

~ Che ~ Notre Dame Scholastic

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

VOL. XLIX.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, NOVEMBER 6, 1915

No. 9.

Song of the Wind.

LIKE an unfettered flame I swept the vale,
Kissing a teardrop from a rosebud's cheek,
And as I sped full fast upon the gale
"Come back, my love," I heard her soft voice speak.

To-day with songs of a remembered bliss,
I come in hope to touch her garment's hem,
O love in ashes kindled from a kiss,
The withered petals, and the broken stem.

R. F. D.

The Psychological Crux.*

BY GEORGE P. SCHUSTER.

PROFESSOR Muensterburg has recently proclaimed the return of the soul. While belief in the spiritual powers of man was never quite so dead as the eminent Harvard psychophysicist would have us believe yet his statement is very important and interesting. It indicates namely the complete decadence of the materialistic school of psychology, that long-established doctrine of Cabanis and Lamettrie for which thought was a "secretion of the brain," and to which Weber's Law and Fechner's Law meant a summary dusting-away of all metaphysical cobwebs. Both the common-sense of humanity and the important problems of existence have met with no satisfaction from it. The great movements of socialism and infidelity, indeed, whose sanction and inspiration was the supposed truth that the laboratory holds in its grasp every atom of human destiny and of human history, have had an influence which cannot be measured. Yet these philosophies have both demonstrated themselves barren and devoid of comfort to the distressed mind. Men to-day are beginning to recall that there are intuitions and purposes manifest in consciousness; the supreme ethical query: Is life worth living? is perpetually

staring the satiated modern in the face; the mind instinctively insists upon its quest for causes; the very researches of science bow to spiritual mystery; all this cries out for the ancient soul. In the wilderness which skepticism and totally materialistic investigation have created in the heart of modern thought, the needs of mankind are pleading with a thousand voices for aid and deliverance. We are, in short, quite safe in declaring that the philosophy which sought its Alpha and Omega in sheer, unlighted matter is doomed.

It is nevertheless true that sensationalism has succeeded in proving the insufficiency also of idealistic monism. In the face of modern chemistry and psychometry, by which the most minute fluctuations of physical and physiological force are consistently measured, a denial of matter would be merely obstinate. If Berkeley desired to insist that *esse est percipi*, or if Malebranche refused to retract his "Vision en Dieu," present-day thought would proceed without concern. The mystic dream of the Neo-Platonists, which Philo and Plotinus elaborated so marvelously, has met its death-blow at the hands of science. At all events it was too far removed from common experience ever to become generally recognized.

It is obvious then that a return of the soul implies a return to dualism. And just as the budding naturalism of fifty years ago made plausible a denial of spirit, so the completer science of to-day leads back to its affirmation. This is evident on every hand. Modern researches into the constitution of bodies, the separation of the atom itself from the minute, unseen electron, have proved for the honest investigator of molecular problems the essential duality of the universe. "On well-established scientific grounds," says Dr. Bixby, "every well-informed thinker must be a dualist." If two exalted authorities may be allowed to represent a class, Sir William

* The Dockweiler Prize Essay.

Ramsay and Sir Oliver Lodge have both declared on purely physical grounds that monism is a shadow of the past. Why this is so we shall see presently. Vitalism too, embedded deeper and firmer in modern embryology, asserts the existence of a chasm between the animate and the inanimate such as no inherent material power could hope to leap across. Very recently the essays of John Burroughs have made clear the present-day biologist's recognition of this fact. Evolution, accepted but a few years ago as a refutation of all theology, now proceeds according to the really unmaterial dictates of Mendel. Finally, the ever-increasing insistence of psychical research upon facts of suggestion, telepathic influence, and mental power which transcends every possible concept of matter, tends to light up the bias of the monistic mind.

If then, as seems certain from the recent resurrection of spiritualistic beliefs, we shall welcome back dualism into philosophy, the old question of Descartes, from which modern thought may be said to date, will confront us again. "The essence of mind," he says, "is thought; the essence of matter, extension." Now everything that may be predicated of mind is a mode of thought, while everything that may be predicated of matter is a mode of extension. Are not, therefore mind and matter antithetical? Indeed, the mortal mind, musing upon the potency of spirit, which in quantity is not even a mathematical point, to act upon and determine the solid and dimensional, finds here an almost insurmountable difficulty. To even the acute psychological insight of St. Augustine such an interaction is *omnino mirus*. This is indeed the crux of thought.

There are two ways of attempting to arrive at a solution. The first is the rational or scientific method, which engages itself with all the evidence and then seeks to correlate and associate this for the purpose of adducing causes. It proceeds by way of experiment, inference and experience of every sort. If we now apply this method to the question of the relation between the soul and the body, we must turn primarily to the houses of our own souls. There we find on the one hand, a remarkable separation from the outer world, and on the other, a no less wonderful connection with it. All real knowledge consists of abstractions or general concepts which do not exist as such outside the mind. The absence of

one sense, as Preyer makes plain, deprives us forever of one variety of experience. In answer to universal skepticism the philosopher must reason that he exists because he thinks, or at least because he doubts. But again, we are very close to the world outside. Emotion, sometimes able to change the course of life completely, is partially the result of neural disturbance. Habit is a path beaten so firmly by continued action of the nerves that it is traversed outside of consciousness. The phenomena of dreams, attention, and mental disease, all of which bring the bodily organs into definite and qualified play, are repeated emphases of the reality of the external world. The forces of heredity and environment, too, are matters which even the most resolute cannot completely resist. Yet this hemmed-in dwelling, which is man, has not really two parts, but is one. Introspection demonstrates the substantial unity of the human soul—that there must be something beneath the variations of life's experience to give permanence and immutability. Every action of the mind, every movement of the sensuous powers, even the unconscious processes of assimilation, are all to be brought under the tent of the Ego.

However, there is resident in this Ego a peculiar ability to perceive how fearfully and wonderfully it is made. The philosopher may attempt to disintegrate the unit and exaggerate particular faculties. For instance, it is only when the carbon-points of mind and matter combine to form the white-light of attention, that William James and his followers recognize the unity of consciousness. The psychology of the elder and the younger Mill relied upon association to account for all the phenomena of mental life. According to Kant, thought is a progressive series of unifications at the apex of which stands the principle of the Ego.

The result of such analysis is apparent. If the soul be, why should it suppose a body which it cannot know? If the body be what need of a soul? If knowledge must cross an unbridgeable chasm, why should we claim that the opposite of what we acknowledge has any reality at all? Indeed, the vast, influential currents of modern philosophy consist primarily of alternate denials of this widely-cloven duality and of emphases of some species of monism. Granted that Descartes' assertion of the separation of mind and matter was

correct, it was but logical for Berkeley to negate matter, and still more logical for Hume to negate spirit. As Windleband says—speaking of Bacon:—“This mechanistic despiritualization of Nature corresponds completely to that dualistic theory of the world which from epistemological motives had been in course of preparation in terministic Nominalism—the theory of a total difference between the inner and the outer world.” It is obvious then that unless we wish to regard all science as a phantom, unless we wish to retrace our woefully divergent steps toward monism in the same unsatisfactory manner, we must bridge this chasm, we must unify matter and spirit.

So far the practical necessity of affirming the unity of the human Ego has been urged. Let us now see if it can be done in a philosophical and reasonable way, if there be such a theory as will coalesce the powers of man and connect the dual poles of his nature. There is in the history of thought but a single system which has successfully accomplished this task. It has been definitely pointed out by one of the very greatest of modern psychologists, Wilhelm Wundt, in these words: “That very ancient hypothesis of animation which Aristotle first synthetized in the famous definition of the soul as the ‘First Entelechy of a living body’ proves itself . . . the only one which promises to illuminate the problem of the co-operative development of soul and body.” The soul is here called the First Entelechy because it is the power which moves the body and fixes its structure. If, then, this century-tested Aristotelian doctrine is the only one which seems likely to settle our difficulty, it must be given full and whole-hearted consideration.

Primarily the theory is a phase of the Peripatetic idea of cosmic development—hylomorphism. From the earliest thoughts which have been recorded down to our own era of specialization, men have been impressed by the dual in nature. Every thinker from Pythagoras’ day had found that duality in nature, that opposition of being and not-being, quality and quantity, one and many, male and female. The great controversy of Greek philosophy had centered round those causes which produce the phenomena visible in the world about us. Parmenides had affirmed that everything is static, thus escaping the problem of motion; Heraclitus had been no less certain that becoming is universal and that therefore sub-

stance is a fancy. The atomists had defended their Hedonistic ethics by postulating only a material cause, while the Platonists, led on probably by their intense devotion to the human personality, had gone too far toward establishing a purely idealistic basis for the cosmos. It remained for the keenest of Hellenic minds, Aristotle, to demonstrate that both sides were in a sense right and in a sense wrong. This he did in his matchless “*Metaphysica*” by means of his epoch-making theory of the combination of action and passion, or matter and form.

When we descend beyond superficial appearances to the fundamental constitution of things, there confront us two causes demanding explanation. The one is the efficient cause, or that which produced the effect, and the other is the material cause, or that which was acted upon by the formative cause. The one is the act and the other is the ground of the action: both are indispensable. Just as the plastic artist builds his fancies from the shapeless clay, so these forms or acts work out their being in an indefinite, incomposite “matter” that yearns, a mere potency, for the actuality of existence. There is moreover in these forms a latent tendency toward a definite end—a *telos* which displays their origin in what Anaxagoras had termed the *Nous*. Matter cannot exist without the cooperation of form, and on the other hand form is helplessly chained in the womb without the aid of matter. The union of the two—action and passion—produces the universe, not a mere blind clash of inexplicable forces, but a creation endowed with meaning and finality.

As then this great doctrine unites harmoniously the speculations of deductive thought in the only hypothesis that can possibly reconcile them, so too it is borne out by the modern inductive study of cosmic formation. This is illustrated first in inanimate nature. The invention of the microscope made a demonstration of the reality of the atom possible. Marvelously small as this body admittedly is, scientists have descended in the exploration of it to that incomprehensibly minute particle known as the electron. To gain a glimpse of the Liliputian dimensions of this being, observe the following words of Dr. Smith Williams: “The mass of the electron is found to be about seventeen hundred times smaller than the smallest particle visible under the microscope.

Yet we know that this helium atom is four times as large as the atom of hydrogen." It may seem that such measurements are impossible to obtain, but when one considers that the cathode ray, the latest photography, and instruments of the most ultimate finesse are employed, no great difficulty ought to be felt in acquiescing in the statements of the most eminent scholars of the day.

Is, then, the electron, in all probability, the final portion of the universe? Scientists do not know. They believe that its total mass is due to its electric charge. It is a center of force which in some inexplicable way has set its teeth into the ether. And the ether? That is the mystery of mysteries. Incomparably finer than the most highly rarified vacuum, it is a mere passive medium that has yet some finiteness and quantity, since it takes light considerable time to traverse it and since it is capable of producing waves. Moreover, it cannot be known save when acted upon by force. And this ether is what science believes to be the basis for the electrical "vortex" which composes the ultimate of cosmic being. Let it be distinctly understood, however, that atomic structure, or the fundamentals of chemical differentiation, assumes certain ineradicable elementary forms not admitting of dissolution. Despite the existence of the electron, hydrogen and oxygen cannot as yet be commuted.

These are the scientific facts of the twentieth century. If we return now to the Aristotelian concept of matter and form, we shall note that "prime matter"—i. e., that which is in readiness as a potency to join with form, is regarded as indivisible, incorruptible, ungenerated, unknowable save as a postulate, and *prope nil*. Observe now how closely this corresponds with the modern idea of ether—a passive, unperceivable something, almost unquantified, which is known only as a basis, as a possible ground for the action of force. It may be and probably is true that ether itself is vaguely formed; yet even so, herein lies the ultimate of matter, and it harmonizes exactly with the idea of prime matter held by the Stagirite. No less wonderful is the agreement in regard to force or action. The modern concept of force—that which comes into being with matter and grounds extension and elementary permanence—is fundamentally the same as the Aristotelian theory of form. Accord-

ing to the philosopher, form does not, cannot, act independently of matter, and is in irrational nature wholly immersed in it. The universe is in existence only subsequent to the union of matter and form. According to Aristotle, also, the higher forms act only after more imperfect and unspecialized ones have prepared the way. Could not the first form be electricity which later on expands itself into the numberless and varied forms we know to-day?

It were difficult to find anywhere a more complete concurrence than that existing between the conclusions of twentieth-century investigation and the peripatetic system of development. Indeed, one could find no better substantiation of the dominance of mind over matter than this wonderful insight of the world-old philosophic thought. Matter is real, but its existence is not effected until after the destined form has descended into it; on this point thought and fact agree.

The expanse of nature is the expansion of form. Through a series of deaths, sloughs and corruptions the ever-ascending generation of formative power reveals itself in more and more complexly perfect beings. The history of the world is evolutionary, the story of matter leaving its "low-vaulted past" to mount on the wings of spirit to its apex man. Yet this development is not unbroken. Nature pauses on the brink of life. Here the principle of action is changed, and instead of finding inanimate forces capable only of interaction, we witness a power which acts from within, definitely and with a purpose. The story of plant and animal life is a strange one. Impotent of action upon themselves, living beings nevertheless own a series of assimilative and sensitive powers, a mass of instincts, most marvelous in their steadiness, and aptness, and finally an individuality most difficult to account for. St. Thomas defines life as the "power of self-motion," and if this be taken now to include irritability as a prime constituent, it remains marvelously correct. Nor is the difference between animal and plant life so broad as it once was conceived to be. It was always known that the animal exercised vegetative functions and that certain creatures partook of the characteristics of both kingdoms, but modern research, particularly the experiments of Professor Bose of Calcutta, declares the existence of sensitive faculties in the plant. In this he was anticipated by the theory of

Mivart. Here we behold the operation of a giant, mysterious force, diversified into a million forms, each with a distinct teleology of its own, each working out the problems of its own species and living in the consciousness of a Creator's love and care.

But the institution of this vital activity was not the Omega of creative power. For in the day when this was done, God resolved to raise above all this terrestrial splendor His image made in the likeness of man. And with His hands He formed a body from the slime of the earth and breathed into its face the breath of life. Observe here that the human soul does not evolve its body, but is joined to it subsequent to its formation. Whether one adopts the teaching of special creation or that of the evolution of the body, the whole of material creation has served as a handmaiden to prepare a dwelling for its master. But when the soul was breathed upon the body it became its form, wielding it to its own purposes and giving it a distinctive human teleology, as well as assuming direct control of every faculty. Thus the *genus homo* is the final leap of creative form.

The human being is indeed "fearfully and wonderfully made." We who are creatures composed of body and soul, are incapable of separating them in imagination. Yet when we form an intellectual concept of "soul" we find its essence to be immaterial reason, while our concept of "body" fixes upon extension, upon flesh and blood. That we should find such seeming opposites united in our very selves seems an awful and solitary mystery. Still we have proved that it is a fact both philosophically and practically, and that any attempt to evade it must end in skepticism and ruin of thought. The explanation of man has been traced to the analogy between his nature and the constitution of every cosmic thing, to the union of matter and form. If we wish to explain perfectly the manner of that union in man's nature, we must first explain it in irrational nature, and this, as has been observed, grows daily more and more mysterious. Indeed, after making due allowance for the indefinite distance between the inanimate form, wholly immersed in matter, the vegetative and sensitive, partly elevated above matter, and the human soul, which of its nature has a subsistence, albeit imperfect, independent of matter, we must ultimately conclude that they are but

diversified forms of the same cosmos. An explanation of the soul involves an interpretation of creation, and that is an ultimate wherein, as Goethe says, there is God.

There are, however, certain additional problems to be met with in man's nature which do not exist in the world outside it. While every other form supposedly subsists completely in matter and is dependent upon it for its existence, the human soul is really independent, and by its very essence will exist after its separation from the body. Therefore, human nature seems, and, has somewhat commonly been regarded, as the result of the chaining down of a soul, as a sort of mystic punishment inflicted upon a pure spirit. Such a view is unsound, and that philosophy surely is deeper which asserts that, aside from the question whether created, pure, intelligences exist and are nobler than man, if they do, the human spirit would never be perfect or completely happy while in a state of separation from the body. Christian revelation has even stated that such separation is the direct result of sin. Indeed, no man who contemplates the deep value of the emotions, of imaginative imagery, of physical exultation, can conceive how existence could ever be complete without them.

Nevertheless, the fact of the partial emancipation of the soul accents the dualism of nature and raises the perpetual contrast of the inner and outer worlds. Since, humanly speaking, the purpose of the inner world or mind is to know, and the function of the outer or universe is to be known, we must explain how the relation of the two in the act of knowing is effected. Every adherent to the matter and form theory is an advocate of direct perception. The images in the imagination are not the things which the mind perceives, but the means by which it grasps the concrete reality outside. Belief in this fact is based upon the only evidence we have, that of consciousness. It is I who tread the meadows, and the fields, not my feet; it is I who aim at the target, not my eye. Yet we know that all the facts of the Ego are not to be so simply interpreted. In the phenomena of dreams, for instance, we realize that the mind plays upon the images stored in memory and handles them whimsically and independently of external conditions. Still, as Mivart correctly observes, there is a vast and definite difference between dream and waking consciousness. There is a certainty, a directness, in the latter

utterly wanting to the former. We need not maintain that all our cognitive operations involve direct perception: what we do uphold is that all of them take either a remote or a proximate origin in it.

Yet, when we are asked to explain exactly how we perceive anything, how knowledge proceeds to fill the *tabula rasa* of the intellect with the records of sense-experience, we must admit that we do not know. Nor can we reasonably be expected to know. Physiological psychology, even in its present stage of development, admits that the intellect and will have no organs of localization. Lombroso's attempt to find the causes of genius in physical idiosyncracies is now almost ridiculed. Hence the field of experiment is very limited. The unity of consciousness is so complete that although we can distinguish the products of sensation from the products of abstraction, it is impossible to decide just where the powers of cerebral association break off and the actions of reason begin. Man is like a giant and intricate machine in motion. Although there is a steady progression of influences, the observer is unable to tell where the one takes up the work which its predecessor has finished. And the human mind is not a material apparatus which can be calmly dissected. Psycho-physics is the only method, but it has nothing to do with spirit. Memory and imagination are recognized by all realistic thinkers to be dependent on the body, but at the same time they minister very intimately to the higher faculties of the spirit. Somewhere about these powers lies the chain of connection, but after everything has been said, one must leave the matter where the greatest advocates of direct perception, St. George Mivart, Father Maher, and Father Pesch, leave it—in the realm of the uncertain. It seems that a patient, introspective study of the emotions, especially since they are matters of an essentially lower order than intelligence, may reveal sufficient data to enable the formation of a demonstration from analogy of the action of the higher mental powers. If once we shall be able to tell where the physics of the emotions leaves off and the psychic influence begins, is it not possible too that we shall be able to infer the exact method of operation governing our cognitive operations? It would appear so, but as yet no philosopher has done so.

(Conclusion next week.)

Bill Davies' Luck.

BY DELMAR J. EDMONDSON.

Any barber or bar-tender in San Diego can tell yuh the story of Bill Davies' Luck. They serve it up regular with their hair tonics and beer. Well, to begin with, Bill Davies'd seen better days. He come from somewhere back East, New York, I guess, an' at one time he was as big a man on Wall Street as Jess Williard is in the ring. But one mornin' he took it into his head to turn from Bull to Bear all of a sudden, and the Doctor Jekyll-Mister Hyde act didn't agree with th' constitution of his pocket-book, so dollars became as scarce with him as street cars on Euclid before the franchise went through. Now everybody knows that a guy that's broke is about as welcome on Broadway as an epidemic of measles in an orphan asylum, so, havin' no incumbrances in th' shape of divorced wives or widowed mothers, Bill decided to take to th' road. M' friend, Coxey would say that he "became a tramp" as many a better man'd done before 'im. But he didn't start to march on Washington, he set out fer San Diego. He'd heard a lot about the town's wonderful climate and efficient police force so he thought he'd take a chance and start life again out there. The poor man didn't know that th' truth of the matter is there's only one word of four letters to describe th' weather out there and he'd heard nothin' about the mosquitoes bein' so big that catchers on baseball teams wear their masks in bed to keep these big boys from biting them. So everything was to the glorious red, white and blue with him.

For a while things went fine. Bill'd stay in the hay-mows every mornin' till 'e felt like gettin' up, like the King of the Fiji Islands waitin' fer Cook to call 'im to a breakfast of Fricasseed Missionary. Reminds me of the fellow that used to set his alarm clock off at six p. m. every day an' then lay in bed an' laugh at it. He fooled Big Ben all right, but his family fooled him an' threw the clock out.

But pretty soon th' snow began to fly and Davies found out that there's downs as well as ups to livin' on th' road. Winter always puts tacks on the track of a hoboe's life. Sometimes farmers are mighty unfeelin' an' careless about lockin' their barns, an' a bed of snow

is pretty an' clean, but it's far from comfortable. An' as fer these Salvation Army bunks, Bill didn't have much of a mind fer disputin' with th' insect inhabitants that'd got there first about who was to occupy th' tender spots in th' mattress fer th' night.

But in spite o' all his trouble, Bill never lost his cheerful disposition. He was always calm an' smilin'; never sassed the farmer's wives when their husbands was about; an' always yielded th' point gracefully when any watch dog showed a disposition to argue about his right to th' farmer's chickens.

Sometimes th' poor old boy'd get so hungry that his stomach'd begin to think he must've developed the lock-jaw. Now it happened that one day while he was passin' through a middle-sized Western city named Longview, said digestive organ began to sue him strenuously for non-support, as the guy says. So he dropped into th' first smoke shop he passed in th' hope of raisin' enough coin to pay for a round trip ticket to th' handiest restaurant. It came kinda hard to a man that'd been up as high as he had, but between beggin' an' fillin' a pauper's grave an' workin' there's not much choice. He steps up to th' counter with his customary ease an' nonchalance an' addressed th' men that was standin' about.

"Gentlemen," he says, "they say that confession is good for th' soul. For that reason I confess that I'm hungry. I've been fastin' fer the good of m' soul an' now I'd like to eat fer th' good of m' body. So in case you might happen to have any subsidiary coin that's lookin' fer a change, slip it to me, an' I'll put it in circulation fer th' good o' th' currency system."

Well, that bunch didn't seem to crave fer Bill in any noticeable manner, but th' man behind th' counter says:

"Here, bo, is a chance on an automobile which we're gonna raffle off in exactly one hour. Now g'wan into reverse, an' beat it!"

"I thank you most kindly, sir," says Bill, never turnin' a hair. "The number of my chance is 23401. Kindly take it down. My name is William Q. Davies, Esq. I leave almost immediately for Anconda, from whence I will proceed to San Diego, which city I intend to honor with my citizenship. In case I am fortunate enough to win the motor car, be so good as to notify me."

With that he bowed an' stepped out. Always

th' same easy - goin', soft - spoken Bill.

Now by this time Bill was gettin' desperate fer somethin' to eat. So who can blame 'im fer what he did? As he passed along, keepin' a weather eye peeled for anything that even looked like somethin' edible, just ahead of 'im he saw a fat man in the act of puttin' his wallet away. Davies saw the chance, so runnin' up beside his man he grabbed the purse an' then hot-footed it as fast as his weakness would let 'im. Well, that German Hymn o' Hate, is a love ballad by Ernest R. Ball 'longside the lurid conversation that fat guy sent after Bill. An' by the time he'd reached the first policeman Bill was outa sight.

"Oh, it don't make much difference anyway," the chubby one says, "the wallet was absolutely empty."

But Bill didn't know that, so he kept on runnin' till he reached the outskirts o' town. He was beatin' it across a bridge, lookin' aroun' to see if the bulls was followin', when he run square into a man comin' the other way. Jus' like that the purse flew outa his hand into the water. Bill didn't have time to stop an' breathe a prayer over his murdered appetite, but jus' kept swingin' along till he reached the open country. By that time he was really gettin' scared. A freight came puffin' along just then so he took it into Anconda, where he got off to rest an' perhaps to eat, it bein' about twelve in th' mornin'. Anconda is a little city on the edge of the desert, an' across that stretch o' sand lies San Diego.

Well sir, believe me or not, he hadn't been in town ten minutes when who should come up to 'im but a policeman big enough to use the Niagara Falls for a shower bath.

"We just received a telegram from Longview," he says, "and you look like you might be our man."

Now Bill liked that officer's curly hair an' blue eyes, but he didn't give a hang for the line he was handin' out so he didn't stop to listen. He jus' ducks down an alley an' is off again. He was gittin' purty good at it by this time.

Right shortly Davies came to where th' desert begins an' civilization ends. But in that particular spot o' th' world civilization dies with a flourish, for there on the boundary line stood a saloon with a sign hangin' in front: "The Last Chance." On th' porch o' th' saloon a man was standin'. He calls to Bill:

"Drop in an' have a drink with me, stranger. You look thirsty."

"I ain't a drinkin' man," Bill pants. "Is this th' way to San Diego?"

"Yep. Better make it a dish o' ice cream, then. You're likely to be purty thirsty afore you git across."

Bill never stopped. He heard the kind-hearted old geazer yell somethin' about "never gitt'n' back alive," but that didn't phase him.

'I'd rather come back in a coffin than in hand-cuffs, anyhow," he thinks.

Well, sir, he'd hardly been on his way two hours when th' sun began to get 'im. His head felt like the Pride o' th' Cabbage Patch; his mouth was as dry as th' book they call "Pilgrim's Progress," an' he had to clench his teeth to keep his tongue from draggin' in th' sand. He certainly was in a bad way. Shortly he fell to wishin' fer that plate o' ice cream he'd turned down at "The Last Chance." He began to see here an' there on th' sand heapin' plates o' cream that would put to shame the greatest sody parler in th' business.

After a while the shades o' night began to fall loudly an' th' coyotes set up their yelpin'. Bill heard 'em an' shivered. The noise those blood-thirsty hounds let out ain't exactly calculated to make a half-dead man pull the Lazarus stunt. Once he stretched himself out to rest, an' lay lookin' up at the stars till a specially mean yowl scarcely a hundred yards away brought 'im to his feet with his heart pumpin' like a cheap engine on a cold day.

"I hope the brute that eats me gets a hell of a stomach ache," he chants to th' accompaniment of his clickin teeth'.

But a coyote's too much of a coward to meddle with a man that shows any signs o' life, so Bill went on again, still whole. Less'n an hour later his weak legs refused to support 'im any longer an' he fell headlong.

"When I get up again, I'll be wearin' wings," he groans. There he lay, pantin' away th' balance o' th' night.

Next mornin' ole Sun comes on th' job at schedule time an' bakes Bill into action. Up he gets on th' last ounce o' vitality in his poor ole body, pulls in his belt about ten inches an' eases along slow an' unsteady. He'd jus' about made up his mind that his last restin' place would be inside some hungry beast o' th' desert, when comin' to 'im faintly across

th' sand he heard th' sound of a tollin' bell. Sure enough, it was San Diego off in the distance. When he drops again it's over th' border line o' town an' this time he doesn't get up.

Some o' th' kindly disposed people took 'im into th' nearest house an' did their best to make 'im comfortable, drippin' water into his mouth an' telephonin' fer th' police ambulance. When Bill comes to, th' first thing he said was:

"So this is—San—Diego, th' place I've heard so much about."

Then the man o' the house begins to give 'im a long discourse based on "San Diego, th' metropolis of th' West." He raves at great length about their beautiful park system; he discloses startlin' secrets about their Disposal Plant. When he stops fer breath, Bill smiles soft an' slow an' says:

"Well—I'm goin' to a Place—almost as good."

The guy says: "Is there anything I could do for you now, my poor man?"

"You might—get me—a plate o' ice cream—chocolate purferred," Bill answers. But jus' then comes bustlin' in th' police surgeon.

"Two bits says you're William Davies," he blurts out.

"Right th'—first time. But it's too late—to take me up—now. Did you—get a telegram—from Longview, too?"

"Yes. It says you're the winner of an automobile that was raffled off there yesterday."

They'd notified th' Department naturally supposin' that a guy like Bill'd be more apt to have dealin's with th' police than with anybody else.

Bill lay like he was stunned fer a minute.

"I think," he gasps out at last, smilin' sickly, "I could ride back—an' sneer in th' face —o' every coyote—that laughed at me—last night."

But the surgeon decided a man that'd been without food an' water as long as he had, an' that'd laid out there on th' ground all night in fear an' tremblin' could never live through it. An' sure enough, poor Bill passed away that afternoon, with a smile on his lips, an' hope in his heart. His last words were:

"It don't make—any— difference, boys' I threw—th' damn ticket—away."

The San Diegoites are thinkin' of erectin' a monument to William Q. Davies, th' First Martyr to th' Glory that once was Rome and now is San Diego.

Varsity Verse.

SMILE, — YOU, SMILE.

Though wild winds sweep across the lonesome land
And snowdrifts high against the hedges pile,
Though hoary winter seems to rule the world
Springtime will come again if you but smile.

Springtime with all the glow of golden days
And nights as fragrant as the waking flower
Will rise again in beauty from the soil,
If you but smile on me this passing hour.

Then let the world go what dim way it will
It cannot bring me bitterness or grief,
If you but walk beside me till the dusk,
Life and its fleeting days are all too brief.

M. Trudeli.

FREDDY MEHAFFEY.

Oh, Freddy Mehaffey, yer dippy, yer daffy,
Ye niver stop talkin', ye laugh like a loon.
But, ah, (may it stay with ye), ye have a way wid ye,
Freddy Mehaffey, ye grinnin' gossoon!

All of the Faculty pass time of day wid ye
Each frind ye meet stops a bit for a chat,
There's divil wan scornin' a "top o' th' mornin'"
To Freddy Mehaffey, the pride of our flat.

Even in Logic ye make Father Hagerty
Stop in his spakin' to share in yer jiy.
We must confess to ye, wishin' good cess to ye,
Freddy, me lad, yer a broth of a bye!

On through yer life ye'll go, scatherin' care and woe,
St. Pater'll laugh while he hands ye yer crown;—
"Faith, and I warn ye now, none o' yer blarney now,
Freddy Mehaffey, go in an' sit down!"

E. McB.

A Friend Indeed.

BY V. C. GIBLIN.

Jack loved Mabel but never told her, and Mabel loved Jack, but never breathed it. When Jack had reached the semi-manly age of eighteen, his father, Col. Perrott, had given him a bit of parental advice. "My boy," admonished the Colonel, "you have come to an age now where you will be occupying a sofa in some blue-eyed damsel's parlor three evenings of every week, and, my boy, a word of counsel will do you no harm. Don't fall into the bottomless pit of infatuation the first time the fair one casts a smile in your direction, but wait until you have seen that you've won her heart before you fall upon your knees and adore her."

Now Jack had often heard his father boast

of his youthful flirtations (that is, when Mrs. Perrott was beyond hearing distance), and Jack considered his "dad's" warning as his eleventh commandment.

Mabel too had listened to instructions from her watchful mother, Mrs. Mullen, who, before she was won by Senator Mullen, had had no fewer than twelve suitors at one time. "Mabel," said the wise mother, "never let anyone know that you love him until he has first proved his love for you." And Mabel also heeded the word of the wise.

For two weary, dreary years Jack's heart had been like a ship tossed and whirled helpless upon the seas, but he feared to raise the distress signal. Mabel remained as cool as an iceberg, and so the two lovers drifted about the sea of love.

Finally, Jack could bear the strain no longer and decided to end his courtship and become a lifelong member of the Bachelor's Band.

An unhappy month passed before a change occurred. It happened that Jack and Mabel had a mutual friend, Estelle Riley, who was a friend of everybody. After his parting from Mabel, Jack, for companionship, paid several visits to the home of jolly Stelle.

During one of their conversations Jack confided his secret to Stelle. The next morning found Stelle on an informal visit to the home of the Mullens. Stelle brought the conversation around to "love affairs."

"What's the matter with you and Jack, Mabel?" And as Stelle had hoped Mabel shared her heart's burden with the sympathetic Stelle.

Two weeks later the 'phone in Jack's office rang and Stelle in an excited voice gave this message: "Jack, what do you know! Mabel just sent me a note saying that she's engaged to Carl Bradford and is going to be married in a week. Come up to-night at eight and I'll show you the note."

The same day Stelle sent these words over the wire to Mabel: "Mabel, for goodness' sake, I've just received a note from Jack saying he's engaged to Romain Sackley and is to be married a week from to-day. Come on over at eight to-night and I'll show you his note."

Yesterday's society column of the *Register* displayed the following: "Senator and Mrs. Mullen announce the engagement of their daughter, Mabel T., to Mr. John P. Perrott."

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC

Entered as Second-Class Mail Matter.

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

Terms: \$1.50 per Annum. Postpaid

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

XLIX. NOVEMBER 6, 1915 No. 9.

Board of Editors.

| | |
|---------------------|--------------------|
| TIMOTHY GALVIN, '16 | SPEER STRAHAN, '17 |
| RAY HUMPHREYS, '16 | LOUIS KEIFER, '16 |
| EUGENE MCBRIDE, '16 | D. EDMONDSON, '18 |
| HOWARD PARKER, '17 | ARTHUR HUNTER, '16 |
| HARRY SCOTT, '18 | |

—The average collegian is a peculiar kind of fellow when it comes to reading. He will devour the sporting sheet, examine minutely the red headlines on the front page, The Editorial, and perhaps memorize all the jokes. He will not read the editorial, the feature story, or the general run of news. The editorial especially is strictly passé, absolutely tabooed. Reginald, or whatever we call our college hero, regards the editorial as all bally tommyrot, cant and sermonizing that must be avoided with avidity. He thinks it is superficial, silly, "highbrow." He fails to realize the true place of the editorial, in modern journalism. He doesn't know that the editorial is a powerful molder of public opinion, based on authoritative information and intelligence. He is ignorant of its influence, its solidity, its popularity among the saner classes. He, poor microcosm, is too busy to read it and appreciate it. He prefers the latest lurid "dope" on Ty, or Matty, or the Rabbit, to any editorial that was ever set up. He is absolutely not concerned with the subject-matter of editorial utterances. Politics, religion, war, business, finance, ethics, literature and education, do not appeal to him, although the musings and erratic rhetoric of a tenth-rate sporting scribbler does. He hasn't time to pause to peruse an editorial on a sane subject, but he spends hours poring and worrying over the question as to whether or not the Oshkosh Feds will let Hick Mutton rule the center garden next season. Editorial comment on national preparedness he passes over with a

grunt, but groans and mopes over the account that Barney Oldfield felt a slight stroke of indigestion a week ago Friday and may not race again for seventeen and a half days. Business conditions editorially treated escape his notice, but the slightest mention of another White Hope will keep him entranced for twenty minutes. Ship bills and currency measures and suffrage questions as interpreted in the editorial take a back seat when Camp or Eckersall sling over a new bear story on Yale or dear old Harvard or the Maroons in regard to the football "champeenship." Reginald can't see anything worth while in the editorial on the political situation, but whether Wille Hoppe went better in 1907 than in 1908 will interest him hugely. Reminiscences of Packy McFarland will be greedily digested, while the editorial on Public Ownership remains unread. If the sport section doesn't take up all his time, Reggie will turn to Lillian Russell's Beauty Hints or Laura Jean Libbey's Advice to the Lovelorn, but never,—perish the thought—to the editorial page. Even the comic pictures apparently executed with a poker come in for their share of undue attention. Even the Herpicide and Cream of Wheat advertisements may be read, but the editorial, no. The editorial is beneath his notice, y'know.

And that's one reason why Reggie, after he graduates and steps out into the cruel, cold world, has an awful lot to learn.

Personals.

—Fred M. Gilbough (LL. B., '13) is now employed in the law office of the New York Edison Company, New York City. His address is 8404 12th Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

—The marriage of Miss Ermine Gertrude Kiefaber to Mr. Henry Beckman Ohmer (old student, '08) took place October 28th, at Dayton, Ohio. Mr. and Mrs. Ohmer will be at home after January 15th at 246 Irving Avenue, Dayton, Ohio.

—Col. C. J. McGreevy, father-in-law of Professor Hines, died last week at his home in Logansport, Indiana. Mr. McGreevy was a member of the Loyal Legion and was highly respected by his townsmen. He was one of the most prominent men in Logansport.

—Mr. Norman A. Ranstead (C. E., '15) writes from Richmond, Ind., where he is con-

nected with the Empire Brass Foundry, that he likes his present position well and may get to like it better than mathematics—in time. He further says, "I get a bit homesick for Notre Dame every once in a while and get to wishing I were back there again where everything is so pleasant and care-free."

In another letter from F. L. Madden, he writes: "I was pleased to receive the SCHOLASTIC, and enjoyed reading Father Cavanaugh's address. I have passed it around among the people here. The SCHOLASTIC is a publication that I cannot very well get along without, so I am sending my subscription to the editor."

—The Rev. James A. Solon (B. S., '84; M. S., '86; A. M., '92) of De Kalb, Illinois, was recently presented with a Studebaker Six by his admiring parishioners. The *Chronicle* notes the fact editorially as follows:

The action of the parishioners of St. Mary's church in presenting an automobile to Father Solon is a deserved compliment if there ever was one, and the parishioners in addition to honoring a man who has earned their regard can also feel that they have made a good investment.

Work is the one passion of Father Solon's life, and the possession of the fine new roadster will enable him to get about with greater facility and speed and will make him just that much more valuable to his charge.

Father Solon has worked hard and faithfully for many years to advance the interests of his people and expect that he will take a lot of pleasure in being able to serve them more efficiently with his new machine.

In the Old Days.

The Local column of the SCHOLASTIC for October 3, 1874, is headed by the request: "Don't spit in church!"

In the same issue the name of R. Downey appears as Marshall of the Philomathean Society.

Issue of October 10, same year:—"Is a skunk a person of distinkshon and if so, how does he rank. Can you get a little one for a scent?"

September 13, 1879, Locals:—"Wanted immediately a complete set of human bones."

Same issue: "We hear that a kind friend" (!!!)—"Has presented to the library the opera omnia of Kuhney... consisting of the following: 'On Contracts,' 'Alcoholic Poisons,' 'Total Abstinence,' 'On the Evil Effects of Breathing Foul Air in Churches' (an exceedingly rare work)."

Ideas of friends of Notre Dame have changed, thank heaven.

Ten years ago to-day the Varsity defeated DePauw 71-0 on Cartier Field. Callicrate, Waldorf, Donovan, Downs and Draper figured prominently in running up the awful total, thereby raising student hopes for the big Indiana game only a week away.

The entire football season of 1905 was a rather disastrous one. It was as follows:

| | | | |
|------------|----|-----------------------|----|
| Notre Dame | 44 | —North Division | 0 |
| " | " | 28—Michigan Aggies | 0 |
| " | " | 0—Wisconsin | 21 |
| " | " | 0—Wabash | 5 |
| " | " | 142—Medics & Surgeons | 0 |
| " | " | 71—DePauw | 0 |
| " | " | 5—Indiana | 22 |
| " | " | 22—Bennett Medics | 0 |
| " | " | 0—Purdue | 32 |

Among the men of ability of the candidates for the baseball team, the SCHOLASTIC for January 27, 1906, mentions the name of a certain young man "who insists on knocking the cover off the ball every time he comes up to bat in the big Gym." The name is an unfamiliar one—John Murray.

Old Student (*to a new acquaintance*):—"You mean to tell me you're an old graduate of Notre Dame and you never heard of Louie Nichol's place? Impossible! We used to register there every year long before we appeared in the Secretary's Office."

The University Choir.

The newly organized University choir was heard for the first time on Thursday morning. The showing of the choir reflects great credit on the choirmaster, Father Eugene Burke, and his assistant, Ward Perrott. The men have been practicing but a short time yet their rendition of "De Profundis" was wellnigh perfect. We are anxious to hear more from the new choir and expect some wonderful music before the end of the year. The charter members of the choir are: First tenors: Hugh O'Donnell, James Hayes, F. D. Jones, Charles O'Malley, G. W. Shanahan. Second tenors: James Foley, W. P. McCourt, Charles Sheehan, Albert Schlipf, F. L. Mahaffey, J. Vurpillat. First bases: Robert Daley, Thomas Hayes, L. F. Keifer, Frank Welsh, Richard Daley, H. E. Scott. Second bases: Russell Hardy, Fritz Slackford, Matthew Trudelle, H. R. Burt.

Local News.

—The new military uniforms are here. The final distribution was made Wednesday afternoon.

—Cram early for the exams on November 17th and 19th. The best student is the one who starts cramming on September 17th.

—The men taking military are awaiting with breathless expectancy (?) the first opportunity to don their full-dress uniforms.

—The Day Students' Athletic Association has rented box 1 at the post office. Not all the mail received in this box pertains strictly to athletics, however.

—Steamship and electric railway, as well as steam railroading, are to be studied in the course in transportation begun yesterday by Father Bolger.

—Encouraged by the splendid patronage of their recent social offering, the Day Students have about decided to hold another dance late in November.

—Hugh Burns was with us for a few days last week. He is rapidly regaining his strength after an operation and hopes to get back in harness for the track season.

—The work of dismantling the campus by putting away the flora and fauna for the winter is almost completed. The trees likewise have put off their garments of a fairer season, as the autumn bard would bardate.

—Father Moloney was the celebrant of the Solemn Requiem Mass on Tuesday, All Souls' Day. He was assisted by Father Horwarth, deacon, and Father Doremus, subdeacon.

—Professor Lenihan has set the date of the student vaudeville show for next Tuesday evening, November 9. The bill is expected to be good, despite the absence of Messrs. Mills and Eichenlaub.

—Professor Cooney is authority for the statement that there are now fifty-eight students enrolled in his department. With the permission of the board of editors, the Sophomore journalists are anxious to put out one edition of the SCHOLASTIC.

—The Senior Law election was held in Sorin law room Sunday evening. The officers named are as follows: Thomas McLaughlin, president; Harold Burke, vice-president; Joseph F. Smith,

secretary; Drexel Duffy, treasurer; Joseph Gargan, sergeant-at-arms.

—The entrants of the First Annual Cross Country Run to be held next Wednesday afternoon are requested to hand in their names at once to Coach Rockne. Six handsome prizes are offered to the winners of the run.

—Brownson "Lit" men are to be the hosts of a smoker and "feed" Sunday evening in the Carroll refectory. President Windoffer, Edward Lindiman and "Bill" Curley have prepared a varied program. A number of the faculty have been invited.

—The rifle club turned its attention to prone shooting this week, having become proficient in handling the gun in a standing position. Sergt. Campbell reports that the showing of his men augurs well for a strong team for this year's competition.

—The regular bi-monthly meeting of the Day Students' Association was held Tuesday noon. The report of the treasurer showed the healthy condition of the Association's finances. Plans were set on foot for the outfitting of the basketball team for the coming season.

—Two more Notre Dame men are known to be in vital contact with the European holocaust at the present time. Professor Pasquini is located at Rome where he is serving in the Italian army. Anthony J. Brogan (Litt. B., '01) is now in Paris gathering first-hand material for a book on the war.

—A friend of the Apostolate Library, who desires that his name shall not be disclosed, has contributed the following works to the Library: "Catholics Ready Answer," by Hill; "Hugh, Memoir of a Brother," by A. C. Benson; "Loneliness," by R. H. Benson; "The Personality of Christ," by Vonier."

—A number of old men were back to see the team beat South Dakota. Among others present were: Jimmy Cahil, Heine Berger, Steve Burns, Jimmy Wasson, Red Kelley, Byron Kanaley, John Kanaley, Art Larkin, Harry McDonough, Byron Hayes, Hugh Daly, Fred Steers, Walter McInerny and Frank Hanley.

—The engraving contract of this year's DOME has been let to John and Ollier of Chicago. The 1916 DOME will be a picture book rather than a reader. Every effort is being put forth to get good drawings and pictures for the book of the year. The groups in the Gym at

the returns from the Army game will find a place in this production.

—The Lilacs football team proposes to enter the interhall field. Fifteen candidates grouped around a nucleus of certain ex-Corby stars are working out daily in the vacant field adjacent to the Lilacs manor. An athletic association among the men has elected Paul Duffy and Leonard Carroll as managers for the Lilacs' athletic teams.

—There were no classes Monday, All Saints' Day. Services were held in Sacred Heart Church at eight o'clock. At the Mass, Rev. Matthew Schumacher, C. S. C., celebrant, was assisted by Rev. Cornelius Hagerty, C. S. C., deacon, and Rev. Peter Hebert, C. S. C., subdeacon. Father Hagerty preached the sermon dealing with the significance of the day.

—The University farm recently came into possession of 268 head of cattle. This herd was bought in Kansas City by Brother Leo. Most of the cattle will be slaughtered for local consumption, although a few head are to be fattened with the hope of developing more prize winners at the stock shows. One of the west fields of the farm now encloses 201 head of sheep recently purchased in Montana.

—The *News-Times* is now carrying a daily column of Notre Dame news. In order to keep up the standard of this column the journalists ask the co-operation of all the men of the campus. Anyone having an item suitable for this column will do the journalists a favor by writing it out and sticking the paper under the door of the room of the Journalism Department, located in the Main Building, "third floor back."

—Camera enthusiasts among the student body are earnestly requested to submit their work to the 1916 DOME for publication. Views taken on the campus or featuring Notre Dame activities in any way can be used. Vacation snaps taken during the summer are especially desired. Kindly hand your films to Grove Miller, Staff Photographer of the DOME, 247 Sorin, and they will receive prompt attention.

—Father Patrick Haggerty, professor in the Mathematics Department of Notre Dame, is at present recuperating his strength at his home in Scranton, Pennsylvania. For many months Father Haggerty had to fight the deadly

typhoid fever. Since his release from the hospital, however, his recovery has been more rapid and he expects to return to his work within the next thirty days.

—The Holy Cross Literary Society held their annual installation of officers last Sunday evening. The officers installed for the ensuing year are: Henry Glueckert, president; Michael Early, vice-president; Frank Bolan, secretary; William Lyons, treasurer; Matthew Coyle, critic; Stanislaus Tomaszewski, Frank Brown, and Michael Mulcaire, executive committee. The society numbers about fifty members and holds its regular meetings every other Sunday.

—Capt. R. R. Stogsdall, -U. S. A., has suggested a system of military training to the South Bend Board of Education, the members of which have applied to the state board for permission to give credit for this branch of work. The work, if given, will start next semester and will consist of drilling, camp work and military tactics. The course would be open to Juniors the first year, and thereafter to Juniors and Seniors of the High School. One of the local papers has commented favorably on the proposition and upon Capt. Stogsdall's qualifications in its editorial page.

—Smokes and eats featured Wednesday night's gathering of the Kentucky Club in the Sorin Hall apartments of the Hannan brothers. Every one of the fifteen Colonels at the University was on hand. The officers of the club are: Jack Young, president; Louis Harl, vice-president; "Shorty" Campbell, secretary and treasurer; John Hanna, doorkeeper. The remaining members are Walter Clements, William Hannan, Emmett Hannan, Martin E. Walter, J. W. Dant, George Hackett, Louis Kalb, Edward O'Connor, Thomas Spaulding, Frank Carrico, and George Cavaness.

—The first serious accident to a Notre Dame player on Cartier Field in several years was the outcome of Tuesday evening's football scrimmage. George "Ducky" Holmes, monogram man of last year's team, suffered a fracture of the left leg between the knee and the ankle. The accident occurred just when George was rounding into his best condition. Coaches Rockne and Harper had counted on the Nebraska lad for aid in the hard games yet to come and his loss from the squad is keenly felt. The injury will probably keep "Ducky" out of athletics for the remainder of the year.

Varsity Gets a Scare.

Figuring that the South Dakota game would be easy, the Varsity played a ragged brand of football which nearly spelled "tie game" last Saturday when the Gold and Blue defeated the Coyotes by the narrow margin of 6 to 0. Coach Harper started the game with a patched line-up with a considerable number of "subs," five to be exact. Whipple was in Elward's place, King in Stephan's, Jones in at Fitzgerald's guard, Fitz in at center in O'Donnell's place, and Malone and Miller in Cofall's and Bachman's places. The game started with this line-up, but when Harper saw that the "subs" could not do much with the Dakota men he sent in all of the regulars, with the exception of O'Donnell, at the beginning of the second half. Even the regulars could not get going the way they ought to have gone, and a lone touchdown was all that they could make. The game was spoiled by many fumbles and general loose play; but some credit must be given to the Coyotes, for they covered every man on the open style plays and made forward passing a hopeless task. Their only gains, however, were on their passes; for it was impossible for them to get through the line or around either end. They made first down only very few times and this was done by means of a pass. The passing of Parlman, the little quarterback of the visitors, bordered on the sensational as many of the passes were thrown after the midget had run back quite a few yards from the line of scrimmage.

Of the "subs" who started the game for the Varsity, Miller proved to be the best ground gainer; but no one gave Dutch Bergman interference in the first half and he could not execute many of his long runs. Those that he did make, he made through his own speed and his ability to dodge. The Varsity backs seemed to gain at will on most any kind of a play, but costly fumbles kept the team from scoring. The solitary score came in the third quarter when Dutch Bergman registered a touchdown after a criss-cross play which completely baffled the Coyotes.

After the Nebraska game the men were suffering from numerous injuries, and with the Army game only a week from the South Dakota encounter, Coach Harper decided to beat the Coyotes in as easy a manner as possible;

for their other games had shown them to be comparatively weak. But the Westerners surprised us with their strength and the Varsity had an "off day," so the dope was upset and the close score resulted. If Bergman had been given his proper interference or had the regulars been put in to make a few points in the first quarter before the "subs" were tried, the result might have been far different; but as it was, it was a poor game.

It showed the team was in poor condition, but it may be the means to a defeat over the Army, for the men all saw how much improvement is necessary to beat the Cadets to-day. In this case we are glad it happened, but it was a bad way to end the season at home.

In the first quarter the ball was kept in the South Dakota territory with the Varsity gaining a little and Vidal punting after the Coyotes failed to gain on line-plunging and end runs. Phelan attempted a field-goal in this period, but missed, and the quarter ended 0 to 0. In this period Bergman made two runs for good gains and Miller made some nice gains through the line, but all the passes tried were incomplete.

The second quarter was played mostly in the Notre Dame territory due to Vidal's kicking, some good passing by Parlman, and a good many penalties given the Varsity. The feature of the period was a pretty pass from Phelan to Bergman which netted thirty yards. South Dakota also worked some nice passes, the longest one going twenty-five yards. Vidal attempted a field-goal near the end of the quarter, but he failed to make it. The half ended with the ball near the Varsity goal line in South Dakota's possession. Score: 0 to 0.

To start the second half, Harper put in Elward, Stephan, Cofall, and Bachman, for it did not look as if the "subs" could register a victory. It was in this quarter that the touchdown was scored. The Varsity backs were gaining good ground, but were losing the ball on fumbles and bad passes. South Dakota was powerless in trying to gain on anything except passes which Parlman and Vidal executed very well; but they could not use passes all the time, so the game resolved itself into a kicking duel with Vidal doing the better booting and Phelan doing better on running the kicks back. Toward the end of the quarter Phelan made a pretty run after catching a punt and placed the ball on the enemy's twenty-yard line. Here the criss-cross play was used.

for the first time during the game, and the fleet-footed Bergman ran around the baffled Coyotes. Cofall missed the goal and the quarter ended 6 to 0. The last period was much like the third but the game ended before another touchdown could be put over; for the last whistle blew when the ball was on the South Dakota twelve-yard line.

The team, composed of nineteen men, left Thursday for the Army game at West Point. The past week has been spent in hard daily drills and the men are hopeful of victory. The only gloom that was cast over the local camp during the week was when "Ducky" Holmes sustained a broken leg in one of the scrimmages. "Ducky" has been playing in tough luck all season, receiving one injury after another in rapid succession, but his loss to the team resulting from this final injury will be keenly felt.

Athletic Notes.

CORBY-WALSH GAME.

Interhall football was reborn on Cartier Field 'mid glory—the sort of glory prevalent on the battlefield—Thursday afternoon when Corby defeated Walsh by the score of 21 to 9. At times it appeared as if the game was scheduled to settle some old grievances but everyone present said it was a game worth sticking around to see—everyone except those that played in the "fray." At the start it seemed that neither team would get the advantage but the superior driving power of the Corby backs and an occasional shove by the hand of Fate were too much for the Walsh Hallers. Time and again Miller, the husky fullback, and McDermott, right half, would tear through the Walsh line for considerable gains. In the first quarter Corby rushed the ball down the field and McDermott put the old pig-skin across for a touchdown. Not satisfied with six points, he kicked the goal for an extra one. Later Miller intercepted a forward pass attempted by Walsh and raced forty-five yards down the field for the second touchdown. Again McDermott kicked the goal. A pretty pass, McDermott to Klien, netted the final touchdown. Not yet satisfied, McDermott kicked his third goal from touchdown. He sure was in a kicking mood Thursday. Coughlin, Corby center, was also in a kicking mood but

his efforts were concentrated mostly on the officials. The individual stars for Walsh were: McGuire, left tackle; Jim Cook, right guard; Soldani, left end; and Pearson, left half, who made a pretty drop-kick from the thirty-five-yard line. The only other scoring for Walsh came when Cook recovered a fumble by the Corby quarter and beat it down the field in the direction of the Corby goal post. The attempt to kick the goal failed and the game ended: Corby, 21; Walsh, 9. O'Callahan, quarter-back for Corby, was seriously injured when he collided with Wrape, Walsh end, and was replaced by Cullen. However it was *some* game and the question asked most was not "who got hurt?" but "who hurt who?"

* * *

WALSH CHICKS vs. BROWNSON CHICKLETS.

The Walsh Hall Chicks triumphed over the Brownson Chicklets last Thursday morning in one of the most interesting games of the season. The small score registered against Brownson was, however, not an indication of the strength of the Walsh team. Several times when Walsh was advancing majestically down the field, "Red" Brown would call the signals for the new trick play. This play consists of passing the ball to one of his backs or carrying it himself and just at the moment the Brownsonites were about to tackle him, of pushing the ball out from under his arm into the outstretched arms of an opponent who would immediately start the other way until downed. The play worked beautifully four times but it didn't help the Walsh team so far as anyone could notice. Who invented this new means of losing the ball gracefully we don't know, but his name should go down with that of Cusick the long-distance overhead passer. The Brownson team was not so well drilled as the Walsh eleven but there were a few "husks" that made things interesting. One dark-haired red-sweatered lad who looked like a folding-bed would break through the line betimes and do his best to pull the head off some Walshite, thereby breaking up many plays. McNichols and Moore played a fast, snappy game for Walsh, and Brown the quarter-back was good when he was not on the sidelines trying to lick some bystander who happened to smile when he passed. The stars for Brownson were Curley, Sullivan and three unknown backfield men who should have been motorcycles or autos.

Safety Valve.

Not that we care a cuspidated cuss—but what idea can the papers have in printing pictures of Mrs. Galt as she looked when she was twenty years old? Neither do we know.

Up at Niles two weeks ago when the Walsh Hall "Chicks" were trooping off the field, a youngster of about seven summers ran up to one of the players and yelled:—"I guess my Dad didn't sort of put it over on yuh, huh?"

COMPULSORY MILITARY DRILL.

I didn't want to go to drill,

I told the prefect I was ill,

To prove my point I took a pill—

And I hope to be roasted in an ice-cream freezer in January if I didn't drill all night. C. B.

Stranger:—"How do you account for the large number of Indianapolis students attending the University this year?"

Rector:—"Well, it's this way. Two weeks before the college opened the beauty editor of an Indianapolis paper had an article proving conclusively that prunes softened the skin and made the complexion bright and beautiful as well as making the consumer strong and hardy, and on the opening day twenty mothers brought their boys to Notre Dame and registered them."

QUERIES.

What does a girl mean who says she could die looking at you?

Who's the old graduate who is said to have had a pull with Brother Leopold?

Is a fellow hinting that he doesn't like your voice, when he tells you that if you don't stop the hellish noise you're making with your larynx he'll choke you?

Why is it that when you're walking along the street on a snowy morning all snugly wrapped up and wearing warm gloves that your shoestring has to come loose?

A SOPHOMORE'S IDEA OF HOW THE DELINQUENT LIST IS MADE OUT.

All the professors assemble in a room and are asked to make out a list of the delinquent students. These teachers have not their record books with them so they close their eyes and begin to look mentally over their classes. "There's that little fellow down in the back row," says one, "and I certainly have no use for him. He pays attention in class and he gets his duties, but I always imagine he's sneering at me when my back is turned and I've sized him up to be a sneak, though I've never caught him doing anything sneaky. I can't stand him anyway, so I'll put him down for 'No work.' Of course he is working, but he's just the kind of a fellow who wouldn't work if he had a chance to stop so I'm giving him what he deserves for his intention. Then there's that fresh fellow in the front row who laughed at my pronunciation of a French word that occurred in the text. That boy couldn't have had all his duties, otherwise he wouldn't be on

the Delinquent List. I'll put his name down for 'No duties,' and woe be to him if he comes to complain. I've been waiting for a chance to tell that fellow what I think of him. Then there's that fellow in the back row whose teeth stick out. Why on earth didn't he go to a dentist when he was young and have his teeth straightened? I can't be annoyed looking at him hour after hour. I know that fellow's recitations must have been bad. How could anyone recite a lesson with teeth like that? And what's more he annoys me by asking me questions after class, thereby forcing me to look at him. I'll put him down for poor recitations. Let me see, now—there are four or five fellows whose average is under seventy, but I can't remember their names and—well, I have sufficient for to-day without them."

OBEDIENCE REWARDED.

ACT I.

BACHMAN clothed in a little fairy-queen dress, wearing tiny pink slippers on his feet and holding a wand in his hand flits lightly out upon the stage saying:

I'm the little fairy queen

None so fair as I, I ween,

Ever flitted through the air;

See my curly golden hair.

PHILBIN wearing a little sailor suit and white sailor hat is shouting gleefully as he chases butterflies amid the flowers. Suddenly he notices the fairy queen.

Tell me fairy queen, I pray,

If your little boy may play?

Mamma told me she would weep

If I missed my noonday sleep,

But these pretty butterflies

Stole the tired from my eyes:

BACHMAN (*patting PHILBIN on the cheek*).

Pretty boy with elfish eyes

Mamma's words are always wise,

Mamma's arms you now must seek

Let her kiss your sweet young cheek,

And an angel watch will keep

Little deary while you sleep.

PHILBIN goes off in joyful glee to his mother (EMMETT LENIHAN) who folds him in her arms until he falls asleep and then puts him into his little white trundle bed.

FITZGERALD wearing a slender white robe and silver wings upon his shoulders flies into the room and stands at the bedside of PHILBIN. His little white face and soft brown eyes glow as he utters these words:

I'm an angel from the sky

Cross my heart! I hope to die!

And I've come to guide this boy

And to bring him lots of joy.

Now my wings I o'er him fold

For he did what he was told.

And I'll watch o'er your bed too

If your mamma's will you do.

A number of angels each bearing a lemon-cream pie now soar softly down about the cradle and little PHIL arises and eats the pies as the curtain is descending.