week owing to a painful injury inflicted on the eyeball by a flying bit of steel. His friends sincerely hope that his eyesight may not be impaired in any way.

—The Carroll Hall football team lost a good game Sunday morning by the score of 7 to 6 to a team made up of Brownsonites. The "preps" have arranged no set schedule as yet, but games with outside teams will undoubtedly be played.

—At a special meeting of the Knights of Columbus last Tuesday evening, the officers of Notre Dame Council were installed by Mr. Chas Hagerty (LL. B., '12) who holds the office of District Deputy. After the installation a short entertainment was given while the members hid away sandwiches and ice-cream.

—Father Walsh and Father Davis represented the faculty at Lincoln Saturday evening, along with the Notre Dame squad and coaches. They were the guests of honor at a banquet given by the Catholic Students' League of Nebraska University.

—Our capacity for consuming buns has been made known to the people of Chicago. A Notre Dame dispatch to the *Tribune* this week quoted Brother Willibrord, head of the bakers, as having turned out no less than 20,000,000 buns in fifteen years.

—When Chamberlain went over Notre Dame's line for his touchdown, one lone rooter in the Gym was heard to shout in great glee in the midst of all the home groans. The offender was found to be a little fellow who had mistaken "Chamberlin" for "Notre Dame."

—The Knights of Columbus have chosen Wednesday evening, November 10, as the date for their informal ball. The Oliver Hotel will be the scene of the function, which will be limited to sixty-five couples, all of whom will be Knights. The Collegians' Orchestra of six pieces will furnish music.

—At a meeting of the Electrical Engineering Club on Friday evening, October 22, the following officers were elected: Professor J. A. Caparo, director; Robert E. Daly, president; Jay Meara, vice-president; Chas. N. Diener, secretary; Leonard Evans, treasurer; Frank Quinlan, sergeant-at-arms; Father Dominic, Chaplain.

—Judging from the earnestness and the zeal with which the contestants are practising, the students' vaudeville show will make the evening of Friday, November the seventh, a night of college life long to be remembered. Professor Lenihan has general supervision of the arrangements and the program for this entertainment.

—At the meeting of the Brownson Literary and Debating Society held last Friday night, Mr. Frank Holslag entertained the members by reading one of his own stories entitled, "Winning the Annual."

Mr. Holslag then told the society of the interesting work the literary field offers, and urged the members to do considerable literary work during the year. All old members are invited to the smoker to be held Sunday, evening, November seventh.

—Father Foik received this week a second

donation of documents from the McLoughlins of Sturgis, and the Maranettes of Mendon. This set will prove more interesting than the group previously received because the documents in it refer to local history. The name of Alexis Coquillard, in business in South Bend about 1840 and father of the first student at Notre Dame, is mentioned several times in these papers in connection with the emigration of the Indians of Indiana and Michigan to the Mississippi.

—The old-time pep (thou hard-worked phrase) was shown in the Gym Saturday as the game was heard over the wire from Lincoln. The spirits of the "gang" rose and fell in turn as the good and bad news was read out and every movement of the ball was marked on the black-board "gridiron." Each good play was cheered and the player given nine "rahs" just as if he were before the bleachers instead of hundreds of miles away. Foot-tickling melodies by the "Rag-Pickers" stimulated the big audience.

—We gladly welcome the *Echo*, a new school journal published by the Central Catholic High School of Fort Wayne, Indiana. The first number promises exceptionally well, and we shall watch for subsequent issues with great interest. The school was begun under the direction of Bishop Alerding by the lamented Brother Marcellinus, C. S. C., a favorite teacher of the olden days at Notre Dame. It is still under the care of the Brothers of Holy Cross, and is making steady and rapid headway. Already it has sent ten splendid high school graduates to the University, and it would be difficult to find the same number from any other school with such an honorable record in their work here. Judged strictly by the results it procures, the Central Catholic High School of Fort Wayne is one of the best preparatory schools we know of.

—A notable collection of pictures is now being built up in the archives of Notre Dame. These pictures were obtained from the American Press Association through Mr. Kenny of Flatbush, Brooklyn, N. Y. Most of these are originals from the association's photographers at the front. Some of them are unique in that they bear the censorship mark of one of the countries now at war. Thus, English pictures do not indicate the exact places where they were taken, but are labeled "somewhere

in France." The German pictures are generally stamped and bear the signatures of the officer acting as censor. The war pictures include views taken from the fall of Antwerp up to the present time. In this same collection are many pictures taken at the time of the Mexican crisis. They include photographs taken at Vera Cruz on shipboard and in the city of New York. The landing of the marines, the return of the ships and the funeral procession of those who died for the Stars and Stripes, are among the subjects pictured.

—As showing the importance of the work that is done in a literary society, the following passage, taken from a letter received from a former member of the Brownson Literary and Debating Society, is of unusual interest: "Is it not strange that we do not appreciate valuable things while we have them, but only when they have passed? Oftentimes, I wish that I had paid more attention to the entertainments and exercises in Washington Hall and to the work in the Literary Society. As to the amount of good such work does for one's mind, and the value educators in general place upon it, I may say that after I had made a futile attempt to obtain credit in a certain branch of English—futile even in spite of my certificate of credit from Notre Dame—I was able to obtain it merely by telling the professor what we had done in the Literary Society. The mere recital of what we had aimed at, and the methods we used, had more weight than my credits in English." Experience alone can give rise to testimonials of this type.

Varsity Plays Wonderful Game.

Last Saturday afternoon, eight thousand cheering Nebraskans saw their football favorites snatch a one-point victory from what we are now proud to own as one of the greatest elevens that ever represented Notre Dame on the gridiron. The game was one of the most spectacular and hard-fought contests ever fought out in the West. The comparatively green Notre Dame team was pitted against an eleven, which, on advance dope, was so much stronger than the Varsity that even our own rooters realized that we had little chance to win. The Nebraska team excelled our own both in weight and experience. The Cornhuskers have not lost a football game since 1912. But the Notre Dame team went into the game with its heart

set upon victory and full of the fighting qualities that have made Notre Dame's football teams justly famous, and, as one of the Omaha papers state: "It was pretty generally agreed that only the tender glances of Dame Fortune made it possible for Stiehm's men to register the victory."

The Notre Dame line, outweighed on an average of eleven pounds to the man, swept the Nebraska forwards completely off their feet, enabling our backs to register one long gain after another. The Omaha *World Herald* well describes the impression which our team made on the westerners in these words: "From the moment of the kickoff it seemed that Notre Dame would likely humble the Nebraska colors, for their line looked like a row of freight cars and their secondary defense was as fast as the United States' mail. When upon the offensive they had the most perfect interference ever seen on Nebraska Field, and when defending their own colors they broke up play after play for Quarterback Caley, who could not seem to gather the thought into his bosom that the South Bend line was a thing of bulk and brawn, and not to be tampered with." We might go on with a dozen such statements from western newspapers. It would require pages to give to each man due credit for his part in the fray. Furthermore, after all this well-deserved praise of the Notre Dame team's showing, it may be well to explain why Notre Dame lost the game.

There are three main reasons why Nebraska won,—Chamberlain, the forward pass and unlucky penalties for Notre Dame. Referee Eckersall was right when he said after the game: "Without Chamberlain on the end, Notre Dame would have run wild over the field." Full credit must be given to the Cornhusker star. Offensively and defensively he was the one hope of Nebraska, and although he was not able to gain so consistently as our own backfield men, still he came through at critical times with the necessary gains. Notre Dame coaches and players alike give the big end full credit for his part in the defeat. He is rightly considered as the real star of the Missouri Valley Conference.

The open style of play which was brought to perfection by Notre Dame two years ago was the means employed to defeat its inventors on Saturday. Nebraska tried eight forward passes and five of them were successful. Every

one of these five passes figured directly in one of Nebraska's three touchdowns. The defense against the forward pass is absolutely the only feature of Notre Dame's play that deserves criticism. If our men could have stopped the forward pass as effectually as they stopped the Nebraska rushes, Nebraska could have been held without a score.

Although Notre Dame's penalties amounted to only fifteen yards more than Nebraska's they figured much more prominently in the final result. This was due to the fact that Notre Dame was frequently penalized after good gains, and thus the distance gained was lost in addition to the penalty. This was especially notable in the third quarter when Bachman was called back from a gain of thirty yards and Notre Dame was penalized thirty yards. Immediately after this loss of thirty-five yards, Bergman gained thirty yards. Had Bachman's gain stood, it would very likely have meant another touchdown for Notre Dame. Notre Dame was unlucky again in the same quarter when Baujan, after Caley had apparently fumbled a punt, recovered the ball and carried it over the Nebraska line. One official claimed that he had not seen the play, while another said that Caley had touched the ball but that the whistle was blown before Baujan scored. It was because of such plays as these that we say that Notre Dame was unlucky. We realize fully that this was all in the game and we are only maintaining that the breaks went to Nebraska. We believe that the teams were so evenly matched that if the breaks had gone the other way the final result would have been reversed. However, Nebraska won the game and we congratulate them upon the victory. We hope to meet the Cornhuskers again; and if such an occasion comes we hope and believe that the result will be different.

Again we congratulate Coaches Harper and Rockne upon the splendid showing of our team. We knew that our men would do their best, but we had no idea that their best was so good. Like the outside world we thought that the loss of so many old stars had notably weakened Notre Dame. We had decided to accept defeat this year as a matter of course and to expect better things next year. But while we were lamenting over the loss of our old team a new team had sprung up over night—a team so good that we await the remaining big games on our schedule with perfect confidence

that each of our opponents will face a demonstration of real football. The Varsity's comeback in the last quarter of the Nebraska game, after all hope of victory seemed gone, was as fine an exhibition of nerve and spirit as any team has ever shown. When a team fights as our team fought at Lincoln, the final result of the game is of little consequence; we are with the team and for the team, not only because it is our team, but also because it is a good team.

The story of the game: Captain Fitzgerald won the toss and chose to defend the west goal. Corey kicked off forty yards to Phelan, who returned ten yards. Cofall was thrown for a four-yard loss on an attempted end run. Bergman gained twenty yards around right end. Cofall gained eight yards through the line. Cofall gained two more yards through the line. Bergman gained eight yards, but the play was called back and Notre Dame was penalized fifteen yards for holding. Cofall made three yards around end. Cofall went through tackle for 25 yards. Notre Dame fumbled but recovered. Nebraska was penalized five yards for offside. Phelan hit center for four yards. Cofall gained a yard. On a double pass, Cofall to Bergman, the latter circled the right end for a touchdown. Cofall punted out to Bergman. Stephan missed goal. Score: Nebraska, 0; Notre Dame, 6.

O'Donnell kicked off and the ball went over the Nebraska goal line. Nebraska put the ball in play on the twenty-yard line. Otoupalik punted to Phelan, forty-five yards. Phelan returned the ball ten yards. Notre Dame fumbled and Nebraska recovered on her own forty-five-yard line. Rutherford made one yard through the line. On a tackle around play Shaw gained seven yards. The play was disallowed, and Nebraska was penalized fifteen yards for holding. Gardiner lost one yard. Caley gained fourteen yards around end. Otoupalik punted thirty-three yards to Phelan who was downed on Notre Dame's twenty-one-yard line. The play was not allowed and it was Nebraska's ball in the center of the field, Notre Dame being penalized five yards for offside. Chamberlain fumbled a pass from the center and was thrown for a loss of seven yards. Gardiner lost four yards. A forward pass, Chamberlain to Gardiner, gained twenty-eight yards. Shaw gained three yards on a tackle around play. Riddell made five yards.

Rutherford hit the line for three yards. Rutherford gained two more yards and a first down. Chamberlain gained three yards on an end run. End of first quarter. Score: Nebraska, 0; Notre Dame, 6.

Second quarter: Chamberlain went around end for twenty yards and a touchdown. Corey kicked goal. Score: Nebraska, 7; Notre Dame, 6.

Corey kicked off fifty-five yards to Bergman who returned twenty yards. Bergman failed to gain. Bergman lost one yard. Phelan punted but the play was not allowed, Nebraska being penalized 15 yards for holding. Bergman gained five yards but the play was not allowed, Notre Dame being penalized fifteen yards for holding. This took the ball back to Notre Dame's twenty-five-yard line. Bachman made fifteen yards around right end. Phelan hit center for a yard. Bachman failed to gain. Notre Dame was penalized fifteen yards for holding. Cofall punted thirty-five yards to Caley. Caley fumbled but recovered the ball on Nebraska's forty-yard-line. Rutherford made three yards through the line but Nebraska was penalized fifteen yards for holding. It was Nebraska's ball on her own thirty-two-yard line. Chamberlain gained two yards around end. Rydzewski broke through and threw Rutherford for a five yard loss. A forward pass, Chamberlain to Caley, was incomplete. Otoupalik punted and Fitzgerald blocked the kick and fell on the ball on Nebraska's twenty-nine-yard line. Bachman hit the line for five yards. Notre Dame fumbled but recovered. Bachman went around end for eight yards. Cofall lost a yard. Bachman made six yards around end, carrying the ball to Nebraska's five yard line. Cofall hit tackle for two yards. Cofall hit the line again for three yards and a touchdown. Stephan kicked goal. Score: Nebraska, 7; Notre Dame, 13.

O'Donnell kicked off thirty-five yards to Caley who returned the ball ten yards. Caley made two yards. Riddell added three more through the line. Chamberlain lost five yards. Otoupalik punted thirty-five yards to Phelan who returned the ball fifteen yards. Bachman gained a yard off tackle. End of the quarter. Score: Nebraska, 7; Notre Dame, 13.

Third quarter: O'Donnell kicked off thirty-six yards to Caley who failed to return. Reese hit tackle for six yards. Cofall threw Rutherford for a two yard loss. Stephan blocked a

forward pass from Caley. Otoupalik punted fifty yards over Phelan's head. Phelan recovered the ball on Notre Dame's forty-yard line. Bachman broke through the line for thirty-three yards. The play was disallowed and Notre Dame was penalized five yards for off-side. Bergman failed to gain through the line. Bergman went around end for thirty-two yards. Bachman hit the line for five yards but fumbled, and it was Nebraska's ball on her own forty-eight-yard line. Otoupalik hit center for one yard. Caley gained five yards around end, but both teams were off-side and the play was not allowed. Reese smashed off the Notre Dame tackle for six yards. Chamberlain went around end seven yards to Notre Dame's forty-yard line. Cofall threw Chamberlain for a two yard loss. Caley gained a yard around end. Otoupalik punted over the goal line. Notre Dame scrimmaged the ball on the twenty-yard line. Bergman lost a yard. Bachman failed to gain. Bergman lost two yards on an attempted line buck. Cofall punted to Nebraska's forty-three-yard line. Caley apparently fumbled the punt and Baujan recovered the ball and carried it over the Nebraska line for a touchdown. The play was disallowed and Nebraska was given the ball on her forty-three-yard line. Chamberlain was forced out of bounds without a gain. A forward pass, Corey to Chamberlain, gained nineteen yards and took the ball to the Notre Dame thirty-six yard line. Another forward pass, Chamberlain to Caley, took the ball to Notre Dame's nineteen-yard line. Chamberlain started around end but broke away from his interference and shot off tackle for a touchdown. Corey missed goal. Score: Nebraska, 13; Notre Dame, 13.

Corey kicked off to 35 yards Elward who returned the ball thirty yards. End of the quarter.

Fourth quarter: The last quarter opened with the ball in Notre Dame's possession on her own forty-one yard line. Bachman hit the line for five yards but Notre Dame was called back and penalized five yards for off-side. Cofall made five yards around end. Bachman smashed off tackle for four yards but the play was disallowed and Notre Dame was penalized fifteen yards for holding. This took the ball back to Notre Dame's twenty-six-yard line. Bergman was thrown for a loss of five yards. Phelan punted forty-five yards to Caley, who returned nine yards. Reese hit tackle for six

yards. Shaw gained four yards. Caley hit center for two yards and a first down on Notre Dame's thirty-nine-yard line. Chamberlain made nine yards off tackle. Rutherford gained one yard around end. Fitzgerald replaced O'Donnell at center and Jones took "Fitz" place at guard. Rutherford gained two yards through the line. Keefe broke through and threw Reese for an eight-yard loss. Nebraska was penalized fifteen yards for holding. A forward pass, Chamberlain to Reese, gained eighteen yards. A forward pass, Caley to Riddle, was good for thirty-six yards and a touchdown. Corey kicked goal. Score: Nebraska, 20; Notre Dame, 13.

Corey kicked off sixty-yards to Bachman who returned the ball fifteen yards. Bergman gained nineteen yards around end before he was forced out of bounds. A forward pass, Cofall to Elward, netted ten yards. Cofall hit tackle for four yards. A forward pass, Cofall to Elward was incomplete. Another forward pass by Cofall failed. Rutherford intercepted a forward pass from Phelan. It was Nebraska's ball on her own thirty-seven-yard line. Reese hit tackle for a yard. Phelan intercepted a Nebraska pass and returned it to Nebraska's thirty-six yard line where he was forced out of bounds. Bergman lost four yards. A forward pass, Phelan to Cofall, netted thirty-yards and took the ball to Nebraska's fifteen yard line. Bergman made five yards around end. Cofall failed to gain. Abbott broke up a pass from Cofall. On a double pass, Cofall to Bergman, Bergman went around left end for a touchdown. Miller missed goal. Score: Nebraska, 20; Notre Dame, 19.

Miller kicked off to Rutherford who returned the ball fifteen yards just before the final whistle blew. Final score: Nebraska, 20; Notre Dame, 19.

CROSS COUNTRY.

Coach Rockne announces that a cross-country run will be held on Wednesday, November 10, at four o'clock. About twenty-five men are expected to start the run which will be five miles in length. Six prizes will be given, the first prize being a silver cup donated by Clauer's Jewelry store in South Bend. Cross-country running has not received the attention it deserves at Notre Dame during the past few years, and Coach Rockne is endeavoring to arouse interest in this sport.

Safety Valve.

The Lincoln *Journal* is authority for the statement that Keefe, the left guard on our football team, weighs 785 pounds. He should join the Chicago Feds—he's a Whale.

• ON THE TELEPHONE.

"Hello!"

"Yes, this is Mr. De Fries."

"No, I don't get your name."

"E-v-a-n-s. Oh, yes, Mrs. Evans."

"No, I didn't do that, you're mistaken."

"Slim Walsh is just as tall as I am and there's a fellow in Brownson as tall."

"No, I haven't got a grey suit, and I never wear white socks."

"I've never worn a soft hat. I wear a derby always."

"She's altogether wrong. I've never been in Hullies' in my life. I don't know what street it's on."

Rector (*entering*):—"Who are you telling all those lies to?"

De Fries (*hanging up receiver*):—"There's a fellow in town wants to borrow my grey suit for a play. He told me to leave it in Hullies' for him and I don't want to. If anyone calls for me to-night tell her I'm gone to Chicago, for I want to study and can't be disturbed. (*exit.*)

HOW SWEET THE TOOTHACHE AFTER THIS!

Hell hath no fury like rooming next to a man who thinks he can sing, unless it be living next to a man who is not learning to play the mandolin—No insinuation, but if Carleton Beh and McCourt don't take this to heart they'll hear about it.

The following contribution was sent to us and we make haste to publish it, agreeing with the author that it is the funniest thing we have seen in some time.

"I was walking down the street the other day, and turning around I saw a large crowd of 3rd class people, all eagerly looking in the window of a large-sized grocery store. Although I am not always easily excited, this time the crowd aroused my curiosity, and I went, therefore, to see what was going on.

When I reached the window I looked in and I read:

"You cannot handle—

Porterhouse Steak 7c. lb.

Butter 14c. lb.

It speaks for itself."

"Farm Eggs, 13c. Doz.

No questions asked."

At this point I could not stop giggling under my nose, and covering my face, I stopped my nose from

breathing and went away. I thanked heavens that I had nothing to do with them."—*Donato Lepore.*

FIRST DOWN.

A Pennsylvania freshman after calling a long string of signals at midnight got out of bed and jumped out of the third story window with the pillow tucked under his arm. He landed on the clothes line in the yard. He was found in a dazed condition, and his first question was "Did I gain my ten yards?" When told that he had broken through the line for at least twenty yards and made a touchback, he recovered.

AFTER TEN P. M.

Prefect:—"Hey! Put that candle out in there."

Core-B-Haller:—"Really, Father, I'm not burning a candle, I'm simply lighting my pipe."

A SURE SIGN OF INSANITY.

DEAR FATHER:—

As I have sold all my old text-books and realized a good sum on them, you need not send me any money for a month, etc."

DEAR FATHER:—

I been to danse here they call day students danse and I done fine and Leon Colbin who lives four farms from us got me a girl and she was nice. They dont danse no virginnye real here, pa, but only the 1 step and hesitashun. I don fine and my girl told me three times that she could dye dansing with me. She was no good danser because she always got her feet in my weigh but it didn't hurt me as my feet was always on top. She must a thunk I was one of them strong football players because when ever I said something she would say "sum bull." Tell the girls at hoam I will teach 'em the knew dances soon. Now I will cloze,

ZEKE.

DIARY.

TUESDAY.

Yesterday I blew my soup so hard that it splashed and burned me and the prefect he got mad and told me to use my noodle and I couldn't get near the noodles which was at the bottom of the soup and he ought a knowed it.

WEDNESDAY.

The suit of B. V. D.s which I got from the wash this week was starched and ironed and I ain't been feeling well since.

THURSDAY.

The Prefect made me stop pouring out my tea into my saucer and told me it was vulgar to use tooth picks at the table. It was the same one who made me stop eating peas with my hands after he seen that the little buggers wouldn't stay on my knife.

FRIDAY.

As to-day is a day of abstinence I have nothing to wright.

SATURDAY.

I seen Elward to-day and he's got a beauty mark on the side of his eye like the girls wear only his is twenty-times bigger. I guess they're wearing them big in Nebraska where he bought his.