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## Looking Back.

A WIDE field and a west wind blowing  
At Boherana, place of sun and dreams:  
And 'tis I that wish this day that I were going  
Back there where rushes bend to kiss the streams.

A heart-ache for the thrush and young clover,  
Where child feet make rings on the gray dew.  
One morn to the day,—heigh—ho, 'tis over,  
And all your dreams won't bring it back to you!

L. C.

## Father Junipero Serra.

BY ARTHUR J. HAYES.

THE linking of two great oceans has been the occasion of a celebration that has turned the eyes of all portions of the world not engaged in bloodshed toward one of the most beautiful localities in the world—California. There it is that thousands are thronging to celebrate at the world's greatest exposition the world's greatest engineering feat, the completion of the Panama Canal. Among the many exquisite examples of the sculptor's art to be seen in the mammoth grounds, is the figure of a man in the simple garb of a Franciscan priest. The countenance is depicted as being strong and serene, the figure is erect and well knit, the pose is one of quiet dignity. Hundreds of thousands will view it with transient curiosity. The native Californian will gaze upon it with love and pride. He knows that looking across the Bay of Monterey, and situated far up on a green and beautiful eminence, the same likeness in stone is standing sentinel over that lovely and tranquil spot. And in the far-off Balearic Islands, still another bronze portrait of this same Franciscan priest, is looking westward across the blue Mediterranean Sea. No need to explain to him any of the details of this man's

life. He knows that a king was proud to unveil that last-mentioned statue. He knows that these several likenesses in stone and bronze are the world's tardy tribute to the fame of Father Junipero Serra.

Junipero Serra, "the first among California's truly great," was born in Petra on the Island of Majorca, on the twenty-fourth day of November, 1713. His parents were of the hardy, thrifty stock for which the Balearic Islands are famous, and his natural heritage was a sound, body, a strong constitution, and a brilliant mind. His father, Antonio Serra, was a poor farmer, remarkable for his own great religious fervor. It was very probably the ambition of Father Serra's parents that he should take Holy Orders. The fact that they took the boy at an early age to Palma, capital of Majorca and placed him in charge of a Beneficiary priest, seems strongly indicative of such a desire. His very remarkable faculty for readily mastering the most difficult philosophical problems, and the reputation he speedily achieved among his school fellows for his intellectual brilliancy, confirmed them in the belief that he was destined for the career of an ecclesiastic. The exhortations of his parents fell on fertile ground, at all events, and it was a matter of settled fact, before Serra's fifteenth birthday, that he was to take up a religious calling.

The great physical vigor and vitality that so characterized him in later years, enabling him to combat the most terrible injuries and hardships, was not yet apparent. Indeed, he was a very small, pale and sickly youth, when he presented himself before the Very Rev. Father Anthony Perello, the Provincial of the Franciscans. Father Perello was rather skeptical of Serra's fitness for the career that he was desirous of embracing, and postponed the youth's reception for some time. But inasmuch as he was over the canonical age, no reason could be vouchsafed for withholding the object of his desire. Accordingly he was invested

with the Franciscan habit on September 14, 1730, and was accepted as a novice in the quaint old convent of Jesu, situated picturesquely on an eminence just outside the city walls.

During the year spent at this novitiate, Serra's striking intellectual powers commanded much attention. He was undeniably a genius. If he were lacking in that remarkable faith that was so gloriously exercised in later years, if he were lacking in the courage, humility and charity that has made his name revered throughout so many quarters of the world, his rare mentality would still constitute a claim to attention. We find him appointed a "lector" or instructor in philosophy even before his ordination. He combined most happily a wonderful scope of comprehension, with a rare faculty for clear and explicit exposition. No subtlety of metaphysics or theology could baffle or confuse him. When an argument was sound, he knew the "wherefores" of its authenticity. When a contention was specious, he exposed its fallacies mercilessly and irrefutably. After his ordination, he occupied the Duns Scotus chair of Philosophy in Lullian University, the institution that conferred upon him, the degree of Doctor of Theology.

His fame as an orator and instructor spread rapidly throughout Spain. Friends and enemies alike—and it is worthy of record that he had some few of the latter—conceded as obvious and indisputable his forensic powers and splendid eloquence. His renown as a teacher was only slightly less widespread. These facts, while serving in part as explanations for his wonderful success in the founding of the California Missions are worthy of note for quite another reason. They were, in short, cogent arguments for Father Serra's remaining permanently in Europe. Pre-eminence in Letters was more universally acclaimed then than now. It is hard to appreciate the sacrifice that Father Serra made in forsaking such a promising career for a life of hardship in the far-off American wilds. He was well on the road to fame with its accompaniment of ecclesiastical preferment. The Catholic Church has always recognized in religious affairs only that "aristocracy of intellect" for which it is renowned. To a man of Father Serra's zeal and enthusiasm, exalted office in the Church would seem a most desirable goal of ambition. No one may hazard a guess at just what dignities he might have attained to.

No doubt they would have been worthy of the man.

Instead he chose to go as a missionary to America. The distant and little known New World held a wonderful charm for him. Not the charm that lured the blue blood of old Castile—gold and wealth and adventure—but the charm of souls to be saved, churches to be built and hardships to be undergone for a good cause. Father Serra weighed his decision well. He knew that the New World meant temporal obscurity. It meant more hardships and less earthly reward. He must have thought often of the scarlet of a cardinal's robes, those last days in Spain, when arriving at his momentous decision. He must have weighed the culture and brilliancy of Spain in the height of its glory against the squalor and misery of the Indian villages of America. He must have cherished few illusions about the Mexican career upon which he determined to embark. His was not the conduct of a man disillusioned. Father Serra was essentially practical. Few men in history have so well combined religious zeal, mighty enthusiasm, and administrative ability.

What a splendid picture of manhood he was when he departed forever from Spain! The meagre frame and pale face was not now a reality. He had grown greatly in stature and vigor. "We see him a stalwart, sandaled, brown-robed Franciscan, clear of eye, red of cheek, meek but courageous. We see him looking far across the Atlantic, into dim and almost mystic America. We see him bidding farewell to the other religious. We see him taking a last look at the familiar Spanish landscape before turning his face resolutely to the beckoning west."

Difficulties and dangers seemed to beset him and his companion, Father Palou, almost from the first. On shipboard his life was threatened by a bigoted and partly insane ship captain. Off the Mexican coast, they encountered a storm so severe that crew and passengers resigned themselves to death. On the 7th day of December, 1749, the storm-tossed vessel finally cast anchor in the Bay of Vera Cruz.

Father Serra elected to walk from Vera Cruz to Mexico City. This determination well illustrates his intrepidity. He was a stranger in a strange land. The way lay through wild country, inhabited in parts by savages, in places by wild beasts, but everywhere a wilderness.

He chose one guide as a companion, declined the horses and escort proffered, and set out after devoutly singing the Mass in thanksgiving for his safe arrival in the New World. The first and most singular misfortune of his career beset him on this voyage. He injured one of his legs in such a fashion that the wound sustained never healed. For long periods throughout the rest of his life it was swollen, inflamed and festering, throbbing like an ulcerated tooth, interfering with his every action, yet never permitted to defeat a single end.

On the first day of the new year, after having spent the previous night at the Shrine of Our Lady of Guadalupe, Father Serra and his companion crossed the threshold of the Apostolic College of San Fernando. Shortly after his coming, which filled the Fathers of the College with great delight, he volunteered to work among the heathen Indians of Sierra Gorda. This commission, which he so eagerly accepted, inaugurated his long career as a missionary. To the Apostolic College of Santa Cruz of Querataro, he accordingly repaired to begin his labors. This institution was founded by Father Linaz for the express purpose of effecting the conversion of the Sierra Gorda Indians. There were about 4,000 redskins in this territory, and five missions (the chief one being that of Santiago de Xalpan) had been opened among them. Disease and other misfortune caused the missionaries to withdraw temporarily, but now Fathers Serra and Palou were again sent in among them. It was Father Serra's duty to learn the "Pame" language, gain the confidence of the natives, and push missionary activity vigorously. All these he did. He became an adept in the "Pame" language in a remarkably short time. By kindness and patience, by precept and example, he sought to bring the natives to a knowledge and love of God. It is not too much to say that a very large portion of the credit for the great success now achieved by the Sierra Gorda missions is due to him alone.

Father Serra's zeal and enthusiasm were infectious. His indomitable determination was communicated to his brother priests. His love of God and devotion to the truths of the Church, everywhere insured a respectful hearing and numerous conversions. Soon he was enjoying in Mexico the fame for fervor and oratorical genius that he had builded up in

Spain. His discourses were tinged, perhaps, with what we of an unemotional age might call fanaticism. It is related of him by authentic biographers, that he was wont to beat his breast with a stone when exhorting others to penance until his flesh was lacerated. In an effort to graphically depict the torments of hell, he held lighted tapers to his bosom, until the flesh was seared and drawn. He worked his congregations into a frenzy of emotion by scourging himself terribly in atonement for his own and others' sins. Father Palou narrates that one such occasion witnessed a man jump forward, take the scourge out of Father Serra's hand, and apply it to himself, saying: "Not the holy Father, but I, have sinned."

The same biographer goes on to chronicle the fact that this poor penitent died a few days later from the effect of the self-imposed flagellation. This, of course, is an extreme case, but one meriting mention as indicative of the tremendous appeal of Father Serra's eloquent exhortation and example. Unlike many ascetics, however, Father Serra was always solicitous for the bodily welfare of others. His first concern, of course, was the salvation of souls. But the Southwest owes this Father of California missions another debt of gratitude. He was a firm believer in material prosperity for the people. He denied himself much comfort and pleasure, but he firmly believed that "progress and plenty" should be the rule for the flocks of which he was shepherd. He set about to inculcate in the natives some practical knowledge of agronomy. He caused cattle, farm implements, grain and fruit, seed and manufactured goods to be imported. The herds, especially, thrived and increased remarkably. The Indians turned to good account the seed given them. Greater piety, greater cleanliness, greater prosperity,—all these attended the work of Father Serra in the Sierra Gorda missions.

In the comparatively brief interim between his return from the Sierra Gorda missions and his assumption of responsibility for the California missions, he preached in Mexico City and the larger towns in that neighborhood. Sometimes it was necessary to travel hundreds of miles on foot beneath a blazing sun and through mosquito infested wilds. His injured limb pained him almost constantly. But no discomfort, no hindrance, diverted him from

his purpose or caused his determination to flag. When the summons came to take charge of the fifteen missionaries who were to succeed the Jesuits in the spiritual conquest of California, his superiors assented for him. He was not there at the time. They had had no opportunity to consult him. But they knew he would be ready. The Jesuits were suppressed and ordered out of Mexico in 1767. The reasons for this action on the part of the government would require a small volume for proper exposition. Suffice it to say, the Jesuits had done no wrong in Mexico, and were here, as in French America, indefatigable laborers for conversions. Sixteen of the members of the Society of Jesus were affected by the mandate. These had been laboring in Lower California. With their expulsion, it became incumbent upon the Viceroy, the Marquis of Croix and the Visitor-General Joseph Galvez, to see that their places were capably filled. They decided that the work should be taken up by the Franciscans of the College of San Fernando. It was hoped that the hard-pressed college would not have to surrender more than twelve of their number, as even these were sadly needed where they were. The government promised to supplement the number with twelve secular priests, four of which were to be provided immediately. But as a matter of fact, even these four were not then—nor for a long time subsequently—forthcoming. So sixteen devoted Franciscans took up the work where the dispossessed Jesuits had laid it down. On July 14, 1767, Junipero Serra and his companions bade farewell to the community, and joined the expedition going North. The vessel that met the overland expedition at Tepic, carried them to Loreto and cast anchor in that harbor April 1, 1768. Father Serra's career as father and founder of twenty-one California missions was about to begin.

Loreto was the headquarters, as it were, for all religious working in Southern California. It was there that Serra's band debarked, and it was from this place that he directed the work of assigning and organizing missions. In this labor was made manifest the splendid Franciscan faith and courage. Each of the little band, as his lonely and dangerous post was assigned, bade a dignified and simple farewell to his confreres, and departed on the long and tedious journey that led to hardships, danger and unrelenting toil among poor and ignorant tribes.

It was soon decided by Father Serra that at least three missions should be founded in Upper California. This was the initial step of his campaign of mission extension that was ultimately to spread the Faith over thousands of square miles of western wilderness. From the moment he took charge of the little band of sixteen Franciscans who had had allotted to them the area of an empire, his consuming ambition was the foundation of more and more missions. So at San Diego, Monterey and San Bonaventura, were the first three founded. The procedure was comparatively simple. Father Serra or his subordinates would visit in person a stretch of territory where there were numerous Indian settlements. The best location for a mission would be determined. The criteria, according to Father Serra himself, were the population, accessibility from the surrounding region, agricultural possibilities, and facilities for the maintenance of a permanent settlement. A priest or two, accompanied by a very small detachment of settlers and soldiers, generally about a score of the former, and from ten to forty of the latter, would constitute the founding expedition. A great wooden cross would be erected and blessed, a chapel would be constructed of logs or adobe, a small hut for the priests would be reared, and similar structures would be built for soldiers and settlers. The land would then be tilled—irrigated if necessary—and sown with seeds and cereals of different varieties. The grape, the olive, the pomegranate, the pear and the various kinds of wheat commonly raised in the Southwest, were all introduced by these Franciscan missionaries. The method of gaining the confidence of the Indians was one of simple process. The first few natives courageous enough to steal into the mission, were received cordially, presented with food, clothing or trinkets, and invited, with many protestations of friendship, to bring in others of their tribe. As soon as their confidence had been gained, the little mission settlement would be overrun with copper-hued visitors. Then through interpreters, or by means of their own halting Indian vernacular, the missionaries would begin to teach the simple and beautiful truths of Catholic Faith. It was naturally slow work. Native interpreters imparted some weird turns to doctrinal discussion, and the priests themselves, with the possible exception of Father Serra, who proved an excellent linguist, had some

difficulty in making their arguments intelligible to the natives. This difficulty was short-lived. With characteristic Castilian aptitude in such matters, they soon spoke the various Indian tongues fluently. Then conversions became, as the great leader of the missionaries tells us, with the simplicity of a child, "only a matter of the Evil One's malice, with our own shortcomings to retard the Indians in embracing the Faith."

In all Serra's undertakings, for the first years of his work, he had the enthusiastic support of Visitor-General Joseph Galvez. The latter rarely failed to support Serra to the extent of his authority and resources in any request that the intrepid Franciscan missionary saw fit to make. He seemed to be in thorough sympathy with Serra's ambitious projects. Viceroy Bucareli was another great factor in the consummation of Serra's plans. Indeed, as Father Serra apprehended, his death inaugurated a new regime for the California Missions, far less auspicious than that which obtained during his long and prosperous administration.

There was only a very slight element of the spectacular in the extension of the Franciscan Missions. This attests eloquently in their favor, however. Almost any man prefers some coloring of danger or romance in an undertaking that must consume years for fruition. The fact that the history of the California Missions is chiefly a chronicle of unceasing toil, deadening monotony and continual privation, only enhances the glory of these brown-robed, unsung heroes. Murders and massacres there were, of course, but fortunately these outbreaks were few. Father Jayme, first of the Franciscan martyrs in California, "watered" the soil of the San Diego Mission with the blood that ran from a thousand wounds. Serra, when made acquainted with the facts, devoutly thanked God that the land had been consecrated with the blood of a true martyr. The charred ruins of the mission were torn down to make room for new structures. Another missionary arrived and took up the work. The even tenor of life at San Diego was resumed.

Often it was a tale of drought and famine, trouble between soldiers and natives, occasional "backsliding" on the part of some chief or prominent tribal figure, and the thousand and one other irksome and discouraging annoyances to which church pioneers are always subjected. But no one complained.

No one was disheartened. There was too much to be done to permit of repining. Their faith was too great to ever flag or waver. The routine at the missions demanded unceasing labor. There was the usual unvarying round of baptisms, marriages and burials. There were the sick to be visited, the young to be instructed, the old to be kept in the path of righteousness, the whole to be governed, fed, clothed, and instructed in the Faith. "I always return edified at seeing how zealously they labor in the other missions while we are always behind," writes Father Serra with truly characteristic humility. But history, without detracting a whit from the honor accorded those who also "labored so zealously," knows that Father Serra was in reality far from being "always behind" in any phase of missionary activity.

New missions were organized as rapidly as preceding ones succeeded in firmly establishing themselves. It was a natural concern of the government to see that the missions did not expand too rapidly, or become too isolated for effective co-operation. Lower California missions had been practically completely established before the advent of their successors. The Franciscans carefully acquainted themselves with the methods of the Jesuits, and followed them in detail. The change in regimes wrought no great difference in scope of territory or manner of administration so far as Lower California is concerned. It was in Upper California that the Franciscans did their greatest work. It was there that Father Junipero Serra achieved immortal fame. For he it was who as leader of the Franciscan missionary band, firmly established Catholicism in a vast territory, over which Spain's imperial sway was soon to end. He lived during the fading glory of Spain's colonial period. But the ends he struggled to attain were well realized before the sceptre left the hands of the Spanish monarchs.

The first three missions established in Upper California, as elsewhere alluded, were naturally close to the northern boundary—used only in a figurative sense—of Lower California. Then, step by step, Father Serra directed the course of progress northward along the coast and eastward into the interior of the new territory. The Colorado River constituted the eastern boundary of their activities. Between it and the Pacific, spreading fan-like to the north, went the little army of brown-robed missionaries.



The territory covered was remarkable then as now for diversity of climate, typography and fertility. The description of the Indians, gleaned from Father Serra's own letters, might easily be mistaken for excerpts from the Jesuits' Relations. Time has abundantly proven that Indian nature was everywhere much alike. The Franciscans under Father Serra, found them lazy, ignorant, improvident, generally friendly if well treated, reasonably intelligent, and readily receptive of the Faith, but capricious, unreliable and fickle. The missionaries' first concern was for their spiritual welfare. To this the Franciscan fathers attended very well indeed. But when not praying and exhorting, marrying and baptizing, hearing confessions and imparting sound counsel, the Fathers found time to promote husbandry, architecture and small manufactures. They instructed the natives in the planting and care of many fruits imported from Spain. They endowed them with and imparted the proper knowledge about cattle, goats and sheep. They taught them how to tan hides, prepare butter, manufacture wooden implements, etc. They instructed the women in the art of civilized housekeeping. Their educational measures were thorough, comprehensive and well adapted to the locality. The splendid civilization that startled the "Forty-Niners" was the bequest of the humble Franciscan Fathers, and the credit theirs alone.

The Bay of Monterey appealed to Father Serra as a splendid location for a mission. It was decided to found one there. And by a strange mishap, another and more famous bay was discovered—so far as the Franciscans were concerned—only a short time later. One of the expeditions to Monterey struck the coast line just north of it and travelled steadily northward. Great was their amazement at bringing up at the Southern extremity of San Francisco Bay. Here in the course of time a mission was founded. It was remarkable no less for its great success than for the fact that it represents Father Serra's "farthest north" in mission founding. So too were established missions at Los Angeles, San Luis, San Gabriel, Santa Clara, and San José. In Father Serra's lifetime, fifteen missions were established by his personal order and direction. Well-defined plans in existence at the time of his demise, called for a further extension of the Franciscan missionary campaign, by the founding of at least six more missions. History justly credits

his genius and labor with twenty-one missions.

He was a colonizer as well as a Church worker. He firmly believed that the millions of fertile acres of California should not lie idle. "Here," he says, "is an empire of land, equalling the best soil in Spain."

As a missionary he is well known. As an explorer, colonizer and exploiter of the country's natural resources, his claim is just as valid, although probably less perfectly recognized. Of Father Serra it may be said without bombast that he is "the founder of California."

His personal qualities—since indeed they were parent to his accomplishments—are equally remarkable. We have referred in preceding pages to his intellectual power and his asceticism. Equally deserving of attention were his great humanity, his exceeding charity and his wonderful genius for practical administration. Father Serra, had he not elected to join the Franciscans, might have been a great statesman or a great diplomat. No difficulties daunted him. His picture, two or three versions of it having been preserved for us, is that of a strong-featured, resolute looking man. His face is straight featured, yet almost plump. His figure was strong, his endurance and cheerfulness unusually marked for a man of his arduous and exacting calling. His exterior betrayed little of his great passion for self-abnegation, his scorn of physical pain, bordering closely on fanaticism. Yet from the beginning of that first journey by foot on American soil, he was tortured by an injured limb. This bothered him continually, yet only when it was a physical impossibility to walk, did he permit it to interfere with his work. We have a record of his submitting to only one medical treatment—that of a mule driver's poultice, coupled with his own prayers. And that was so efficacious that the next day he went about his work as usual.

He was a truly wonderful orator. His scorn of his own flesh in the pulpit, we might not approve of now. But if his lacerated and bleeding body torn with the scourge or a pointed stone achieved one conversion—and the facts multiply this one into ultimate thousands—the example has found its justification. This is a more practical century. We miss something of the mysticism, just as we may lack something of the wonderful faith—of the men of Father Serra's time and locality. We can envy, without duplicating, the successes that were his.

The record of his career as the actual founder

of California of the present day, spiritually and temporally, is too clear to fear of refutation. He found Upper California a wilderness, fertile and sparsely populated, but to all intents, no further advanced than when it left the Hand of the Creator. He left it a civilized district, with beautiful churches, towns and villages. He encouraged thorough exploration and the best utilization of the rich soil. He imported herds of domesticated animals as well as seedlings for apples, grapes, pears, plums and numerous grains and vegetables. He thus stands sponsor to some of the State's greatest industries. The beautiful dignified Castilian civilization that charmed our own less cultured California pioneers, was his. The splendid old missions, now fallen into picturesque ruins, he built, either through influence or by personal activity. Often he labored side by side with the Indians in rearing their now aged walls. And the Faith for which he gave his life has been kept. It is in that corner of the world, a vital, living and eternal monument to his piety, his fidelity and his unfaltering enthusiasm. He converted thousands. He baptized, taught, married and buried, countless hundreds of Indians. During the ten years in which he exercised power of confirmation, he administered that sacrament to almost ten thousand people.

Withal he was as ingenuous as a child. His humility was that of a saint. Even when he lay dying at San Carlos, in August, 1783, with his broken body distorted by years of arduous toil and countless days of unceasing pain, he refused to permit the last sacraments to be administered in his own room. For the last time on earth he summoned his failing faculties, for the last time he staggered forth to kneel in the chapel he loved so well. There the last consolation the Church extends to the faithful was administered to him by his lifelong friend, counsellor, and biographer, heroic Father Palou.

History records few braver careers. Surely it has no record of self-sacrifice more praiseworthy than this! The value of his personal contribution to Christianity and civilization is incalculable. The Faith he implanted in savage breasts has never been eradicated. The institutions he founded have persevered. Some of the original mission houses are now ruined. For some the congregation exists only in memory. But the example set by his life and labors is immortal, and abundantly compensates for the failure of mere adobe walls.

## His Double.

BY J. F. DELPH.

George Worthington was the son of a New York City multi-millionaire. He was always permitted to use his father's money indiscriminately, that is, he was allowed as much as he wanted, but was never permitted to write his own checks, his father deeming it wise to have exclusive control over his own bank account.

It was the evening before George's departure for college. He was busy packing his trunk and making preparations for his journey, when his father approached him and said, "George, I believe I'll go to New Haven with you tomorrow. I have some friends in the city and then, besides, business is rather dull at the present time. I suppose you have no objection."

"Not at all, Dad," was George's reply.

The next morning saw the two safely on the New England express bound for New Haven.

Picking up a New Haven paper as they were, seated at the dinner table, the younger Worthington noticed the headlines above a picture reading thus—"Geo. Worthington, son of multi-millionaire, and all-round athlete, comes to Yale." Below was his own photograph.

"That's strange," commented George, "I didn't know anybody had my photograph. But I suppose it has been copied from one of the New York papers." He folded the paper and resumed his talk with his father.

In the afternoon, Mr. Worthington called upon several of his friends in the realty and banking business, and took his son along. At the firm of "Clark, Nelson, and Clark," the elder Worthington introduced his son to Mr. Nelson, head of the firm, at the same time saying, "Any time you need money, George, Mr. Nelson will oblige you. I'm trusting him with your account."

As they sat at supper in the Cliff House that night a man sat at the table next them and with his back toward George. Presumably he was interested in the Evening Mail. In the course of time, he happened to turn around as the telephone boy was "paging" a certain Mr. Shields. Mr. Worthington, getting a good look at the stranger noticed the striking resemblance to his own son. "As sure as I live, there's your double, George," was his remark.

The various topics of the day were discussed between father and son during the course of the meal. Train time was near and as they were bidding each other good-bye Mr. Worthington remarked, "Now don't forget, George, any time you need money just go to Mr. Nelson, and he'll oblige you."

"All right, Dad, I'll do that."

The following day saw the stranger walking across the campus. He noticed several students stop and look at him as though they wished to speak, but he knew none of them so he passed on. As he turned a sharp corner he nearly collided with a fellow-student. The student stopped abruptly and looked at Shields.

"Mr. Worthington, I believe. I noticed your picture in the paper and I've heard so much of you that I wanted to meet you."

"I believe you are mistaken, aren't you?" replied Shields.

"Why? Aren't you the new athlete from New York City?"

"No, my name is Shields. I'm from Philadelphia."

"Oh! I beg your pardon, my mistake," and the man hurried on.

Shields didn't know what to make of the incident until he was again confronted by the same inquiry; this time by a group of students. His suspicions aroused, he decided to hunt up last evening's paper and get a look at this fellow Worthington. Finding a paper in one of the cigar stores, he glanced hurriedly through it until he came upon the picture.

"By jove," he exclaimed, that fellow does resemble me."

Casting his paper aside he walked around to the "Frat" house where he resided. Walking into one of the side rooms he came upon a group of students playing poker.

"Join us, Tom," asked one of the party. "I don't care if I do," and he sat down while a hand was being dealt him.

The game was a no-limit affair and the "openers" were backed by a quarter. The students, fresh from their vacation, were well supplied with money and the betting ran high that night. Tom was losing heavily. Twice only had he won "pots" and those two were small ones. At midnight when the game broke up he took invoice and found that he just had a dollar and sixty-five cents. Here he was, practically broke, and the opening ball only two days away. What was he to do? It was too

late to get money from home and he couldn't borrow money at the opening of school. What way could he get money? He just couldn't miss the big "hop."

After lying awake a couple of hours an idea struck him. Wasn't that fellow who sat next him in the Cliff House Mr. Worthington? Didn't he resemble the younger Worthington very closely. In fact he had been mistaken for him on several occasions. And didn't he hear the elder Mr. Worthington tell his son to go to Nelson when he wanted money. "I know what I'll do, I'll take a chance and go to Nelson to-morrow. I don't think he knows me."

In the afternoon of the following day Mr. Shields approached the office of Clark, Nelson and Clark. Walking in he stopped at the first desk.

"Is Mr. Nelson in?" he inquired.

"I'm Mr. Nelson," replied the man at the desk.

"Oh! I beg your pardon. I didn't recognize you," was the quick reply. Then, "My name is Worthington, I suppose father made arrangements with you for my financial aid?"

"Oh yes! Sit down, Mr. Worthington."

When Mr. Shields requested eight hundred dollars Mr. Nelson was greatly surprised, but started for the safe anyway. Stopping to reflect he remembered the queer actions of "Mr. Worthington." But there could be no mistake, this man surely must be George Worthington. But I'll take no chance, I'll tell him to come back to-morrow. This to Mr. Shields: "I'm rather short on money just now, but if you will come to-morrow at two o'clock I'll have it for you."

"All right, sir. Thank you," and the man walked out.

At two o'clock the following afternoon Mr. Shields walked into the broker's office and inquired of Mr. Nelson if he had the money. Mr. Nelson handed him a sealed envelope which he put in his inside pocket. As he started for the door, two detectives and Mr. Geo. Worthington, Sr., confronted him. Mr. Worthington had been summoned by telegram.

A pretentious young snob from Lorraine  
Was in love with a certain Miss Bain

His actions one day

Caused the lassie to say:

"Aw, beat, you give me a pain."



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—Next Thursday will be Thanksgiving Day. To some people it will mean nothing more than the end of the football season. To others it spells a big dinner. But Things to be to the majority of the public, Thankful for. Thanksgiving Day contains more than the sport or the gastronomist sees in it. It is a time solemnly set apart in which to offer up our minds and hearts to heaven in thanksgiving for the blessings and favors received during the past year. It is only the ingrate who fails to appreciate that which is given him. We all have a great deal to be grateful for. We owe thanks for our life, our health, our position in the world. Every success that has been ours, every honor, every happiness, should be acknowledged by us. That is the least we can do. We at Notre Dame should be especially thankful for the happiness and contentment that is ours. Few besides us have so much to be really thankful for.

Once in a while a student will thickly explain that he has nothing for which to offer up thanks. Perhaps he may not appreciate his life, his health, or the prosperity and peace of the nation; but there are other things which cannot fail to arouse some spark of latent gratefulness in even the most morbid. Who here at Notre Dame, for instance, isn't thankful that the Indiana winters are no colder than they are? Who isn't grateful that the radiators awake to roseate life at least twice a week? What student can arise and deny he isn't glad the

quarterlies are over? Who can say he isn't thankful that Sunday eve suppers bark along only once a week; that the hall yodler isn't equipped with four lungs instead of two; that the Hill Street lament touches the rails every four hurdles; that the Brownson Hall variety of hirsute adornment isn't contagious; that the green 'uns from Hootville, Snake River, and Goshen are becoming partially acclimated? Who isn't duly grateful that only eighty percent of the E. S. B. affect military undress shirts; that a few of the boys juggle a razor occasionally; that Christmas will soon be with us? Yes, indeed, *we* have a multitude of things to be thankful for this year. It is only the mental cipherism who hasn't.

## The New Library.

Immediately after school on Monday afternoon work was begun on Notre Dame's new quarter-million dollar library. Father Foik was given the honor of turning the first spade of dirt in the excavation necessary for the structure. Brother Phillip was assistant master of ceremonies, while photographers and newspaper men were there in abundance.

The plans of Edward L. Tilton of New York were chosen by the library building committee, assisted by Rev. Andrew Morrissey, Provincial of the Holy Cross Community, and Rev. John Cavanaugh, the President of the University of Notre Dame. Copies of the plans are now in the hands of contractors who are expected to bid on the work.

The structure, which will be of the Renaissance style of architecture, will occupy a central site to the rear of Walsh and Sorin Halls near Old College. It will be of Bedford stone with a roof of green tile. The main entrance will be a huge Logi effect extending to the top floor. The building will be commodious throughout. It will have a capacity of 618,000 volumes. Two large reading rooms, with a capacity of three hundred students, will be supplemented by sixty cubicles in the stacks. The upper story will accommodate the historical museum and art collection, while space will also be found for the Catholic Archives of America and the paintings and statues of the bishop's memorial hall. Large lecture rooms are planned for the basement and the Department of Journalism may be located there.

### The Death of Dr. Greene.

The death of Dr. Edward Lee Greene which occurred on Wednesday, November 10, at Providence Hospital, Washington, D. C., brought sorrow to the faculty and students of the University of Notre Dame where Professor Greene was in charge of the graduate courses in Botany. Only a few weeks ago Dr. Greene left the University to complete some work he had started in Washington, and though he was quite feeble at the time, no one believed his end was so near. In his death the University has sustained a great loss, as he was undoubtedly one of the greatest professors and finest Christian gentlemen at Notre Dame. His most treasured possessions, however, consisting of a carefully selected Botanical library and a herbarium of over one hundred thousand specimens he has left for the students of this University, and the fine example of his life is also a heritage which falls to the professors and students with whom he spent the closing days of his life.

As a botanist, Dr. Greene was undoubtedly one of the most eminent of his time. His books which number close to forty volumes are considered standard works for botanical students. He has been called by some the Father of Systematic Botany in America, having devoted more than half a century to research work, and having traveled on foot over almost every state in the Union collecting specimens.

"His work," says a well-known botanist, "will be more thoroughly appreciated and admired in after years, and generations to come will more truly appreciate his profound insight, his genius and erudition, though a select few have long felt and known his work in this light, the majority not being able to attain the higher things. Perhaps none of our American systematic botanists and phytographers were

endowed with his keen sense of perception of specific distinctions nor could so lucidly express those distinctions in plant description. This was acquired as the result of long years of careful plant study in the field, by one who had accumulated profound erudition and was endowed with an original and forceful mind. As a master of classical English as well as a student of many languages, ancient and modern, he would have stood forth anywhere with distinction."

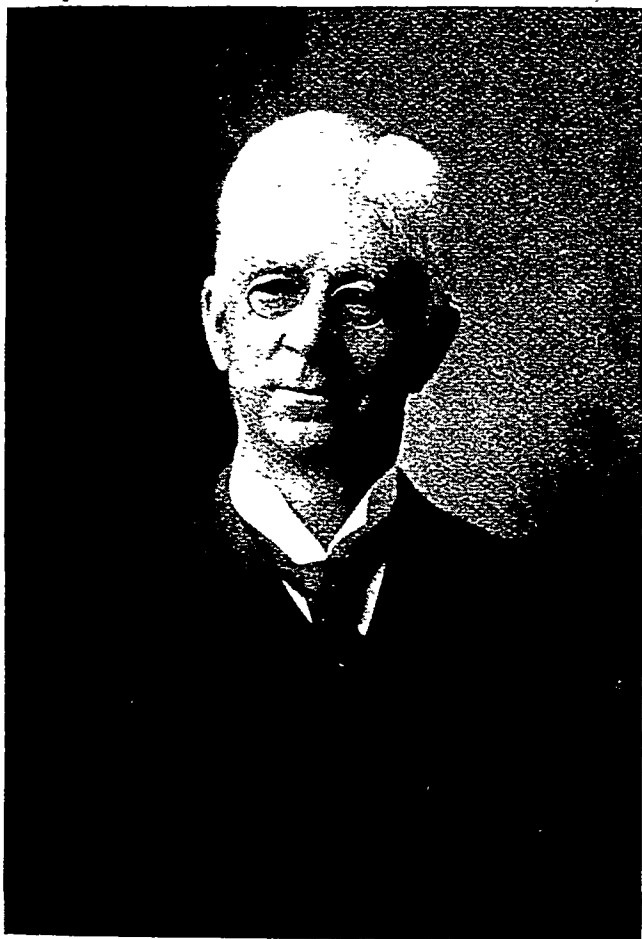
Dr. Greene was born in Hopkinton, R. I., August 20, 1843. When he was still a boy his parents moved West and settled along the

Sangamon River in Illinois.

He served in the Civil War as private and on the campaign, collected and determined plants in odd moments, from a copy of Wood's Botany which he carried in his knapsack. After the war he received the degree of Ph. B. at Albion, Wisconsin in 1866. Thenceforth a longing to botanize in other fields drew him to Colorado in 1870. Here he became an Episcopal minister and he asked for charges in country places the better to devote his spare time to his favorite science. He later botanized through Wyoming, New Mexico, Arizona, and California. He was instructor or professor in the University of California from 1885 to 1895, when

he came East to take the chair of Botany in the Catholic University of America at Washington, D. C. In 1894 he received the doctorate from the University of Notre Dame. In May, 1904, he left the Catholic University and became honorary associate in Botany in the Smithsonian Institution, where he had been occupied in research in systematic and historical Botany, until in the fall of 1914 he arranged to come to the University of Notre Dame to take charge of the graduate course in Botany.

Dr. Greene left the University about the middle of October in the hope of completing his great work, "The Landmarks of Botanical



DR. EDWARD LEE GREENE.

History." He went to Washington where most of his material was collected, but was confined to his bed a few days later and was removed to Providence Hospital on October 25th where he passed away in a tranquil sleep on Nov. 10. His last days were full of peace and resignation, and his preparation for death most devout. Dr. James Burns, C. S. C., Rector of Holy Cross College, Washington, D. C., writes of him in a letter to President Cavanaugh in these words; "The religious dispositions of Dr. Greene are most touching. He brought only one book to the hospital to read—"The Following of Christ." I used to read that to him until he got too weak to listen. But he wants a priest near him as much as possible if only to read the breviary in the room. When he turned over all his papers and documents to Mrs. Downing, to hold for his brother, he said he wished to hear nothing more about such matters, as he wanted to give himself thenceforward to religious preparation. He finds it hard to die without completing his great work on the history of botany, but is perfectly resigned to God's holy will. Prayers, prayers, prayers—this is all he asks for, and he seems to like to see only those who are able to say a prayer over him or to give him a priestly blessing. It is one of the most beautiful religious deathbeds I have ever seen."

On Saturday morning, Nov. 13, the funeral services were held at Notre Dame, where Dr. Greene had asked to be buried. Solemn High Requiem Mass was offered in Sacred Heart Church by Rev. Julius Nieuwland, an old pupil of Dr. Greene, Rev. Michael Quinlan and Rev. Ernest Davis, both of the School of Science, being deacon and subdeacon of the Mass. The funeral sermon was delivered by Rev. Thomas Irving, Professor of Physics. After the church services the professors in their academic robes, the clergy in surplice and biretta, the entire student body and the relatives and friends of the deceased, marched to the little community cemetery. The body of this well-beloved professor was interred in the same lot with Professors Stace, Lyons, Edwards and other notable men and there it will be visited daily by many religious of Holy Cross who will kneel to say a prayer for the repose of the departed soul. Mr. John E. Greene, of Minot, South Dakota, a brother of Dr. Greene, and Mrs. Downing, an old friend, came from Washington to be present at the funeral.

### THE SERMON.

Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord.—*Apoc. 14-13.*

Again we are in the presence of death—death, the most common and yet the most uncommon event in life. It is common viewed in the lives of others, and most uncommon in our own. As we look into the past we see the long line of relatives and friends has been shortened by death. Out of our homes, out of the ranks of our schoolmates, death has taken its toll. Every day we hear and read of death. Every time the great pendulum swings over its course, a body sinks to the earth, and a soul goes to its judge. As we look into the future we see that in a very few years death will have claimed us all. One by one we shall drop from the ranks until the last is gone. But frequent as is death about us, for each one of us it will occur but once.

Such an event as we witness this morning is a reminder of our own last day, for what we see is but a solemn fore-shadowing of our end. Some day, sooner than we expect, you and I shall be brought into the aisle. There will be the solemn chant of the Requiem, the Mass for the soul, and the final blessing. For us too there shall be a silent procession, the lowering into the earth, the closing of the grave, the dispersion of friends and the forgetfulness of it all. God gives us such occasions as this that we may remember our last end and never sin.

Death is terrible first of all on account of the separation that takes place. It takes us away from friends and home and the things of earth that we hold dear. It separates soul and body, the inseparable companions of a lifetime. But to all this there is added the anxiety and dread of a separation that may follow death. Our souls were created for eternal union with God, and when they are freed from the prison of the body, they long to be united with their Creator and their last end, and the only obstacle that will cause this second and more awful separation is sin.

The purpose of life is to merit a happy eternity, and the life that is not spent in the care of the soul and concern for the things of God, must be summarized as failure and folly. On the other hand, to make the paramount issue of life the salvation of the soul, is supreme wisdom.

Such is the wisdom that ruled the life of Dr. Greene,—a life that holds many valuable lessons for us. God endowed him with a superior intellect and an ardent love of nature. Nature was the object of his study, and his membership in several learned societies, and his splendid contribution to the literature on botany, are proofs of his success. When he spoke the scientific world listened.

Though his love for nature was great, his knowledge remarkable, and his prestige far-reaching, he always possessed a deeply religious spirit. When he studied the things about him his mind reverted to the God and Creator of all. At the age of six he read his first book on botany,—a book in which the author, after describing a plant or flower, called attention to the fact that God had fashioned it. He tells us that at the age of twelve, whenever he came upon a new scene of beauty in nature, it recalled the thought of God and inspired religious feeling. In his library could be found some of the religious books from which men have

drawn religious inspiration. But a short time ago a student saw him in his room kneeling in prayer before his crucifix. When he went to the hospital he took but one book with him, "The Imitation of Christ." He read this when he was able, and when he became too weak others read it for him. During his last illness all he asked for was a prayer. In these last days it was consolation to him to know that he was to be buried in the community cemetery, for there he would share in the prayers offered for the dead.

—United with this deeply religious spirit was the love of truth. Not only truth in the natural sciences but also truth in religion was the object of his research. The first forty years of his life were spent outside of the Church. His path into the true Church was long and devious. He was careful to be guided solely by truth. For example, realizing that he was a man of sympathetic temperament, he was eager to exclude all influences that might appeal to his sympathy and thus divert him from the pursuit of truth. That he considered his baptism into the Catholic Church the beginning of a new life, is evident from the following incident. Some years ago a birthday dinner was to be given in his honor, and when he was told about it he replied, "Be sure and have it on my real birthday. You know that since I was baptized in the Catholic Church I always consider that day as my true birthday."

Dr. Greene has passed away, but his life, like the life of every great and good man, is another grace given us by the merciful hand of the All-Good God. It shows us how to live well that we may die well. It teaches us to see things in their true proportions. It was a life based upon a true estimate of the eternal and earthly. It teaches that wealth, honor, fame and knowledge are but means given us to fulfil the purpose of life, eternal salvation. It shows us that the pursuit of any earthly thing need not be so absorbing as to make us forget the Creator. It teaches us to be retiring, modest, and humble in the moments of our greatest success. The example of his life is a rich legacy for us,—it is another gift from God to Notre Dame.

### Personals.

—Dr. Pino, a noted engineer of Peru, South America, is visiting the University as the guest of Professor Caparo.

—The marriage of Miss Caroline Selig to Mr. Charles Cullinan (Student '98, '99, '00) took place on Tuesday the 26th of October, in Chicago. We offer congratulations to Charlie and his bride.

—Arthur and "Mike" Carmody who graduated last year in engineering are both in Louisiana with the Standard Oil Co. Art is in Oxford and Mike is in Mooringsport, but both are in the same company, so there is not much danger of one running the other out of business.

### In the Old Days.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC

Nov., 11, 1915.

Notre Dame, Indiana.

DEAR SIR:—

In answer to your query in the SCHOLASTIC, Nov. 6th edition, as to who is the old graduate who is said to have had a pull with Brother Leopold, permit me to say that I am the man. During the school year of 1905-06 it happened that I had no class at the two o'clock period, and I spent that hour in Brother Leopold's shop beating lemons for lemonade, assorting cakes, straightening up the candy shelves and in other ways making myself generally useful. In consideration for these services Brother Leopold permitted me to buy six packages of Mail Pouch for 25c., while the rest of the boys had to buy it at 5c. straight.

Trusting that this fully answers your query, I remain,

Very truly yours,

ROSCOE P. HURST (LL. B., '06).

Personal, March 10, '89—"J. M., please return my number 11 shoes and all will be forgiven.—F. X. M."

"College Gossip"—Issue of March 23, '89:—"We learn that a professor in a Berlin university has succeeded in making first-rate brandy out of sawdust. We are friends of temperance in college and out of college, but what chance has it when an impecunious student can take a rip-saw and go out and get drunk on a fence rail?"

To show you that our old paper was popular once, anyway:—Issue of April 27, '89:—"Students not connected with the SCHOLASTIC are requested to remain away from the press room on press day and not be looking for copies of the paper before they are sent to the Students' Office."—Nowadays:—"Here's that darn thing shoved under my door again."

March 27, '80:—"Notre Dame is now connected with the telephone exchange at South Bend, Ind."

Locals, May 8, '80:—"Mr. Condon, the experienced and gentlemanly barber, is kept quite busy on Wednesdays."

May 22, '80:—"The Malediction" was tastefully put upon the boards of Washington Hall."  
... "put" is good.

A spur to the organization of state clubs may be found in the SCHOLASTIC for December 2, 1905 which devotes over a column to the banquet of the Pennsylvania Club, held at the Oliver on the first of the month. The chronicler dwells at length on the speeches

of Gallitzen Farabaugh, William Benitz, and Edward Schwab (brother of the Bethlehem magnate). The subject of Professor Benitz' talk was "The Comparison between the Dry and Unwholesome Science of Figures, and the Interesting and Toothsome Science of the Kitchen."

The members of the club were as follows: Daniel A. Cullinan, L. M. Stokes, H. J. Zimmer, E. J. Cullinan, L. A. Williams, Wm. Heyl, A. G. Drumm, Chas. Murphy, O. Benz, William H. Rice, John McCaffrey, L. P. Butler, W. P. Colahan, A. M. Geary, Edmund L. McBride, A. J. O'Donnell, C. B. King, Karl O'Brien, F. J. Siegler, J. M. Bannon, L. McCallin, A. J. Smyth, Anthony Stopper, M. Downs, P. J. McEvoy and B. Bannon.

#### Another Victory for the Varsity.

Another victory was added to the season's list last Saturday when the Varsity met and defeated the strong team representing Creighton at Omaha. Judging from the write-ups in the Omaha papers everyone on the team went big and made a decided hit with the people, many of whom had seen the Nebraska game earlier in the season. The team was going in tip-top shape and outclassed the Westerners to such an extent that they were willing to admit Notre Dame has some team of clean, hard-fighting men. The papers state that the Creighton men were going at their best, but were simply up against a team having superior football ability. The Varsity plays astounded them as did likewise the individual work of the men, especially Cofall, who (if one may judge by reports) could have had anything in the city of Omaha after the people had seen him work. It seems the natives had never before seen such kicking and such ability to advance the ball as Cofall displayed, and everyone was willing to admit he was the greatest half-back the town had ever seen. The work of the rest of the men individually was so good that to mention the stars would be to enumerate the men who played in the game. The write-up which appeared in the *Omaha News* follows:

Notre Dame's husky eleven outclassed Creighton yesterday afternoon in every department and easily piled up a 41 to 0 score upon the locals.

Although not close the game was interesting. Creighton had just one chance to turn the contest

into a game instead of a rout, and failed. After that chance was gone the locals never rallied.

Just one period of the game developed a real fight for a score by the Creighton lads. That was the second quarter, which was Creighton's quarter all the way, until, with the ball on the Notre Dame one-yard line and four downs to put it over, they failed to score.

#### COFALL AND BACHMAN-STAR.

An unchained streak of lightning known as Cofall and a human battering ram who packs around the cognomen of Bachman did most of the mischief in the first half of the game. Then the Indianans decided to give Cofall a rest and sent out a gentleman by the name of Miller to take his place. At first Creighton hearts were happy, but it soon developed that Miller was just as bad as the man he succeeded.

Notre Dame did as it pleased. When Cofall or Bergman failed to skid around the ends or off tackle for a gain, Bachman blasted a hole through the line.

Little Charley Nigro played good ball for Creighton, so did "Dutch" Platz and Harvey Stapleton. Flanagan also made some pretty gains, but the Notre Dame ends broke up most attempts to skirt the extremities of the line with ease, and Creighton's light backs soon gave up the Notre Dame line as a very, very good thing to let alone. Stapleton played as good a game as any man on the field, but he couldn't stop end runs.

#### NOTRE DAME BUSINESSLIKE

When Notre Dame wanted a touchdown they went ahead and got it. When they decided that the Creighton boys had had enough fun packing around the ball they took it away from the home boys. They were a gentlemanly crew, those Notre Dame chaps; they played clean football, hard football, and there was no unnecessary roughness. They had the goods and delivered it.

Things began to happen to Creighton early in the game. Creighton forced Notre Dame to punt after the kickoff, and Nigro fumbled the ball on his own 20-yard line. At least three Notre Dame men fell on the ball immediately afterward. The referee pried them apart, and Cofall made a dive through the Creighton left tackle for five yards. Bachman took the ball, started around the Creighton left end at a nifty clip, then flipped the ball to Cofall, a few yards ahead of him, and the Creighton boys tackled Cofall on their own 1-yard line. Bergman ran around right end for a touchdown after Cofall had gone over, but lost his effort because of a penalty. Cofall kicked goal.

It took less than three minutes for another touchdown. Notre Dame took the ball on downs on her own 48-yard line, and then Bachman and Cofall waltzed down the field, Cofall skirting the ends for anything from six to twenty-two yards, and Bachman battering his way through the line when needed. Five men went ahead of Cofall on his end runs, the most perfect interference seen in Omaha in many seasons. Cofall went over and kicked the goal.

The procession started again soon, and Cofall went over after a march down the field in which the Notre Dame boys inserted a forward pass of seventeen yards where it did the most good. Cofall went over



on a lateral pass from this same Bachman, and Cofall kicked the goal. Cofall and Bachman were very busy men during that first half.

#### CREIGHTON'S BIG BRACE.

Then Creighton braced.

They received a punt on their 20-yard line and started down the field, but stopped a few inches from the Notre Dame goal, where a brick wall with iron trimmings was waiting for them. Flanagan cut loose with nine yards through a hole which Stapleton opened. Platz made first down through a similar hole. A forward pass, Platz to Nigro, netted nine yards, and Platz ducked through the line for first down.

A penalty of fifteen yards made the chances to score look good, and the crowd woke up and yelled in real earnest when Nigro got a pass from Platz and scampered twenty-three yards to the Notre Dame 14-yard line for the biggest gain of the afternoon.

Flanagan made five yards in two downs, and then Bachman intercepted a forward pass behind his own goal line, but fumbled it after advancing a few yards, and Creighton got the ball on the 1-yard line, first down.

The Notre Dame line planted itself, and after Nigro, Flanagan, Lutes and Nigro had attempted to jam the ball over the line the ball went to Notre Dame, six inches from the last white mark, and Cofall nonchalantly stood behind his own goal line and booted the ball sixty-five yards down the field.

Creighton never opened a dangerous attack after that. Notre Dame sent in a batch of subs, including Miller, in the second half, and Miller took Cofall's place in the offensive. Two touchdowns were scored in the second period, and one more in the last. Creighton tried the forward pass when it got the ball but with no great results.

#### BIG CROWD PRESENT.

The biggest crowd which has witnessed a game since the new Creighton field was completed was in attendance. Every seat in the grand-stand was filled, the automobile parking space was fully occupied and other cars lined up the streets for several blocks. A sharp wind from the north which sprang up after the first quarter had been played, made the day an ideal one for the players, but the wind was too sharp to be much enjoyed by the spectators. It is estimated that 5,000 saw the game.

#### THE GAME IN DETAIL.

##### FIRST PERIOD.

Creighton chose the north goal. Wise kicked to Bachman on Notre Dame's 10-yard line, who returned to Notre Dame's 35-yard line. Bachman made five yards around left end and Cofall three yards around right. Notre Dame penalized five yards.

Notre Dame punted to Nigro, who fumbled, and the visitors got the ball on Creighton's 20-yard line. Cofall made five yards through left tackle; lateral pass, Bachman to Cofall, put the ball on Creighton's 1-yard line.

First down, no gain; second down, Notre Dame penalized five yards after crossing Creighton's goal; Bachman made no gain; Bergman around right end for touchdown. Cofall kicks goal. Score: Notre Dame, 7; Creighton, 0.

O'Donnell kicked to Gray on Creighton's 45-yard line; Platz made one yard, Lutes made five, and Flanagan made two; Nigro made one yard through center and Notre Dame won the ball on downs on her own 48-yard line.

Cofall made eight yards around right; Bachman made first down on Creighton's 42-yard line; Bachman made one yard through left tackle; no gain around left end; Cofall seven yards around left; Bachman made first down on Creighton's 31-yard line; Cofall lost a yard; Cofall went twenty-two yards around left to Creighton's 15-yard line; Bachman one yard, right tackle; Bachman made first down on Creighton's 3-yard line. Cofall around left end for a touchdown; Cofall kicked goal. Score: Notre Dame, 14; Creighton, 0.

O'Donnell kicked to Nigro, who returned the ball two yards to the 31-yard line. Wise fumbled and recovered; Lutes failed to gain; Notre Dame blocked a punt; Platz recovered on Creighton's 27-yard line. Platz failed to gain around left end. Wise kicked to Phelan, who returned the ball twenty-one yards to Notre Dame's 48-yard line. Bachman made four yards. Bachman made three yards. Cofall took the ball to the 32-yard line; Bachman gained six yards.

##### SECOND PERIOD.

Notre Dame penalized fifteen yards; forward pass failed. A pass, Cofall to Fitzgerald, carried the ball to the 20-yard line; Cofall made six yards; Phelan four. Cofall made touchdown on lateral pass, Bachman to Cofall. Cofall kicked goal. Score: Notre Dame, 21; Creighton, 0.

O'Donnell kicked over goal. Creighton put the ball in play on her 20-yard line. Flanagan made five yards around left end; Platz four yards; Platz fails to gain; Notre Dame penalized five yards; first down on Creighton's 37-yard line; Platz one yard; Bachman intercepts forward pass. Elward fumbles and Gray recovers on Notre Dame's 41-yard line.

Bergman intercepts forward pass on his own 23-yard line; Cofall made four yards around left end; Bachman made four; Cofall punts to Nigro on Creighton's 20-yard line. Lutes failed to gain. Flanagan gained nine yards through right guard. Platz made first down on Notre Dame's 33-yard line. Flanagan failed to gain.

A forward pass, Platz to Nigro, made nine yards; Platz two yards for first down; Notre Dame penalized fifteen yards for holding; Nigro made twenty-three yards, forward pass from Platz; ball on Notre Dame's 14-yard line; Flanagan failed to gain; Flanagan made five yards; Bachman fumbled after he intercepted a forward pass; Creighton's ball on Notre Dame's 1-yard line; Nigro failed to gain; Flanagan failed to gain; Lutes made six inches; Nigro failed to gain on the fourth down.

Cofall punted to Nigro, who returned five yards to own 40-yard line. Platz lost three yards, and the half ended with an incomplete forward pass.

##### THIRD PERIOD.

O'Donnell kicked to Brennan, who returned six yards to 26-yard line. Platz made two yards around left end. A forward pass failed. Forward pass, Platz to Nigro, netted fifteen yards to 42-yard line. Flanagan

went through right guard for two yards. Notre Dame intercepted forward pass on Creighton 40-yard line. Creighton penalized five yards, off-side. Phelan failed to gain. Forward pass, Phelan to Fitzgerald, netted fifteen yards. Miller dashed around Creighton left end and went out of bounds one yard from goal line. Phelan carried it over and kicked goal.

O'Donnell kicked to Flanagan, who returned eighteen yards to his own 32-yard line. Pass failed. Pass, Platz to Nigro, netted thirteen yards, first down on Creighton 45-yard line. Phelan intercepted long pass and returned twenty-yards to Creighton 40-yard line. Elward gained five yards on fake pass formation. Miller made it first down on Creighton 29-yard line. Creighton penalized five yards. Bachman fumbled, but Notre Dame recovered on 18-yard line. Bachman made eight yards off left tackle. Miller gained ten yards and placed the ball one foot from the goal line around Creighton left end. Bachman put it over. Phelan missed goal. Score, Notre Dame, 34; Creighton, 0. Platz returned kick off six yards to 25-yd. line. Two forward passes failed. Notre Dame penalized five yards.

Pass, Platz to Nigro, netted four yards. Two more passes failed. Wise punted from his own 36-yard line to Notre Dame's 7-yard line, and Miller returned eighteen yards. Miller made thirty yards on two dashes down the field and placed the ball on Creighton's 44-yard line. Bachman made five yards. Miller made three yards. Creighton penalized five yards, off side. Bachman made nine yards around Creighton left end and made it first down on Creighton 17-yard line as quarter ended.

## FOURTH PERIOD.

Notre Dame penalized fifteen yards for holding. Pass, Cofall to Whipple, netted ten yards. Cofall made eight yards. Creighton held for downs on own 9-yard line. Cofall now playing half, Miller full, Bachman leaving game. Platz, Doty and Flanagan each hit the line and each gained one yard. Wise punted to Miller on Creighton 45-yard line, and he returned fifteen yards. Cofall went around Creighton's left end for 25 yards, one yard more to go. Phelan went over and Cofall kicked goal.

Wise punted after receiving kickoff and Bachman, again in the game, made a fair catch on the Creighton 49-yard line. Cofall attempted a place kick, but it fell short, and Nigro returned it seventeen yards to the Creighton 21-yard line. Wise punted to Cofall in the center of the field. Cofall failed to gain. A forward pass failed. Phelan kicked out of bounds on Creighton 34-yard line. Two passes failed. Notre Dame penalized fifteen yards, holding. Two passes failed. Flanagan made four yards. Wise punted to Notre Dame 4-yard line. Cofall tore off twenty yards around right end. Doty intercepted a forward pass and returned it twenty-two yards. The game ended.

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## STATISTICS OF THE GAME.

Yards gained—Creighton 174 (Nigro 87, Flanagan 45, Platz 25, Brennan 6, Doty 6, Lutes 5). Notre Dame 468 (Bergman 22, Bachman 89, Cofall 155, Phelan 48, Elward 5, Rydzewski 5, Fitzgerald 32, Whipple 10, Miller 102).

First Downs—Creighton 8, Notre Dame 25.

Forward Passes—Creighton attempted 25, of which six were completed for a total gain of 56 yards (9, 23, 5, 13, 4 and 2 yards). Notre Dame attempted 9, of which three were successful for a total of 42 yards (17, 15 and 10 yards).

Punts—Cofall 2, average 53 yards; Phelan 1, 20 yards. Total Notre Dame punts, 126 yards. Wise 7 punts; average 31 3/7 yards; total distance 230 yards.

Penalties—Notre Dame, 80 yards; Creighton, 15 yards.

Return on Kicks and Kickoffs—Notre Dame, 61 yards on seven punts and one kickoff; Creighton, 49 yards on three punts, and attempted place kick and five kickoffs.

Notre Dame		Creighton
Elward	L-E	Brennan
Stephan	L-T	Wise
Keefe	L-G	Gray
O'Donnell	C	Kamanski
Fitzgerald (capt)	R-G	Stapleton
Rydzewski	R-T	Shannon (capt)
Baujan	R-E	Hale
Phelan	Q	Nigro
Cofall	L-H	Platz
Bergman	R-H	Flanagan
Bachman	F	Lutes

Touchdowns—Cofall 2, Phelan 2, Bergman, Bachman. Goals kicked—Cofall 4, Phelan 1.

Substitutes—Creighton: Burford for Kamanski, Hennessy for Wise, Doty for Lutes, Morgan for Shannon, Warren for Stapleton, Flood for Brennan, Wise for Hennessy, Stewart for Gray. Notre Dame: Miller for Cofall, Dorais for Phelan, H. King for Stephan, Whipple for Elward, McInery for Rydzewski, Malone for Miller, Miller for Bergman, Rydzewski for O'Donnell, Jones for Keefe, Phelan for Dorais, Cofall for Miller, Miller for Bachman.

Referee—Quigley, ex-St. Mary's. Umpire, Ghee, ex-Dartmouth. Field judge, Brennan, ex-Ames, Head linesman, Caldwell, ex-Marquette.

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To-day the members of the Varsity are in Chicago witnessing the Illinois-Chicago game as there is no game scheduled for to-day. The next game on the local schedule takes the men down south to Texas where the schedule for 1915 is concluded with the games with Texas University and Rice Institute on the 25th and 27th respectively. It is expected that there will be many of the alumni of the South at the games, for the old grads in this part of the country are always anxious to root for the Gold and Blue whenever they get the chance, and their chances come so seldom that a game of this sort usually means a reunion of the southern alumni. Art and Mike Carmody have already declared they will be on hand even if they do have to let the Louisiana branch of the

Standard Oil Co. go to pieces for a few days. Of course the Newnings and the hosts of other alumni who are in that section of the country will also be on hand when the whistle blows, and will enjoy their annual chance to see a real team in action.

### Safety Valve.

THREE SHOTS AT MIDNIGHT.  
OR  
OUR NEW BABY.  
(In one act—which is plenty.)  
A DRAMA

By Miss Vera Chique.

The stage is set as a drawing-room (polite for parlor), but the audience cannot see it because the stage is dark. A faint thump is heard as though someone had carelessly knocked over the grand piano.

Loud Voice Without (*Just like Shakespeare*):—"Say, who the Hullies' down there?"

Answer:—"Oh, only a burglar."

V.:—"Well for the love of Mike's Quick and Cheap don't be so noisy about it."

A.:—"Oh shux, I didn't mean tuh wake yuh up. They ain't no use gettin' so peeved about it."

V.:—"Well, now that I'm up is there anything I can do for you?"

A.:—"You might open th' safe if yuh don't mind. It'd save me a lot of trouble."

(The Owner of the Voice comes on the stage.)

O. V.:—"You burglars are too all-fired noisy. You're gettin' to be a nuisance."

(He goes over and works on the safe. The clock on the mantel strikes 8. It is three o'clock.)

Burglar:—"Purty warm tuhday, wa'nt it?"

O. V.:—"Tolerable. (Still peeved).

(When the safe is opened the burglar goes over and helps himself to the contents.)

O. V.:—"Couldn't I get you a bag or somethin'?"

B.:—"Oh, no, thanks. I guess I can manage it all."

(Burglar prepares to depart.)

O. V.:—"Close the door after you. Sumbuddy might come in!"

*CURTAIN as quickly as possible.*

\*\*\*

In the last Niles-Carroll game someone was heard to remark, "Sometimes a head linesman is a pinhead linesman."

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### A DISCOVERY.

"The longer we live, the older we become."—*Freshman English Paper.*

\*\*\*

When the first snow-storm arrived the South American students, who are spending their first winter here, filled their pockets with snow, and some of them sent home little packages of it.

\*\*\*

The funniest part of the Student Vaudeville occurred behind the scenes when two well built fellows braced themselves against each other and pulled their mightiest in an endeavor to lace Austin McNichols' corset.

When last seen the two were perspiring like fountains and Mc had that I'll-never-go-through-it expression on his face.

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### FIRST ROUND.

"Yes, my name is Harold; and your name?"

"Why, Geraldine."

"O, Geraldine!"

"O, Harold!"

As they break away the gong rings and they go back to their corners.

\*\*\*

In Walsh Hall the other night Muggs Ryan, as Virginia, and Ralph Mills, as Reginald, were practicing for the next Vaudeville show. We overheard the following:

Virginia:—"Will you marry me?"

Reginald:—"Surely I will, why not?"

V.:—"But you don't know me."

R.:—"How could I, I never met you before."

V.:—"But you can't tell whether or not I would suit you—suppose we quarreled?"

R.:—"I assure you it wouldn't bother me a bit, I'm used to quarrelling."

V.:—"But a life that is not happy and peaceful is simply a burden."

R.:—"Why shouldn't it be?"

V.:—"But certainly you wouldn't want to be miserable all your life."

R.:—"Neither would you."

V.:—"But you don't understand me—I couldn't think of being your life companion unless our hearts were knit as one."

R.:—"But I assure you our hearts are "nit" as one."

(Then the prefect appeared and Virginia took the Count.)

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Now that we've had our first snow-storm it's time for the freshmen to begin writing about this "white mantle" that covers earth.

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DEAR EDITOR:—

I am a bright, intelligent boy of sixteen with the loveliest hair and the most piercing eyes and my cheeks are like two peach drops. Last Sunday I was introduced to a young lady who is simply divine. She really doesn't belong on this sordid earth at all, being as spotless as a snowflake and as queenly as an angel. I looked into her eyes and I know the fire was kindled in both our hearts instantaneously. To-day that fire has flamed till it almost consumed me. What shall I do? My weekly allowance from home is only fifty cents and surely I cannot take her anywhere on that. If I took her to dinner the food should be of the choicest quality for this rare being who breathes a finer air than we. What shall I do, what can I do?

Heartbroken, CORBY HALL.

DEAR HEARTBROKEN:—

We would advise you to take this rare being to Mike's and give her a big dinner of cornbeef and cabbage—the greasier the cabbage, the better. See to it that she doesn't eat with her knife and under no circumstances allow her to take her teeth out at the table.—*Ed.*