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Milford Way.

BY SPEER STRAHAN.

WHEN I passed down by Milford way,
The path was lined with grasses high,
Lifting their flowers in fair array
Against a candid morning sky.

When I passed down by Milford way,
(As there I walked along to Mass),
I thought of what the prophets say,—
"All flesh is as the flower of grass."

I lingered on that morning way,
Lifelong, had I not wandered wide
'Mid human flowers of grass, astray
From the true paths to the Lord Christ's side.

Savonarola—Priest and Patriot.*

BY EDWARD F. O'FLYNN, '07.

MAJESTICALLY enthroned in the heart of Italy lies the beautiful city of Florence. Behind her, raising their massive shoulders into Italian clouds, stand the lordly Apennines; before her, stretching away into the distant purple spreads Italy's loveliest valley; within her, stately edifices and magnificent temples form a great forest of stone and marble, and down from the vine-clad hills and through it all and out into the peaceful valley flows the crystal Arno.

To tell the story of Florence is to tell of her beauty, her glory, her art and her men. But it is of her men I would speak; great, gallant men, who, living, consecrated their lives to the uplifting of humanity, and dying left their impress on history that all might read. Of such was Girolamo Savonarola.

Born in the middle of the fifteenth century he came into an Italy submerged in the pagan renaissance. Like a Caesar or a Pericles ruled

Lorenzo at Florence, and like them, too, did he, whom men called the Magnificent, pervert his people and buy their liberty through pompous show. Frivolity and dissipation reigned. Corruption in high places had an evil effect on society, and the profligacy extended to the lower classes. Immorality and sensuousness marked the Carnival. At length prolonged dissipation and ribaldry worked their effect. Well had Lorenzo learned from Tacitus that to enslave the people was first to corrupt them. But all the time the show went on, though Florence groaned and rotted beneath it.

Into this Athens, worn from fasts and tears and vigils, came the monk, Savonarola—a John at the court of Herod. Even as a child, the sight of sin and vice had sickened him. On entering manhood he turned his back to the world and sought contentment in the cloister. But not in his new life was he to find peace. Cruelty and vice spread over Italy, whilst within the Church, where he sought refuge, he was shocked to behold the relaxation in morals and the scandals in ecclesiastical life. Great indeed was his sorrow as he perceived the evils that were to come in consequence of many sins. And oh! the terror of it, as he beheld the evil spirit like a horrible vampire that had spread its great wings over the prostrate form of the Church and slowly sucked its life's blood from it. Then in anguish at the sight of the spectacle he cried out: "O God, give me to break those spreading wings, to slay this monster, to lift up and restore Your beloved Church." Such was his life's purpose. Day by day he besought God in his cell to give him strength to carry out his ideals, until at length his prayer was heard.

The great Duomo was thronged with penitents, and Florence turned from her crime and revelry to listen to him who preached of Christ. Hundreds came at midnight and waited patiently for the opening of the doors. There

* Reprinted by request from the 1907 SCHOLASTIC.

was something awesome in the frail, delicate body as it arose in the pulpit and thundered out against sin. What man could resist him whose eyes burned with the zeal that fired his soul, whose earnestness convulsed his whole frame, whose threats were dreadful, whose appeals were awful. Florence arose from her shame. Instead of the old pagan songs, hymns to the Creator were chanted; men and women abandoned lives of sin; the churches were filled, and the city took on a new appearance. So much did Savonarola do for the morality in Florence. Never flinching, never abandoning his purpose, he worked harder each day. By degrees his popularity grew, and as the mist cleared away, in fancy he saw Jesus of Nazareth enthroned over the city, cleansed and purified. Then circumstances made the vision a reality. Lorenzo died and Piero succeeded him, but ruled weakly and fled at the approach of Charles of France. Through the street riot stalked, and Florence stood on the brink of anarchy; when suddenly the bell in the Duomo pealed out, and rising Savonarola quelled the people.

Thus did he enter political life. Historians have criticised him for it; but when we consider the circumstances we must admit there was no alternative—only one man could have saved Florence, and he was Savonarola. So now we see him in a new role, that of the statesman. Nor was he a mere moralist and theorizer: "Do you citizens," he said, "wish to be free? Then above all love God, love your neighbor, love one another, love the common good." And what a lofty code that was which resulted in the reduction of taxes, the improvement of justice, the return of money unrighteously acquired, and the abolition of usury. Into the hearts of the Florentines he instilled a love for true liberty, a love for a just, well-ordered government, the basic principle of which was the temporal and spiritual welfare of all.

He was no faction politician, no street demagogue, no moral agitator, but a cool, clear-minded statesman, who by his breath called a people back to life and set up a government that has been the admiration of sages. His ideal was grand, and for two years at least Christ ruled in Florence.

But it is characteristic of history that men must work and sweat and bleed and then fall victims to the cause they uphold. And so with the savior of Florence. It is not a mark but an effect of greatness that great men have enemies.

Unconsciously they make them, and so with Savonarola. In Rome the adherents of the Medici succeeded in stirring up a quarrel between him and the Pope. This resulted in excommunication. Though he denied the validity of the act of Alexander VI., still he never failed to recognize the authority of the Church, and so when excommunicated abstained from preaching, and retired to St. Mark's. Nor was his fall due to papal anger so much as to the fickleness of the Florentines. When he no longer moved among them, reassuring and counselling them, when conspirators arose and determined to have his blood, when silence meant suspicion and suspicion meant guilt, then did the crowds turn against him, and there arose the accusation heard once before—"This man blasphemes." "A miracle, an ordeal," cried they, and when none were forthcoming their anger rose to hatred, and malice filled their hearts. In that moment of passion the prayers and work of a lifetime were shattered.

For days his frail body was torn on the rack, for weeks he was tortured. In vain did his tormentors curse and burn in an attempt to wring from him a confession of guilt. And when all had failed, and the frantic mob grew restless and cried out for its victim, then was he condemned to be hanged and burned. As he ascended the ladder he paused and looked down on the multitude; and what a look it was: so full of pity yet strength, of reproach yet resignation—the last fond look of a dying man on those whom he loved. Down there in that surging sea of jeering faces were those whom all night he had watched like a tender mother in sickness, were those to whom he had whispered God's eternal pardon in the confessional, were those for whom he had prayed and pleaded and wept, and now all was forgotten in the madness of the moment. So his body was burned and his ashes thrown into the Arno, and Savonarola, priest and patriot, was dead—convicted of heresy. Dead, convicted of heresy—was it for heresy or for political purposes alone? We must remember that there were intriguers who saw that the only hope to restore the Medici was to secure the fall of the friar. Accordingly, with a ban of excommunication as a starting point, they evolved a scheme that stands unequalled in history. In its diabolical and unprecedented infamy not even the corrupt mock court that tried the sainted Joan of Arc can stand as a parallel. Forcibly torn from St. Mark's by a lawless mob,

scorched on the rack and pulled till his mind wandered and his body writhed in excruciating pain, to the last he maintained his innocence. And when fire and torture failed, the foul notary, Ceccone, was brought in to record the prisoner's answers and so distort them as to incriminate him. Not even truth was given the accused man.

Looking back we stand in horror at the dreadfulness of it all, and wonder where is there justice; for that court was a mock court, whose every proceeding was a breach of law, an insult to truth. Where is there justice when unscrupulous men render judgment by fraud and sanction it by religion? We are amazed and wonder how a people consented; but those were times when allegiance belonged to him in power, and the Florentines were only as the rest of men. There is and can be only one reason for his death, and that is, because he was an obstacle in the path of the ambitious Medici. It was not for heresy that he died; not once did the Church pronounce him a heretic. Tell me, you who read history, you who love truth, was it heresy in childhood to kneel at God's altar and leave it dampened with tears? Was it heresy to give up a career so full of promise and joy and glory to lead a mortified life in a cloister? Was it heresy to gather up the instruments of sin and satan, and piling them into a great pyramid, fire them that the smoke ascending might proclaim the perishableness of things, the vanity and nothingness of sinful pleasure? Was it heresy to establish a kingdom of God on earth and destroy the false reign of the usurper? Was all this heresy, I ask you, you who know the facts and love the truth. And yet they were his only sins. Oh, he was no heretic, but a martyr who died because he believed in a mighty principle, because he struggled for freedom and purity and justice against innumerable odds, because the world loved vice and sin and he despised them, because his ideal was too heavenly, his life and love too Christlike.

Though he died like his God in shame and ignominy, yet not in vain had he lived. For blood and tears and stainless lives must bear their fruit, and there is a place for high ideals and noble aims. No life is lost, no purpose gone, that shadows Calvary's cross on struggling men. It is enough to have lived and given the world an ideal; it is enough to have held the torch and lighted the way; it is more than

enough while living to show men how to live and dying teach them how to die. Such is his claim to glory, to your admiration.

Four hundred years have passed since he moved among men. Famine and feud have ravaged Italy; strifes and bloody wars have shorn her of old-time glory, but along the Arno where he trod in sorrow and sadness there is peace. The solemn Apennines watch over the sleeping city, and the stars, like burning sapphires, keep eternal vigil; but down in the depths of marble and stone, down near the spot where he met his death, a grateful people have erected a noble statue. The frail form tells of fasts and mortification, while suffering and care have left their marks on furrowed cheeks and forehead. The compressed lips evidence a mighty firmness and an indomitable will; but in the eyes, gleaming from under heavy brows, there is written the tragedy of a life spent like Another's in doing good, and sacrificed like His because he had loved the lowly and the weak.

The Ways of Life.

BY MATHEW A. COYLE.

Within the lowly farmhouse sat Death. Its presence was unexpected, unwelcomed. The bereaved, it mocked with its silence, wearied them by its display of power. It had claimed a victory, a great trophy had been won. It was not conscious of the hearts that bled, of the minds that were sick from their loss. The dead, in open casket, lay as one in deep sleep. Her face wore the marks of content, but likewise the sign of grief. A delicate face, the face of a dear little woman, who had lived a sweet and beautiful life. Nought broke the stillness, save the occasional sputter of a lighted candle above her head, and the muffled sob of a woman, who knelt, rosary in hand, before the bier. In an adjoining room, four children of tender years, slept, unconscious of their loss. The winds outside were cold, for it was a night in fall, and the shutters of the little bedroom rattled noisily. A ruddy fire in the kitchen blazed, before which grieved the widowed man. His brawny hands covered his face and forbade distractions. He was lonely, despondent. His children he saw growing into maturity, lacking the presence of the little woman who had been his joy.

Furious now grew the wind, he heard it not, nor the lapping of the water on the river bank below his cottage. All had gone, everything was lost, and the big man sat alone with his sorrow. Tomorrow she would have her place in the churchyard, the village priest would bless her lifeless form and all would be over. The fire in the kitchen became low, the old clock still gave her monotonous beat, the cat, awakened by a noise in the wood box, sat erect, with ears alert. The wind outside still shrilly blew, but there he sat, the profile of his face hardly distinguishable. The night was far advanced, the children were snug in bed, and even the housed cattle were contented.

Down the road, a farmhouse still shone with hospitable lights. The sound of minstrelsy filled the air, flouting, as it were, the lateness of the hour. All were happy and made good cheer for the husbandman, who had that day brought home a companion for his hearth. Merry were the voices in that household, for a new couple, a new love, had been sanctioned by the village priest that morning.

His Treasure.

BY LAURENS COOK.

The wind howled high up around the tops of the tall buildings and flew furiously at the storm above, which could be felt hovering dangerously near; while below it swept along the almost deserted streets, jangling signs, sending old papers scurrying along and whipping the dust into miniature whirlpools.

Then I noticed him, slinking by the grey building, taking advantage of every bit of darkness. He was being followed,—he felt certain of that,—though he had no positive proof. He knew by some strange intuition. Perhaps even now he was too late. Perhaps someone had discovered his secret and had stolen it from him even as he had stolen it.

Suddenly he stopped as he heard the sound of hurried footsteps from around the corner, and slinking behind a huge sign he watched, frantically, as two policemen hurried by. Waiting until the sound of their heavy shoes was swallowed up in the darkness, he emerged from his hiding-place and slunk furtively on. Now he was in the residence district and he moved faster taking more chances, sometimes

going brazenly by the people hurrying home.

Then the houses became less frequent and he broke into a run, casting discretion aside. At last he reached the place. Yes, beneath that huge oak he had buried his treasure.

He glanced around and saw that no one was looking and that the loose ground had not been disturbed recently. Then he started to dig frantically, nor stopped his work to see if anyone was watching. At last he struck something hard and with a bark like a dog he dropped to his knees.

Then Fido found the bone he had buried last Saturday and taking it in his mouth he gave a joyful yelp and started back to town.

The Explanation.

BY THOMAS J. HANIFIN.

GENERAL DELIVERY
SIOUX CITY, SOUTH DAKOTA.
OCTOBER 25, '15.

HELLO JACK:—

It's unusual for you to receive two letters in one week from me, isn't it? A recent change of my address caused this. The day after I wrote to you from Neon Village an old woman ran me out of town. Don't laugh at me because I let a woman decide where I should live; you would have done the same thing, if rolling-pins, brick-bats, and fancy names were hurled at you by her. This is how it happened. The most unique race on record.

I'm glad I won that race, because Neon was a poor town for a traveling man like me, but it is all right for a person to reside in during Lent. This particular lady refused me some cake and coffee, and then "sicked" her dog on me. That hound tore after me as though he had been fasting for a week, but he just missed me. When I was on the other side of the fence, with downcast head—to conceal a smile—I sorrowfully said:

'Madam, I'll have to do it. It's the only way to relieve this gnawing hunger. I thought I would never have to lower myself to this despicable act,' and with a limp figure I began my walk down the street.

Somehow my mysterious words affected her, and soon I heard her calling me back. She gave me the best meal that I have eaten since I've been on the road, but she was like most women, a regular chatterbox, and as

inquisitive as Eve. While I ate she continually bored me with questions, which I answered evasively. Finally I finished eating, and tendered her my heartfelt thanks, accompanied with the usual number of bows, until I had backed myself out-of-doors.

"You have been very good in giving me your life history," I heard her say, "but you have not cleared up quite all."

"Not everything!" I asked surprised, "Pray, what point did I leave untold?"

"Why, what had you intended doing, if I had not beckoned you back for that bite to eat?" she inquired.

"Oh!" I ejaculated, at the same time edging toward the open gate. 'Well, madam, I'll tell you, though it ought not to be mentioned in your presence, I thought I would have to go to work.'

Then, Jack, the race began, for that last remark of mine served as the starter's pistol. The course led us directly to the railroad tracks, where I was fortunate in catching the cattle train for Sioux City.

Take my advice, Jack, and don't come out West. As I said before, this is a dangerous section of the country. Stick to your position with A. B. Cohen, and perhaps when he grows old and childish, he will pawn his head and leave you his second-hand store, if you don't rob him of it before that time. Be careful that he doesn't will you any of his debts, if he dies before he goes insolvent.

So-long, old pal, remember me to the gang when you meet them, and write to me occasionally.

Yours friendly,

TRAMPING TED.

The Great Crisis.

BY W. B. MCDONALD.

Peabody sat at his desk in his office going over his morning mail. Ostensibly he was deeply interested, but his mind was miles away from his work, and unseeing eyes scanned letters as he opened them and threw them aside unread. He looked haggard and sleepy, which indeed he was, as he had spent the last two nights with hardly a wink of sleep, worrying over the greatest crisis in his life.

Jerome Peabody had been married just three months, and had been very prosperous

and happy. Then out of a clear sky, as the poets say, came the crash. At one instant his dreams, plans, content and happy home had been shattered. With a groan he let his head fall down on his arms resting on the desk. Ever since his marriage he had understood in a hazy way that some day he would have to face the reckoning and pay the price, but he had never really understood the full significance of it, and the awful sacrifice it would entail.

His hand strayed to a drawer in the desk and closed over the butt of a revolver. Then he shuddered.

"Not that, not that," he muttered. "I am going crazy. I must do something."

Arising, he put on his hat and coat and left the office. He walked to the park, then back down town and out to the edge of the lake. He did not know or care where he was going. Friends spoke to him as he passed, but he did not recognize them. Then he heard a distant clock strike the hour of five. Mechanically he started home. But it no longer appeared to him as home, with a loving wife waiting for him. Oh, that he, Jerome Peabody, should ever have come to this.

His wife, Marion, met him at the door.

"Jerry, what is the matter?" she cried excitedly. Weakly he sank into a chair.

"Matter," he said, "matter? It is driving me mad. You had no more word to-day?"

"Why no, the letter made it clear enough. The train arrives at seven-fifteen."

"Then it is all over."

"Why, you talk as if you were crazy."

"Do not worry Marion. I shall not bother you. My life is ruined and I may as well end it now as later."

Marion underwent a great change. From the loving wife who had met him at the door, full of sympathy, she became the ruler of their little kingdom of the home. Swiftly leaving the room, she returned in a minute with her husband's hat and overcoat. Putting the hat on his head and laying the coat over his arm she led him to the front door.

"Remember," she said, and the words sounded like a peal of thunder in Jerry's imagination, "that you are going down town, and meet that train, and bring mother home with you."

In his office Jerome Peabody was accustomed to commanding a hundred men, but the only reply he could make was a meek "yes, dear," as he turned and trotted down the steps.

The Psychological Crux.*

BY GEORGE P. SCHUSTER.

We shall glance but briefly at two further difficulties sometimes urged against the theory. The first is the alleged Law of the Conservation of Energy, which states that since the total of energy in the universe is always the same, mental agencies could not act upon the body. This has been elaborately and successfully refuted on various grounds, but the most cogent seems to be a mere reference to the truth that volition and cognition are facts just as certain as any physical hypothesis. If a scientist finds that his theory conflicts with actual phenomena, it is his duty to abandon it. But as is successfully contended by Sir Bertram Windle, the data of human experience do not enter into such a conflict at all. The other difficulty is one which Aristotle was unable to master, namely the existence of individuality in the human soul after its separation from the body. The Stagirite was driven ultimately to the doctrine that man is resolved after death into a "Universal Reason." This is properly a question of higher metaphysics, and was settled, perhaps, by St. Thomas in his theory of Creationism, i. e., the direct and personal production of each soul by God Himself.

Even then if we cannot answer all questions, if we cannot satisfactorily determine the manner in which cognition takes place, we are certain that it does occur, and that some day we may be able to use a fuller knowledge in delineating its very steps. The important consideration is that the doctrine of matter and form can be applied to the body and soul, in fact must be applied if we are to be in accord with nature and common-sense. That relation is probably too intimate for deciphering, and thinkers may never learn the code. It is a problem which has baffled the greatest minds of the past.

This is the somewhat unsatisfactory conclusion arrived at by a purely rational or scientific investigation of the problem. We can describe only what we have seen, and the eyes of no man have rested upon his soul. Must we then admit that after all there is no glimpse of a solution, no hope beyond an exhausted recognition of another mystery? Perhaps not if

we change our vista. There is a domain of philosophy known as the mystic which is commonly discredited to-day as being dreamy and inexact. It operates not by means of mechanical instruments or untiring investigation, but it contemplates the things of nature and searches for the footprints of Him who made us. In the mists of sense-experience which float down upon us from the world, there are rifts through which the observant soul can catch visions of God and of His purposes in the world. If there is a Deity, and to the mind of the commonest working-man there plainly is, then He must be the greatest and foremost reality of whom all other things are shadows. Let us then follow the mystic in our study of the darkest human problem, for, as Christian philosophy has always asserted its confidence that faith is a guide to reason and will raise it up, so does the soul leap past the dark mists of its valley to the Sun that sitteth on the mountain. Zeller points out in his great criticism of Aristotle that the "forms" cannot be finally accounted for unless we take the stand that they are reflections of the ideas existing in the Creator's mind. Only by the use of a similar principle was St. Augustine able to make the Platonic World of Ideas a practical philosophy and to bring it into agreement with the Aristotelian doctrine. Everything in the world is a reproduction of a Divine idea, the working out of a purpose in the Maker's mind. Man too is His image and likeness. Is there anything in God to base the duality which underlies our nature?

There is no image that has seemed so expressive to the Christian poets when speaking of the soul and the body as that of the union of male and female. For the junction of husband and wife in one flesh is the nearest approximation humanity can make to that mysterious, twofold unity which exists in man. Now the relation of man and woman to God is quite definitely expressed in these words of Genesis: "And God created man to His own image: to the image of God he created him: male and female he created them." Herein is clearly expressed that the relation of the sexes mirrors, in a far-off and cloudy way, something present in the very being of God. What can it be? Just previously there occurs that much discussed and interpreted word *Us*. The Doctors of the Church have always understood this

* The Dockweiler Prize Essay.

to be the primal declaration of the doctrine of the Trinity, which however never became clearly understood till the time of the Redeemer. This doctrine is the grandest, deepest mystery of the Christian faith. Surely its image must be omnipresent in nature, and its influence beyond compare.

Let us now reverse the metaphor of the poets and consider if the inkling which Revelation has given to the relation of male and female to the Trinity will aid us in explaining that closer and more vital union which is man. God the Father, of whom God the Son is, as it were, the co-eternal expression or the Word, and God the Holy Ghost, who proceeded from both—these three are one in substance but three in person. Observe now again the human being. He is called man because he is the product of the action of a rational soul upon matter. He is not form or matter, but he is something that results from the union between the two, something that is the same as these two. The form in him acts upon the matter, but the matter, as contained in the man, is co-existent with it. In the ultimate analysis matter and form are not two things, but two aspects of the same thing; for neither can exist alone. To repeat: the union of matter and form, not independently, but so that neither can be torn from the other, results in a new creature, who proceeds from these two, and is yet the same as these two. In fact, we find here, not the duality of man but the Trinity of man, the existence of the three in one. This gives the matter and form theory its true meaning, endows it with a cogency unnoticed before, and an explanation which answers all metaphysical difficulties. That theory is, let it be repeated once more, the only refuge from skepticism, intellectual anarchy and despair.

Observe how we find here a concrete, finite image of the Trinity. In this ultimate of cosmic life there stands revealed the Triune God. He is the mystery in whom all other mysteries are resolved and made plain, in whom the Alpha and Omega are as one. Herein, it seems to the humble writer of this essay, lies calm for the human soul. For it need not be vexed with the problems of existence, finding as it does in the last and final analysis that they are all but mirrors of the Divine thought. We may be perplexed, for long ago the poet has said: "Behold we know not anything." But if there is any reasonableness in the cravings of

humanity, if there is any sense in existence, there must be some fixed star from which to get philosophical bearings just as reliable and just as certain as the nature whose laws underlie scientific fact. That basis is God. For the soul which every man feels in himself, the cause of the absolute surety with which he realizes his ineradicable superiority to the beast of burden, must find its knowledge and its hope in the only universe akin to it—the great unbounded mind of God.

If then the body be considered the expression of the soul, and not a dungeon-chain or a filthy drag, the proper ethical relation between it and the spirit will become evident. In this modern time evil men go forth in greater and greater number to surfeit the desires of the flesh and to drown out in riotous living that portion of their nature which is made in the likeness of the Father. Nothing more repugnant to a thoughtful man could present itself than such slavery to passion. It is the degradation against which the ages preach, and at which every sermon since the world began has been levelled. The spirit may be starved while the body fattens; but the nature of such a man will be puny and shrivelled as a savage pigmy. Nor will the flesh be spared. Passion which ignites no fires in the soul must be weak and unsatisfactory, because it acts only upon one portion of man's nature and that the weaker one. That is an offense against nature and the punishment invariably follows in the guise of disease and weakness.

On the other hand, we must remember that the body is made in the likeness of God the Son, and that consequently it and its tendencies should not be discouraged and spit upon, but should be operated and inspired by the soul and left to flower and mature in the way it was destined for them. To-day we hear much, for example, of prohibition, and the old-time conviviality which was wont to result from the common participation in light liquors is universally decried. Unfortunately the modern, unnatural saloon and the old Adam have combined to make every sane man indignant with the spread of intoxication. But such abuse does not by any means prove that stimulating beverages should never be employed. For society is the end of man and to achieve it in its perfection requires of every individual a casting off of all individual humors and caprices, and a complete surrender to the

Gemuthlichkeit of the occasion. The body must be able to rise, to ascend, in order that the soul may shine forth in all its splendor. And in this connection, it seems, the peculiar power of stimulants to effect a union between soul and body deserves earnest study.

To recapitulate: the matter and form theory is the only explanation of the relation between man's soul and body which can save him from the unsatisfactory philosophies advanced by either form of monism. It is, therefore, unavoidable if nature and common-sense are to have any part in the thought of man. Secondly, a rational and scientific investigation by both inductive and deductive methods establishes the principle that the matter and form theory is in accordance with the facts of both the physical and the psychical world, and that it accounts for all phenomena far better than any monistic theory has ever done or can hope to do. In man, it emphasizes the unity of consciousness and the reality of direct perception: two facts which must not be explained away. It does not however, account for all things nor does it tell us how a spirit could act directly upon matter. Therefore we turn to the Christian mystic, who searches for the likeness of God through the cosmos. He tells us that man's nature is an image of the sacred Trinity, that spirit is a reflection of the Father, and matter an adumbration of the Son. If we follow the mystic we shall see that the Trinity of man is an explanation not indeed complete because of our inability to understand God, but nevertheless an explanation which is beautiful and clarifying. Finally, the ethical needs of man are a vindication of this theory as applied in human conduct.

All this has been written to emphasize an old doctrine which appeals to common-sense, but which mankind has lost in its endless pursuit of Kantian categories and Hegelian triads. Stress has also been laid upon that ancient truth that Christian faith is the promoter of insight and truth. We do not know the Word of God, we do not understand Him. But we believe in every saying that falls from His lips, we pray in our distress: "Lord, help my unbelief." Faith is knowledge and knowledge faith. Humility, which teaches us that we are the children of nothingness, enables us also to see the vision that we are created to the image of God and are capable through grace of becoming His adopted sons.

Visions of Vacation.

BY T. J. H.

Night time on Lake Erie. The summer stars blinking dreamily overhead, and the reflection of a full moon frolicking in the white-capped waves beneath us were beautiful as our pleasure boat, the Seeandbee, skimmed through the lake waters, even as a fleecy cloud sails across the blue sky on a perfect June day.

The refreshingly cool breeze of the early evening enticed many of the passengers to spend a few hours on the decks. Happy groups of young men and old sat smoking and chatting along the railing in front of me, while behind me ladies gossiped about the weather and their new fall suits. Soon the strains of rag-time music drifted to us from an upper deck, and the crowds, responding to the call, left the night air. The old couples sought the warmth of their state-rooms, while the young people were content with the pleasures of the dance-hall. But still I sat alone, gazing at the flickering lights on the distant shore.

Once on the dim horizon before us, a dark object dotted with tiny lights moved across our path. It resembled a strip of the starlit sky, which had fallen into the water and was being blown along by the wind. As I heard the harsh blast of a fog-horn, my fancy faded, because I knew that object to be the steamer, City of Detroit, returning to Cleveland.

Tired of studying the starry firmament above and its reflection in the water below, and wearied with watching the faint lights on the far-off shore, I began to doze. Soon the music floating from the dance-hall lulled me to sleep. How long I slept I do not know, but when I awoke the gray dawn was streaking the eastern sky. The music had ceased, but the rising wind whistled in my ears. I arose, and moving stiffly along the railing, I saw the choppy waves splash against the side of the liner, and then break into a mist and fall back into the lake. Slowly my chilled limbs brought me to my cabin. There the warmth of the room and a cup of hot coffee served as a tonic and kept up my spirits in the face of the approaching storm.

WHOM God's world does not delight, man's words can not help.—*Spalding.*

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC

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XLIX. NOVEMBER 13, 1915 No. 10.

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—Sombre and inevitable gloom in all its melancholy splendor will hover balefully over the hallowed precincts of Notre Dame du Lac next week. The world will

The Quarterly suddenly lose its accustomed
Examinations. ruddy hue, the campus will

be enveloped in deepest mourning, the entire student body will scurry to and from their respective halls in abject silence. Hushed will be the merry laugh and the pointless jest. Gone will be the daily corridor serenades and the afternoon siestas. Everything will be still and sad. A vague foreboding of impending calamity will permeate the atmosphere. Life will cease to be alluring. Happiness will depart. The frenzied freshie will furtively bask in the glimmer of the festive candle long into the wee hours. The groaning sophomore will swab his knotted brow as he endeavors to decipher the syncopated notes he jotted down in the days of yore. The moist-eyed junior will resolutely lock his door and settle down to one long cram festival. The worried senior will discard his dignity and precipitously grovel in the accumulated dust that blankets o'er his beloved textbooks. Even the post-graduates will twitch in the nervousness of fear. And all because the first quarterly exams are upon us.

Next Wednesday and Friday are the fateful dates. The days upon which history will be made. The season of brain storms and fabrication. Too late the social lion will realize that he is doomed. Too late the bluffer will start to work in earnest. Too late the dreamer will begin his prescribed reading. Cramming will

be of little assistance to those who have wasted their valuable time. The work of a quarter cannot be digested in a night or two nights or three nights. The notes that are lacking, the attention that wasn't paid, the duties that failed to materialize, the lessons that were not studied, the classes skived, all these are now the nightmare of the unfortunate chap whom the cap fits. Pitiful indeed will be his wretched plight, but the experience may do him good. And so next week, for the first time this year, will find 'Notre Dame wrapped in thick blue folds of gloom.

Dr. Walsh Talks.

Tuesday afternoon our esteemed friend Dr. James J. Walsh held forth in Washington Hall, and left with us a little of his widely varied store of knowledge. It is always hard to give a definite title to the Doctor's talks because of the numerous subjects he manages to discuss. Probably it is this rambling, surprising style of his that keeps his audience so keenly interested. In Tuesday's discourse he gave us a little history, a little biography, a little science, a little humor, blended with a few stories, and from it all drew a striking moral lesson. The larger part of his talk, however, was devoted to M. Fabre, "the Homer of insects," and his extensive accomplishments in biology. With the life and works of this remarkable man as an example, Dr. Walsh pointed out the incontestable truths: that education lies not with the institution but with the individual, and that the ultimate function of learning is to teach us how little we know.

Bi-Monthly Examinations.

All Christian Doctrine classes except III., will be examined Thursday, 7:00 P. M. Nov. 18.

Christian Doctrine III., will be examined at 1:00 P. M.; Friday, Nov. 19.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 17

Classes taught at 8:15 A. M., and 10:15 A. M., will be examined at 8:15 A. M., and 10:30 A. M., respectively.

Classes taught at 1:15 P. M., and 2:55 P. M., will be examined at 1:15 P. M., and 4:30 P. M., respectively.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 19.

Classes taught at 9:05 A. M., and 11:10 A. M., will be examined at 8:15 A. M., and 10:30 A. M., respectively.

Classes taught at 2:55 P. M., will be examined at 2:15 P. M.

Personals.

—Bishop Hickey of Rochester, New York, and Monsignor O'Brien of Kalamazoo, Mich., called on us during the week. The Bishop gave a short talk in the main refectory Wednesday noon. He spoke upon the necessity of utilizing the Catholic laity in the spread of Christianity.

—Francis C. Ott, last year of Sorin Hall, has been seriously ill at his home in Los Angeles, since August 30th. We are happy to announce that he is recovering rapidly and expects to return to the University soon.

—Paul Figlestahler, a student of the past three years, is at present located in Birmingham, Alabama, where he is filling a responsible position. Now that he has secured a good job we expect to have another announcement to make about Paul before long.

—Arthur B. Eustace, M. D. (old student '02) with offices at 30 N. Michigan Boulevard, Chicago, has been obliged by the condition of his health to take a vacation in Phoenix, Arizona. Dr. Eustace is one of the most successful of the modern professional men, and we hope for a speedy restoration of his old vigor.

—Mr. C. E. Martin of Chicago is presenting monograms to the successful soccer teams in St. Edward Hall. The competition has been exceedingly keen owing to the desire of the boys to wear one of these beautiful monograms. Dr. Boyd-Snee presented forty college pins which will be given to the winning football teams.

—On November 27th, in St. James' Church, 2940 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, will occur the marriage of Ella Marie Daly to Paul Vincent Byrne (Ph. B., '13). The bride, a beautiful girl of charming manners, is a sister of Hugh Daly (LL. B., '12), and the groom is a well remembered graduate of recent years. Congratulations and good wishes.

—Earl S. Dickens, the genial and popular secretary to the President for many years has created a Bureau of Travelling Information, with offices at the Planters Hotel, Chicago. He supplies detailed and accurate information concerning hotels, summer and winter resorts, sanitariums, railroads, and steamship routes, automobile tours, and anything else that the tourist and traveller may be interested in.

It is a new idea in tourist accommodation and the outcome of it is being watched with great interest.

—Does anybody know the present whereabouts of Patrick J. Gallagher, of Brownson, who left the University last May? His parents, who live at 115 Hartfield Street, Ashley, Pennsylvania, are most anxious to get news of him. Patrick is remembered at Notre Dame as an exceptionally good fellow. For a time he was connected with the bookstore and express office. Anyone having news of him may address the President's office.

—Not long ago, Mr. Peter P. McElligott (LL. B., '01) sent a copy of "The Cherries of New York," by Herrick, which is a valuable addition to other works of a similar character that he has sent to the botanical collection in the University library. No other alumnus has shown more kindness for Alma Mater or her sons than Mr. McElligott. As big as New York City is, scarcely any graduate of Notre Dame goes to the metropolis without meeting Mr. McElligott, the lawyer.

—From a letter received from Will Corcoran (B. S., '13), this paragraph must be quoted as we have no "Divorce" column in the SCHOLASTIC:

In a recent issue of the SCHOLASTIC your "Personal" editor married me to a Miss Arnold of Holyoke, Mass. Please inform this inconsiderate editor that my post-graduate studies haven't carried me quite in the direction indicated. "Hank" Moritz of Corby Hall fame and I are living together and are both studying medicine. "Hank" tells me that the SCHOLASTIC married him also some time ago.

As far as we know our "Personal" editor is neither a clergyman nor a justice of the peace and has no authority to unite couples. We will get to him at once!

—The many friends and admirers of "Gus" Dorais, all-American quarterback on Notre Dame's 1913 team, will be pleased to learn that Dorais is fast making a name for himself as a coach. He is at present engaged as football, basketball and track coach at Dubuque College. Last year his teams captured the basketball and track championships in the league composed of the minor colleges of Iowa. His football team has won every game played this season. Coach Rockne stopped in Dubuque on his return from Lincoln to talk over old times with "Dory." He found the little star prosperous and happy.

In the Old Days.

Among other things in a letter received from Frost J. Thorne (Litt. B., '94), the following will be of interest to many:

My name once appeared on your editorial page in company with other illustrious ones of my time, and the recent issues that have come to my desk have served to strengthen in me the strong feeling I have always had for Notre Dame; in fact, to such an extent that I must at times confess to a real, sure-enough, bona fide dyed-in-the-wool homesickness for a sight of the old college, and it has been a source of great disappointment to me that I have not been able to attend any of the reunions, nor even to drop in for a casual visit.

There are still some of my old friends whom I would like to see once more, and with them conjure up visions of the old days. I might even be induced to tell how the *something* dissappeared from the basement of Sorin Hall in '94, and how in the subsequent search a certain small leather trunk in a certain room was roughly handled by some one. . . . (*deleted by censor*).

Oh, we pulled off some great stunts in those days, and of course got by with them because of our *guileless innocence*. But that didn't keep Joe and myself from getting fifty demerits for simply strolling over to St. Mary's one Sunday afternoon and trying to persuade some girls to take a boat ride with us on the river. They wouldn't go—had more sense and discretion than we had—and as usual our unwarranted liberty caused us to be penalized fifty yar—I mean demerits. And talking of penalizing, do you know when Stephan failed to kick goal in the first quarter, my blood ran cold, and I was just as excited as if I had been standing on the side lines: and when Nebraska got a chance at the ball of course it went over. We could have turned the trick in the last quarter if we hadn't missed another goal, and I was raving to myself about that game, just like any student gone mad, and I know if I had been there when we failed by one lone point to tie a heart-breaking score—after a heart-breaking game, they would have had to carry me away. How in the world did all of you live through it?

But, believe me, Notre Dame has some team, and only the breaks (and perhaps one Chamberlain) kept us from taking Nebraska into camp. When the team comes to Texas for the Thanksgiving game, I count on being there to help all I can, and if they come through Fort Worth, why can't they let me know about it so I can "go down to the station" and meet and admire the gridiron heroes of my old Alma Mater?

I am a great admirer of physical attainments, though not much of an athlete myself. When I first went to Notre Dame they called me "Dollie." I guess I was frail and delicate looking. But I can't imagine any "Dollie" looking like me now, since I weigh in at 190, have a wife and—well, several children, but I can still put up a hundred pound dumb bell, and hold the long distance record. . . . (*deleted by censor*).

Well, I guess I've spread on enough for the first round, but I couldn't help it—you know Texas is the champion *bull* state in the union. . . .

Yours, until the end (if we don't lose that Texas game),
FROST J. THORNE, '94.

The laying of the cornerstone of Sorin Hall occurred on the twenty-seventh of May, 1888. The SCHOLASTIC of June second of that year tells of the ceremonies at which the venerable Founder himself presided. On New Year's Day, 1889, the hall was thrown open to members of the Senior Class and Mass celebrated in the "Chapel of St. Thomas Aquinas" (Sorin Chapel) by Father Sorin. Says the issue of Jan. 12, '89:—"May 27th '88, the day on which the cornerstone of Sorin Hall was laid, should long be remembered, and on its every anniversary there should be held some commemoration in honor of the day on which Notre Dame entered on a new era that will in time make her the foremost of American universities."

It seems that Albion College (Michigan) was anything but desirous of meeting Notre Dame here on the home field in '88-'89. The following notices appear in the Local column in December of that year:—

"The Albion College football team plays here this afternoon. This is said to be the strongest eleven in Michigan—with the exception of the University of Michigan organization."

Later:—

"A letter from Albion, Michigan, states that, owing to the fact that a number of the football eleven went home for Thanksgiving, it would be impossible for them to play here this afternoon. An effort will be made to have a game next week."

Next week:—

"The Albion football team did not come as was expected. They backed out at the last moment, alleging that it was 'impossible to come.' The boys will have to wait for a chance at them next spring."

In the issue of December 22, same year, we are informed that:—"Mr. Heller, the tonsorial artist of South Bend, with an able corps of assistants, was at the University Tuesday afternoon. The shop was liberally patronized." Haircutting seems to have been quite an event in those days.

Prospects of the Notre Dame grad. (Gleaned from the SCHOLASTICS of 1874).

"Joseph Zimmer is in a large warehouse in Columbus, Ohio."

"John Quill of '73, is in the grocery line."

"John Cochran, '68, is a conductor on the Chicago, Alton and St. Louis R. R."

"Musical Notes"—SCHOLASTIC Jan. 23, '75—

"Brother Leopold will play the 'cello in the orchestra, formerly played by Prof. Mayr."

Annual Vaudeville Performance.

Had any of the late B. F. Keith's managers been present at the Student Vaudeville of Tuesday night no doubt the University enrollment would now be lessened by the withdrawal of quite a few names. Not that these managers would have led an onslaught against the performers, but it seems reasonable to think they would have insisted on the signing of contracts on the spot.

One notable thing about the performance was the fact that not once did Steve Burns, accompanist unexcelled, appear on the stage. Another thing worth noting is that Professor Lenihan's first theatrical effort was eminently successful. For it is due to our youthful elocution teacher's exertions that the 1915 vaudeville was such a vast improvement on the similar entertainment of last year.

The Varsity Quartet opened the program, an office one time fulfilled by Pinkerton Cavanaugh, of hallowed memory. Messrs. James Hayes and Hugh O'Donnell brought blushing honors thick upon them by their execution of difficult solos. Then came Fred Martin and John Riley, two exceedingly clever young men, whose turn would have graced any bill at the Orpheum, nay, even the Strand. This Henry Blossom-Victor Herbert duo in the making introduced several parodies, two original songs, and Mr. Martin did heretofore undreamed of things to Reubenstein's "Melody in F." This number concluded with Mr. Riley in a peasant smock giving a correct imitation of a man in the last stages of insanity, and Mr. Martin in his shirt sleeves playing a classical selection at the very trifling disadvantage of being upside down.

The next was a farcical Marathon, wherein amidst much brandishing of pistols and running in and out, an old gentleman is cured of certain eccentric tendencies. All the actors conducted themselves with credit, Mr. Francis Fox especially so, the part of the nervy young hero being well fitted for him. After seeing "The Cure" we understand why people pay to see Julian Eltinge. A female impersonator who can get away with it ought to make money.

Eddie Mann, the prize-winning dancer, followed. First Eddie would dance, then while Eddie changed costume the piano would thrum

and the audience would dance. Mr. Mann is a graceful, expert follower of Terpsichore, but he should stick more closely to masculine paraphernalia. Master Charles Shannon performed quite up to his distinguished appellation: "L'Oiseau Chanteur," and charmed the assemblage with his bird-like tones and nimble feet.

In the "piece de resistance" of the evening, Messrs. John Riley and Emmett Lenihan again demonstrated their long-standing matrimonial leanings. Mr. Lenihan made, as always, a most charming young lady, and Mr. Riley's histrionic ability is well known. The white-clothed Hawaiian Sextette sent the audience home thinking of pyjamas and Victrola records, not to overlook the impressions left by Mr. Pearson's buck and wing dancing.

All in all, the affair was a thoroughly enjoyable evening's entertainment which the New York Palace Theatre could not have improved on.

The Glee Club.

Despite the fact that the organization of a Glee Club was an innovation at Notre Dame, so large a number turned out for the organization that it became necessary to eliminate part of the number. It is practically impossible to handle a chorus of one hundred untrained voices and the reduction of the membership of the Club was prompted only by the desire for more efficient work and better results. Quartet trials were held during the past week and judgment was passed on the individual voices. After these trials the regular members of the club were selected. Only the regular members will report for practice in the future. The men who are to appear in concerts will be selected from the regular membership later in the year. The regular membership includes the following:

FIRST TENORS.

James Hayes, Charles O'Malley, G. W. Shanahan, F. D. Jones, J. T. McMahon, Harry Baujan, F. Corona, J. P. Conboy, F. Holslag, Neal Whalen.

SECOND TENORS.

James Foley, Hugh O'Donnell, Al. Schlipf, W. P. McCourt, J. Vurpillat, Leon Russell, T. P. Galvin, Erich DeFries, L. L. Tschudi, F. L. Mahaffey, J. M. McDonough, C. McCauley, Thomas Moore, J. J. Gargen, E. V. Mooney, H. A. McConnell.

FIRST BASSES.

Frank Welch, Robert Daley, Richard Daley, John Riley, Thomas Hayes, H. E. Scott, Logan Lana-

han, R. J. Dunn, M. W. MacDonald, L. F. Keifer, Leslie Yeager, S. Carroll, W. F. Fox, Simon Rudolph, Dan McGlynn, Gerald Carlton.

SECOND BASSES.

Matthew Trudelle, Russell Hardy, Jerome Miller, Fritz Slackford, H. R. Burt, L. D. James, L. Dubois, George O'Laughlin, Ned Barrett.

ACCOMPANISTS.

Howard Parker, William Hanley.

The Glee Club will rehearse on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 12:20 in Washington Hall. Also on Tuesday and Thursday at 6:20 in Sorin Law Room.

The University Choir will rehearse on Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 12:20 in the University Chapel.

Obituaries.

ANTHONY J. O'REILLY.

We regret to announce the death of Anthony J. O'Reilly (old student) who died recently at his home in New Orleans, La. Anthony was a popular student in his day and was respected and esteemed by his fellow students. We extend our sympathy to his bereaved family.

MRS. EDWARD FLYNN.

The sympathy of the Faculty and students is extended to Mr. Joseph Flynn, day student, on the death of his mother who passed away early in the week at her home in South Bend, Ind. Mrs. Flynn was an ideal type of Christian mother and was loved by all who knew her. We bespeak prayers for the repose of her soul.

Local News.

—For once at least the returns at the gym were not a hoodoo. The team must have been able to hear us yell, "Hold 'em."

—Father Moloney was incapacitated the past week and was unable to take his accustomed place in the Students' Office for a few days. He is now able to be out again, however, and will soon resume his duties. Father MacDonald had charge of the Students' Office during Father Moloney's absence.

—The warm days of the past week marked the advent of the short period in early November that is commonly known as Indian Summer. In our American literature, the poets have left us some beautiful lines descriptive of these

delightful days. Longfellow, in his lovely "Evangeline," calls this season "All Saints' Summer." Bryant, in "The Death of the Flowers," has a stanza that seems to breathe the subtle atmosphere of mid-autumn. And Whittier's "St. Martin's Summer" (Nov. 11 being the feast of St. Martin) is a short poem worthy of a place with the best of the poetical gems by American authors.

—Students from the Lone Star State met for organization purposes last Monday evening. Wallace Coker, of Dallas, was made temporary chairman of the Texas Club. He immediately called for an election of officers to take place Friday afternoon. The club is planning several social events for the coming winter.

—Washington Hall has been packed to the doors upon three separate occasions during the last seven days. The "Quo Vadis" audience, the attendance upon the lecture of Doctor Walsh, and the crowd at the student vaudeville show, testify individually and collectively to the varied interests and tastes at Notre Dame.

—The interest of Frank Mayr in interhall athletics is vouched for in the form of a beautiful loving cup, which he has donated to the winning football team in the interhall schedule for the season of 1915.

Mr. Mayr has also donated a watch fob for the interhall football player who is judged to be the most valuable man to his team during the present season.

—"Quo Vadis," shown at the University theatre Saturday morning, is a rather old picture by this time, and its once unprecedented splendors have been overshadowed by more notable accomplishments in the realm of movies. Probably, too, a large number of the students had seen the photo-drama before, but such a spectacle loses none of its impressiveness with a second exhibition. Moreover, "Quo Vadis" has the advantage of possessing a plot based on Sienkiewicz's immortal novel.

The settings of the picture are magnificent, particularly the banquet and Colosseum scenes. The cast is a select one, the characters of Nero, St. Peter, Petronius, Chilo and numerous others being especially well drawn. Anthony Novelli, of marked resemblance to William Faversham, in the part of Vinitius, recalled to the old men his splendid work of last year as the brave lieutenant in "Napoleon," and in the title-role of "Julius Caesar."

Our Second Victory over the Army.

Two years ago Coach Harper and Coach, then Captain, Rockne led one of Notre Dame's greatest football teams to West Point and startled the football world by giving the Cadets the worst beating in their history. That game inaugurated a new football classic,—the annual clash between the Army and Notre Dame. Last year the Army came back and defeated our team, 20 to 7. This year's renewal of the classic occurred last Saturday afternoon and was won by the Varsity by a score of 7 to 0. It was our second victory over the West Point team and was won by the same agency that brought the first victory,—the forward pass.

The game was marked by the same fine spirit of sportsmanship that has marked all the relations between the Army and Notre Dame. There was no "laying" for one man on either side, yet there was an abundance of hard, clean football throughout the game. There can be little doubt that the best team won, but full credit must be given the Cadets for the desperate fight which they put up, as time after time they were pushed back into the shadow of their own goal. It took every bit of brawn and ingenuity that Notre Dame could muster to put over a single touchdown. Victory came in the final minutes of play when it seemed certain that the game would end in a scoreless tie.

The game is well described by Jerome Beatty in the *New York Tribune*, and since praise of our team is more seemly in the mouths of others than in our own, we will quote Mr. Beatty's account in full. He has not praised our wonderful pair of half backs too much, but it may be that he was so swept away by the brilliancy of the work of Cofall and Bergman that he has not given full credit to the other members of the Varsity. Phelan played the greatest game of his career. His generalship was comparable to that of Dorais and was largely responsible for our victory. Bachman came through with good gains whenever called upon. The effective manner in which every Army play was stopped is sufficient evidence of the way in which our linemen and ends were doing their parts. Not a single member of the team was found wanting at a critical moment.

The team returned home Sunday evening and immediately began preparations for the

closing games of the season. Creighton will be met to-day at Omaha, and while a defeat at the hands of the Westerners would prove a surprise, still they are expected to put up a hard fight. The team will be put through some hard workouts next week in preparation for the Thanksgiving Day game with Texas, one of the hardest and most important games of the season.

The *New York Tribune's* account of the game follows:

West Point, Nov. 6.—From South Bend, Ind., came the Notre Dame eleven to-day, and because they brought with them as dangerous a pair of half-backs as West Point has seen in many a semester the Western team won. The score was 7 to 0.

One of the halves was named Cofall, and he was hulky and sturdy and possessed of a great capacity for moving on. The other was Bergman, comparatively tiny and agile and fleet. Notre Dame men say Bergman is one "ten-second man" who really has run a hundred yards in ten seconds, and well could such a statement be believed when he took a long forward pass from Cofall in the last period and left the pack behind in a play that netted fifty yards, a touchdown and the game.

All the excitement this afternoon was in the fourth period. The first three quarters were well ordered and peaceful. But in the fourth the Army almost won the game and then Notre Dame did capture it, all in less than three minutes.

Pushed back to the fifteen-yard line by a long punt and a penalty for holding; Notre Dame represented by Phelan, punted to Oliphant, the Army half-back, who made a fair catch just forty-seven yards from the enemy's goal.

While the cadets stood firm, fists clenched, whispering prayers, Oliphant put the ball into the hands of Coffin and made preparations to try for a forty-seven-yard field goal from placement. The score was 0 to 0. Oliphant felt of the wind, pointed the ball, spat on his hands, paused like a high diver, hesitating, then swung his right foot with a mighty sweep.

Three thousand throats let out a cheer as the ball, spinning, sailed on a line for the goal posts, but the cheer stopped suddenly, like that of a baseball crowd when an outfielder catches a long fly from the bat of the home-town hitter. The ball hit the cross-bar and bounded back into the field of play. A lift of a few more inches and the Army would have scored.

For a moment, it seemed, all the spirit was taken out of the Army eleven. Notre Dame lined up quickly on the twenty-yard line, and Cofall, behind strong interference, sped around right end for twenty-five yards. Bergman went through for five, putting the ball on the midfield line.

On the next play Cofall dropped back and took the pass while Bergman broke through. On the thirty-yard line he whirled and Cofall shot the ball into his arms. Hardly stopping, Bergman continued his sprint for the Army goal. He dodged two tacklers

and the field was clear. He was widening the gap between himself and his pursuers as he crossed the line and planted the ball between the posts. Cofall kicked an easy goal.

On three rushes Notre Dame had carried the ball eighty yards. The forward pass that scored the touchdown was the only one out of six trials that Notre Dame completed in the last three quarters. In the first period the Westerners made twenty-six yards on their only other successful attempt.

It was a superior team that beat the Army. The Hoosiers knew a heap of football. They realized, for instance, that the strong Army line was something judiciously to be avoided, and they took most of their gains on wide end runs that started from half a dozen different formations.

Notre Dame used an effective shift and a double pass. The Army tried everything to no avail, gaining only seventy-five yards by rushing to two hundred and sixty-one by Notre Dame.

Desperate, as the end of the game grew near, the Army tried three successive forward passes, none of which was completed. With ten seconds to play, Charley Daly, Army coach, rushed Hudnut, a speedy end, into the game. Murrill tried a long pass to Hudnut from the Army forty-yard line, but a Notre Dame back crashed into Hudnut just as the tips of his fingers touched the flying pigskin, and the Army man crumpled up, unconscious, as the whistle blew, ending the game.

A substitute, he had taken part in only one play, and he lay there on the plains, alone with the doctors, while the teams ran to their dressing rooms and the spectators tramped upon one another in their eagerness to get away from the field.

The Army's best chance to score came a few minutes after play began. A long punt by Coffin after Notre Dame had kicked off gave the Hoosiers the ball on their twenty-yard line. Cofall fumbled, Redfield recovering, and it was the Army's ball on that same line. Notre Dame held fast, and instead of trying for a field goal the Army kept hitting the line until it lost the ball on downs.

Rushes by Cofall, Bergman and Bachman quickly carried the ball to midfield before the Army offered a defence strong enough to force the Hoosiers to punt.

Five minutes later the Army made twenty yards on a forward pass from Oliphant to Britton, carrying the ball to the thirty-yard line, but on an attempted forward pass that never started, Murrill was thrown for a loss of fifteen yards. On the next play Notre Dame took the ball when Oliphant's forward pass went into Bergman's arms and, starting on their twenty-five yard line, carried the ball seventy yards before the attacks of Cofall and Bergman were stopped and a forward pass over the goal line, incompleting, on the last down, gave possession of the ball to the Army.

In the second period the ball was never downed in Notre Dame territory. In this session Cofall, for Notre Dame, tried three drop kicks for field goals but all went wrong.

The third quarter was full of punting and the fourth

was dull, expect for a twenty-five yard run around right end by Bergman, until Oliphant's fair catch gave him the chance for the kick that almost crossed the bar.

The Line-up.

NOTRE DAME, 7		ARMY, 0
Elward	L E	Neyland
Stephan	L T	Parker
Keefe	L G	O'Hare
O'Donnell	C	McEwan
Fitzgerald (capt.)	R G	Meacham
Rydzewski	R T	(capt) Weyand
Baujan	R E	Redfield
Phelan	Q	Murrill
Cofall	L H	Ford
Bergman	R H	Oliphant
Bachman	F	Coffin

SCORE BY PERIODS:

NOTRE DAME	0	0	0	7—7
ARMY	0	0	0	0—0

Touchdown—Bergman. Goal from touchdown—Cofall. Substitute—(Army) Britton for Neyland, Walker for Ford, Jones for Parker, Knight for O'Hare, Berry for Walker, Tully for Redfield, Holmes for Meacham, Goodman for McEwan, Hudnut for Britton. Referee—J. A. Evans, of Williams. Umpire—A. C. Tyler, of Princeton. Head linesman—H. R. Heneage, of Dartmouth. Time of periods—Twelve minutes.

The East may give us the snicker, but the moment they attempt a good, hearty, laugh at the expense of the West as the result of what happened on the gridiron on Saturday a halt will be called—and while they are pointing one finger at Ann Arbor to prove their superiority, we'll be pointing another at the field at West Point to prove their inferiority.

It's a fine thing that Notre Dame journeyed to the home of the cadets. If there was such a thing as a percentage column in football it would be a toss up between the East and West, a fifty-fifty proposition, or carrying it a decimal farther, .500 and .500.

Again must we thank Notre Dame for upholding the honor of the West on the football field. For as a result of their 7 to 0 victory over the Army lads the East must at least entertain a suspicion that we know something of the college game in the West.—*Chicago Evening American*.

Notre Dame evened the intersectional struggle for the day by obtaining a 7 to 0 victory over Army in the closing minutes of play by the same method with which she formerly triumphed over the Cadets—namely, the forward pass rout. Army has no championship standing in the East this year on account of previous beatings, but Notre Dame's victory does much to take away the bad taste left in the western mouth after the Cornell-Michigan rout. Notre Dame's defeat at the hands of Nebraska left the South Benders out of the race, but the Hoosiers probably feel a great deal better for Saturday's triumph.—*The Daily News*, Chicago.

Safety Valve.

To the peace at any price student, "life is just one darn military drill after another."

Minim:—"How could you expect Notre Dame to run up a big score against Army. There was a Ford, a Coffin, and an Elephant playing on the other side."

SOME LIAR.

"The happiest days of my life," says an old graduate, "were the days I spent at Notre Dame taking military drill."

A NEW FORD JOKE.

In the Army-Notre Dame game, *Walker* was substituted for Ford.

DEAR NELLIE:—

I have walked the floor
Since midnight, or perhaps before,
Thinking of your sweet lily face
And wondering at each sad pace
How many million years 'twould be
Before the prefect would agree
To let me visit you in town,
To kiss the hem of your blue gown.
Since we two parted yesterday
The world has turned to dullish grey.
I pine for you, I sigh for you,
My heart is broken square in two.
I cannot eat, I cannot sleep,
A hundred thousand love thoughts sweep
Upon me as I think of you.
Last night I kissed your overshoe.
I stole it from your hall, dear girl,
And treasure it as a rich pearl
Because it covered your dear foot.
Oh many, many times I put
It to my lips, weeping the while,
And wonder if I e'er shall smile
Again, if you are not with me.
I'll drop dead if I cannot see
Your little face sometime to-day.
The prefect has no right to say
"Stay home and study." Stars above!
What does a prefect know of love?
The only gift that he inherits
Is marking down those darn demerits.
He never soars through fields above
Where hearts are flaming white with love.
He doesn't know I've walked all night
And that I cannot eat a bite
Until I feast my eyes on you.
Oh, if the prefect only knew
How souls starve, finding no relief
While he is eating cold corn beef.
If he could see your picture here!
I've almost kissed away your ear;
I kiss it twenty times a minute—
I love the world because you're in it.
Had I a lock of your brown hair
I were not driven to despair,

For then I'd feel you must be true
Since I possessed a part of you.
Or even if I had a frail
Piece of your little finger nail
I'd carry it inside my vest
Right up against my throbbing chest
Nearest my heart, and I would be
Happy for all eternity.
If I am kept at home to-day
Oh, write to me at once, I pray,
Lest I should go insane, sweet girl,
And if you love me send a curl
That I can wear around my neck.
And if I perish in a wreck
I'm certain that an angel fair
Will come to save your lock of hair,
Lest some rough soul devoid of merit
Should steal away the lock and wear it.
I'm writing this upon my knees
At two A. M. in B. V. Ds.
I have a sliver in my knee,
But I will bear the pain for thee.
Each note of yours that I receive,
I carry way up in my sleeve,
Almost beside my collar bone
And there they are preserved alone.
Sometimes when I go out, the lads
Ask if I'm wearing shoulder pads.
They never guess your letters fair,
Are slyly hidden way up there.
Good-bye and don't forget to write,
Or I shall walk the floor all night,
Kisses and oceans full of tears,
Yours, through the everlasting years.

V.

DEAR VIC:—

Your letter came to-day
When all the folks were gone away.
I never understood till now
That you were such a great big cow.
What made you steal my overshoe,
Or why did you not take the two?
If you want things of mine to kiss
Take some old clothes that I wont miss,
But don't be taking things I'm wearing,
Or you will drive your girl to swearing.
The notes I wrote I wish you'd tear
They weren't meant for underwear,
And please don't eat my photograph
Or slobber on it like a calf.
Good-bye, I can't be wasting time,
Don't call to-night without a dime
To take me to the movie show—
Your's sane and saintly,

NELLIE SLOW.

Son (to his father):—"And you say that you never went to town without permission when you were at college, that you never missed Vespers on Sunday, that you were in bed every night at ten o'clock—honest, dad, you haven't been through college at all. You might just as well have been going to high school in Akron, Ohio. What do you talk about, anyway, when you meet one of your old college chums?"