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## The Lasting City.

BY S. S.

THE battlements of sunset  
Stand above a wine-red sea,  
But my heart goes past those shining walls  
Where lights stream silently,

To the lights that flash in heaven  
On those paradisa! wings.  
And on the starry crowns and thrones  
Of the Uranian kings.

Slowly those violet ramparts  
Pale into evening mist,  
Yet, oh! my soul would tread afar  
To God's walls of amethyst.

## The Spirit of the Founders.\*

BY THE REV. JOHN CAVANAUGH, C. S. C.

"Going therefore teach all nations."—St. Matt.

**T**HEOLOGIANs say there are four marks or characteristics of the true Church. It is one; that is to say, it is made up of all the faithful baptized with the same baptism, believing the same truths, receiving the same sacraments, observing the same law. It is holy—holy in its Founder, holy in its doctrine, holy in its discipline and in its operations in the souls of men. It is Catholic; that is to say, it is wide as the world and broad as humanity. It is apostolic; that is to say, it is the church the apostles themselves disseminated over the world, and it is governed by the successors of the apostles, united under the supreme headship of the successor of Christ, the Pope.

But may we not say that there is another characteristic of the church as distinct and almost as universal in time and place as any of these. That note is the strange mixture of

\* Sermon delivered by the President in the University Church on Founders' Day, October 13.

persecution and propaganda. No other institution ever inspired at the same time such intense hatred and such heroic love. One might almost say that the persecution of the church began with the massacre of the holy innocents for the sake of the new-born Christ. Most certainly the apostles themselves were persecuted, and the long story of the Christian church has been an endless record of persecution, either by tyrants and infidels without the church, or by tyrants and heretics within it. In every age of the world, like her divine Founder the church has been mocked, and scourged, and crucified but gifted with His immortality and His unfailing strength she has always risen again glorious and imperishable.

On the other hand what other cause in the history of mankind has ever commanded such heroic and constant love? Above all other organizations on earth she has developed the missionary spirit, the passion for propaganda which is the expression of love. Hardly had the shadows lifted from Calvary, hardly had the transforming tongues of fire descended upon the cowering apostles when the missionary spirit swept like a great fire over the world. The apostles were dispersed to the ends of the earth and soon the Cross of Christ flamed in the Roman sky. Then came that marvellous race of spiritual giants, the evangelists of all the peoples of the earth—athletes of Christ, fighting His battles, winning His victories, carrying His name and His glory over mountain and sea. And when as time went on new discoveries brought new lands and new peoples within the aspiration of Christianity, adventurous souls—always the most generous souls, always the bravest souls, always the noblest and holiest souls—burst the bonds of home and comfort, flinging themselves into the dangers and miseries of new lands and savage places, carrying the name of Christ and the light of His teaching, and the power of His grace to those who sat in darkness and in the shadow

of death. I am thinking of the great conquerors whose exploits of valor make glorious the pages of secular history, ancient and modern; I am thinking of the vast multitude of soldiers who at the bidding of patriotism, or conquest, or cupidity, won their way through the battlements of men; I am thinking of all the rare stories of personal devotion and courage and endurance and heroism and recklessness of life and limb and comfort that mark all the chronicles of humanity, and I say that in all the story and all the glory of them, in their greatest and most exalted moments, in the splendor and wretchedness of battle, in the superb exaltation of conquest and triumph, in the bitterness of grief, and misery and despair—in all that great dramatic record written in blood and shame, and anger, and hatred, and oppression, there is nothing to equal the divine courage, and endurance, and heroism of the priests, and brothers, and sisters, who in every century of the world's history, have carried the gospel of the Catholic Church to heathen or infidel lands. Take away that record and the world would be infinitely the poorer, take away that story and humanity would lose its brightest crown.

France, beautiful France!—The land of the crusader, the land of knights and troubadours, the land of The King Saint Louis, and the Queen Saint Blanche, Saint Denis and Saint Genevieve, Saint Martin, and perhaps Saint Patrick. For centuries France held noble pre-eminence in this missionary work. The ghostly armies that marched forth from Ireland in the Dark Ages to relight the fires of faith in every country of Europe, and the scattered children of the Gael that in our own time have helped to upbuild the Church everywhere are a proper subject of eulogy and admiration. The chivalrous and heroic people of little Belgium, whom Saint Francis Xavier desired above all others to have around him, are rightly numbered among the chief missionaries of the world. The learned monks, the great abbots and the troops of missionaries that issued from the German monasteries have written their names in letters of gold in the books of God. The glorious padres, sons of Francis and Dominic, who accompanied the Spanish pioneers to America, and whose missionary labors make the geography of the Western States read like a Litany of the Saints were unsurpassed in exalted courage. Let it be said without dis-

paragement of others that in all the history of the Christian church there is no nobler chapter than that which tells of the vast armies of the sons and daughters of France who at the trumpet call of faith went forth into the jungle and the desert facing savage beasts and even more savage men, challenging death in all its myriad forms, accepting hunger like a delectable morsel, embracing privation as if it were ecstatic delight, filling the world with the music of God's voice, and making it holy, and beautiful, with the example of their virtue. Where is the land that is not filled with their labors? Here in America Father Isaac Jogues endured more than a dozen martyrdoms, his body cut and mangled by barbarous Indians, his fingers hacked off by the tomahawk of brutal savages, winning from the Pope the permission to say Mass with his mutilated hands, because, as he said, "it is not meet that a martyr of Christ should not drink the Blood of Christ." Here a Father Marquette consecrating these fields around us by his apostolic footprints, venturing for God where the merchant would not venture for gold, nor the soldier for glory, leading the vanguard of the hosts of civilization, as well as the hosts of Christ, and laying his emaciated body down in death on the shores of Lake Michigan; a Father Allouez dying alone in the wilderness, filling an unknown grave only a few miles from Notre Dame, leaving his body like an outworn shell on the banks of the St. Joseph River, while his radiant spirit rushed on the wings of love to Christ his Master; here at Notre Dame before the Founders came, a Badin, a De Seille, a Petit, holding the outposts of the kingdom of God and lifting up the banners of Christ over a people contradicting and not understanding—and this scene repeated in every corner of the great American wilderness!

From out of old France, seventy-five years ago came Father Edward Sorin and six brothers: Vincent, Joachim, Lawrence, Francis Xavier, Gatien and Anselm. They were among the earliest members of the little Congregation of Holy Cross, founded in Le Mans, early in the last century. At the call of a missionary bishop from America these courageous spirits turned their faces to the setting sun and ventured into what was then the wilderness of Indiana. Settling at first near the frontier town of Vincennes, they soon moved to what is now Notre Dame, a spot beautiful by grace of nature, and hallowed

by the labors and the virtues of the older missionaries. These men were true apostles, they were the brothers of Jogues and Marquette, and Allouez; these men were the kindred of Francis Xavier and the great apostles of all time.

There is no man among the children of men who loves his native land with more fiery passion than a Frenchman; to his honor be it said there is just one thing that will draw a Frenchman from his home, only one passion greater than the love of France, and that is the love of God. When Father Sorin and his brothers turned away from the mellow civilization of France, from family and friends, and the well regulated life of their own country, they did so in obedience to that same missionary spirit that has spread the faith of Christ throughout the world. Their purpose was to establish a school and a little chapel among the Indians here, to teach them their prayers and the truths of faith and the duties of the Christian life. There was to be no splendid ritual, no great occasions for eloquence, no applause of listening multitudes, no grateful affection of the flock. They were to eat rough food, and sleep in uncomfortable quarters; they were to endure cold and hunger, and necessity, and strange sickness; they were to fight a long battle with direst poverty, they were to suffer ingratitude from the poor, simple savages among whom they labored, they were to live unknown to the world with no consolation from their fellowmen, they were to labor long hours with little rest, and this weary and unrelieved existence was to continue not for a few days, or months, or years, but for all the time of their lives. What did they expect in return? Their one radiant star of hope was the words of Christ, "he that leaveth father and mother and sister and brother and houses and lands for My name sake, shall receive a hundredfold in this world and life everlasting in the next." Their one consolation was the divine promise, "he that hateth his life and flingeth it away keepeth it unto life everlasting." The one expectation of reward was the comforting assurance of Our Lord that "they that instruct others unto justice shall shine as stars in the Kingdom of Heaven." So great was their faith in the life to come, in the promises of Christ, in the supreme value of the soul and the importance of its salvation that they flung away every other hope and joy of human life. At the very

foundation, therefore, of this University lies the missionary spirit. It will deserve to die the moment that spirit is lost. If ever this old school forgets its origin, its meaning, and its destiny; if ever it apes the secular spirit, the worldly philosophy, and the merely human aims of other schools it will stultify its history, it will meet with failure, it will forfeit the blessing of God.

It is well that faculty and students should understand and accept this truth. If our work here is not a missionary work our lives are vain; if students of Notre Dame are not more religious men, more virtuous men, more true to the sacred loyalties of life and home and faith than the students of other schools then the dream of Sorin and the brothers was an illusion, their sacrifices were folly, their aspirations a barren hope. If the atmosphere of this University is not strongly spiritual, if her teachers do not edify by their example and warm, and color, and interpenetrate their instruction with religious influence then the heroic past is but a sad reminiscence fitted only to depress us, as the ghost of a dead glory might rise to torment the degenerate sons of a noble father.

A great function of this University, then, is to perpetuate among all its members the Faith of the founders, to enkindle in its students the zeal which made the early days great and heroic, to move and act within that marvelous spirit of charity which drove Sorin and the brothers into the unknown wilderness; and wherever the finger of destiny beckons to manifest the loyalty to faith and duty which made the lives of the founders beautiful, and strengthening and inspiring.

A second great characteristic of the founders was their patriotic devotion to America. When Father Sorin landed in New York he fell upon his knees and kissed the ground, in token of adoption. In that great moment there was born in his heart such a love for America, her people, and her cherished institutions, as made him forever the lover and defender and the devoted servant of our country. His sympathies were as universal as mankind. In things spiritual, his first duty as a priest was to his church, but no American of ancient lineage ever felt more throbbingly than he the passion of patriotism. With him it was no mere emotion but a profound sense of duty which manifested itself dramatically before the world. When in that most desolate day of the Civil War, when brother

lifted up his hand against brother, when members of the same household were divided in hatred, he took seven of his priests out of their classrooms and sent them to the war as chaplains. These seven were a large part of his faculty, but the country called and Sorin answered with a patriotism as great as his faith. His voice preached perpetually the lesson of obedience to law; he shrank from no civic duty, however unpleasant; he gave a great example of that loyalty to the flag which is twin brother to loyalty to the cross.

This University is irrevocably American by virtue of the spirit of the founders. We pray that the day may never come when priests shall be called upon to exchange the simple cassock for the chaplain's uniform, that the day may never come when students trained in the gentle arts of life shall be called to face death upon the battlefield; but if in the mysterious providence of God that evil day should ever come, by a necessity of their being, by virtue of their essential spirit our priests and brothers, our professors and students, will not be laggards in the way of duty. At the same time they will discharge in times of peace another duty as truly patriotic. They will keep alive by preaching and example, by word and by work, the spirit of liberty, without which this country cannot survive; and as they would take up arms against the invaders of our country so will they ever be ready to resist by every honorable means those traitors from within, who in a spirit of bigotry and intolerance seek to abridge or destroy the religious and civic liberties of any section of our people.

The spirit of the founders was a spirit of service to God. They rendered to God the double tribute of worship and innocence. They made the forest ring with prayer and chant, and in their little log chapel the consecrated Host and empurpled chalice were lifted with worship as glorious as any that ever lent glamor to a great cathedral. And side by side with that was a beautiful passion for innocence, sinlessness of life, for the perpetual and unbroken friendship of God through the state of grace. There was a horror of sin, a fear of offending God, an appreciation of innocence and holiness that made their lives angelic. In this year of glorious jubilee let us register a sacred vow that this shall never change. Let it never be said in these larger and more comfortable times that that spirit has been lost or

diminished. Let the Faculty and students of to-day emulate the men of old, the men of gold, who spent their days in labor and in innocence, and guarded the gates of their souls as the angels guarded the gates of Paradise with a flaming sword.

And finally the spirit of the founders was a spirit of large and beneficent service to humanity. They were not misled by the false lights of life. They knew that neither money, nor power, nor position, nor any other emolument could make success in life where the life itself was thin or starved or insolvent. Themselves dedicated to poverty, they lived to behold the wonderful richness of their work. Themselves consecrated by their own will to obscurity, they have been lifted up to pinnacles of glory. Themselves cherishing no hope of earthly reward they have been acclaimed by thousands of grateful men who deem it a privilege to honor their memory. If from their places near Christ to-day they could be summoned to review their own experiences they would tell you that what glorified their lives and made them rich and beautiful and happy was the joy that came to them from their unselfish service to others. The old log chapel in the wilderness has grown into a majestic University, the poverty which once unyoked the oxen from the plow to sell them for debt has been relieved; the dreams of Sorin and the brothers have come true through the grace of God and their own great endeavors, but their chiefest glory and their completest triumph was their absolute dedication to the service of humanity. This ideal must never be permitted to die out of the hearts of faculty and students. By virtue of that missionary spirit which always accompanies true faith, by virtue of that holy patriotism which religion itself sanctifies, by virtue of that service to God and to humanity which we owe both as Christians and as the children of the founders, let us be prepared to discharge to the world a duty of leadership and of service.

Within a year there have passed away six great figures in American life, all of them bound to this University by ties of tenderness. The great Archbishop Spalding, master of luminous speech, expounder of high truth, exemplar of priestly scholarship, the pride and glory of the Church in America, has been gathered to the saints. He loved this University and was often a lecturer within its walls. Who

among you will enter the sanctuary, will conquer scholarship and take his place among the leaders?

A few months earlier passed away Thomas Mulry, who won from Notre Dame the Laetare Medal. He was a New York banker who devoted four hours of his business day without any salary to the work of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul. Who among you will enter business with his ideals and take his place?

Early in the summer, almost while the Commencement bells were ringing the gentle spirit of Timothy Edward Howard, an alumnus and professor of this University, a Laetare medalist, went to receive the reward of his beautiful and innocent life. His career as a jurist had shed honor both on Church and State. Who is to continue that splendid example?

Dr. Charles Herberman, one of the noblest figures in American scholarship, deprived for years of his sight, but doing a great work greatly and suffering a great sorrow patiently, also passed away. I shall never forget my emotions when in a crowded theatre in New York, the Laetare Medal was pinned upon his bosom, and the tears of gratitude fell from his sightless eyes. The heroic old blind scholar, editor-in-chief of the Catholic Encyclopedia, who shall take his place?

Richard C. Kerens, a man of business who made a large fortune honestly, a Catholic who never neglected the duties of his religion, his country's ambassador to Austria, but always the simple American and the loyal Christian gentleman. There is room for another Laetare Medalist like him.

Doctor John B. Murphy, the foremost surgeon of the world, dead during the summer, clasping his little prayerbook in his hands as he lay in his coffin, a Laetare Medalist and a lover of confession and Holy Communion, performed miracles of healing through the witchery of his genius. Fifty-two percent of his operations were done for charity. Who among you is to be the Doctor Murphy of the future? For remember, my friends, that these men, separated in time, and place and environment from Sorin and the brothers still had in perfect measure the spirit of the founders. It is the spirit of the children of God and the recognition of His place in the Universe. It is the spirit of true Christianity; it is a vivid realization that not in any earthly enjoyment or position or favor, but in the cheerful service of God and humanity lie the roots of joy.

### Varsity Verse.

#### JUST A MAID

When the heart is thrilled and the soul is filled  
With the love of a maiden fair,  
Though the days be long, they are one sweet song,  
When you think of your beauty rare.

From her dainty feet, to her smile so sweet,  
She's as fair as the graceful rose,  
And her blush as red as its petals shed,  
When the blustering west wind blows.

Her entrancing sighs, and the deep brown eyes  
As clear as the glistening dew  
As it sparkles bright in the morning light—  
How they shine as they look at you.

And her soul you know, is as pure as snow,  
And is ruled by the God above;—  
Though her smile may wane, and you woo in vain,  
She will still be the girl you love.

*John Reuss.*

#### THE PRODIGAL.

I've just come back, (alas, alack!)  
From that century celebration.  
Tho' I've seen parades, an' some darn pretty maids,  
I ain't a bit full of elation.

Now I'll tell you why, (between you and I)  
Why it is I ain't feeling nifty—  
I was only away a week, to the day,  
And it cost me two dollars and fifty.

*Howard Parker,*

#### GOING UP.

There was an old man named McLean,  
Who purchased a flying machine.  
He said, "If I die,  
I am going to try  
To fly home with John D's gasoline."

*Aaron Rauth.*

#### A CASE OF BAD JUDGMENT.

There was a young halfback with Case  
Who was proud of his classical face.  
He ran with the ball  
Plump into Cofall  
Now his features are all out of place.

*James A. Gibbons.*

#### SPENDTHRIFT.

There was a young man from Calaces  
Who spent all his time with the lasses.  
Nothing else did he spend,  
So away he did wend  
When Sue dubbed him slow as molasses.

## OUT OF BOUNDS.

A pretty young lady from Carson  
 Fell in love with a fly-a-way garçon;  
 But he told her one day:  
 "Pretty maid, keep away,  
 For, you know, I'm the son of a parson."

W. E. Kennedy.

## UNCLE EPH'S REASON.

"De udder night w'en it wuz col'  
 Dad Winter come. He wuz feelin' bol';  
 He sez to de trees he met eb'rywhar:  
 'Gosh bling you trees wif yo' snubbin' air,  
 I'se comin' to stay! Wif one good smack  
 I'll strip de shirts clean off yo' back!  
 Har! Har! Laws chile!  
 De poplar tree begin to shed  
 Big yaller tears at what he sed.  
 De maple tree, he blush as red  
 As mammy's wrapper, an' hid 'is head.  
 De hic'ry got a yaller streak  
 Dat spread all over in just one week.  
 De woodbine, he wuz purple mad!  
 But de locust tree's so hard an' green  
 He didn't care if he wuz seen  
 Wif'out no shirt. 'I don' care,'  
 He sez, 'It'ud be worn out  
 'Gin you git back, yo' po'r ol' lout.'  
 So sonny dat's why de woods is drear  
 An' don' look right dis time ob year."

F. Jennings Vurpillat.

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 Madame Zephina Backs Down.
 

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BY DELMAR EDMONDSON.

(CONCLUSION.)

The door opened and a tall slender young man entered slowly, holding onto the knob and staring back over his shoulder as if he expected to bolt and run almost any time. Halfway over the threshold he halted and turning his head about, directed his attention upon the fortune teller.

"Are you Madame Zephina?"

"I am."

"I'm glad I got to the right place all right. It's not safe for me to be around the streets these days."

"Why ain't it?"

"He said he was going to get me the first time he saw me."

"He did, eh? Well, come on in. Did you wanna consult me about something?"

The young man advanced with all the grace of a wooden Indian, and his eyes, that looked like they had just seen a flock of shooting stars, glanced about the dingy room inquiringly. He took the chair which she indicated and his gaze met hers uneasily. Madame Zephina sized up her victim and prepared to feel her way about verbally.

In making his entrance the timid youth had been thoughtless enough to leave both the screen and the inner door wide open. A large family of flies in the act of migrating took the chance opening for an invitation and promptly moved thereby into the room that was scarcely large enough to accommodate the present occupant. In accordance with that instinct of exploration which should characterize the heads of all families, Father Fly prepared to examine their new surroundings. Finding in Madame Zephina herself an object of especial interest he settled upon her nose for the purpose of closer inspection. But that lady objected to the personal investigation, and aimed a strenuous blow at the curious parent, who, thanks to the agility of his kind, escaped just in time to allow her hand to descend upon her own nostrils without even the intervention of a crushed fly to lighten its weight. The member of Madame Zephina's features thus unexpectedly attacked was so stimulated as to cause her to sneeze heartily and thoroughly. This phenomenon proved exceedingly delightful to the rest of the *Musca domestica* contingent and it forthwith occupied the luckless Madame's person to hold a reunion or a house warming or something of that nature. The playful children proceeded to make a merry-go-round of her head, while the staid old folk tenanted her face and arms for less strenuous amusements. But soon the entire family was engaged in a sprightly game of tag with Madame Zephina's hands.

"Say," the exasperated lady at length cried out, "would you mind closing that screen? I don't wanna have any more flies in here than I can help."

To herself she continued as the young man did her bidding: "Anybody that hasn't got sense enough to close a screen in August is a nut, and you spell it n-u-t. If you don't know you're alive I'll soon wake you up. You'll be sorry before you get through with me that you didn't remember bars is about the only places that has swingin' doors."

The poor chap was highly put out by his remissness and looked his apology as he re-seated himself. But Madame was much too practical to be conciliated by his red-faced embarrassment, and decided that a silver donation was letting him off too easy.

"I see from your actions, an' your absent-mindedness, an' a few other things that your mission is one of great importance. Therefore you must cross my palm with paper before we can proceed."

"I'll tear a piece off this newspaper."

"It has to be paper money, you darn fool!"

"Oh, I—I beg your pardon."

He fumbled in his purse and extracted from a small roll of bills of which Madame took careful note a single dollar, at which the lady sniffed.

"What'd he suppose I said paper for?" she thought, contemptuously. "They make dollars out of silver, too—I hear. But I ain't seen a bill for so long I oughta call this one William outa very respect."

"Now," she said aloud, "did you wanna ask my advice about something or did you wanna regular reading?"

"I guess it doesn't make any difference," answered the patron of palmistry, rubbing his upper lip nervously. "I wanted to know—does—does Molly love—"

"Just a minute, just a minute," cried Madame suddenly, her wild eyes fixed upon the globe before her. The young man jumped and gave her a startled look. Zephina muttered slowly words that, meaning nothing to herself, could not possibly have meant anything to the affrighted consulter. Madame moaned; Madame rolled her eyes; Madame cried aloud as though in pain. At the sight of the mistress of the mysterious in action the client gripped the arms of his chair and made ready to break for the door should her demonstrations become too violent. The workings of the occult did not agree with his unethereal spirit.

Presently Zephina began to speak in a monotonous singsong: "My medium is coming to assist me. Oh, spirit of him that is departed what do you wanna show me? I hear roaring winds and lashing waves. I see the stars grow dim and vanish. Your voice calls me, loved one; your spirit moves me; your hand guides me to the truth. Thou who assisteth the troubled aid us now who are sore tried."

"Ah," breathed the young man loudly as the entranced one paused to get her wind.

"Now!" cried Madame so loudly that the youth jumped again. "I see it! A 'nitial in the depths of the crystal."

She pointed her finger at the innocent globe with great dramatic effect.

"M!—ah, the full name—Molly! You wanna ask the spirits about the state of her affections—her love?"

The youth gulped and nodded, unable to speak.

"I also see a dark man who has threatened 'to get you the first time he sees you.'"

"Big Tim isn't dark," said he, hoarsely. "He's got red hair."

"But his soul is black."

"I guess mebbe you're right."

"But the spirits bid me to tell you to fear not. He can't harm you. You are under their protection. They hover about you always. You ain't got enough confidence in yourself. You was born under Capricorn and should be bold as a lion. Ain't your birthday in December?"

"No mam, it's in July."

"That's what I meant, July. I mistook the glint of moonlight in my vision for snow. Be brave, be fearless. If Big Tim accosts you, remember that the Unseen is protecting you and smite him to the earth. Tolerate nothing from no man. Inform 'em all where to dismount."

"But I can't fight, mam. I was never in a fight in my life."

"Then how can you say what you're able to do with your fists? Always keep in mind that your spiritual guardians will put force behind every blow. No mortal can conquer the incorporeal sphere."

Madame was rather uncertain about the last two words, so she glanced at the youth covertly to see if his face mirrored any doubt as to the use she had made of them. But his open-mouthed wonderment assured her that if she had blundered he was very much unaware of it. Encouraged by this display of credulity, and feeling that her limited vocabulary held too much in check her florid imagination, she went a step farther and began to manufacture her own words; mouthing the lengthy syllables with great relish:

"Of course you must realize that of all the forces at work in nature—ahem—the spiritual is by far the most omnigiferous and catistican. The antiluvian power must not, cannot, never

be defied by any man, beast or non-tripodian. An' as I told you before, you are one of the few favored by the manitudinarian universe."

"Why did they pick me out to defend?" asked the youth, hoping she would answer him in more simple terms as he was quite floored by her exhibition of linguistic skill and grace of tongue.

"Ah, that is a question no man can answer. The spirits has their favorites just like anybody else. How they pick 'em I don't know."

"Would you mind asking 'em whether Molly—loves Big Tim or me?"

"They tell me," answered Madame promptly, "that she loves you, but Big Tim is dazzling her with his size, and he's hiding your good qualities. All you need to do to win the girl is to show your manhood by licking Big Tim."

"That's pretty much of a job," murmured the favored of the hidden world, dubiously.

"You just think it is, that's the trouble. Once you start thinking the other way it'll all be simple and easy."

"Well, I won't start any trouble with Tim but I won't take anything off of 'im either," he answered doggedly, glancing about involuntarily to make sure his bold words were not being overheard.

"That's the kind of talk your spirit friends like to hear! And let me impress it on you that what you need is confidence. Bust 'em all in the nose. Don't forget the unseen help that you will get. Now is there any more questions you'd like to ask?"

"No mam, that's all I wanted to know about. I guess I—owe you something more."

"Well," answered Madame, watching him shrewdly from the corner of her eye, "seeing that you're in such favor with my medium I'll only charge you three dollars."

As the young man paid the toll he thanked her almost with tears in his eyes. He managed to stumble over a chair on his way to the door and halfway downstairs on his way to the street. After he had left Madame Zephina he sat for a moment, unable to rise from laughing.

"Lawzee! Lawzee! If Big Tim don't live up to his name and give you an awful trimmin' it ain't my fault. I suppose it's a shame to treat the poor kid like that 'cause he prob'ly means well, but then he's such a darn fool!

A healthy beatin' will do 'im good. My vocabulary sure was workin' swell to-day. I sprung every word I ever knew on him an' some I didn't know. He'll think me and Webster wrote the dictionary. I'll have to get to work now and swat some of the flies he let in."

About six o'clock Madame prepared to go out for supper. She consulted her "wardrobe closet" (the same cupboard which had accommodatingly served as a refrigerator and a dressing cabinet on previous occasions), and arrayed herself in her finest clothing. She stuffed the newly acquired four dollars in her purse, and going to the rear window, waved it toward the docks in the distance.

"Hey, fishes, I eat to-night for the first time to-day. You don't get me yet awhile. An' believe me, I'm going to have a good time to-night. I'll be nice and fat when you do get your jaws into me. This'll be my last fling, an' it's gonna be *some* fling."

It was a good five hours after dawn ere Madame awoke next morning. Drawing herself to her elbows, she made a wry face, attempted to wet her parched lips with a pasty tongue, and groaned,

"What a headache!"

Then she flopped back and philandered with the bed for an hour longer. At ten-fifteen she hobbled to the windows and pulled up the blinds, allowing the late morning sunshine to enter the room. Her clothes were scattered in disorder and her bare foot encountered the empty purse where she had flung it the night before. Madame stooped with a grunt, picked up the purse and looked at it ruefully.

"Four dollars and all blowed in one night. But I had a mighty good time while it lasted. Gosh, what a night!"

With an effort she threw the useless piece of leather through the back window and turned toward a corner of the room in which a solitary stocking lay. But when she reached the place where it had been, stocking, corner and all had flitted annoyingly around to the back of her. Madame stood helplessly in the middle of the floor, snatching futilely at the stocking every time it passed, but at last gave up with a despairing shrug of the shoulders and dropped to the edge of a chair, holding her swirling head between her hands.

"Oh-h-h," she groaned, "I never felt worse in my life and I haven't even got the price of a little headache dope."



By the time she had cornered all her clothes and dressed herself it was after noon, and Madame's inner person began to urge the necessity of nourishment. Her stomach did not seem to care how her head felt.

"Nothing to eat, no money in hand, no money in sight! Pure fools like that one yesterday are few and far between. And another scorchin' hot day. This life ain't worth livin'—no it ain't worth livin'!"

For a while she meditated upon the uselessness of all existence in general and her own in particular. The idea of self-destruction, aroused by her cold-blooded words of the day before, was firmly settled in her mind. The idle threat, uttered in a spirit of braggadocio to overawe the meddling Charity Worker, had given rise to a prolonged consideration of the most convenient ways and means of ending a life of no benefit to herself or others. Finally Madame arose, resolved to terminate the miserable struggle once and for all; to write "Finis" to her endless tribulations. She put on her hat before a mirror and pulled it to one side with a sturdy jerk. The swagger effect pleased her. As she was pinning the hat to her head a loud yell from the street made her pause in her pre-mortuary preparations. She paled slightly and rushed to the window as quickly as her bulk and the inconveniently arranged furniture would permit. Immediately upon looking out she became panic-stricken and gripped the window frame feverishly.

"Just what I thought," she wailed, "it's him! He's limpin' an' now just look at that bloody face! Big Tim's half killed him an' now he's comin' up here to kill me. There's murder in his eye—I can see it! I can see it! Where in the name of Heaven can I hide? O Lord, Lord, Lord, Lord, I was only bluffin'. I wouldn'ta committed suicide. I see that now when I'm face to face with death. I'll work, I'll beg, I'll steal, I'll—I'll do anything but I don't wanna die!"

Another shout below, and she heard the sound of feet ascending the twenty-four steps to her room in five bounds. Before she could stir her fear—paralyzed body into action the door opened and her late client burst into the room.

"You did it, you did it!" he cried, fairly jumping up and down in his excitement.

"I know it," answered Madame, piteously, "but I only told you what the spirits said."

"I don't know how I'm ever gonna pay you back. Here—here take this. Ten dollars is all I can afford now, but I've told all my friends what a wonder you are and they're all gonna start comin' here. If any of 'em ever get funny let me know and I'll knock 'em cold."

"But what—why—"

"Oh, Big Tim mussed me up this way, all right," went on the youth breathlessly, "but you oughta see him. Molly and I starts back from downtown this morning, see, and we was comin' along chipper and happy, but we'd hardly got off the car when Big Tim stops us. When I first saw him comin' I was just gettin' ready to run but I thought of what you'd said about the spirits bein' my friends and all that, so I stuck by Molly."

"Where you goin' with my girl?" Big Tim says.

"None of your doggon business," I says, just like that—'none of your doggon business.' Real tough like I tried to say it but my teeth was chatterin' so I bit my tongue and it didn't sound as hard as I thought it would. Well, he makes a pass at me, but I dodged and hit him one right on the nose—I just threw my fist in the air and it landed there, y'see, and whang! down he went. I walked up to him when he was gettin' up, wavin' my arms, an' spittin' on my hands, and I yelled:

"Come on, you ghosts, if you're ever gonna help me, do it now!"

"Big Tim looks at me kinda funny, and starts backin' away, but I follered him up, and we mixes it again, an' gosh, I hafta laugh how easy it was! He seemed to be scared of somethin' an' pretty, soon I had him beggin' for mercy. Then I walks over to Molly dustin' myself off, just like that, y'see, an' I holds out my arm an' she takes it, an' off we goes with our noses in the air, an' when I gets 'er home she promises to marry me, so I didn't even stop to wash, but I starts right down for the license, an' the office closes at noon, so I'll hafta hurry, so good-bye an' good luck to you."

He grabbed Zephina in his arms and kissed her astounded countenance heartily, leaving a smear of blood across her cheek. Then he limped out hastily and so was gone. Madame swayed uncertainly for a minute like a lily of the field and finally sat down plump on the floor.

"Gallee Ned!" she gasped, "what d'yuh know about that!"

# THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC

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—The American passion for time-saving in things commercial, may insinuate itself into other phases of life to a degree that may be damaging to our popular education and culture. The machinist labors to make one piece of steel do the work formerly accomplished by two pieces; the efficiency engineer studies how to produce the largest quantity of a commodity in the shortest time, and at the lowest cost. However laudable this spirit of economy may be in the manufacture of soap or sausage, it is a distinct hurt to the Queen's English when it leads us to try and express our thoughts in the shortest time and with the fewest possible syllables. In an article in *McClures* for October, Mr. Hugh Mearns draws a line between spoken English and spoken American. He writes:

Spoken American has traveled far from spoken English. The English lift the receiver and mildly inquire: "Are you there?" Americans rattle the handle and cry: "H'lo! H'lo! Who-ziss?" The English say: "shut it," we "can it." They tap their foreheads significantly and murmur: "Balmy!" We remark: "Nobuddy a-tome!" And spoken American has traveled even further. We have no written language. Our print is the English language; our speech is the American. For instance, we must use English letters to indicate the sound of a common American salutation: "Godda macha bowcha?" (Have you got a match about you?) But, alas, how this crude spelling maligns our smoothly articulated vernacular. Our language—the American—is no stationary thing. It is on the move; it has characteristic "hustle." We are busy smashing consonants, spoiling vowels, crushing whole phrases into a grunt—"Uddi-doon-air?" (What are you doing there?) "Sry." (That is right.) In that respect our development is like the French language during the period of its most rapid advance. Like the French we have begun to drop our final consonants. A jitney ride cost "fi-cense" (five cents). Our evening valedictory is "Goo-night!" In dropping "H's" we almost out-English the English: "Ware-zee?" (Where is he?) "Air-e-iz!" (There he is.) "At-sim!" (That's him.) When women interrupt our male meetings, as they often insist upon doing, one is sure to hear from the

crowd a good lusty, American voice shouting: "Shudderup!" What's she "doin' 'ere," anyway? Nobody "asst-'er in!" From the bleachers comes the cry: "Ittim owd, oh' man!" (Hit them out, old man!) And when he does hit them out, the answering shout is "Attaboy!" (That's the boy.)

An attentive ear may catch every variety of this so-called American speech during a walk on the campus. It is in the air, it is catching, and it is making wholly ineffective the efforts of professors to have their students read articulately. If English speech in America is to be saved from the deterioration which the prevalence of this American "talk" seems to indicate, it must be through the influence of college men; but if they allow themselves to drift into the careless, slipshod habits of conversation that characterize Pa Perkins and his associates in the daily comics, we may look forward to a time when this spoken American shall make up the dialogue of the "great American novel." Mr. Mearns writes:

Fancy a page like this:

"Wen-juh gid din?" sez she. "Lass-night," sez he. "Binna way long?" "Munce 'n munce." "How's ze oh town?" "Aw-rye." "Fie nole Ciddy," sez he. "Ass-rye," sez she. "Fie nole burg," sez he. "Ass-rye," sez she.

—The history of Notre Dame athletics makes conspicuous the value of interhall contests. They have ever been the source of a hall spirit and a good-natured rivalry. Interhall Athletics. that have lent zest to the battles on gridiron or diamond. They have brought to the fore the athletic ability of numberless students who have been the mainstay of our University teams, and who, if not for these contests, might have gone through their college course, athletically a part of the illustrious obscure. The success of interhall athletics depends largely upon the spirit injected into them by the players in the various halls. A willing crowd of players who are ready to make the sacrifice of personal pleasures in order to have regular and consistent practice, will develop generally into a first-rate team, capable of giving a good battle, and bringing glory if not always victory to their hall. The fact that the regular Freshman teams are disbarred from interhall athletics this year promises more evenly contested games, and gives an opportunity to the less experienced player who might be diffident of trying to make a place on the teams with more experienced warriors competing. This year ought to bring

about great athletic games and stir up in the halls the spirit that makes winning teams and true Varsity candidates. Get ready for the fray by regular daily practice. Make your hall team a winner!

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### The Electrical Engineering Club

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The Electrical Engineers' Club began its third year, Thursday evening Oct. 12, 1916. The meeting was strictly a business one, at which officers for the year were elected and the plans of the club discussed. Dr. Caparo, of the Department of Electrical Engineering was unanimously chosen honorary president and director; Leonard "Dad" Evans, president; Harry Breslin, vice-president; George Russell, secretary; Walter Ducep, treasurer; James Sweeney, sergeant-at-arms; James McNulty, reporter; Father Dominic, chaplain. After the election and the appointment of committees, Dr. Caparo gave a short talk, after which the meeting was adjourned to meet again next Thursday evening.

In his talk, Dr. Caparo pointed out the great value, which is had in club and research work, such as he has always tried to have the society accomplish. He then presented a general programme which will be carried out at each meeting. There will be at least two papers at each meeting on some current topic in electrical engineering. Discussions will then be in order, for and against certain major points brought out in the papers. In this way, he explained, not only will the trained engineer be able to do his work properly but will, if called upon, be able to explain what is being done, in a manner creditable to himself. The seniors will be called upon to report the progress they are making on their theses, and their methods of procedure. During the course of the year, engineers of note, and men of experience will be present at the meetings to give lectures. Also, many new places of interest to the engineer will be visited, and reports from the notes taken on these trips will be expected from each member present. Perhaps the most interesting bit of news to the members of the club, was the fact that Dr. Caparo promised to deliver a series of talks which will include, "The Cantor and Dedekind Theory of Numbers;" "The Properties of Matter;" "The Structure of the Atom;" "The Principles of Relativity, and the Moving Axis in their

Relation to Time and Space;" "The Properties of Electricity," and "Famous Problems of Geometry."

In other years, the junior and senior engineers were the only ones who seemed active in the affairs of the club; but this year an enthusiastic campaign will be made to enroll as members in the club, the students in all classes of electrical and mechanical-engineering. The meetings will be held every Thursday evening at 7:30 in Science Hall.

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### Dr. Jordan.

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Doctor David Starr Jordan, Chancellor of Leland Stanford University, eminent author and pacifist, addressed the students Tuesday afternoon on "The Long Cost of War." Dr. Jordan, our second renowned visitor within a week, is known all over the world for his labors in the establishment of universal peace, and we may consider ourselves particularly fortunate in having heard his excellent lecture. The Doctor considered and refuted the territorial expansion and national virility arguments in favor of war, and described the terrible effects of long continued strife, illustrating his remarks with singularly revelant examples. In conclusion the speaker reviewed the work of the pacifist society of which he is so prominent a member, and said that as we all are passengers of the good ship Earth it behooves us to strive "to keep order on deck."

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### Founder's Day.

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Nature participated beautifully in the celebration of Founder's Day on Friday, October 13, by mixing sunshine and autumn breezes in those proportions that make a perfect day. The festivity this year had special significance in that it commemorated the seventy-fifth year of Notre Dame's life. A Solemn High Mass was celebrated in the University Church at half-past eight by the Reverend Matthew Walsh, C. S. C., assisted by the Reverend Matthew Schumacher, C. S. C., as deacon, and the Rev. Edward Finnegan, C. S. C., subdeacon. The sermon of the day was preached by the Very Reverend President of the University who took for his subject "The Spirit of the Founders." The text of the sermon is published in the first part of this issue of the SCHOLASTIC.

After the Mass, the University Band gave a

concert on the porch of the Main Building. The selections were largely popular and were played with great spirit.

At eleven o'clock Governor Whitman of New York made a visit to the University and addressed the students. He spoke upon the opportunity of the university man, and the special work he had to do in the world. After his address the Governor made a visit to the various halls of the University.

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#### Entertainments.

"The Littlest Rebel," shown Saturday the 14th, is very melodramatic and rather tiresome. The story of what was originally a vaudeville sketch is stretched out through five reels, and consequently there is a great deal of irrelevant action that may have been intended for comedy as charming domestic color. E. K. Lincoln, formerly of the Vitagraph Company, plays the lead perhaps as well but not any better than hundreds of other leading men could have played it.

\* \* \*

The Chicago Ensemble Trio, consisting of a soprano, violinist, and pianist, provided a good evening's entertainment Wednesday the 18th. The rendition of the violin cycle written by Dcorak after his visit to America was excellent, and a pleasing effect was produced by playing "Humoresque," while the accomplished soprano sang: "Way Down Upon the Suwanee River."

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#### Obituary.

##### MR. FRANK T. CLARK.

Mr. Frank T. Clark (A. B., '85) attorney, died on July 9th at his home 638 E. Long St., Columbus, Ohio. He was the brother of Rev. Denis A. Clark, rector of Holy Family Church, Columbus. Mr. Clark took his bachelor's and master's degrees at the University and later studied law in the office of his brother. He shall be prayerfully remembered at Notre Dame.

##### WILLIAM M'ENIRY.

The death of the Hon. William M'Eniry at his home in Rock Island, Illinois, removed one of the leading lawyers in the state of Illinois. Mr. M'Eniry was an old student of Notre Dame and his son William Jr. was a student last year in Walsh Hall. The students and faculty will be mindful of him in prayer.

#### Personals.

—Mr. J. J. Meyers (LL. B., '04) of Carroll, Iowa, has recently been appointed a member of the Supreme Board of Directors of the Knights of Columbus.

—Mr. Louis Cox, of "prep" oratorical fame a few years ago, visited the University this week. Mr. Cox, who comes from Winnepeg, Canada, expects to enter the Notre Dame Law School soon.

—Professors Bergan and Scott of Indiana University will visit Notre Dame in the near future to make the annual inspection of St. Mary's and Notre Dame University for the Indiana State Board of Education.

—Gustave Quertimont is now employed in his father's office as stenographer and next year will take up the work of head bookkeeper. Gus is greatly missed this year by his boy friends. His address is Box 241, Buckhannon, W. Va.

—Frank Wentland, a student in the course of Electrical Engineering last year, is employed by a construction company in Smooth Rock Falls, Ontario, Canada. Frank is doing river surveying and has a number of men under him some of whom are Indians.

—Mr. Paul Donovan (LL. B., '10) of the firm of Waite and Donovan, Woodstock, Ill., has been active in a lawsuit against the Sears' estate to recover back taxes amounting to \$1,250,000. Paul has had some of the biggest lawyers in Illinois opposing him in the case but everything now points to a successful issue of his cause.

—The Rt. Rev. James Coyle (LL. D., '10), pastor of St. Mary's Church, Taunton, Mass., recently enjoyed the consolation of seeing his beautiful parish church consecrated. The parochial equipment of St. Mary's is among the most impressive in America. On that occasion, to the immense satisfaction of all, the Holy Father made Dr. Coyle a member of his own household, conferring on him the title of Monsignor.

—The *Evening Wisconsin* of Milwaukee, for September 29, gives the following letter received from James D. Desmond a student in Carroll Hall ('11-'12) who was active in the suppression of rebels at Monte Christi, San Domingo:

We landed at Monte Christi and after slight opposition occupied the fort. While there, the rebels attacked us and after a skirmish with one of our machine gun

companies they retired, leaving forty dead. We suffered no casualties. The rebels were about 2,500 strong and had their base at Santiago City, eighty-five miles from Monte Christi. Our object was to capture Santiago City and on June 25 set out on our eighty-five mile march.

On the second day we were halted at Fort Manga, a strong position that had not been taken in 100 years. Our company, the Twenty-Seventh, was the advance guard, and we charged. The enemy opened a hot fire and believe me I began to feel shaky. I was so busy loading the machine gun that soon I didn't mind it. After an hour and a half of fighting we finally gained the crest and the enemy retreated, leaving behind twenty-five dead. Our company lost one man killed and two wounded. The dead man had been my tent mate of the night before.

### Local News.

—Father O'Donnell is now engaged in compiling a book of the best Notre Dame verse. The book will probably be off the press before Easter.

—The Laetare Medal will be conferred upon Dr. James J. Walsh tomorrow evening. A full account of the ceremony will be given in the next issue of the SCHOLASTIC.

—Interhall athletics will be set in motion to-morrow, when football teams from the different halls will open their schedule. The teams have been practicing for the last two weeks.

—Overflow conditions resulting from the increased registration this year caused Music Hall to be called upon as a place of residence. Several rooms are being fitted up on the third floor of the building.

—The Day Students are soon to inaugurate the University's social season with a dance to which their fellow-students will be invited. Vernon Helman of South Bend is president of the non-boarders this year.

—St. Joseph Hall has sent the names of Columbus Conboy, Francis Farrington and Bernard Walsh to the faculty board of athletics, and the board will select one of these men as athletic manager for the hall.

—Steeple-jack Tice finished his daring work of patching the gold dome on the Main Building this week. When the dome is again regilded it may be covered with a glass preparation which is guaranteed to last many years.

—On Tuesday afternoon Mr. Edgar Guest of the *Detroit Free Press* addressed the classes in Journalism. He gave some suggestions for

the successful conduct of a humorous column and illustrated his remarks with stories and with readings of his own verse.

—On Wednesday afternoon Mr. J. P. McAvoy of the *Chicago Tribune* and the *Chicago American* dropped into Notre Dame and talked newspaper to the Journalists for an hour. Joe's talk was full of practical suggestion and good fun; and he enjoys living again, if only for an hour or two, at Alma Mater.

—The second meeting of the Kentucky Club was held last Saturday evening in Sorin Hall. The annual initiation, and the installation of officers took place. The officers for the coming year are: John B. Campbell, of Louisville, Colonel; Emmett D. Hannan, of Paducah, Lieutenant-Colonel; E. A. Besten of Louisville, Revenue Collector; and T. W. Spalding, of Springfield, Stillhouse Watch. Ice cream and cake were served.

—Several new members participated in the election of officers of the Brownson Literary and Debating Society on Friday evening, October 13. The officers chosen for the ensuing four months are: J. T. Riley, president; Donald Barry, vice-president; Leo Ward, treasurer; John Ward, secretary; B. J. McGurl sergeant-at-arms, and J. E. Merrion, reporter. Mr. Riley in a short talk outlined the purpose and prospects of the society, and a vote of thanks was tendered Brother Alphonsus for the interest he has taken in the work of reorganization. It was announced that Father O'Donnell has been chosen critic.

—The following men are retained as members of the Notre Dame Glee Club for the season of 1916-1917. They have been duly elected to membership by the governing board and approved by the director.

#### FIRST TENORS

J. Corona, F. G. Jones, Geo. W. Shanahan, J. T. McMahon, James D. Hayes, Gerald O'Keefe.

#### SECOND TENORS

R. Sackley, F. L. Mahaffey, E. J. McOsker, C. J. McCauley, D. J. Edmonson, F. Birmingham, L. Butterworth, P. T. Cosgrove.

#### FIRST BASSOS

R. D. Daley, R. J. Dunn, H. E. Scott, J. U. Riley, J. P. Fogarty, L. A. Yeager, J. C. McGinnis, W. J. Noonan, N. Whelen, T. Powers, R. Callan.

#### SECOND BASSOS

J. J. Miller, M. E. Trudelle, F. J. Slackford, John L. Reuss, P. Gallaher.

#### INSTRUMENTALISTS

G. O'Laughlin, E. Kelly, T. Carmody, J. Sullivan, T. Cullen, L. Cook, L. Russell, H. R. Parker, H.

Denny, E. Kelly, B. Voll, F. J. Carey, J. E. Minavio, R. Molony, C. Overton, J. L. Musmaker, T. E. Quinlan, E. Hannan, H. Kelly, A. Clancy, D. Patterson, A. Husch, L. J. Schefferly.

Athletics.

Disappointed at the team's showing in Saturday's game with Haskell, Harper has been working the squad three times a day. The football menu consists in: blackboard practice at twelve-thirty, scrimmage each afternoon, and signal drill in the Gym each evening after supper. Although Notre Dame managed to score twenty-six points against the Indian's zero, the team lacked the usual "pep" and punch. Interference was ragged and, at times, conspicuous by its absence; and the speedy Indians got around the ends of the line before our plays could get started.

Of course two things should be considered as an explanation; Rydzewski was missing at centre and John Miller was not at full. Then, Dutch Bergman, who found it difficult to get going in the early part of the game, was injured just as he was beginning to get his stride and had to give way to Malone. However the work of Slackford, at full, and Malone, who succeeded "Bergy" at right half, was noteworthy and encouraging. Slackford was the only man on the team who could gain consistently, and each time he was given the ball he got through the line for three, five or ten yads. Fitzpatrick, who took Slackford's place in the third quarter, also proved himself a good ground-gainer. However, the presence of John Miller in the fullback position will put the old fight and pepper in the team, and the news that he will be in the Wabash game is welcome.

By the way, the Wabash game a week from to-day should be a battle, for, although Purdue beat the Little Giants by the score of 28 to 7, two of the Boilermaker's touchdowns were "flukes" according to assistant coach Rockne who watched the two teams battle at Lafayette last Saturday. He brought back a number of Wabash plays and the Freshmen have been working them against the Varsity in daily practice. It is likely that all the regulars will be in the game with the Crawfordsville team next Saturday with the exception of Whipple, right end, who sprained his ankle in Tuesday's work-out.

In the Haskell battle, Bachman and Coughlin

played a good game in the Notre Dame line, while Capt. Williams, Benton and C. Evans were the stars for the Redskins.

The new permanent stands on the east side of the field were used for the first time, and were not too big to accomodate the large crowd that watched the game. Just before the game started, a part of the old bleachers collapsed but no one was hurt.

Summary of the Haskell game:

NOTRE DAME 26	HASKELL 0
Baujan.....L. E.....	C. Evans
Coughlin.....L. T.....	Fier
Bachman.....L. G.....	Timothy
Maddigan.....C.....	Stover
De Gree.....R. G.....	Elders
McInerny.....R. T.....	Williams, Capt.
Whipple.....R. E.....	Benton
Phelan.....Q.....	Clemonts
Cofall, Capt.....L. H.....	Hamilton
Bergman.....R. H.....	Campbell
Slackford.....F.....	Black

SCORE BY QUARTERS:

	1	2	3	4	Total
NOTRE DAME	0	19	0	7	26
HASKELL	0	0	0	0	0

Touchdowns: Phelan, Slackford, Cofall, Fitzpatrick. Goals from touchdown: Cofall, 2; Referee: Gardner, Cornell. Umpire: VanRiper, Wisconsin. Head linesman: Cooper, Springfield Y. M. C. A.

\*\*\*

—Following is the Interhall Football schedule for 1916. The games will begin at three o'clock.

Sunday, Oct. 15.....	Sorin vs. St. Joseph
Sunday, Oct. 22.....	Brownson vs. Walsh
Sunday, Oct. 29.....	Corby vs. Sorin
Saturday, Nov. 4.....	Corby vs. St. Joseph
Sunday, Nov. 5.....	Brownson vs. Sorin
Saturday, Nov. 11.....	Corby vs. Brownson
Sunday, Nov. 12.....	Walsh vs. St. Joseph
Saturday, Nov. 18.....	Sorin vs. Walsh
Sunday, Nov. 19.....	Brownson vs. St. Joseph
Sunday, Nov. 26.....	Corby vs. Walsh

\*\*\*

An interhall schedule has been arranged for light-weight teams of Brownson, Corby and Walsh. Norman Barry is in charge of Brownson, "Chief" Myers of Corby and Father Hagerty of Walsh Halls.

The schedule is as follows:

Oct. 19.....	Walsh vs. Brownson
Oct. 22.....	Brownson vs. Corby
Oct. 26.....	Corby vs. Walsh
Oct. 29.....	Brownson vs. Walsh
Nov. 2.....	Corby vs. Brownson

The first game of the series was played Thursday morning, Walsh winning by the score of 13 to 0. The game was fast and well-played on both sides. Denver's line plunging

and the handling of the forward pass by Insley and Kenny were the features. For Brownson, Fennesy was a consistent ground gainer, while White and Wheeler were strong on defense.

\* \* \*

The annual Notre Dame cross-country run will be held Thursday, November 9, and the conditions under which it will be run should bring out a large number of men for the contest. Seven prizes have been hung up for the event, the first being a South Bend Watch donated by Dr. R. F. Lucas of South Bend. Liberal handicaps will be allowed, so that everyone will have a chance of placing "in the money." There are, at present, fifteen men working out for the run, but that number should be more than doubled. All those wishing to enter should see Andy McDonough at the Gym any evening at four o'clock, or get in communication with Coach Rockne.

#### Safety Valve.

Someone will have to take Brandy off the second floor of Corby—Jolly is continually coming up to see him.

\* \* \*

New Student:—"I'd like to have a room in Walsh Hall. I came clear from New York to attend this school."

Rector:—"There are no rooms vacant now but I'll promise you I'll fire someone before the end of the week to make room for you."

\* \* \*

New Student:—"All the classrooms I should attend are printed on my bill of studies but a fellow would have to be a regular sleuth to find any of them."

\* \* \*

MR. S. WRITES.

"Please reverse a room in Walsh Hall for me and when I come to unroll in September I shall bring my credits;"—the laundry man was there when he came to unroll and made ten dollars.

\* \* \*

You fellows who payed a dollar and a half for this SCHOLASTIC certainly got stung—why you could have had six club sandwiches for that.

\* \* \*

The chimes in the tower have the sweetest tone. It's too bad they don't play a tune of some kind.

\* \* \*

What has become of the old fashioned student who used to study his lessons and go to bed at night?

\* \* \*

She:—"Yes, I think psychology is just the sweetest thing. I could go crazy over it."

He:—"So could I—in fact I have."

\* \* \*

Those desiring a complete list of Brownson Hall in alphabetical order may consult the delinquent list for Oct. 15.

#### AT THE FOOTBALL GAME

She:—"Oh, George, I think I am going to enjoy this game so much. I've so dearly wished to see a football game for many years and now I'm going to have the pleasure. Oh do tell me everything George, so I won't miss one wee thing."

He:—"I'm sure, Alice, you'll enjoy it. If you just watch you can't help but understand it. It's simple as—(enter team with head gears on)"

She:—"Oh George, what a queer looking lot of players you have! What funny shaped heads they have and all of them are bald as can be. I don't—"

He:—"They're not bald, Alice, they have head gears on."

She:—"What gear is head gear, George?"

He:—"Why it's a covering for the head, Alice, to prevent these men from getting injured."

She:—"And are their heads under that?"

He:—"Of course they are."

She:—"And are their heads just like yours and mine?"

He:—"Certainly they are."

She:—"And are—oh George! what's the matter with that man's face? Has he a cancer of the nose? Oh what a terrible, livid, distorted—"

He:—"Why that's a nose guard, Alice, that's not his face!"

She:—"What's a nose guard?"

He:—"Why it's to protect the nose in the scrimmage."

She:—"What's the scrimmage, George?"

He:—"When a man bucks into the line he's liable—"

She:—"Where is Bucks and who has the line? I don't see any line."

He:—"For heaven sakes Alice don't talk so loud. The boys behind us are laughing at us. That nose guard is simply a covering for the man's nose."

She:—"And has he a nose under that?"

He:—"Surely he has."

She:—"And is it a nose like yours and mine?"

He:—"Of course it is Alice and he can blow it too."

She:—"And can he—Goodness! George what's that thing sticking out of that man's back? It looks like the back end of a bath tub."

He:—"Why that's Charlie Bachman and he's wearing a pad for his back. He was hurt—"

She:—"What's a pad? Is it something to write on or to—"

He:—"No, no, it's a covering for the back to—"

She:—"And is his back just like other peoples?"

He:—"Yes, surely, that covering—(game starts)"

She:—"Oh, George, did you see that brutal fellow that looks like a bandit catch that brown eyed, dark haired, nice looking boy by the feet and throw him down? He should be arrested. Can't you call a policeman?"

He:—"Why Alice, that's part of the game. That was a pretty tackle."

She:—"Pretty tackle? Whose a pretty tackle. Why that nice looking fellow would have gone clear down the field if that loafer hadn't grabbed him by the feet—"

He:—"Go it old boy, go it! Did you see that run Alice—Oh did you see it?"

She:—"Why I can't see what there is in that. That

man has a flat nose and a most ill-fitting suit and one stocking is a shade lighter than the other. He ought to be ashamed to come out in public like that. He should—"

He:—"Let's go Alice. I have a presentment that my house is on fire or that mother is dead—yes, I'm sure she's dead and I must go home at once."

(He leads her to the gate.)

The Crowd:—"Ha! Ha! Ha!"

\*\*\*

Now that the disturbance is all over will Mr. John Musmaker of Corby Hall please stand up and tell us why he did it?

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