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The Birds of Thought.

BY SPEER STRAHAN.

When comes the dawn-hour of these wrackful days,
My thoughts like fledglings take the skies in flight,
Troubling the quiet blue of your north ways,—
Their trembling wings tipped with a silver light.
Not as those other throngs that crowd your woods
And hover and sing among your poplar trees,
Spilling accustomed music in full floods
Of lyric sweetness on an April breeze.
For though the boughs be bare and woodlands dim,
The young birds of my thoughts seek not the south,
But at your windows chant a morning hymn,
A bough of blessing in each golden mouth.
And when the snows fall heavy from your skies,
My thoughts find spring and summer in your eyes.

Parker's "The Right of Way."

BY EUGENE MCBRIDE.

ORESTES BROWNSON, seventy years ago, had the following to say regarding the Catholic novel: "Catholic books must be attractive, and in some degree adapted to the prevailing taste, or they will not be read by those for whom they are most especially prepared; and must be moral, Catholic in tone and influence, or they will not be preferable to the literature it is hoped they will supersede."

This advice from the most notable figure in American Catholic literature is just as good today as it was in his own time. The purpose of the Catholic novel is to give to the whole American public a moral instructive book, containing enough of the enjoyable element to attract the mind of that public away from the immoral and sentimental trash of the day. This seems, at first, to be a simple requirement, but the author who succeeds in fulfilling it will bring fame and

fortune to himself, and moreover, will produce the first, true, American Catholic novel. A great fallacy among Catholic authors is the belief that the mere introduction of a Catholic character into a story makes it a true study of Catholic life. So, every year brings forth its quota of absolutely holy, but on the other hand, absolutely inane heroes and heroines. Automaton priests and beautiful wax studies of nuns are inserted in most books of this type, for the purpose of giving a tinge of Catholicity to the story, but this tinge is usually an appendage and not a vital part of the story. Every day, real, self-sacrificing priests and devoted sisters are giving up their lives in humanity's service; the Catholic public, attacked and bitterly maligned, is making the noblest stand in history, against the world-wide wave of paganism. The Catholic Church is the one voice raised in protest; the last barricade against the corruption of the world. The times are such as to inspire the weakling to herculean effort, and the man of little genius to become immortal, and still the voice of the Church is mute. Its literature, in America at least, pursues the same course that it has pursued from the beginning. Catholic poets there are in profusion, and the most of their work is good, but Catholic novelists are few and their work but mediocre. The same ancient piety and the same wooden people that characterized the Catholic novels of Brownson's day are still a part of American Catholic literature. The younger generation must read; for this is a reading age, and, not finding reading to their taste in Catholic fiction, seek for it among the works of McCutcheon, Chambers, Morris, and a host of other sex-mongers. It is time that the voice of the Catholic be heard in American literature as well as in Economics and Ethics; time that the Catholic novelist break the fetters that have hampered his predecessors for a hundred years and produce a novel that will drag the younger Catholic generation away from the disgusting

triangle, the sickly sentiment of the day, and fill its mind with nobler, higher thoughts.

It is to be marvelled at that a Protestant novelist first saw the possibilities of a study of American Catholic life and made it the basis of a novel that will last when all the rest of his books are forgotten. Gilbert Parker, a non-Catholic author, brought up amid the bigotry and prejudice of "priest-ridden Canada" chose for the background of "The Right of Way," a little Catholic village in that country, and for his characters the Catholic French Canadians whom he had studied with interest. The most appealing of these characters are a Catholic priest who is really flesh and blood, and a Catholic woman who stands forth from the present-day army of painted, sickly heroines, as the most ideal that the pen of an American author has ever sketched.

M. Loisel, the Curé of the little village of Chaudiere is a true Catholic priest; educated, quiet, sincere and lovable. His very simplicity appeals to us from the start. When the hero of the book, Steele, the atheist, attempts to thank him for caring for him during his dangerous illness, the Curé's answer is characteristic of him:

"'I was a stranger and ye took me in,' said the Curé, smiling, by no means sentimentally. 'So said the Friend of the World.'"

"Charlie looked the Curé steadily in the eyes. He was thinking how simply this man said these things; as if, indeed, they were a part of his life, not an acquired language. He had seen familiarity with sacred names in the uneducated, in excited revivalists—but he had never heard an educated man speak as this one did."

Is not this simplicity of belief, this familiarity with things divine that is the most beautiful thing in Catholic life? All through the book, the *habitants* act and speak in this way. Their God is a living, personal force with them, not a far away dream. This simplicity is one of the many things that the Catholic novelist has failed, not to see, but to tell. So familiar is he with Catholics and Catholic belief, that the most wonderful things in their lives seem to him to be not worth the telling, but the Protestant, seeing from the outside, notes this simplicity, and a host of other things, that the Catholic author never considers in the least interesting.

Parker wrote "The Right of Way" from the standpoint of an admiring Protestant, yet the general tone of the book is Catholic. Like all

Protestants, he was impressed with the sweetness and purity of Catholic women, and so, when he wished to portray his ideal—to draw a woman pure and good—it was to a little Catholic village he went to find the fairest of all American heroines—Rosalie Evanturel. She is the postmistress of the village and is loved for her goodness by all, from the oldest to the youngest. Her love for Steele is not of the popular, modern sentimental variety; she is not rewarded by marriage in the end, to live happily ever after. Her lover dies, and she devotes her life to the service of the afflicted and to the care of the aged Curé, taking all her solace from the knowledge that the man she loved had died, fortified by the sacraments, and that his life, a failure at first had been given in the service of the little village. The story of her life is hardly one which would crowd a moving-picture theatre or sell by the thousand to the hordes in search of popular reading, but to the man who likes to think as he reads, it is one that will inspire and uplift. Rosalie is not the habitual Catholic usually described by the Protestant author, who makes the sign of the cross on every page and turns out to be no Catholic at all. Her every action is Catholic, and her love of God and the Church is even higher than that she bears her lover (an unpardonable sin in the modern popular novel). If a Catholic author, possessing the talent of Parker could have conceived Rosalie, a real Catholic novel would have resulted, and probably another Evangeline would have been added to our literature.

The hero of the book is an atheist. It seems that Protestant authors must always run to the sad, somewhere in every book. The dry, cold questioning of "Beauty" Steele, the agnostic, is expressive of most good Protestant literature. Parker expresses this best in a poem of the hero's:

"Star-drifts that glimmer
Dimmer and dimmer,
What do ye know of my weal or my woe?
Was I born under
The sun or the thunder?
What do I come from? and where do I go?"

In the love of Rosalie and in the devotion of a Catholic priest to his little flock, Steele, the blasphemer, finds an answer to all his perplexing questions and becomes, at the end, Steele the Catholic. No miracle is worked to bring this about; the conquering of his unbelief and

melancholy is slowly and wonderfully described by the author. After finishing the story, we feel that we have been living, rather than watching, the man's life. "Beauty" Steele, insulting, blasphemous and unappealing at the start does not surprise us in the least by becoming finally, Steele the chastened, resigned and lovable. He dies, a martyr, for the sake of the Church of the little town. On his death-bed after being received into the Church, he rises on one arm and, in his delirium speaks to the phantom shapes that pass before him. One figure he fails to recognize, and fumbles at his breast for his eyeglass, the badge of the old, inquisitive "Beauty" Steele.

"I beg your pardon," he whispers to the phantom, "have I ever been introduced to you?"

"At the hour of your birth, my son," replies the Curé, holding the cross before the eyes of the dying man.

There are innumerable descriptions of Catholic death-beds in our Catholic literature, but where has there ever been one described so beautifully as this? The impression it gives us is one with that left after the reading of that most famous poem of Francis Thompson:

Halts by me that footfall—
Is my gloom, after all,
Shade of his hand, outstretched caressingly?
Ah, fondest, blindest, weakest,
I am he whom thou seekest.
Thou dravest love from thee who dravest me.

A Catholic who reads "The Right of Way" will be a better Catholic for having read it. A Protestant who reads it will think, and lay aside his bigotry. Is this not the purpose of the Catholic novel; to amuse the Catholic with a clean, helpful story and to instruct the Protestant in true Catholicity?

Let the Catholic author plead no longer that clean, moral novels are not wanted, and that the greater mass of the reading public is corrupt. "The Right of Way" has none of the objectionable features of the usual popular novel, and yet it compels interest and *sells*, even to Protestants. It is a pleasant and highly interesting study of Catholic people and spirit; a study that has been sold by the thousands in all the English-speaking countries. Is it not astonishing that, out of the large number of American Catholic authors, each one of whom knows Catholics and Catholic spirit better than Gilbert Parker, there has never been one who produced a novel that could equal the sale of

this book, even among Catholics themselves!

The Catholic writer weeps at the lack of appreciation shown his work by the people of his own faith, and winces at their criticism. No Catholic critic ever criticises our literature in order to shame it before the world, but rather to point out its faults, congratulate where congratulations are due and to encourage these high-minded, talented men and women to better things; to tell them that a book may be Catholic in what it leaves out as well as what it puts in; to plead for fewer sermons and more solid enjoyment of the moral kind; to ask for a novel that will divert the attention of the public from the trash of the day. The inspiration for such a novel should be easy to find at a time when the Church is making the noblest stand in its history. There are many things besides the life of a French Canadian village to afford material for a true Catholic book. There are other Rosalie Evanturels and other priests as appealing as the Curé Loisel. Every day they pass under the eyes of the Catholic novelist. Failing to see them, he can have no just case against the Catholic reader who seeks his entertainment in the more attractive, if cheaper, literature of unmoral writers. Then, too, the lust for gold has called a large number of the better class of Catholic writers away from true, honest endeavor in writing. Despairing of ever pleasing the public with a real Catholic book they have forsaken all their ideals and begun to write trash themselves. Most prominent among this latter class is Frank H. Spearman whose recent contribution, "Nan of Music Mountain" can be classed only among the better class of trash. He is a Catholic author of rare endowments who refuses to sound the depths of his genius because he fears it will not pay. Like his brother artists of the pen, he sees only the veneer of life and has failed to write one story of the type which we have the right to demand from a Catholic author of talent. This is true of a host of others. Spearman is only an example of a large class.

One of the most beautiful bits of description in Parker's masterpiece is that of the atheist and drunkard, Steele, when he looks upon the little village of Chaudiere from the hut of his friend on Vaudrome mountain, down to "Where the village clustered around the great old parish church; the smoke rising from a hundred chimneys, straight up on the windless air; over all a peace, a perfect silence. Charlie

stood, with his eyeglass in his hand, looking out upon a new world." There is smoke rising from a thousand peaceful Catholic parishes throughout the land, every day. There is the same number of Rosalie Evanturels going about in those parishes, performing daily works of goodness and mercy. There is a legion of devoted priests making the world better by their presence in it. There is a larger body of Catholic men and women, faithful and lovable as the people of Chaudiere, living, in a corrupt world, peaceful and God-fearing-lives, and dying every day, unhonored and unsung. The Catholic novelist sees it all and asks for inspiration. He looks out upon the great panorama of Catholic life, as did Steele upon the village of Chaudiere blinded to the glory of it all. He sits down and writes "Nan of Music Mountain" or produces a dry sermon on Catholicity which the publishers kindly term "a novel." A Protestant author has shamed them all in a book written sixteen years ago.

Let the talented Catholic authors now writing nonsense cease to attempt to please the fleeting fancy of a sex-mad public, and strive to contribute to our literature that which is sweet, wholesome and true. Let the high-minded Catholic author cease to write theological treatises and aim to please as well as to instruct. Doing this, and taking the charm and interest of the "Right of Way" for their guide, they may write that which a hundred years of the greatest opportunity has failed to inspire. In the substitution of the retiring and holy feminine character for the popular light and frivolous one; in the choosing of a pious, but interesting background for his heroine; in the making popular of that which is sweet and uplifting, a Protestant author has blazed the trail for the unwritten American Catholic novel.

Look Who's Here.

Hello there, dear Miss Autumn,
I see you're back in town,
Still wearing last year's costume
With color scheme of brown.

You've chased away Miss Summer
With one frost-laden kiss,
And earned a greeting, Autumn,
When you accomplished this.

You say you're glad to see us,
Will stay a week or two?
You're mighty welcome, Autumn,
We always Fall for you!

L. B.

The Call of the City.

BY JOHN SHEA.

John Arnold stood before the window, gazing out over the barren fields, their ugliness softened by the moonlight. At last he was free. Downstairs, watched by a few old friends and neighbors, reposed the body of his mother. To-morrow she would be buried—and then he would be able to use his freedom, to realize his boyhood dream, to go down into the mysterious city and after learning its ways, to amass power and wealth in the marts of the world.

For years he had cherished the dream of some day leaving the farm and going out into the world of commerce and exchange. Till now he had been held back by her who now lay in the coffin downstairs. She had been loath to leave the place which had been the scene of her young wifehood, the birth of her son, and the bitter, long years of her widowhood. For her sake he had let himself be hampered, toiling long hours to make a bare living for the two of them. Well, that was all over now. Greely had offered him four thousand cash for the farm; to-morrow he'd sell it and go to the city. He knew a big broker there, one of the strongest men on the street, Jarvis Hemmingway, who had spent part of the previous summer at Fairport, the village near the Arnold's home. The two men had grown friendly during the broker's stay in the village, and Hemmingway would give him a position where he could learn the business. By George! he'd do it. He'd sell the farm at once, and see Hemmingway as soon as possible. Abruptly he turned and went to resume his vigil beside the body of his mother.

"Who is he, John?" asked the broker turning the card in his hands. "John Arnold," h'm, don't seem to know him. Ever see him before, John?"

"Can't say I have, sir," replied the other. "Seems to be a quiet sort of a chap from out of town."

"Well, show him in," decided Hemmingway, for he was the broker.

Upon John's entrance the broker at once recognized his friend of the summer before. After a short talk, Arnold plunged into the subject in this manner:

"Mr. Hemmingway, I've come to you for a

position. I want to know your business and I'll be willing to start in on any salary you suggest and work up. How about it? Can you do anything for me?"

"Well," said the broker, leaning back in his chair, "if you were going to a school, you'd have to pay tuition, wouldn't you? Of course, you would. So if you want to learn the business here, it'll cost you, say—ten dollars a week until you're worth more than that to me. Do you accept?"

Arnold at once signified his desire to work on any terms, and was told to report next morning.

For four years he worked earnestly, mastering each detail of the business. For nearly half the time, he had paid Hemmingway for the privilege, but he was now drawing a respectable salary. And he had learned the business, too, from the "uptown office," located in a fashionable hotel, the expense account of whose manager was more for one day than Arnold's salary for a month. He had saved his money, too, and with what he had been able to preserve from the proceeds of the farm, he had made several "deals" which had almost tripled his small fortune.

Then he became Hemmingway's secretary, and in this new position was able to get "tips" and advice from Hemmingway so that in a few years the president of the bank, where he had deposited his funds, began to look upon him in a friendly manner and to call him John. When a bank president does that, it is a safe bet that the bank account of the recipient of these marked favors runs well into six figures. After a few years, however, Arnold decided to branch out for himself, and soon "The John Arnold Company" was one of the best-known young traders on the street.

For some years, all went well and Arnold amassed wealth quickly. He took care of the social end of the business himself, and soon "Mr. Arnold, sir" was known to every head-waiter, taxi-starter and bar-tender from Columbus Circle to Forty-Second Street. He was having a wonderful time, for after his years of self-denial, the life he led gave him as much pleasure as it did his youngest out-of-town customer.

His bank balance rose steadily, and he began to be favorably noticed by the large traders on the street. Then the blow fell. War was declared in Europe and millions of dollars in

American securities were dumped upon the market before the stock-exchanges could be closed. Hundreds of firms failed, among them, Hemmingway and Company, whom all traders had thought were as secure as the National City Bank. The fall of Hemmingway, like that of Sampson, brought many smaller firms crashing about his shoulders. Arnold's company, which was heavily involved with Hemmingway's, fell among the rest.

When everything was settled, Arnold found that his fortune had shrunk to about three or four thousand dollars. The city is jealous and does not like her slaves to carry away money made under her protecting wing. She had sucked in Arnold with thousands of others, nourished him, gave him wealth and power and then suddenly, she had stripped him, leaving him exactly as he had been when he had answered her call.

A few days convinced Arnold that there was nothing in the city for him. In his chosen profession, hundreds of better men than he, were out of work, living on their savings, or worse yet, tramping the streets and living where they could. Well, the city held nothing for him. He was too old to learn a new profession and it would be years before he could work back into his former position on the Exchange. He would go back to the country, buy back the old farm. By George! He wondered who owned it now. And Fairport, had it changed much? Yes, it had been—let me see, twelve—no, thirteen years since he had been there. Well, he would go back to-morrow, buy the old farm and try to make a living as his father had before him. He switched off the lights and crept into bed.

Well, the old town hadn't changed much, booster circulars and popular song writers to the contrary. Of course Main Street was paved and the hitching-racks in front of the stores and around the court-house had disappeared, but many of the buildings were the same. Anyway it certainly looked good, thought the quietly-dressed elderly man, who had alighted from the "West Indian Express" at the border village of Fairport, Pennsylvania, a short time before.

The stranger inquired for a real estate office and after some conversation and the exchange of a New York bank draft, John Arnold found himself once more in possession of his former home. He had been able to buy it easily, for the war had raised fertilizer prices and the

soil was nearly exhausted, requiring greater amount each year. Rotation of crops was unheard of in this little, old-fashioned, Dutch village.

For over a year Arnold labored mightily, striving to make the soil yield a living for him and struggling against debt and lack of capital. Then once more Fortune smiled upon him. Oil was discovered in the neighborhood of his farm, and Arnold sold his land to a Philadelphia syndicate for \$125,000 cash and a royalty on every barrel of oil the ground produced. Again he had wealth and the other things would soon come.

Once more John Arnold stood gazing over the fields. The moonlight was the same, but the stench of crude oil had replaced the smell of the clover, and where the corn and wheat once rustled with the wind, nothing was to be seen but the tall, shadowy forms of the oil derricks.

Again he was debating with himself the question that he had debated years ago in that same room and before that same window. What would he do now? Should he return to his old haunts and renew his old acquaintances, basking in the servile smiles and tip-seeking cringes of doormen and head-waiters? No, he was through with the city. She had welcomed him when he had a wealth of virility, ideas and energy. She had taken these and in return had cast him off, equipped as he had been upon his entrance. The country had welcomed him back; disregarding his failure and broken fortunes and had in one short year, given him more than the city, after years of siege, had yielded. No, he would not leave the country but would invest his money in Fairport, and start some industry that would help the town that had befriended him. He blew out the lamp and crept into bed.

Plato.

BY HUGH WALKER.

Plato is by far the greatest thinker of all times. His mind was the most original and profound that history records; so original that almost all the branches in human wisdom can be traced back to him; he was the founder of them all. His profundity was so deep that all the thinkers and philosophers since his time have not been able to add anything really new to what he had not only thought out and system-

atized, but also left to posterity in writings that are still the marvel of the world. It is on this account that the compliment, "Burn the libraries, for their worth is in these works," is justly paid to the mighty man of antiquity, Plato.

Out of Plato come all things that are still written; discussed, and taught in philosophy among men of learning. When reading Plato, even in mere approximate translations into the vernacular, we are struck with the modern and even common thoughts to which he gave expression, but expression which a poet might envy for concreteness and force.

Plato is often referred to as the idealist in opposition to the realists. But it was he who first came to a definite and almost Christian view concerning the Deity, and the relation of God with the world. He argued that since the Supreme Ordainer was essentially good in His being and operations, there was no envy in Him. Exempt from envy He wished all things should be as much as possible perfect like Himself.

The style Plato employed in his renowned dialogues, is considered a model which caused the ancients, that admired him, to exclaim, "If Zeus should descend to the earth, he would speak in the style of Plato." There is in the philosopher such an air of seriousness and even earnestness that it rises, as in the "Republic and in Phaedo" to genuine piety. He had a natural reverence for justice and honor, and for humanity at large such a sincere regard that he respected with certain tenderness, the very superstitions of the people. When things about him went unluckily he spoke of the Fates and their shears. Pain in the individual was for him an expression of the penal metempsychosis by which he reasoned that the soul in pain had had a previous existence that was not guiltless. The acquisition of knowledge was only a sort of memory or remembrance of things known in the previous existence. But in all his thinking he is complete, finished before he brings it to the reader. As a writer he is a literary master. He uses all the weapons of rhetoric and debating: analysis, story, poetry or poetic expression, intuition, satire and irony down to jests and customary polite speech. Even in giving nicknames, appropriate and expressive, no orator can surpass him.

Like a true Greek, Plato observes moderation even in his most elevated style. Proportion and harmony are the traits that distinguish

his compositions as they do the works of art left to us from that olden time. For this reason he never writes in rapture or ecstasy, nor does he allow his poetic genius to lift him above reason. Though artistic in his mode of writing he was at the same time scientific. Exact and discerning in thought, he was likewise exact in expression.

The first great school of philosophy Plato founded in the grove "Akademos," where seekers for truth gathered about him and soon caused that form of composition to be employed known as the "dialogues." The "Phaedo" and "Symposium" are universally regarded as works of art, and the "Republic" is even more successful. With the exception of the "Apology" of Socrates, all of Plato's writings took the form of dialogues, but in the "Laws" and "Timaeus" they form only a scheme in which he sets his lectures; for in most parts Socrates leads the conversation and it is in his mouth that Plato puts his own ideas. The dialogues that are thought to be genuinely Platonic, are "Crito," "Lysis," "Euthyphro," "Laches," "Charmides," "Alcibiades" and "Hippias Minor," and of those written to establish his position regarding the sophistic doctrines are: "Protagoras," "Gorgias," "Meno," "Cratylus," "Theaetetus," and the main works which presented his own ideas and conclusions to the best advantage are such as his "Laws," "Philebus," "Sophist" and "Politicus," including those already referred to in connection with the "Republic."

From these citations it is possible to form an estimate of the extent of Plato's thoughts and activities. There are upwards of forty-two dialogues attributed to him, most of which are extant. The range of his writings is illimitable; he touches both the high and low in the scale of human thought.

Quatrains.

LEAFAGE.

Gone is Spring with bird and bloom,
And gone is fair Summer too;
Yet goldenly a sunset loom
Weaves Autumn's vestural hue.

Francis Butler.

PALS.

A lady fair, a cloud of hair,
Then trip the light fantastic;
But feeling blue? the dame for you
Is old N. D.'s SCHOLASTIC.

J. G. Wallace.

THE HOUSE OF DEATH.

Death and a flutter of Autumn leaves
Against the sad, gray evening blue;
The swallows gone from under the eaves—
And life and love from the eyes of you.

Thomas Healy.

HOME.

A poster here, a picture there,
Strung up in fiendish glee.
A bed, a desk, a pile of clothes,—
A student's room, you see.

Everett A. Blackman.

FROM MISSOURI.

Wise men say the world is round,
And that we're spinning fast;
But can you see a single thing
That we go flying past?

W. M. Allison.

A PROBLEM.

A thought aesthetic pierced my brow,
Then fled again like some faint call,
'Twas this:—"Will some one tell me why,
Is English taught in Science Hall?"

R. McAuliffe.

'T WAS EVER THUS.

The summer vacation is over,
We're back again at the grind,
And we sit at our books and ponder
On the girl that we left behind.

Philip J. Snyder.

VARIETY.

The sun was sinking in the west,
You've seen that line somewhere before?
Well, I'll be different from the rest
And stop, before I write you more.

J. Cavanaugh.

REGRETS.

Our long vacation now is o'er,
And to our lessons we must look;
But oh, we miss our friends of yore
And meals that mother used to cook.

Hugh Lavery.

"A NEW ELEMENT."

Some H₂O in our Chemical lab,—
'Tis true but sad to tell;—
Carried about the P₂O
And burned things all ₂L.

Donald Smith.

FRIENDS.

I gaze into the jewelled skies,
And glistening there, I see
The diamond stars,—those angels' eyes
That sweetly smile on me.

B. Owen.

DAY DREAMS.

I dream of meadows, brooks and fields,
Of woodland ways we've wandered through
At purple eve whose stars abeam
Were eyes, my summer girl, of you.

H. L. Leslie.

CONVIVIMUS.

How now close tight and bolt the door of love,
 Forswear your kindliness and goodly might?
 Shall not we share with each our Precious Treasure,
 And lift the latch to sup with our Delight?

James McDonald.

A DEMOCRAT.

Now Woodrow Wilson steers the boat,
 While Justice Hughes slings 'con';
 But after we have cast our vote
 Our Woodrow will steer on.

W. Walker.

A REPUBLICAN.

Now doesn't Woodrow *rock* the boat?
 And the Justice cry "Sit down!"
 But when we come to cast our vote
 We'll let poor Woodrow drown.

G. O. P.

THE-TOWER.

Across St Mary's Lake so still
 The evening shadows creep
 To kiss the ivy-mantled tower
 In which the swallows sleep.

B. X.

As Others See Us.

BY CHARLES A. GRIMES.

Two horse-car lines are yet known to thrive
 in the marts of civilization in our Eastern states.
 In Manhattan there is one running down around
 the Battery to the Desplaines St. ferry. The
 other is a misplaced Hill St. line located on a
 twelve-mile-square stranded deep sea dune which
 transportation companies and enthusiastic hotel
 managers call, "Block Island, New England's
 most delightful watering place."

Now Block Island is approximately twenty-
 five miles from the "four hundred's" Newport;
 from the workingman's Newport where the
 steamers Pontiac and Warwick drop off and
 take on their "twenty-five-cents-a-round
 trip" excursionists from Providence, twenty-
 seven miles.

On Block Island there are hotels situated on
 the bluffs, half a mile from the bathing beach.
 On the bluffs a horse-car leaves for the beach
 every half hour. And on the horse-car the
 fastidious who prefer not to hike in bathing
 suits, add a bathrobe to the accoutrements and
 ride back and forth from beach to hotels.

On said horse-car one sizzling hot day late
 in July our story begins.

The afternoon dip in the surf was over and
 youths and maidens were drifting hotelwards.

Ephraim Champlin pulled the cowbell also
 the reins on his two ancients, Barney and Mike,
 and they held up.

A dozen sunburned males and females de-
 posited their nickels with "Eph" and boarded
 the car. Eph banged the cowbell and Barney
 and Mike started up New Shoreham road.

Harrison Fisher might have chosen one of
 the girls aboard as an ideal type of a summer
 girl, but the ordinary Mr. Mortal would say
 simply that they all either left their good looks
 in the hotel boudoirs or had them washed off
 in bathing. As to the young men, no one
 would ever mistake them for athletes. But
 feminine beauty and masculine physical fitness
 are matters of minor consideration when flirta-
 tions commence. And flirtations commenced
 promptly on that trip. How? Oh, well! just
 how, is something difficult to describe, but
 "Eph's" passengers did flirt anyway.

"Nifty costume," Fred said of Margie's
 bathrobe.

"Fresh!" Margie retorted but didn't mean
 it.

Whereupon the flirting began in earnest.
 The summer girls wearing their hearts where
 they didn't belong, lost them, so Fred and the
 other boys believed.

Strange things happened; the girls were all
 from the West, so they said. Elsie and Rose
 were co-eds at Wisconsin U., Margie and Helen
 were daughters of a Nebraska merchant. They
 knew the State University was in Lincoln and
 had seen William Grapejuice Bryan, but when
 questioned further about the Cornhusker State,
 they warily switched the conversation to other
 topics. Dorothy had been attending the New
 England Conservatory of Music in Boston;
 Annette was a tutor for a wealthy Chicagoan's
 son, and Mary,—well, there's always one bash-
 ful miss in a crowd.

The boys were all giants in the industrial
 world. Harry, Fred and Jack were "high
 Jacks" with the biggest auto agencies in Provi-
 dence. Bob was assistant-superintendent of a
 Woonsocket gun cotton factory and Tom,
 general manager of the great Haliday Grocery
 Co. of Providence. Big positions for young men!
 But the ladies doubted not their word and
 "swallowed" all. Ditto for the boys.

"You all stopping here, too?" the girl
 chimed as "Eph" pulled up the horses in front
 of the New American.

"Righto," Fred chirped for the boys.

Here, let us confine our attention temporarily to Helen and Tom.

We saw them last going into the hotel to change their bathing paraphernalia. The change completed we now behold Helen lounging in a wicker rocker and Tom stretching awkwardly but intently beside her on the "New American" veranda.

"Beautiful weather," proffered Tom.

"Adorable," Helen agreed and from weather to boating and dancing they chatted on till first call for supper.

Supper over the couple strolled along the beach and wished for the beautiful moonlight. Gradually they drifted back to the "New American" veranda where dancing was already in full swing. Tom marvelled at Helen's fairy steps and Helen proclaimed Tom to be a "just wonderful dancer."

Thus the days went on, and what went on besides the days between our romantic friends, need not be chronicled. No wild stretch of imagination is needed to guess.

Suffice it to say that the full moon came Thursday evening. The subsequent moon tide came with it, which meant there would be no beach walking. Dancing was substituted.

How the remainder of the week was spent matters little. Life on the Island at best is dull unless a fellow gets real reckless and spend his money at the movies, and on Coca Colas. Tom spent most of his money on and most of his time with Helen.

Sunday afternoon came as did the end of Tom's vacation. He and the boys packed up and reluctantly rushed aboard the "Mount Hope" when the gangplank was about to be drawn in. As that good ship steamed out into the sea Tom saw fluttering handkerchiefs bidding good-byes from the girls who were to have another week's stay at the "New American."

Cutting butter in the creamery department of the Halliday Gracery Co., Tom was back on his old job two minutes before eight Monday morning.

For a week we heard nothing from him save chatter about his beautiful Helen Clarke of Nebraska. It was a case of being smitten and being smitten badly. Every day our Thomas dropped cards to his Helen and one night we observed him pounding overtime for three hours on a typewriter in C. C. Haliday's own private sanctum. Typing the letter meant, a

little prestige Tom thought, for now he had to make good his Block Island assertion. He told Helen he was general manager, whereas his ambitions had not lifted him to that eminence yet. For the present he had to content himself with the knowledge that he was one of the Haliday Company's two hundred \$15 a week counter clerks. But Helen would never know this, he'd continue the bluff.

Whether Tom raved on or not we know not. Making our way back to the campus early we had almost forgotten Tom and his little affair.

A letter recently received however, brought up past memories. Tom writes:

DEAR ED:—

Since I saw you last, things have been happening. To begin with, be sure and plan to come home Christmas. Yes, you guessed it, I got a raise in my weekly that makes me perk up and besides "C. C." has placed me in charge of the creamery dept., sort of a department manager now, you know. And say, Ed, what do you know? I got a big disappointment in that little affair at Block Island. Let me explain.

Four weeks ago "C. C." sent me out by chance one afternoon to a wholesale house on business. Whom did I bump into right in the office, plugging away over a set of books but my old friend Helen. Shades of Beatrice Fairfax! My hopes were shattered. But she explained. Her name was Helen Flynn and not Helen Clarke. I told her what my position was and we laughed together. It was a good joke. She believed me and I believed her and yet we live in the same city and had not met until July.

I've been going up to Blackstone Ave. a good deal since then and have met all the other "westerners." They live on the west side. Margie is a telephone operator, Elsie and Rose are salesgirls in Shepard's, Annette is a manicurist, while Mary is engaged to your old friend Bob Norton. Jack and the rest of the boys are in on the joke now and whenever Jack can get old Maynard's car some of the crowd go a'sporting.

And I, well Ed, I'll let you in on something that won't be known till the announcement comes out next Tuesday. Helen and I are to do the honors early in January.

Rather hasty decision, but Eddie boy, we're going to be happy. Have the flat over on East Sheldon selected already.

Hope you will be home for the occasion.

TOM.

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L. OCTOBER 7, 1916 No. 3.

—The yearly recurrence of Founder's Day, October 13, brings with it reflections that ought to stimulate the student of Founder's Day. Notre Dame to more energetic efforts. It reminds him that Notre Dame and the advantages it offers the young men of America are the direct fruit of personal sacrifice and a sturdy faith in God. The narrative of Father Sorin's life is the story of a warrior who, armed with the sword of the Spirit and the buckler of Catholic faith, fought difficulty and trial that would have defeated a heart less bold. With persevering labor he builded a university which he hoped would be a fortress against ignorance and irreligion, and from its rampart he flung wide the banner of Catholic faith. Trained in that school, with the example of its Founder as a lamp to his feet, the student of Notre Dame should bear into the world, not only a mind rich with the treasures of knowledge, but a will to live out in his daily life the sacred teaching which the example of the Founder has left him as a precious inheritance.

—Practice in public speaking should be an important phase of a college man's work. To the future lawyer, particularly, but not to him alone, there should be in this Oratorical activity an effective appeal. The Contest. public speaker is demanded in every station of life. The engineer, the scientist, the merchant, as well as the legal profession need and seek the man who has a message to deliver and who is capable of delivering it forcefully and effectively. The possession of self-confidence in addressing an audience, the power of cogently transmitting convictions, come only with application. The opportunity of developing this confidence and this power is afforded every Notre Dame man in the Breen Oratorical contest to be held in December.

Now is the time to prepare the orations for that contest.

It is open to every collegiate student. Let him choose a subject in which he feels a special interest, a subject, too, that will be of interest to an audience. Let him begin his work to-day. Whether or not he becomes the representative of Notre Dame in the State Oratorical Contest depends primarily upon his industry. If he do not achieve the prize, he will find sufficient recompense for his hours of labor, in the broad and thorough knowledge of the subject he has acquired and in the experience he has gained. Experience plays a very large part in developing the public speaker. Let the collegiate man get it here. The Breen Medal may be his reward.

—The poor we have always with us, likewise the student who is his own official press-agent, the man who scores from first on a sacrifice hit.

And not seldom, too, there is with Intellectual us the personification of a subtler Vanity. form of conceit, intellectual vanity.

One does not refer to those well-meaning persons who hang out their intellectual purples and linens to air in public courtyards. It is said that even Solomon, when he had completed his treatise on vanity, was pleased with his work. This vanity, if such it be, is only mildly depressing: a more detestable form of it is found in the mind which never has rightly understood the quiet modesty of culture. Such a person is found not only out of college. Often he registers in advanced classes. Intellectually a *nouveau riche*, he is at the same time a potential cad. By him, taste in art, music, philosophy, and, above all, literature habitually connote mental derangement. In his bombastic judgment profundity is confused with vagueness, yet unwittingly his little mind pays homage to the master by its failure to appreciate true greatness. Hamlet's "robustious periwig-pated fellow" offends one less than this arrant braggart, brayishly splitting the ears of the groundlings. Be men: show that you possess an intellect. Realize the precious heritage that has come down to you in literature. The floods of the centuries have lifted up their voice and borne down to your feet these treasures of the ages. In the classics are contained the best thoughts and the highest desires of all time. Their existence is a proof of the longing of an exiled mankind after perfection. Hear blind

Homer singing the sorrowful wanderings of a great hero. How his heart would have leaped, and above the strings his song have suddenly trembled into silence, could he for one instant have glimpsed the scarlet glory of the Cross. If you will, follow Dante through the "Divine Comedy," for it is a comedy of high mirth and immortal beauty,—and see how he has gathered together the loves of all antiquity, and lo! all are as but a candle to Him whose beauty is as the light of setting suns. These masterpieces, and many more, are the royal heritage of every student except the man we speak of. His may be a fault of taste, yet sometimes, one thinks it is of the judgment too. The man afflicted with this form of vanity is like Sir John Falstaff in his prosperity, with princes at his command. And usually, like Sir John, his intellectuality dies 'babbling of green fields and calling for sack.' The man who airs his intellectual self-conceit can never know the sublime sweet seriousness that enters into great poetry, an inspired dignity akin to that of Holy Writ itself.

Centennial Celebration.

Every building at the University was bright with flags and bunting during the celebration of the Indiana Centennial in St. Joseph County, which extended from Tuesday noon until Thursday evening. Great American flags, the gifts of former classes of Notre Dame waved from the Administration Building and across the roads leading into the University.

On the afternoon of Tuesday, classes were suspended and the majority of the students went to South Bend to witness the civic parade. In the evening an historical pageant at Springbrook Park depicted the leading events in the County of St. Joseph during the last century. Father Marquette was shown landing at the famous "Portage" on the bank of the St. Joseph River; LaSalle accompanied by Father Hennepin, Captain Henri de Tonti, two other priests and a number of ship carpenters came into the county, took part in the Indian councils, concluded a treaty with the Miamis and passed on to the Kankakee. Alexis Coquillard, and his woodsmen landed at the Portage and set up the first trading post. One of the characters in the pageant, Johnny Appleseed, who had often passed through South Bend in his self-appointed mission of planting

apple orchards sang a song written by Father Charles O'Donnell, C. S. C., of Notre Dame. The saintly Father Badin, first missionary priest in this section of the county, whose body reposes in the log chapel at Notre Dame was shown ministering to the Indians, and, in the end, leading the faithful Pottawatomies to the west under military escort. Father Sorin accompanied by his brothers passed by on his way to the present Notre Dame.

A number of students of the University impersonated characters in the pageant. The director Mr. Barnes, was assisted ably by Mr. Emmet Lenihan of Notre Dame, and helped to make the performance run off smoothly.

During the days of festivity great crowds visited the University and were shown through its halls.

Moving Pictures.

The movie of last Saturday night was a dramatization of "The Lords of High Decision," a novel by the well-known Hoosier author, Meredith Nicholson. The photography of the picture is excellent, and the story is developed interestingly. The leading rôle is assumed by Margaret Skirvin.

Wednesday afternoon the Keystone Company's masterpiece of slapstickery, "Tillie's Punctured Romance," failed to pass the N. D. Board of Censorship, so that evening "The Education of Mr. Pipp" was presented instead. The plot of this film is based on the sketches by Charles Dana Gibson which appeared in our comic weeklies at frequent intervals nine or ten years ago. The title rôle is played by that veteran comedian of the old school, Digby Bell, but his support is poor.

Miss Gleason's Lecture.

Miss Caroline Gleason, secretary of the Industrial Welfare Commission of Oregon gave an interesting lecture to the collegiate students on Monday afternoon. She sketched briefly the origin of the commission, the findings that resulted from its investigations, and the benefits that came to the industrial workers of the State through its influence. Miss Gleason is a pleasant speaker and her kindly humor gave a special relish to the serious facts she was relating.

Doctor Barker.

The most thoroughly beneficial lecture that it has been our pleasure to hear in many days was given by Dr. Charles E. Barker, one time medical adviser to Mr. Taft, Thursday afternoon. The doctor took for his subject: "How to get the Most out of Life," and as the three things essential to accomplish this purpose, according to President Garfield, he enumerated: a strong arm, a clear head, and a brave heart. The talk was replete with sound advice, practical physiology, and was highly interesting withal. The speaker's manner was straightforward, his delivery forceful; and it is to be hoped that no one in his audience was so dull or thoughtless as to fail to derive a lesson of inestimable worth from his words.

Obituaries.

MR. CLEMENT FOLEY.

Word was received of the death of Clement Foley, of Newark, New Jersey, who was a student in Walsh Hall last year. Clement was on his way to the train to return to Notre Dame, when he was taken sick. He shall be prayerfully remembered by his fellow-students at the University.

MR. J. C. HALLIGAN.

Mr. J. C. Halligan, Student (1882-86) died at his home in St. Louis, Mo., September 25, 1916. We assure his bereaved family of the prayers of the students.

Personals.

—Tim Galvin came down from Valparaiso to see the football team open its season.

—Mr. Emmet Walters was a spectator at the Notre Dame-Case football game on Saturday.

—Joe McGrath and Joe Miller attended the football game on Saturday. They are working at Benton Harbor, Michigan.

—The Rev. Timothy Murphy, C. S. C., pastor of St. Mary's Church, Austin, Texas, made a short visit with his friends at Notre Dame last week.

—Married at Lorain, Ohio, September 26, Anna Josephine Ginnane to Edmond Henry Savord (LL. B., '12). At home after the first of November at 213 Finch Street, Sandusky, Ohio.

—A card received from Mr. and Mrs. Ambrose John Hertzog announces the marriage of their Daughter Marie Louise to Doctor Charles Shute Holbrook. The ceremony will take place at Magnolia Plantation, Derry, Louisiana, October 24.

—The following members of the class of '14 are engaged by the Saint Joseph Lead Company of Missouri in different capacities: Herman O'Hara, (Chem. E. '14) is in the Electrical Department and is located at Collinsville, Ill.; John S. Malkowski, (E. E. '14) is in the Electrical Department and his address is Saint Joe Club, Bonne Terre, Missouri; Joseph Farrell, (Chem. E., '14) is in the Engineering Department and is located at Flat River, Mo.

Local News.

—Found: A ring set with jewel. Owner may obtain same by identifying it at Room 202, Walsh Hall.

—Nearly all the students went to South Bend on Tuesday afternoon to witness the Civic parade in the Centennial celebration.

—Mr. J. A. Rode the well-known operator at the McDonald photograph studio is again on duty after a three month's vacation in Norway.

—On Tuesday morning Father Farley celebrated Mass for Clement Foley in the Walsh Hall chapel. All the students of the hall attended.

—Through the energy of their prefect, Father Devers, the boys of St. Joseph Hall have a pool table as part of their rec room equipment.

—Two new confessionals have been placed at the door in the basement of the church. These are the work of Brother Columbkille and are artistic as well as serviceable.

—On Wednesday the automobile parade which formed part of the Indiana Centennial Celebration passed through the University grounds. The cars, decorated with flags and bunting and flowers, made a very pretty array.

—The attention of the spectators at Saturday's football game was diverted from the play by a steeple jack who was cavorting on the dome of the Main Building. He has been regilding a few spots that had become dimmed by the weather.

—After trying the voices of the prospective second tenors of the Notre Dame Glee Club the following candidates survived the test: Messrs. Mahaffey, Russel, Rice, Edmondson, Butterworth, Birmingham, Hoban, McOsker, Tobin, Hughes, Walsh and Wolfe.

—The Brownson Hall Chicks defeated the Walsh Chicks in the first interhall battle of the season, Thursday morning, by the score of 30-0. The game was hotly fought but Brownson had the advantage from the start. Kenny for Walsh and Fennesy for Brownson were the stars.

—The cards heralding our football games are a distinct departure from the conventional, as anyone must have noticed during his wanderings in town. The picture of an enthusiastic collegier waving a megaphone and throwing up his heels has more of appropriateness, at least, than the plain cards that have been used before.

—The Library will be opened this year from 7:30 to 12 M.; from 12:45 P. M. to 6 P. M.; and from 7:00 to 9:30 P. M. Reserved books may be taken out at 5:45 P. M., but must be returned promptly at 8:00 A. M. the following morning.

The Law Library will be opened from 8:00 to 12 M.; from 1:00 to 6:00 P. M.; and from 7:30 to 9:30 P. M.

—On last Sunday evening Brother Alphonsus addressed the students of Brownson Hall. He sketched briefly the benefits to be had from regular outdoor exercise, and urged all the Brownson students to go out and help in the interhall contests. To aid in defraying the expenses incident to these contests a collection will be taken up in the hall. Brother Alphonsus spoke, also, of debating and urged the students of Brownson to join its "Literary Society" that has made many collegiate debaters in the past, and affords every year so many opportunities for developing the power of public speaking.

—At a meeting of the Knights of Columbus on Monday evening the following officers were elected for the coming year: Vincent Mooney, grand knight; John Miller, deputy grand knight; Llewellyn James, financial secretary; Robert Hannan, recording secretary; Emmet Lenihan, chancellor; Rev. Patrick Haggerty, trustee; Jerry Murphy, inside guard, Charles Corcoran outside guard. The council presented Mr. Joe Smith, the retiring grand knight with a Knight of Columbus ring. Mr. Mooney, the new grand knight made the presentation. Professor James Hines who is the district

deputy of Northern Indiana addressed the Knights and praised the good work of the council at Notre Dame.

—The Day Students' Association held its first meeting of the school year at the noon hour on Tuesday this week. The meeting room was crowded to the doors but marked order prevailed. After a short speech by the secretary as ranking officer, the Association proceeded to the annual election of officers. The 1916-17 leaders for the two hundred day students are: Vernon R. Helmen, president; John Raab vice-president; Charles Zellers, secretary; Leo S. Berner, treasurer; Edward Scheibelhut, athletic manager; Arthur B. Hunter, reporter. Tentative plans for an early dance are now under the consideration of the officers.

—The Sermon Course for the Students' Mass this term will treat of the Church. The sermons for the term are:

| DATE | SERMON | PREACHER |
|--------|-----------------------------------|----------------|
| Oct. 8 | —The Idea of a Church..... | Fr. Schumacher |
| " 13 | —Spirit of the Founders..... | Fr. Cavanaugh |
| " 15 | —Marks of the Church: Unity..... | Fr. Finnegan |
| " 22 | —Holiness..... | Fr. J. Burke |
| " 28 | —Retreat..... | Fr. Corcoran |
| " 29 | — " | " " |
| Nov. 1 | — " | " " |
| " 5 | —Catholicity..... | Fr. M. Quinlan |
| " 12 | —Apostolicity..... | Fr. Maguire |
| " 19 | —The Papacy..... | Fr. Carrico |
| " 26 | —Infallibility of the Pope..... | Fr. Crumley |
| Dec. 3 | —The Missionary Church..... | Fr. Heiser |
| " 8 | —The B. V. M. in the Church..... | Fr. Davis |
| " 10 | —The Mystical Body of Christ..... | Fr. E. Burke |
| " 17 | —The Priesthood..... | Fr. Irving |

—With the largest membership in its history the University Orchestra launched forth last week on what should prove a highly successful season. Nineteen men signed up with the director and among the number is enough talent to justify the prediction that this year's orchestra will rank high among Notre Dame's various musical organizations. The second rehearsal will be held at 9:30 A. M. Sunday. The roster of the orchestra follows: Violins: Bernard V. Cramer, Emmett Kelly, R. Molony, J. L. Musmaker, Chas. Overton, L. J. Shefferley, Bernard J. Voll; Cornets: Dillon Patterson, Arthur Husch; Trombones: Edward Clancy, August Schender, Thomas V. Truder. Cello: John E. Minavio; Baritone, Frank J. Carey; Clarinets, Timothy E. Quinlan, Louis E. Wagner; Bass, Emmett Hannan; Drums: Harry F. Pano, H. Kelly; Howard R. Parker, director.

Football.

Varsity prospects were given a set-back this week when John Miller broke a bone in his right hand. The accident, which occurred in Tuesday's practice, will probably keep him out of the game for three weeks. Slackford and Ward Miller have been filling his place, and one of them will start Saturday's game at Cleveland against the Western Reserves.

Hard luck never comes single-handed, and Notre Dame hard luck is no exception. "Chet" Grant, Bergman and Cofall, have all been on the side lines watching the daily scrimmages. Grant and Bergman each received injuries to their legs in last Saturday's game, while Cofall has been recovering from the illness that affected him during the first quarter of the Case game.

Case came, saw, and was conquered—by the score of 48 to 0. Even the most enthusiastic admirers of the Notre Dame team were surprised at its showing. Indeed, the Varsity's work in last Saturday's game predicts one of the most successful seasons in the pig-skin sport that the school has enjoyed for several years. A speedy backfield and a heavy line tore holes in the visitor's line and held them at will. Time and again, one of our backfield would get away for a long run, aided by superb interference, and plant the ball for a touchdown before the other team could tell what was going on.

Before the game was two minutes old, Notre Dame had made its first score of the season. On the first play, Bergman got around right end for a seventy-yard run; a line plunge netted five more; and, on a drive around right end, Cofall carried the ball over. The story of the rest of the game runs so much like this that its telling would become monotonous. Coach Harper used thirty men in the game, and every man gave a good account of himself. Grant, the sophomore quarter, displayed his class by two phenomenal long runs, one for ninety yards and one for ninety-five, while the work of Bergman and Capt. Cofall assure us that they are to have even a better season this year than last. Miller handled himself well at full, and his injury is going to be a big handicap to the team. The work of the line was exceptionally good and, although they were not given the strong opposition Saturday that the Army or Nebraska will give them, they displayed sufficient class to make safe the prediction that last year's line will not be missed as much as was at first thought.

Fitzpatrick, who was substituted in the first quarter for Cofall, played a good, steady game, and should prove a star before the year is over. One thing about last year's Freshman captain—he is in the game fighting every minute of the time. Boley and Howard, the Case fullback and right end, played a good game for the visitors.

The large crowd, that filled the grandstands erected around the new gridiron on Cartier Field, was afforded a thrill when Morales broke through the Case line, blocking a punt. The ball rolled over the visitor's goal line under an automobile of one of the spectators. Morales dived under the machine, recovered the ball, and six more points were added to the Notre Dame score.

This was the first game played on the new gridiron and an exceptionally large crowd turned out to witness it. The new bleachers stretching the length of the field were filled to the last seat. The band under the direction of Mr. J. Minavio kept the crowd in the best of spirits. Between the halves the whole crowd of students followed Mr. Andy McDonough in a snake dance over the field while the band played a lively march. The cheering was good, but at times seemed to lack the old N. D. "pepper."

The summary:

| NOTRE DAME 48 | | CASE 0 | |
|------------------|-------|---------------|-------|
| Baujan..... | L. E. | Graves..... | R. E. |
| Coughlin..... | L. T. | Wood..... | R. T. |
| Bachman..... | L. G. | Gates..... | R. G. |
| Rydzewski..... | C. | Erben..... | C. |
| Degree..... | R. G. | Ashbaugh..... | L. G. |
| McInerny..... | R. T. | Clark..... | L. T. |
| Whipple..... | R. E. | Howard..... | L. E. |
| Grant..... | Q. | House..... | Q. |
| Cofall..... | L. H. | Sweeney..... | R. H. |
| Bergman..... | R. H. | Mugg..... | L. H. |
| John Miller..... | F. | Boley..... | F. |

Substitutes—Notre Dame: Yeager, Berke, Meagher for Baujan; Andrews, Holmes for Coughlin; Franz for Bachman; Madigan, Jones, Dixon for Rydzewski; Ward, Ronchetti for Degree; Philbin for McInerny; King, Morales for Whipple; Dorais, O'Neill, Phalen for Grant; Fitzpatrick, Walter Miller for Captain Cofall; O'Hara for Bergman; Slackford, Ward Miller for John Miller. Case: Haag for Ashbaugh; Bates for Cullen; Conant for Graves; Post for Captain House; Medsker for Mugg; Gedes for Sweeney; Schow for Boley.

Notre Dame.....26 7 2 13—48
Case.....0 0 0 0—0

Touchdowns—Cofall, 2; Grant, 2; Bergman, Morales, O'Hara. Goals from touchdown—Cofall, Miller, 2; O'Hara. Safety touchdown—Post. Umpire—Schomer, Chicago. Referee—Vanriper, Wisconsin. Head linesman—Miller, Springfield Training School.

Old Students' Hall—Subscriptions to October 7, 1916

The following subscriptions for Old Students' Hall were received by Warren A. Cartier, Ludington, Michigan, treasurer of the building committee:

The amounts which follow were published in an earlier issue of the SCHOLASTIC.

| | | | |
|----------------------------------|-----------|----------------------------------|--------|
| Samuel T. Murdock, '86 | \$2000.00 | Patrick J. Houlihan, '92 | 100.00 |
| P. T. O'Sullivan, '68 | 1000.00 | E. J. Maurus, '93 | 100.00 |
| Rev. E. J. McLaughlin, '75 | 1000.00 | Thomas J. Swantz, '04 | 100.00 |
| M. F. Healy, '89 | 1000.00 | H. G. Hogan, '04 | 100.00 |
| John C. Shea, '98 | 1000.00 | Harold P. Fisher, '06 | 100.00 |
| Clement C. Mitchell, '02 | 1000.00 | John B. Kanaley, '09 | 100.00 |
| Byron V. Kanaley, '04 | 1000.00 | James F. Hines, '09 | 100.00 |
| Daniel P. Murphy, '95 | 1000.00 | John B. McMahon, '09 | 100.00 |
| John P. Lauth, '68 | 1000.00 | Rev. John M. Byrne, '00 | 100.00 |
| M. F. Healy, '82 | 1000.00 | J. H. Gormley, '03 | 100.00 |
| Rev. John Dinneen, '65 | 500.00 | Thomas O'Neill, '13 | 100.00 |
| Warren A. Cartier, '87 | 500.00 | Robert E. Proctor, '04 | 100.00 |
| Stephen B. Fleming, '90 | 500.00 | John F. O'Connell, '13 | 100.00 |
| Thomas Hoban, '99 | 500.00 | Frank C. Walker, '09 | 100.00 |
| Angus D. McDonald, '00 | 500.00 | Rev. Gilbert Jennings, '08 | 100.00 |
| William A. McInerney, '01 | 500.00 | George O'Brien, '90 | 100.00 |
| Joseph M. Byrne, '14 | 500.00 | Vitus Jones, '02 | 100.00 |
| Cassius McDonald, '04 | 500.00 | W. A. Duffy, '08 | 100.00 |
| William P. Breen, '7 | 500.00 | Rev. John H. Guendling, '14 | 100.00 |
| Student from Far West | 500.00 | Fred C. McQueen, '00 | 100.00 |
| Rev. I. E. McNamee, '09 | 500.00 | Charles J. Stubbs, '88 | 100.00 |
| C. C. Craig, '85 | 500.00 | Rupert Donovan, '08 | 100.00 |
| Frank E. Hering, '98 | 500.00 | Rev. Francis H. Gavisk, '14 | 100.00 |
| Peter P. McElligott, '02 | 500.00 | Rt. Rev. Frank O'Brien, '95 | 100.00 |
| James J. Conway, '85 | 500.00 | Frank L. McOske, '72 | 100.00 |
| George Cooke, '90 | 500.00 | Charles E. Ruffing, '85 | 100.00 |
| Robert Sweeney, '03 | 250.00 | James F. Foley, '13 | 100.00 |
| John H. Fendrich, '84 | 250.00 | Rt. Rev. Thomas C. O'Reilly, '09 | 100.00 |
| John Eggeman, '00 | 250.00 | Thomas J. Welch, '05 | 100.00 |
| A. A. McDonell, '00 | 250.00 | William E. Cotter, '13 | 100.00 |
| Eugene A. Delaney, '99 | 250.00 | John C. Tully, '11 | 100.00 |
| R. A. O'Hara, '89 | 250.00 | John F. O'Connor, '72 | 100.00 |
| James F. Kennedy, '94 | 200.00 | T. P. O'Sullivan, '02 | 100.00 |
| Louis C. M. Reed, '98 | 200.00 | G. M. Kerndt, '82 | 100.00 |
| Francis O'Shaughnessy, '00 | 200.00 | Dr. Frank J. Powers, '94 | 100.00 |
| Joseph J. Sullivan, '02 | 200.00 | Rev. John Talbot Smith, '07 | 100.00 |
| G. A. Farabaugh, '04 | 200.00 | Daniel C. Dillon | 100.00 |
| Robert Anderson, '83 | 200.00 | Thomas C. Butler, '08 | 100.00 |
| Joseph Lantry, '07 | 200.00 | Edward M. Kennedy, '08 | 100.00 |
| Rev. Francis J. Van Antwerp, '14 | 200.00 | John J. Kennedy, '09 | 100.00 |
| John Dowd, '99 | 200.00 | Peter M. Ragan, '92 | 100.00 |
| Rt. Rev. Thomas F. Hickey, '03 | 200.00 | James D. Barry, '97 | 100.00 |
| Christopher C. Fitzgerald, '94 | 200.00 | Fred L. Steers, '11 | 100.00 |
| F. A. Kaul, '97 | 200.00 | Walter Clements, '14 | 100.00 |
| William Hoynes, '77 | 200.00 | Edward J. Carlton, '16 | 100.00 |
| Edwin J. Lynch, '10 | 200.00 | Leonard M. Carroll, '16 | 100.00 |
| T. D. Mott, '95 | 200.00 | Luke L. Kelly, '16 | 100.00 |
| F. Henry Wurzer, '98 | 200.00 | Frank E. Swift, '16 | 100.00 |
| Paul R. Martin, '13 | 200.00 | C. P. Mottz, '16 | 100.00 |
| Timothy V. Ansberry, '93 | 200.00 | Samuel Ward Perrott, '16 | 100.00 |
| John M. Quinlan, '04 | 200.00 | Edward C. Ryan, '16 | 100.00 |
| Daniel Madden, '06 | 200.00 | James Francis Odem, '16 | 100.00 |
| Fred J. Kasper, '04 | 200.00 | Emmett P. Mulholland, '16 | 100.00 |
| J. S. Corby, '98 | 200.00 | Thomas A. Hayes, '16 | 100.00 |
| Thomas Steiner, '99 | 200.00 | Frank J. Hiss, '16 | 100.00 |
| John F. Cushing, '06 | 200.00 | Joseph J. McCaffery, '16 | 100.00 |
| W. A. Draper, '06 | 150.00 | Walter P. McCourt, '16 | 100.00 |
| Maximilian St. George, '08 | 120.00 | M. J. McEniry, '81 | 100.00 |
| Mark M. Foote, '73 | 100.00 | Thomas J. Shaughnessy, '15 | 100.00 |
| | | James F. O'Brien, '13 | 100.00 |
| | | Michael L. Fansler, '04 | 100.00 |
| | | A. C. Fortin, '01 | 100.00 |
| | | Daniel J. O'Connor, '05 | 100.00 |
| | | M. H. Miller, '10 | 100.00 |

| | | | |
|---------------------------|--------|----------------------------|-------|
| William D. Jamieson, '05 | 100.00 | Ira W. Hurley, '14 | 50.00 |
| Grover F. Miller, '16 | 100.00 | Emmett G. Lenihan, '15 | 50.00 |
| Thomas A. McLaughlin, '16 | 100.00 | Francis H. Hayes, '14 | 50.00 |
| Edwin H. Sommerer, '16 | 100.00 | E. P. Cleary, '09 | 50.00 |
| Joseph O'Sullivan | 100.00 | Raymond J. Kelly, '16 | 50.00 |
| Jacob E. Eckel, '16 | 100.00 | Ernest P. Lajoie, '15 | 50.00 |
| Vincent Mooney, '16 | 100.00 | Rev. P. J. Crawley, '95 | 50.00 |
| John T. Shea, '06 | 100.00 | Arthur P. no, '06 | 50.00 |
| Edward M. Schaack, '93 | 100.00 | William Milroy, '13 | 50.00 |
| Anton C. Stephan, '04 | 100.00 | Dr. Robert Frost, '02 | 50.00 |
| Dr. F. B. McCarty, '07 | 100.00 | Eustace Berry, '03 | 50.00 |
| Harry F. McDonagh, '10 | 100.00 | A friend from the South | 50.00 |
| Charles W. Lahey, '13 | 100.00 | Daniel Shoumlin, '14 | 50.00 |
| Adam J. Kasper, '95 | 100.00 | Gerard N. Krost, '04 | 40.00 |
| George W. Kasper, '95 | 100.00 | Rev. A. A. Lambing, '83 | 25.00 |
| Robert A. Kasper, '07 | 100.00 | James M. Riddle, '13 | 25.00 |
| Charles Girsch, '94 | 100.00 | Henry Hess, '82 | 25.00 |
| Gerald A. Fitzgibbon, '07 | 100.00 | Dr. E. M. McKee, '06 | 25.00 |
| John B. Fruechtel, '04 | 100.00 | Robert B. Gottfredson, '13 | 25.00 |
| Hugh J. Daly, '12 | 100.00 | Rev. John H. Mullin, '11 | 25.00 |
| Edward K. Delana, '13 | 100.00 | I. N. Mitchell, Sr., '92 | 25.00 |
| Harry Curtis, '08 | 100.00 | Frederick Williams, '13 | 25.00 |
| Charles Cullinan, '07 | 100.00 | Rev. Joseph Toth, '11 | 25.00 |
| Daniel Cullinan, '07 | 100.00 | Joseph M. Walsh, '14 | 25.00 |
| Dr. W. P. Grady, '99 | 100.00 | Max Adler, '89 | 25.00 |
| Edgar Crilly, '90 | 100.00 | John G. Mott, '95 | 25.00 |
| George S. Crilly, '88 | 100.00 | Rev. T. O. Maguire, '09 | 25.00 |
| James V. Cunningham, '07 | 100.00 | Paul J. Smith, '16 | 25.00 |
| M. H. Miller, '10 | 100.00 | C. I. Krajewski, '16 | 25.00 |
| Frank X. Cull, '08 | 100.00 | Joseph P. Flynn, '16 | 25.00 |
| Jesse E. Vera, '10 | 100.00 | John P. Conboy, '16 | 25.00 |
| John W. Costello, '12 | 75.00 | W. W. Turner, '16 | 25.00 |
| A. J. Major, '86 | 50.00 | Alfred Fries, '16 | 25.00 |
| Charles Vaughan, '14 | 50.00 | J. A. McCarthy, '16 | 25.00 |
| Stephen H. Herr, '10 | 50.00 | J. Harry Sylvester, '16 | 25.00 |
| J. N. Antoine, '70 | 50.00 | Harold P. Burke, '16 | 25.00 |
| Rev. Thomas Cleary, '09 | 50.00 | Peter C. Yearn, '16 | 25.00 |
| Fred Stewart, '12 | 50.00 | Fred M. Pralatowski, '16 | 25.00 |
| Jay Lee, '12 | 50.00 | Francis J. Kilkenny, '12 | 25.00 |
| Walter Duncan, '12 | 50.00 | Edward L. Figel, '11 | 25.00 |
| Albert F. Gushurst, '09 | 50.00 | Thomas J. Dooley, '97 | 25.00 |
| Edward P. Cleary, '09 | 50.00 | Mark A. Devine, '10 | 25.00 |
| Rev. John J. Burke, '83 | 50.00 | Daniel E. Cooney, '10 | 25.00 |
| Rev. M. L. Moriarty, '10 | 50.00 | Fremont Arnfield, '12 | 25.00 |
| Rev. J. E. Scullin, '09 | 50.00 | W. W. Harless, '86 | 25.00 |
| Rev. John P. Quinn, '83 | 50.00 | Edward J. Walsh, '00 | 25.00 |
| Simon E. Twining, '13 | 50.00 | Thomas Curran, '16 | 25.00 |
| J. V. Birder, '13 | 50.00 | Gabriel Davezac, '94 | 20.00 |
| Cecil E. Birder, '14 | 50.00 | James R. Devitt, '13 | 20.00 |
| M. Emmett Walter, '15 | 50.00 | Albert A. Gloeckner, '16 | 20.00 |
| Ralph Eberhart, '02 | 50.00 | Bernard Durch, '13 | 15.00 |
| Rev. John M. Gerenda, '09 | 50.00 | Alfred Vignos, '95 | 10.00 |
| Walter Duncan, '12 | 50.00 | Andrew L. Shimp, '91 | 10.00 |
| Timothy P. Galvin, '16 | 50.00 | Frank Niedecken, '09 | 10.00 |
| Ray M. Humphreys, '16 | 50.00 | Harry Kirk, '13 | 10.00 |
| Hugh E. Carroll, '16 | 50.00 | Louis Chute, '92 | 10.00 |
| Jesse C. Harper | 50.00 | J. J. Deasey, '06 | 10.00 |
| Ronald S. O'Neill, '14 | 50.00 | H. King, '16 | 10.00 |
| Louis P. Harl, '16 | 50.00 | James E. Roach, '16 | 10.00 |
| Joseph D. Kovacs, '16 | 50.00 | J. E. Hogan, '16 | 10.00 |
| Patrick Maloney, '16 | 50.00 | Robert D. Murphy, '01 | 5.00 |
| J. F. Delph, '16 | 50.00 | Mark Duncan, '15 | 5.00 |
| Hugh O'Donnell, '16 | 50.00 | Hiram Halliday, '06 | 5.00 |
| James Sanford, '14 | 50.00 | Claude S. Moss, '95 | 5.00 |