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In Autumn.

BY JAMES RYAN.

OH, sad and drear, the dying year,
The swirl of brown leaves falling;
The tip of fire on vine and briar,
The lonely curlew calling;
Brown fields upturned where late there burned,
In the blossom-burst of dawn,
The bearded grain, bring grief again
For the golden hours ago.

Tarkington's "Monsieur Beaucaire."

BY D. E. HILGARTNER.

BOTH TARKINGTON, the eminent Indiana novelist, surprised the literary world some fifteen years ago by a novel of the Middle Ages; it was an agreeable surprise for his readers who were hitherto accustomed to rural romances from his pen.

The story is rather a novelette than a novel; for it is contained in a hundred and fifty pages. With the length of the tale in mind, the plot is perfect and its rendition effaces any dubious intimation that it was taken from a conte of the great Dumas. It is simple, and easily followed by the reader. There are only three important characters involved in the unraveling and they stand out in bold relief against the light blue summer sky.

The interest of the plot is uniformly climactic. The reader is held in suspense throughout the story much as he is during the release of a feature film; because the dénouement does not occur until the last page of the final chapter. Only then the reader knows that the barber of refined mannerisms is actually the modest possessor of fourteen French titles and orders, as well as a prince of the blood. The plot development, too, is moderately swift. There is action in every chapter and this intensifies

its resemblance to a motion-picture scenario.

The exciting force consists primarily in the identity of the mysterious barber, M. Beaucaire, who also conducts a gaming house, and secondarily, in the question whether he will desert his love in France for the titled English beauty, Lady Mary Carlisle? It is an adequate cause of the whole action; because it leads admirably to the powerful climax, which takes place late in the story. Duke Winterset, the villain, supposedly makes known the merial position of the alleged impostor before Lady Mary on the road to a May festival. However, the solution of the complication is satisfactory and the story ends happily.

There are no sub-plots to confuse the reader and there is only one dominating thread of action for him to follow. The dramatic situations are frequent and effective; particularly the descriptions of the duels which are brought about by the connivance of the jealous English duke. In the climax a bit of improbability is introduced when Monsieur Beaucaire successfully defends himself against six highwaymen for an inordinate length of time before he is finally overcome. This again suggests the "movies." The development as an entity is logical throughout, and if we consider the unusual interest in the art of self-defense during that period, the skill of the prince with the rapier is not to be questioned.

The story moves steadily forward and does not at any time revert to explain what happened before. Neither is the action retarded by description, although the descriptive passages occasionally absorb the reader's entire interest. The explanation of the minor characters is very cleverly introduced and does not impede the progress of the action.

The resolving force is mystification rather than accident. It is not employed naturally, however, but is used to develop an atmosphere of plausibility. Naturally the plot involves the element of surprise, but the effort appears strained and a close student of the novel will

detect a somewhat false effect. The author's attempt to deceive the reader seems intentional. When Lady Mary confronts M. le Duc Chateaubriand and inquires if the charges of the Duke of Winterset are true, Tarkington does not allow the prince incognito to deny the spurious attacks of his rival.

The entire action is congruous with the characters. Scenes are created by uncontrollable tempers, and the elaborate etiquette of the nobles is indicative of the age in which they lived. There are several situations in which character is determined. The hero's mettle is tested in the early chapters, and obviously he possesses the characteristic traits of the French gentleman—bravery and chivalry. Duke Winterset exposes his real weaknesses in a rather melodramatic manner, while the subtle aloofness of Lady Mary stamps her as a shallow coquette who basks in the sun of adulation like a seal on the rocks on a sunny morning.

M. Beaucaire is finally cleared of all the accusations in a convincing fashion, and returns to France and the princess he really loves, so the final fate of the characters illustrates the principle of poetic justice and logical retribution, although no gratifying disposal is made of Lady Mary Carlisle, the feminine trifier.

The plot consists of a well-balanced combination of external and internal action. The reader is led from the duelling fields and attacks on the highway to brilliant drawing-room scenes or dramatic situations involving action. With the possible exception of the diabolical methods indulged in by the English duke, none of the action is extravagant or unreasonable.

A reader can very easily grasp the essential outline of this story and, because of this, if for no other reason, the plot can be summarized lucidly the first time the story is read.

To say that the novel is dependent upon the plot for its appeal is not entirely correct, for the character studies are absorbing. Characterization has been blended with a forcible plot in a way that makes them interdependent and co-operative. This laudible condition is an attestation of Booth Tarkington's ability as a novelist.

Monsieur Beaucaire is a lovable hero. He has a delightful flow of English, tinted with a French accent, and his character is rapidly drawn forth until the reader sees him as the crown prince of France; a gentleman in the truest sense and a noble of the bluest blood.

The Surgeon's Dilemma.

BY GEORGE D. HALLER.

When John Halstead came to the close of a brilliant college career, and graduated with the highest honors of his class, his associates and classmates made the usual predictions of fame and fortune to be quickly won. And for once the prophecies were right. After receiving his degree at Johns Hopkins, he specialized in Vienna and Paris under the great masters, and returning to America, became, almost unbelievably soon, the greatest authority on this side of the ocean on mental diseases and derangements of the brain.

His skilled fingers seemed inspired. He had never lost a human life, never failed in any case he undertook. Physicians and surgeons spoke of him as one apart; such a master of the scalpel as was Shakespeare of the pen.

And with fame and fortune achieved, came also love. His fiancée was of an old patrician Southern family, exquisitely beautiful, clever, and desirable beyond all words. And Halstead himself, "the cleanest man in college," he had been called, was a fit mate for Judge Calvert's daughter, Louise.

Phillip Calvert, the brother of Louise, was the black sheep of the family, the sorrow of his father's years; for his reckless life, his escapades, his dissipations, had sent his gentle old mother sorrowing to an early grave. He had a most ungovernable temper, a wickedness of disposition that was modified by a charm of personality that made it easy for the soft-hearted to excuse his wildness. He and his father were estranged, but Louise's love for her brother furnished the sole bond which still held the tempestuous brother under the family roof.

Marion Colfax, the other girl in the case, was of the same type as Louise, proud, sensitive, high-bred. Her father, a Supreme Court Justice, had, in a moment of weakness, several years ago, accepted a bribe and had rendered a decision against his conscience in an important case. This affair was known to two men only, John Halstead and Phillip Calvert. Calvert, long since sunk below honor, held this knowledge as a club over Marion Colfax's head, in order to force her into marriage with him whom she abhorred on account of his habits. The marriage in itself would be a great wrong, for Calvert was a hopeless drunkard. But Marion,

high-minded and generous, believed it to be her duty to marry Phillip in order to save her father from shame and ignominy, and the family name from dishonor. This in short was the situation at the beginning of the incidents herein related.

The telephone jangled insistently, with a hurried, anxious buzzing. Halstead laid his book aside and took up the receiver. "John, this is Louise. Phillip has been seriously injured in an automobile accident. The doctors here hold no hope for recovery. They say you are the only surgeon in America who can save him. Will you do it, for my sake, please, John?"

"Will be there on the first train, Louise. Will he last that long? State of coma, you say. Will live for days, perhaps? Good, that gives some hope. Good-bye."

The receiver was hung up.

"Grimes, pack my bag. I am leaving at 2 A. M. for Baltimore."

"All right, sir."

The next day, an anxious, drawn-faced Louise met Halstead at the Baltimore terminal and hurried him into an automobile for a wild forty-mile drive to the Calvert home.

After a consultation with the other physicians and an examination of the patient, Halstead resolved to operate on the morrow, when his nerves, relaxed by a peaceful sleep, would aid him to the utmost in his delicate task. That evening, in the guest room to which he had been taken, a picture looked him in the face as he tossed his collar onto the bureau. It was a fine likeness of Marion Colfax, Phillip's fiancée. Knowing all the ignoble details of Phillip's plan to make her his wife, it suddenly occurred to Halstead that perhaps after all, it would be the better thing to let the man die and save Marion Colfax from this detested and detestable union; for Halstead, as a physician, knew the union could never be happy.

On the one hand stood Louise begging her fiancée for her brother's life, the brother whom she loved passionately despite his many faults. In addition, Halstead's professional reputation was at stake. His conscience would not allow him to refuse to undertake the operation, nor would it allow him to fake one and let the man die. On the other hand, something within him urged him otherwise, saying, "Here is your chance to prevent a great wrong. Simply let nature take its course and allow Calvert to die. Marion Colfax will be saved from a re-

volting lot, the wife of a drunkard."

This was the surgeon's dilemma. For hours he paced the floor, his mind a jumble of emotions. Devotion to his sweetheart weighed against the duty of preventing a great wrong. His reputation in the balance against a woman's future happiness. In despair he threw himself upon the bed, and the morning light crept into the room to find him with the problem still unsolved.

As was his practice every morning of his life and especially before important operations he repaired to the nearby Catholic chapel and heard Mass and received Holy Communion. With the reception of the Sacrament, a quiet entered his soul and a voice seemed to say: "Who are you to judge as God?" Clear as day his duty took form. He was a surgeon, he must operate. He must save Phillip Calvert's life.

A little later, clad all in white, marked and swathed, he stood at the operating table. The sure, swift fingers worked as they never had before. The pressure of the bone relieved, a blood clot removed, the fracture mended, and the deed was done.

A few hours later Phillip awoke from the coma.

"Marion, Marion!" he called. She was brought to him. Feebly he took her hand, sorrowfully noting as he did, her unconscious aversion.

"Marion," he whispered, "I release you from your promise. Try to think kindly of me." He sank back with a sigh. Marion left the room, great tears welling in her eyes.

Hurrying in, Halstead saw that Phillip was only extremely exhausted. "With proper care he will recover," he told Louise.

Six months later, the marriage of Louise Calvert to John Halstead was solemnized. Phillip Calvert, now his own master, clear-eyed, bright, upright and cleanly was best man.

And whispers say that before long a second marriage will take place, when John Halstead will stand for the man to whom he gave new birth into a cleaner, fresher life, when he takes unto himself the idol of his heart, Marion Colfax.

$$2+2=4$$

"He only stayed for a second, Mama,

To say 'Good-night,'" said she;

But Mama knew better, for she had heard

A third and a fourth, you see. J. J. W.

Hannibal the Soldier.

BY WALTER L. CLEMENTS.

When anyone inquires: "Who do you think are the greatest military leaders of history?" we generally answer with the names of Alexander, Caesar and Napoleon, but are too often inclined to forget the name of Hannibal, though as a great soldier. Hannibal deserves equal consideration with the other three men of more fortunate, but of scarcely greater military genius. Military genius should be measured by the greatness of the difficulties against which it must strive, and by the manner in which it meets such difficulties. As a soldier, who struggled against overwhelming difficulties with ingenious tact, as a man who stood for years against the all-conquering Romans with scarcely any support besides the force of his own genius, Hannibal, in some respects, seems to surpass those other soldiers on whom history has showered so much praise.

While the fortunate deeds of Scipio have been glorified by Livy, all the accounts of Hannibal that have come down to us were written from the Roman point of view and were meant to serve as a kind of background on which to portray the triumphs of Rome over Carthage. Hannibal left behind him no nation to record the greatness of his hero. With him perished Carthage, and when Carthage was destroyed the opportunity for posterity to behold the great Carthaginian from the standpoint of a Carthaginian patriot also passed away. So completely did the Romans devastate their rival city that they practically annihilated all documentary evidence that might otherwise have furnished to the world a broader and more patriotic view of Hannibal's greatness.

Indeed this was one of the main losses involved in the ruin of Carthage; for around Hannibal, his brothers, and their illustrious father, "the lion and the lion's brood," there centered all the true patriotism of Carthage and all the real resistance to Rome. Save for their ability Carthage was a weak and vacillating nation, corrupt in domestic affairs, overbearing in foreign relations, and weak in military resistance. She was strong only as a center of commerce and a city of wealth, which fact served to make an alien nation more covetous of her. She was doomed to fall however, on account of the rottenness of her ruling aristocracy and the

weakness of her lower classes; for the Carthaginians were altogether mercenary. The privation of war had always been avoided by them as much as possible, even in earlier times. Their racial instincts seemed to restrain them from all military exertion, and especially was this tendency manifest during the era of Punic decline, when the capitalists being in power and keeping the rabble well in control were wont to sacrifice national honor and integrity for mercenary ends. Carthage sought to carry on war by means of a militia that was composed of subjects rather than citizens of Carthage. Her citizens could not be induced to leave the luxuries of their city for the rigors of the battlefield. Besides, they would have made a small showing against the vigorous husbandmen of the Italian states, who were more like citizens than subjects of the Roman Republic. Mommsen states that during the Punic war few of the officers and none of the private soldiers were citizens of Carthage. Aversion to war and commercial greed are the keynotes of the aristocracy's policy during that great struggle with Rome. They were in favor of peace at any price, for they feared the danger of ruined business rather than the danger of Roman supremacy. Instead of receiving their succor and support Hannibal had to maintain war against Rome in spite of their treachery. Moreover, Carthage held dominion over her subjects by means of cruelty and terror rather than by equal laws and mutual advantage; so that the faction of Hamilcar and Hannibal found it almost impossible to muster troops in Carthage among her subjects. Yet Hannibal started on his Italian campaign with an army more skilful and brave than the legions of Rome. If they did not respect Carthage enough to fight for her, they at least found in Hannibal a leader to love and die for. And he, as though defiant of the fate that was upon Carthage, threw himself into the balance that had already been found wanting, and spreading desolation throughout all Italy made terror at the gates of Rome.

At the age of twenty-six Hannibal was placed in command by the veterans who had been organized in Spain by his father for the purpose of carrying on war in Italy. Livy says that "from the day on which he was declared chief, he acted as if Italy had been decreed to him as his province, and he had been commissioned

to wage war on Rome." With celerity and precision Hannibal set himself to the irrepressible conflict regardless of the opposition of the peace party at home. He virtually declared war with Rome when Saguntum, an ally of Rome, was besieged; and while the Romans were debating and sending embassies, the siege was accomplished. It is evident that had Hannibal not undertaken the siege when he did, the outcome would likely have been different. But throughout the Italian campaign it was Hannibal's policy to strike while the Romans were making up their mind. This faculty accounted for much of the success of both Hannibal and Napoleon. At the beginning of the Hannibalic war, Rome had five hundred thousand available troops and was mistress of the sea, yet before the Romans recovered from the shock of Hannibal's first onslaught he had crossed the Pyrenees. By means of agents he caused a rebellion against Rome in northern Italy, and this divided the Roman legions and delayed their march against his army. But as Rome was mistress of the sea, no road seemed sufficiently open to Hannibal save through the Alps. And indeed these mountains and their tribes were such barriers that a warrior of less boldness would have despaired of the task; one of less genius would have failed in the attempt. Scipio took his army to the mouth of the Rhone for the purpose of checking Hannibal's invasion, for at this time Hannibal had not yet crossed the Rhone. But before Scipio had time to form any definite plan of attack, the Carthaginian had crossed the Rhone further up stream and by a clever manoeuvre had dispersed the Gauls gathered on the opposite bank to prevent his passage. He dexterously avoided a pitched battle with the Romans not so much on account of fear for the Roman army, as Livy would have us believe, but rather because the winter months were fast approaching and he desired to cross the Alps in due season, thus avoiding any delay. At this juncture, when the courage of those veterans who had seen service under Hamilcar faltered, Hannibal conquered their fear by the eloquence of his words and the force of a personality that seems to have been extremely magnetic. The warrior's lifelong obedience to his oath, made at the age of nine, the zeal with which he remained true to it, are facts contradictory to Livy's statement respecting Hannibal's irreverence and disregard for his oath. With regard to the charge of cruelty

against him, Mommsen has these words: "Laying aside the wretched interventions that furnish their own refutation, and some things that his lieutenants were guilty of doing in his name, nothing occurs in the account regarding him that might not be justified under the circumstances and according to the international law of the time."

Having thus seen through some of the false charges against Hannibal, our respect for him is prepared to rise even higher, as we view his conquest of "not only the Alpine races, but of the Alps themselves." If Napoleon won the admiration of the world by "mingling the eagles of France with the eagles of the crag," how much more praise should there be for Hannibal, who performed the same feat with soldiers from the tropics and in an age of small geographical knowledge? Costly were the effects of so high an altitude upon soldiers from a warm climate. With the pathless territory they were unacquainted. The tribes were treacherous; twice during the journey Hannibal was assailed by those men of the mountains, and both times it was only the extraordinary cunning of his mind that saved the army from ruin. The passage of the Alps required fifteen days, and then Hannibal with those of his army that were left stood upon the plains of northern Italy. We may gather from Livy's supposed speech of the elder Scipio that the Carthaginian lost two-thirds of his men during the march into Italy. One authority says that his army at this time numbered twenty thousand infantry and six thousand cavalry. Yet with this band of worn and ragged followers, scarcely receiving moral support from Carthage, Hannibal dared defy the all-conquering power of Rome and her allies.

But the paucity and poverty of the army was supplied by the mental resources and boldness of its leader. For twelve years he maintained himself in Italy and won by his ability allies from the Gauls of northern Italy and even from the closely knit confederates. Upon these allies he depended for recruits. Often during his campaign in Italy it seemed that Hannibal would be master of the peninsula. Victory after victory was achieved, and every triumph won was due not more to the soldiers that he had disciplined than to the bold designs and novel strategies of the chief. The battle of Trebia was won by his strategy, when he led the Romans unprepared into the offensive position, after

they had been chilled by crossing a stream in pursuit of Mago's two thousand. At Lake Trasimene by placing his soldiers out of view on the surrounding hills Hannibal trapped the Romans in the valley, and with little loss to himself destroyed nearly the whole army. The Carthaginian army was caught in a position equally as embarrassing a little later on, when the Roman army was under the control of Fabius, but Hannibal avoided the danger by a manoeuvre that is almost as famous as his own name. Waiting for nightfall, he made the Roman guard believe that his soldiers were marching in one direction by having two thousand oxen driven thither with lighted faggots on their horns. While his men marched out of the defile in another direction that had been left open by the baffled Roman guards. This ruse was typical of Hannibal's skill. But probably his greatest achievement was at the battle of Cannae, where, taking up a position so that the wind drove dust in the Roman's eyes and forming his columns so that when the center of the Punic army seemed to give way the Roman legions followed up the apparent advantage and were hemmed in on all sides, the Carthaginian slew about fifty thousand and captured between ten and twenty thousand of the Romans.

But in this victory the power of Hannibal reached its highest point. Historians have blamed him for not then and there following up his gain and for not accepting his brother's invitation "to dine with him on the Capitol within five days." But he knew what the siege of Saguntum had cost, and that Rome was practically impregnable, unless he could turn more of the Italian states against that city. Rome was too inherently strong, Carthage was too inherently weak for the soldier to do more than he had done at Cannae. While he was winning battles in Italy, the power of Rome was gradually gaining in Spain, Sicily, Greece and Africa; Carthage was fast losing prestige in these places. The traitorous peace-party of Carthage supinely allowed Hannibal to wage his own war in Italy without reinforcements worthy of the name from the land he was defending. Though the peace-party was not always in control in Carthage at this time, they practically defeated the efforts of the patriots who wanted to combat Rome in other territory as well as Italy. Hannibal's one hope of aid was in his brother's army that attempted

to join the warrior by marching from Spain into Italy by way of Gaul and the Alps. When this attempt was thwarted and the head of Hasdrubal was thrown into Hannibal's camp, his last chance for vengeance was gone. There was nothing left for him to do but maintain himself to the bitter end. Four years more he remained in Italy, still the scourge of Rome, until Carthage called him to defend that city against Scipio Africanus, and from her impending doom. But Hannibal had done all for Carthage that genius could do under the circumstances. He had warded off for a while the inevitable, and had diverted the center of war from Africa into Roman territory. Perhaps also by his manner of attack he did much to turn Roman arms and civilization into Europe rather than Africa. Working against overwhelming odds he played his part well, but it was not to be so recorded in the book of history that Rome should fail. Carthage was doomed by her own weakness long ere Hannibal was born. She received her due. But we should not forget to give to her greatest product the merit that belongs to him.

When Greek Meets Greek.

BY JOHN J. WARD.

It was at two-thirty A. M. and I was wobbling down the street at a very slow rate.—No, don't get the idea that this is going to be a treatise on "Alcoholic Consumption and the Evils Thereof," for it isn't. I was wobbling down the street at a very slow rate because I had just come from a dance which had begun at 8:30 and whose program consisted of fifteen dances and seven extras,—mostly fox trots and one steps. Being of a thrifty turn of mind, I wanted to get full value for two dollars and a half of United States specie which I had expended for the privilege of being among "those present," and so I filled all the dances. Hence the "wobbling down the street, etc."

I had taken Margaret (she's the blond one) home and was to have met Billy, my roommate, at the corner of Main and Liberty streets afterwards. However, I suppose I did dally a little too long in saying "Good-Night," and consequently when I arrived at Main and Liberty no Billy was in sight. He had evidently grown tired of waiting and gone home.

On reaching the boarding house where Bill

and I were entitled to remain at night in consideration of five dollars per week paid in advance I hastily but noiselessly (I'm O'Sullivanized) ran up the steps and reached in my right hip pocket where I usually keep my keys. Then I reached in my trouser pockets, after which, in fevered succession, in my four vest pockets, the inside pocket of my inside coat, the outside pockets of my inside coat, the inside pocket of my top coat, the outside pockets of my top coat. Twice more I repeated the entire operation. Then I decided that I did not have my keys in my possession. Certainly not, I had left them in my other clothes.

Now I had always entertained scruples about ringing the door-bell, especially after twelve midnight. However, I decided that I much preferred the heat of that dear landlady's remarks to the frigidity of the December night air. Besides, I never did think that "the frozen dead" were very attractive. And so, summoning all my latent courage, I would have done the deed, had not a small piece of cardboard held me. It was perched above the electric bell and read "Out of order."

I never did believe much in signs, but I decided that it had now come time for action, not words. Reviewing the field, I saw that I might sleep in the vestibule, but it looked too large and roomy and unhomelike. The only thing left me, then, was to do the Payson Weston act and make a tour of inspection of the city by night.

I was just about ready to start when, with the true touch of genius, the grand idea struck me. There would be no wearing out of shoe leather for mine; instead, a sonorous little sleep, in a warm little bed, in a cozy little room, where I could already picture—and envy—the fortunate Billy.

In four and three-quarter leaps I was around to the side of the house, standing underneath the fire-escape. It was only a matter of a good leap and a little muscular strength to get myself safely started up the iron steps to where I knew Billy always kept the window open.

I was safely up the first flight of steps and started on the second when sounds like those of a light tapping and scraping fell upon my rather large ears. Like a true detective, I stopped, looked, and listened. It didn't do me much good to look, however, for it was as dark as the Murders in the Rue Morgue. After a few moments a broken remark which,

when passed by the National Board of Censorship, sounded like "Darn!" floated down to me.

"Burglars!" thought I, and much to my horror I found my feet slowly climbing the steps when I knew very well that I wanted to turn around and run.

I could now hear the burglar coming down the flight above. A collision was inevitable. Nearer and nearer we drew together. Now he is but five steps above me. My feet stop, and I wait, crouching. He stops. Then with a sudden leap he jumps on my neck and together we go rolling down the fire-escape. . . .

Lying in that bed just seemed like lying in a cactus bed, with thorns, needles and daggers thrown in. There was an ice bag on my head, and a hot water bottle at my feet,—which seemed to prove the oft-repeated assertion of Billy's that I was hot-headed and had cold feet. My right arm was in a sling, my left side was bandaged up, my face was swathed in bandages, and I couldn't move either of my feet except to wiggle my toes. After carefully reviewing my carcass and finding all members present but woefully maltreated, I about decided that I was literally a physical wreck. I suppose I was never nearer heaven in my life nor felt more like its opposite pole. Pretty soon the nurse came in, and forthwith I divined the unforeseen ways of Providence which had led me to this hospital. She was an angel, and I was among the immortals or I was still in delirium. She smiled, and said:

"Well, how are you feeling this morning?"

"Great!" I lied,—but what else could any other normal fellow do?

"You surely were a terrible sight when they carried you in here two hours ago."

"Yeah?"—here I waxed enthusiastic. "That guy sure did make a mess out of me, didn't he?"

"Well, yes," she said, "but just see what you must have done to him. He hasn't regained consciousness yet."

"Is that right?" I asked, then getting puffed up,— "Where is he?"

"Right on the next cot," she told me.

Well, she finally persuaded me that my neck *was* a bit stiff, but that it wouldn't break off if I turned it to get a look at my victim. So I slowly turned my head to one side and got a glimpse of the burglar.

I am not given to fainting spells, but it was another hour before I was revived again,—but then, how could I help it? The burglar was *Billy!*

Varsity Verse.

FATHER SPEAKS.

Our Bill's been growing mighty fast,—
 His sixteenth birthday's long gone past—
 He's near as big as I am, so they say.
 He's not the kid he used to be
 A-climbing right up on my knee;—
 He wore his first long-trouser suit to-day.

It only seems like yesterday
 I used to stand and watch him play
 With his toy soldiers, train of cars and things.
 And still within my memory
 His merry shout of boyish glee •
 As homeward he would run from school, still
 rings.

But Ma she hasn't much to say,—
 I guess that's just a woman's way—
 And once I caught her sort of crying, too.
 She doesn't seem the least bit glad
 Because Bill's growing up like Dad;
 But women are so queer in things they do.

But Bill is proud as twenty kings,
 With bright red Sox and real men's things.
 (I felt the same way thirty years ago.)
 God bless you, Bill, and may you stay
 As happy as you are to-day,
 The biggest day in all your life, I know.

John J. Ward.

A WARNING TO CHEMISTS.

Casey died a glutton
 He died like many do
 What Casey thought was H_2O
 Was $Hg Cl_2$

Casey had a brother,
 That brother is no more;
 Instead of salts he always took
 Some $H_3 P O_4$

His daddy was a miner
 And brains he had but few,
 What father thought was but FE
 When sold turned out $A U$.

And now the clan of Casey
 Believes no chemistry,
 For they were brought to early death
 With drinks $H N O_3$.

M. W.

TO MOSELLA.

Where'er I turn by night, by day,
 Mosella's image bars the way,
 Uprising with the sprightly dawn
 Swift trips she o'er the dewy lawn,
 Pauses beside the pasture bars,
 Hands full of lilies, hair full of stars,—
 O hands and eyes and cloudy hair!
 My fair Mosella's everywhere.

Robert Ovington.

CONCERNING FISH.

I had a funny dream last night
 While I was fast asleep,
 I dreamt I met and tried to fight
 The monsters of the deep.

The first that came to make a feed
 Upon my salted frame,
 Looked something like a centipede,—
 'Twas anything but tame.

Next-came a shark with pointed teeth,
 Just like a two-edged saw,
 And took a poke from underneath,
 Right at my drooping jaw.

I turned to flee the brutal shark,
 And make my homeward way,
 But there beneath me in the dark,
 A jelly-fish then lay.

He floated straight up to my chin,
 To look me in the face,
 I quickly grabbed him by a fin,
 Which settled Jelly's case.

I rolled him over for awhile,
 And tossed him to and fro,
 This only made poor Jelly's bile
 Boil up and overflow.

He made a fearful lunge at me,
 I met him with my head.
 With this I left the briny sea,
 And found myself in bed.

My head was in the pillow-slip
 My jaw was out of gear;
 My mouth was full of under-lip
 My heart was full of fear.

But just the same, I liked that dip,
 Which brought me down below,
 And wouldn't mind a second trip,
 When dreaming I must go.

T. C. D.

New England Festivals.

BY CHARLES A. GRIMES.

Though the hum of factories and the hustle and bustle of city life have commercialized sentiment in the New England States there is still a love of traditions, narrations, customs and superstitions cherished in the heart of most "down-Easters." Witness, for instance, the celebration of Thanksgiving Day, which is, even in these modern times, almost as religiously observed as it was in the days of the Pilgrim Fathers.

Thanksgiving Day in no other part of the country receives the attention it does in New England. Indeed, to see stores and saloons open on a Thanksgiving here in the West is a painful experience for any true son of Massachusetts, Main, Rhode Island, New Hampshire, Vermont, or Connecticut. In New England the day of the turkey is a sacred day. Even in the countless Catholic households there is plenty of room on the festive calendar for a celebration of Thanksgiving almost as elaborate as that of Christmas. This is due almost entirely to the fact that the Irish, English, and French coming to America readily accept the old Puritan traditions and put them into practice.

The thousands of French-Canadians in New England, besides Thanksgiving, have another gala occasion, New Year's Day. The beginning of the New Year is "little Christmas" for the French who go around from house to house visiting and well-wishing. Every real French-Canadian must kiss any and all men or women acquaintances on first meeting New Year's day regardless of where the meeting takes place. Then, too, in visiting New Year's morning a dark complexioned man is always sought as first visitor to all homes. He is supposed to carry good luck for the year into the home, while a man of light complexion would be considered a carrier of misfortune. A red-headed man entering first would be taken for Satan himself.

If old Cotton Mather were alive to witness the Hallowe'en festivities he would perhaps imagine witchcraft as much alive as ever; for New England villages, towns, and cities are literally overrun with pumpkin heads and

witches who now go sailing through the streets in autos instead of on brooms as in the olden days. Hallowe'en yearly revives the memory of witchcraft which at one time was common, so we are told, in Salem and other Massachusetts cities.

The productions of New England's men of letters is filled to overflowing with folklore. Hawthorne, who was born in the very neighborhood where the witches are said to have perpetrated their awful deeds, has left us a wealth of traditional narratives that are based on the beliefs of a superstitious people. His "House of Seven Gables" and "Mr. Higginbotham's Catastrophe" are but two of his tales that teem with delightfully interesting and entertaining information on the folklore of New Englanders a hundred years ago.

Differing entirely from Hawthorne's enchanting prose is the sympathetic poetry of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. No one can read through a volume of his verse without discovering a kindly spirit that characterizes the typical New Englander and distinguishes his folklore. Hawthorne dealt with traditions and tales that came down to him from numerous generations before him. Longfellow on the other hand treats more with the customs and the beliefs of his people. We believe it is only the New Englander of long standing who can really appreciate the beautiful folklore so admirably worked out in Longfellow's works. The modern American enjoying the traditions of New England, not as tradition but as days packed with good feeling and feeding, has lost sight, perhaps, of the historic beginning of these gala days, but in New England the story is fresh and living and adds a romantic color to these milestones in the year.

 Twilight.

THE sun has cast a crimson veil
 Across the evening sky
 Before he leaves his golden throne,
 To bid the day good-bye.

And soon there steals upon the earth,
 Concealed in mantle gray
 The herald of approaching night,
 And mourner for the day.

B. O.

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—The American people has voiced its sentiment and selected its civil leader for the coming four years. It is true, it has stammered in its speech, mixing h's and w's with strange confusion, and anxious men have strained their ears to make sure of the name only to be upset in mind again by the latest bulletin of the newspaper office. But whether the great vox populi has used an aspirate or a labial semivowel, the next President will need the undivided support of the whole United States. When the war in Europe is at an end there will follow in its wake vast problems of trade that will touch most intimately the interests of the American people. To meet these problems, to solve them peaceably and in a manner satisfactory to American trade, is work for a big man supported by all the help he can receive. The citizen has cast his vote. His candidate may not have been elected, but now that the majority has spoken, it is his place to get behind the President, recognize him as the chief, and aid him to make the next four years prosperous and happy years for the United States. Mr. President, we're with you!

—Dr. James J. Walsh in his address on the occasion of his receiving the Laetare Medal, said that he did a great deal of work just for the fun he got out of it. He expressed **The Joy of It.** in this way the secret of all great achievement. The real worker does not regard his labors with a

distressful eye, as things that just have to be done. His interest is keen and he finds a pleasurable zest in overcoming difficulty, in acquiring new facts, and in solving the seeming riddles that are presented in every kind of endeavor. The listless, indifferent student drags himself to his tasks, and wears himself out in half-doing, while the real worker lays hold of intellectual problems with something of the grip with which he tackles a runner on the gridiron, and though in both instances there be opposition that shakes up his serenity, the joy of winning out makes him quite forget the jolts, and he finds the while that he is growing bigger and stronger, and more sure and accurate for future contests.

Entertainments.

The concert of the Chicago Male Quartette Saturday night was an excellent entertainment. They repeated several of the numbers that had found favor here last year, among them "The Bass Viol," and "Summer Lullaby." This quartette is a carefully trained organization, and always displays the best taste in its selections.

The first really good picture in a long time was shown in Washington Hall Wednesday night. This film, "Alias Jimmy Valentine," starring Robert Warwick, is a world production of a high grade. The plot, based on a story by O. Henry and dramatized by the late Paul Armstrong, is highly dramatic and holds the interest throughout the five reels. Alec B. Francis does a splendid piece of character work as Avery.

Examinations.

November 13-15, 1916.

November 14. Classes taught at 8:10 A. M. and 10:15 A. M. will be examined at 8:30 A. M. and 10:30 A. M. respectively.

Classes taught at 1:15 P. M. and 3:05 P. M. will be examined at 1:30 P. M. and 4:30 P. M. respectively.

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

Classes taught at 2:10 P. M. will be examined at 1:30 P. M.

Christian Doctrine classes A, B, C, I. will be examined at 7:30 P. M., Monday, November 13.

Christian Doctrine classes II., III. will be examined 7:30 P. M., Tuesday, November 14.

The Poetry Society.

Two weeks ago last Sunday evening a Poetry Society was organized in the University parlor. The next meeting will be held Tuesday, Nov. 14, and all who wish to become members should be present.

A word may not be amiss as to the aims of the society. This organization is modeled on the "Poetry Society of America" of which Father O'Donnell, to whose leadership the local society is due, is a member. "The Poetry Society of America" was founded in 1910, with headquarters in New York, and is to some extent to be credited with arousing the present popular revival of poetry. Its purpose is quite a practical one,—to get the advantage of mutual criticism of each other's poetry, and to suggest to each other a possible market. And though the intention from the beginning was to include not only the poets themselves, but also those who were students and lovers of it, still the production of poetry has always been the primary purpose. At monthly meetings poems (unpublished), are read by a chosen reader and then discussed. The author's name is not disclosed until after the discussion is ended. In addition, some topic of general interest in relation to poetry is discussed.

To many, the forming of a poetry society at Notre Dame may seem an innovation. Not that a poetry society needs an apology. The claims of poetry are too universal and too long-standing to make this necessary. Poetry has, moreover, always held a place of honor at Notre Dame. In the days gone by among the teachers were Eliot Ryder, mentioned with Poe by literary critics of his time; Charles Warren Stoddard and Maurice Francis Egan. The June number of *"The Poetry Review"* (a journal of poetic criticism, edited by William Stanley Braithwaite), thought fit to comment editorially on the visit of William Butler Yeats to Notre Dame eleven years ago when he lectured here and remained an entire week. Yeats' early visit to Notre Dame is especially worthy of remembrance because it occurred before the present poetic revival, in a day when poetry was in anything but popular favor. Now someone collects Rupert Brooke's verse, and within a year more than 23,000 copies are sold.

This revival of poetry among the general public has found an echo in the universities, Harvard has a poetry society; Wisconsin has

also a thriving club. The Notre Dame Poetry Society has been formed, primarily for the production of poetry, then, for the acquiring of a faculty of poetic appreciation to be attained by the reading of poetry, special attention being given to the work by contemporary poets. Meetings will be held on every other Sunday evening at which poems, anonymously handed in, will be read and criticised. Celebrated men of letters who visit the University will, from time to time be present at the meetings.

Important Notice.

The Faculty have considered favorably the petition of students for such arrangements as would permit an excursion to Lansing, Michigan, for the M. A. C.—Notre Dame football game Saturday, Nov. 18. The following provisions will be strictly adhered to:

- (1) Only students 17 years of age or more will be permitted to go on the excursion.
- (2) All tickets for game and transportation must be purchased not later than Friday noon, November 17.
- (3) All students are required to go and return together on the excursion train. No stopovers will be allowed.
- (4) No money will be advanced by the Students' Office for this trip.
- (5) The Saturday morning classes will be taught the preceding Thursday morning, November 16.
- (6) Permission to go to Lansing must in all cases be procured from parents or guardians.
- (7) No permission will be given students to go to their homes in nearby places on November 18.
- (8) *It ought to be understood by parents that the excursion is no part of the University policy and that only a limited number of students will actually participate in the excursion.*

JOHN CAVANAUGH, C. S. C., President.

Local News.

—The Glee Club is holding practices daily in preparation for the coming winter season.

—The first quarterly examinations of this school year will be held next Tuesday and Wednesday.

—Lost,—A Conklin Fountain Pen at Notre Dame Post Office. Finder will confer favor by returning same to 114 Corby Hall.

—Advance notices of the approaching basketball season include the information that first call for candidates will be made on Nov. 15.

—Election returns (?) were received by special wire in the various halls on Tuesday evening. The returns were continued, however, on consecutive subsequent days.

—The registration for this year is now past twelve hundred. This represents an increase of one hundred and twenty-five over the registration on the same date last year.

—Following the election of Tuesday it was learned that six states had voted for prohibition. This movement has now spread until twenty-five of the forty-eight states are now "dry."

—The drowsy Indian Summer with which we have been blessed of late, is apt to make us forget that Thanksgiving Day is only nineteen days off, and Christmas but six weeks removed.

—A petition has been in circulation this week asking the board of control for permission to attend the M. A. C. game at Lansing next Saturday. If the request is granted a special train will probably be run from South Bend.

—Saturday's bulletining of returns in the gymnasium brought back memories of similar gatherings in the past two years, when Tim Galvin was wont to read the bulletins as they came from the ticker, while Joe Gargen kept the boys enthusiastic and cheerful between dispatches.

—The New York State Club has organized for the coming year. Officers elected were: Clohessy, president; Kazus, vice-president; Snyder, secretary; Mulqueen, treasurer; and Hermian, sergeant-at-arms. Father Cavanaugh was chosen as honorary president. The club plans to give a banquet at the Oliver before the Christmas holidays.

—At the regular weekly meeting of the Electrical Engineers' Club, Dr. Caparo gave a lecture on "The Properties of Electricity," in which he traced the development of electricity from the time of Benjamin Franklin down to the year 1896.

A letter from Bob Daley (E. E., '16), thanking the club for flowers sent him while he was in the hospital, was read.

—The first dance of the season was the delightful Day Students' ball given in Place Hall on Wednesday evening last. Seventy

couples thoroughly enjoyed the program of sixteen dances. The music was furnished by the Ragpickers Orchestra. The dance committee included Messrs. Helmen, Berner, Vaughn, Holland, Creegan, Fogarty, Flynn and Zeller.

—"The Presidency" was the subject of four interesting talks at the meeting of the Brownson Literary and Debating Society, Thursday evening, Oct. 26. Frank Muser spoke on its powers, August Van Worterghem on its duties, John Ward on its opportunities, and Alfred Slaggert on its limitations. A general discussion of the subject was held at the conclusion of the program. Under the guidance of Father O'Donnell, their critic, the boys are rapidly becoming proficient in the art of public speaking.

—On Sunday evening, October 8, the members of the Holy Cross Literary Society met for the purpose of installing the officers for the scholastic year, who were elected last June. At this meeting several new members registered. The following officers were installed: Michael Mulcair, president; F. J. Boland, vice-president; Matthew A. Coyle, secretary; Michael Mangan, treasurer; M. J. Early, critic; and E. J. Kelly, reporter. The new officers addressed the Society in brief speeches which promised highly interesting meetings during the coming year.

—Students from New York City and nearby towns met Monday evening, Nov. 6th, in the Main Building, and formed a "Notre Dame Club of the Metropolitan District." The officers chosen were: Joseph W. McKenna, president; Raymond J. McCabe, vice-president; F. Patrick Kenny, secretary; Kenneth B. Fox, treasurer. The club is to give a banquet at the Waldorf-Astoria during the Christmas holidays. The members will go to and return from New York City at Christmas vacation in a body in special cars. Arrangements for this purpose are in the hands of "Andy" McDonough.

—At a recent meeting of the Electrical Engineers' Club Prof. Caparo introduced Mr. Condon, a man of wide experience in the electrical field, and who is to be the instructor in the Electrical Laboratory. Following the introduction, Mr. Condon gave a brief talk. Mr. McNulty presented a sketch of the life and works of James Clerk Maxwell to whom much of the progress in electricity is due. There was then a general discussion in which ways and means of enlivening the meetings were discussed.

The Army Game.

On our fourth visit to West Point, the Gold and Blue went down to defeat before the clever passing and toe work of Vidal and Oliphant, the two Army stars and two of the best backs in the East. The final score was 30 to 10, which was larger than any of the football critics in the country expected. The work of Cofall, Bergman, John Miller and Bachman was praised highly by eastern papers, as was also Notre Dame's perfection of every phase of the game—every phase except forward passing. It was through the aerial route that the West Pointers rode to victory, two of their touchdowns and one of their goals coming as a result of successful and phenomenal passes. It was by this department of the game, the one we taught them in 1913, that the Army beat us. It was a case of the pupil becoming more competent than the teacher. The following is a detailed account of the game, written in the *New York Sun*:

BY DANIEL.

WEST POINT, N. Y., Nov. 4.—Half way across a continent came a football host here to-day to be taught anew a lesson it had forgotten—to be crushed by a Frankenstein monster of its own creation. It was solely through the use of the forward pass, introduced here three years ago by the very team it overwhelmed this afternoon, that the Army was able to defeat Notre Dame by 30 to 10.

For nearly three-quarters of the game the cadets had failed, through the medium of all other established factors of offense in their repertoire, to make any headway against the men from Indiana. While the Westerners had scored a field goal, a touchdown and its goal for a total of 10 points, the soldiers had found the Notre Dame line impregnable and had obtained 6 points only by grace of two field goals. The outlook for the soldiers was as dark as the shades which were fast enveloping the historic plains. The Hoosiers appeared invincible.

Then the Army hearkened back to that November day in 1913 when a team from Notre Dame came here and amazed and demoralized a cadet eleven which later defeated the Navy. Suddenly the West Pointers opened up a far-flung forward passing attack. Like all conquering power in the hands of some wizard, the passing game succeeded even beyond the wildest expectations of the Army and its adherents.

CADETS GO INTO LEAD.

Soon a pass gave the cadets their first touchdown and the lead. Quickly another toss scored a second touchdown and later a forward pass accounted for the third crossing of the Notre Dame goal line—a feat which four previous opponents had failed to accomplish. The Hoosiers had come East with a clean record and had gathered 185 points and yielded none.

It was a remarkable commentary on the new football, this subjugation of a mighty eleven through an aerial offense in the hands of a team that in other departments of the game did not compare with its victim. Notre Dame had sought to deceive the Army. Cognizant of the fact that the soldiers would look for a repetition of Notre Dame tactics of the past and had prepared for a fusillade of passes, the Hoosiers attempted to whip the cadets with line smashes and end runs. Had not the Army resorted so sensationally to the weapon which its rival so shamefully neglected the result would have been different.

All too late Notre Dame tried to marshal the forward pass to its forces, but the Army, feeling the latent power that had come with success, was in the ascendent, never to be eclipsed this day. Weakening from the physical strain of the severe regimen it had chosen to follow, Notre Dame gradually offered less and less resistance.

CARNIVAL OF PASSING.

Twelve times the Army tried the forward pass and only thrice did it fail. One of the completed passes brought no gain, another was the direct producer of a penalty that put the Cadets in a position to score a touchdown on a succeeding pass, and eight tosses developed a total gain of 196 yards.

Three of the passes were final plays for touchdowns. Notre Dame attempted six passes and completed only one, for a gain of thirty-five yards. That was accomplished early in the battle and might have convinced the Western combination of the efficacy of that style of game. But they were big and strong and disdained to fight it out on any ground except brute force, and the day of brute force's exclusive reign on the gridiron has passed. Four of Notre Dame's passing failures came when, as a last resort, the Indiana eleven opened up its attack in the fourth period.

The opening quarter was productive only of a field goal by Cofall, the Western whirlwind, who drop kicked the pigskin from the 45-yard line. The second period saw the Army go to the fore on two field goals by Vidal, a placement kick from 19 yards and a drop from 42 yards.

BERGMAN GOES OVER.

Notre Dame scored its touchdown in the third period, Bergman going over and Cofall kicking the goal. It was the third touchdown scored against the Army this year, Washington and Lee and Villanova each having got one. Then it was that the Cadets woke up. An eighteen yard forward pass from Gerhart to Vidal gave the soldiers their first touchdown, and when Oliphant kicked the goal, the Army was in the van by 13 to 10.

The fourth period found the West Pointers in the throws of a veritable epidemic of forward passing, which tallied two touchdowns. Vidal scored the first when he caught a twenty-five yard toss and ran thirty more, and Oliphant kicked the goal. Again Vidal crossed the sacred white mark of Notre Dame on an eighteen yard pass and once more the irrepressible and ubiquitous Oliphant kicked the goal. To fill the Hoosier cup of defeat to overflowing Oliphant kicked a

goal from placement from the 15 yard line just before the final whistle blew.

It was so ordained that the West should beat the West, for Oliphant from Notre Dame's own State, where he formerly performed with Purdue, and Vidal, erstwhile star at South Dakota, played the stellar roles in the overthrow of the visitors. For a time Oliphant enjoyed considerable success with end runs and Vidal was able to do some damage through the Notre Dame line, but when the Hoosier wing began to halt the blond streak and the forwards began to play lower and stop Vidal, the Army lights began to shine in their forward passing and kicking specialties.

Most of the forward passing was from Oliphant to Vidal, with the former throwing the ball with incredible speed and direction for great distances. Invariably Vidal was there to receive the toss. The cadets were content with no measly passes. Only one, from Oliphant straight out to Shrader, was of the ordinary species, and while it was completed it got the Soldiers nothing.

COFALL A REAL STAR.

Though beaten Notre Dame had more than a beaten team's share of heroes. In Cofall it produced a whirlwind on attack, a wonder on defence, a master of the running as well as the plunging game who flashed interference of the highest stage of development. He could punt and drop kick and throw the ball. There was nary a department of football in which Cofall did not shine. It was easy to see why Western critics are advancing his claims for all America distinction.

Bergman was a star too. He was a terrific plunger and put his whole heart and force into every play until he had to be carried off the field. Just before the battle ended Bergman injured a leg and may be out of the game for at least three weeks. McNerny at right tackle had it out in a battle-royal with Jones of the Army and the Westerner had the better of the argument. Bachman at left guard, Rydzweski at centre and Miller in the backfield all shone. McEwan had only a little the better of his Polish rival at the pivot.

A GREAT TEAM BEATEN.

The Army tried hard to equal the score which Notre Dame piled up here on its first visit to the Point in 1913—35 to 13. Yet while the cadets nearly succeeded in that endeavor they can thank the forward pass—that and nothing more. Had the passing game been banned by the rules the Army might have gone down to a bad defeat.

In tackling Notre Dame made the cadets look like novices, for the local men missed repeatedly, and when they did get their prey usually landed around the neck. In rushing the ball the cadets were outclassed. Until they opened up their attack in the second half they had made only six yards by rushing since the intermission. In the first half Notre Dame got six first downs by rushing, as against three for the Army.

In line play Notre Dame stood out above the Cadets like a giant among pygmies. The Notre Dame line possessed cohesion and rhythm and worked in remarkable concert with the backs. It looked very much as if Notre Dame, through the use of a starting signal, beat the ball, but that appearance may have been the product of its remarkable team work.

Notre Dame "knifed" the guards, cut off tackle, jammed through centre, especially when McEwan gave way to Weems for a while, boxed the ends and blocked off the secondary defence. Yet that team lost by 30 to 10! Victory engendered in the Army coaches no sweet thoughts other than those of the passing game. Certainly their task is a big one. Among those who saw the Army triumph were Lieut. Jonas Ingram, head coach at the Navy, and Babe Brown, one-time Navy star.

BIG BREAK AGAINST HOOSIERS.

The break in the game came just before the Army scored its first touchdown in the third period. It cropped up in the form of a penalty that should have been fifteen yards, but owing to ignorance of the rules by the officials and the Notre Dame players was allowed to go for thirty-three yards. The penalty put the Army on Notre Dame's 26-yard mark, whence it worked its way across the line.

Charley Hann, former Harvard player, was the referee and A. C. Tyler of Princeton was the umpire. From its own 41-yard mark the Army tried a forward pass from Oliphant to Gerhardt. As Gerhardt was about to receive the ball on Notre Dame's 41-yard mark Bergman shook him up with terrific force. It was one of the severest cases of roughing the receiver of a pass seen in this section.

The rules call for a penalty of fifteen yards from the point where the ball was put into play. Misunderstanding the penalty provision, Hann penalized Notre Dame fifteen yards from the point where Gerhardt was roughed. None of the Notre Dame men voiced any objection. Hann after the game admitted that he had "booted one." He was big enough to admit that he had been in error and did not try to hide the mistake.

TRICK PLAY SUCCEEDS.

The Army followed that penalty with another forward pass, Oliphant to Vidal, to the 3-yard mark, where it suffered a penalty of five yards for offside. Oliphant plunged four yards. The Army lined up in a place kick formation with Vidal ready to boot the ball from the 18 yard mark, but the play was turned into a forward pass and Vidal crossed the line. It was really obvious "strategy," but it fooled Notre Dame completely. The penalty and the fake kick formation with their attendant touchdowns gave the soldiers new spirit, and with the advantage of the lead they began to play better football.

Notre Dame made many mistakes when it was in a position to get the most out of its superiority in the line and in the rushing game. In the first period Vidal tried a goal from placement from the 30-yard line. It failed and it was Notre Dame's ball on its own 20-yard line. On the first play Cofall fumbled and McEwan pounced on the ball. Oliphant made fifteen yards around right end and then Notre Dame braced. On the fourth down, which went into the second quarter, Vidal made his placement goal.

In the second period Cofall tried a forward pass on the fourth down when a field goal try appeared most advisable. The toss went awry and the Army took the ball to bring it down for another field goal. Toward the close of the game, when it was too dark to see just who was the culprit, Notre Dame lost the ball on a fumble on its own 10-yard line and presented

Oliphant with an opportunity to kick his placement goal. One minute from the windup Oliphant fumbled a punt and Notre Dame recovered the ball to bring it down deep into Army territory. Then came the whistle.

ARMY, 30;		NOTRE DAME, 10.
House.....	L. E.....	Baujan
Jones.....	L. T.....	Coughlan
Knight.....	L. G.....	Bachman
McEwan (Capt.).....	C.....	Rydzewski
Meacham.....	R. G.....	De Gree
Butler.....	R. T.....	McInerny
Shrader.....	R. E.....	Whipple
Gerhardt.....	Q.....	Phelan
Vidal.....	L. H.....	(Capt.) Cofall
Oliphant.....	R. H.....	Bergman
Place.....	F.....	Miller

SCORE BY PERIODS:

Army.....	0	6	7	17—30
Notre Dame.....	3	0	7	0—10

Referee—A. C. Hann, Harvard. Umpire—A. C. Tyler, Princeton. Head linesman—E. Cochems, Wisconsin. Time of periods—12 minutes each. Army scoring: Touchdowns—Vidal 3. Goals from placement—Oliphant 2. Notre Dame scoring: Touchdown—Bergman. Goal from touchdown—Cofall. Goal from field—Cofall. Substitutions—Army, Weems for McEwan, Stokes for Weems, McEwan for Stokes, Mullins for Shrader, Shrader for Mullins. Notre Dame, Grant for Phelan, Stackford for Miller.

Interhall Games.

BROWNSON-SORIN

On last Sunday, the Brownson Hall eleven defeated Sorin Hall by the score of 6-0. The game was hard fought on both sides; Sorin's recent additions to the team being responsible for the remarkably low score. In this game Tommy Glynn, who need make no obeisance to Oliphant for length of experience, "came back" for a football encore with the Brownson company and did some fancy turns around the end of Sorin, varying his act with pretty forward passes. Reilly as a partner repeated the turns. On Sorin's team Hugh O'Neill, Hayes and McDonough divided honors for the backfield work, while the line was made solid by Dixon Huber, Odem and Larrazola. The cheering of the Sorin fans was largely responsible for the fighting spirit of the upper classmen.

Wednesday morning the Brownson and Walsh Chicks flew into the new field and gave a classic exhibition of footb all. The teams were very evenly matched and neither side scored until the last few minutes of play, when Moore's dropkick gave Walsh a score.

Safety Valve.

We lost to the Army and no one is more willing to admit it than we are, but we want to say right here that it wasn't our fault. Our team was going straight down the field for several touchdowns but those Army fellows stopped them. And it wasn't moral suasion either. The Army fellows used physical force, yes, they caught our players by the feet and threw them down which seems a cowardly way to win. If they had come up like gentlemen and said, "Pardon me, but you would greatly oblige me by not being so precipitous," it would have been different, but to bump into a man without even removing their hats for the offense is unpardonable. One of our players in the line was very affectionate; he embraced one of the Army players, and the referee, who must have been as heartless as stone, made them bring the ball back fifteen yards on account of the embrace.

Nov. 7.—Did you cash your vote yet?

When the early returns came in some of the fellows began spending the money they had won on Hughes—we didn't see them the next day.

ELECTION RETURNS.

Wilson kicked off to Hughes on the ten-yard line who returned the ball(ott) twenty yards. Second down White House to gain. Benson failed to gain through W. J. Bryan's line. Hanly is taking water. On the next play Woodrow was (pen)alized and his presidential aspirations set back ten yards. Fourth down Villa was put out of the game for holding. Bryan taking grape-juice (time out). Tie 'em out (side). Daniels tried a submarine pass but it was grounded. The crowd got tumulty at this stage. Hughes tried a forward pass to Roosevelt but bull moosed. Benson was put out for slugging. Wilson penalized for pulling Fairbank's whiskers. Fairbanks seems to be in the pink. *End of First Quarter.*

Indications are that Wilson's line will hold as long as the stationery holds out. Baker is put in instead of Bryan, and Bryan goes into the Chataqua. Wilson kicked off to the Rock Island Lines but they were downed in their tracks. Wilson tries another line buck, but Hughes passed the buck.

YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO.

MY DEAR SAFETY VALVE:—

You are absolutely safe in your offer of a thousand dollars to anyone who can write a song that Cartier and Kanaley can sing. Warren may have been wasting his sweetness on the desert air of Michigan for all I know, but as for "Spliv's" singing—there isn't any such thing. If he tried to sing, it would be a speech, and that is all there is to it. And why should anybody want any more?

I have heard him play on all the emotions of a hundred audiences—but he never sang to them. I have heard his gentle notes of pleading and his thunder toned denunciations—but I never heard him sing. I have heard him draw tears from the eyes of Sherm Steele with his pathetic paraphrase of Fulta Fisher,

and I gave the signal for him "to bury the soldiers" the night we marched into the stronghold of Protestantism in the very heart of the old western reserve—but I never heard him sing: And I, who sat so long spell-bound at the feet of this premier orator, and who still cherished the memory of his glorious eloquence, to-day feel within me the swell of impatience that some one wants our Demosthenes to sing.

A CLASSMATE OF '04.

Old Students' Hall—Subscriptions to November, 11, 1916

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

\$2000.00	\$150.00	\$100.00	\$50.00
Samuel T. Murdock, '86	William Byrne, '95	Edward C. Ryan, '16	Ronald S. O'Neill, '14
\$1000.00	James L. Tong, '94	James Francis Odem, '16	Louis P. Harl, '16
P. T. O'Sullivan, '68	W. A. Draper, '06	Emmett P. Mulholland, '16	Joseph D. Kovacks, '16
Rev. E. J. McLaughlin, '75		Thomas A. Hayes, '16	Patrick Maloney, '16
M. F. Healy, '82		Frank J. Hiss, '16	J. F. Delph, '16
John C. Shea, '98		Joseph J. McCaffery, '16	Hugh O'Donnell, '16
Clement C. Mitchell, '02		Walter P. McCourt, '16	James Sanford, '14
Byron V. Kanaley, '04		M. J. McEniry, '81	Ira W. Hurley, '14
Daniel P. Murphy, '95		Thomas J. Shaughnessy, '15	Emmett G. Lenihan, '15
John P. Lauth, '68		James F. O'Brien, '13	Francis H. Hayes, '14
\$500.00	\$120.00	Michael L. Fansler, '04	E. P. Cleary, '09
C. A. Paquette, '90	Maximilian St. George '08	A. C. Fortin, '01	Raymond J. Kelly, '16
Rev. John Dinnen, '65		Daniel J. O'Connor, '05	Ernest P. Lajoie, '15
Warren A. Cartier, '87		M. H. Miller, '10	Rev. P. J. Crawley, '95
Stephen B. Fleming, '90		William D. Jamieson, '05	Arthur Pino, '06
Thomas Hoban, '99		Grover F. Miller, '16	William Milroy, '13
Angus D. McDonald, '00		Thomas A. McLaughlin, '16	Dr. Robert Frost, '02
William A. McInerny, '01		Edwin H. Sommerer, '16	Eustace Berry, '03
Joseph M. Byrne, '14		Joseph O'Sullivan	A Friend from the South
Cassius McDonald, '04		Jacob E. Eckel, '16	Daniel Shouvlin, '14
William P. Breen, '77		Vincent Mooney, '16	\$40.00
Student from Far West		John T. Shea, '06	Gerard N. Krost, '04
Rev. I. E. McNamee, '09		Edward M. Schaack, '93	\$25.00
C. C. Craig, '85		Anton C. Stephan, '04	Lawrence Janszen
Frank E. Hering, '98		Dr. F. B. McCarty, '07	Rev. A. A. Lambing, '83
Peter P. McElligott, '02		Harry F. McDonagh, '10	James M. Riddle, '13
James J. Conway, '85		Charles W. Lahey, '13	Henry Hess, '82
George Cooke, '90		Adam J. Kasper, '95	Dr. E. M. McKee, '06
\$250.00		George W. Kasper, '95	Robert B. Gottfredson, '13
Peter Kuntz		Robert A. Kasper, '07	Rev. John H. Mullin, '11
Robert Sweeney, '03		Charles Girsch, '94	I. N. Mitchell Sr., '92
John H. Fendrich, '84		Gerald A. Fitzgibbon, '07	Frederick Williams, '13
John Eggeman, '00		John B. Fruechtel, '04	Rev. Joseph Toth, '11
A. A. McDonell, '00		Hugh J. Daly, '12	Joseph M. Walsh, '14
Eugene A. Delaney, '99		Edward K. Delana, '13	Max Adler, '89
R. A. O'Hara, '89		Harry Curtis, '08	John G. Mott, '95
\$200.00		Charles Cullinan, '07	Rev. T. O. Maguire, '09
W. G. Uffendell		Daniel Cullinan, '07	Paul J. Smith, '16
John O'Shea, '11		Dr. W. P. Grady, '99	C. I. Krajewski, '16
James F. Kennedy, '94		Edgar Crilly, '90	Joseph P. Flynn, '16
Louis C. M. Reed, '98		George S. Crilly, '88	John P. Conboy, '16
Francis O'Shaughnessy, '00		James V. Cunningham, '07	W. W. Turner, '16
Joseph J. Sullivan, '02		M. H. Miller, '10	Alfred Furner, '16
G. A. Farabaugh, '04		Frank X. Cull, '08	J. A. McCarthy, '16
Robert Anderson, '83		Jesse E. Vera, '10	J. Harry Sylvestre, '16
Joseph Lantry, '07		Walter Duncan, '12	Harold P. Burke, '16
Rev. F. J. Van Antwerp, '14		James W. O'Hara, '13	Peter C. Yerns, '16
John Dowd, '99		Joseph Collins, '11	Fred M. Pralatowski, '16
Rt. Rev. Thos. F. Hickey, '03		Dr. H. G. McCarty, '12	Francis J. Kilkenny, '12
Christopher C. Fitzgerald, '94		James Dubbs, '06	Edward L. Figel, '11
F. A. Kaul, '97		Raymond E. Skelly, '11	Thomas J. Dooley, '97
William Hoynes, '77		William R. Ryan, '11	Mark A. Devine, '10
Edwin J. Lynch, '10		William A. McKearney, '08	Daniel E. Cooney, '10
T. D. Mott, '95		\$75.00	Fremont Arnfield, '12
F. Henry Wurzer, '98		John W. Costello, '12	W. W. Harless, '86
Paul R. Martin, '13		\$50.00	Edward J. Walsh, '00
Timothy V. Ansberry, '93		Rev. John Schopp, '94	Thomas Curran, '16
John M. Quinlan, '04		A. J. Major, '86	\$20.00
Daniel Madden, '06		Charles Vaughan, '14	Gabriel Davezac, '94
Fred J. Kasper, '04		Stephen H. Herr, '10	James R. Devitt, '13
J. S. Corby, '98		J. N. Antoine, '70	Albert A. Gloeckner, '16
Thomas Steiner, '99		Rev. Thomas Cleary, '09	\$15.00
John F. Cushing, '06		Fred Stewart, '12	Bernard Dorch, '13
		Jay Lee, '12	\$10.00
		Albert F. Gushurst, '09	Alfred Vignos, '95
		Edward P. Cleary, '09	Andrew L. Shimp, '91
		Rev. John J. Burke, '83	Frank Nieddeck, '09
		Rev. M. L. Moriarty, '10	Harry Kirk, '13
		Rev. J. E. Scullin, '09	Louis Chute, '92
		Rev. John P. Quinn, '83	J. J. Deasey, '06
		Simon E. Twining, '13	H. King, '16
		J. V. Birder, '13	James E. Roach, '16
		Cecil E. Birder, '14	J. E. Hogan, '16
		M. Emmett Walter, '15	\$5.00
		Ralph Eberhart, '02	Robert D. Murphy, '01
		Rev. John M. Gerenda, '09	Mark Duncan, '15
		Timothy P. Galvin, '16	Hiram Halliday, '06
		Ray M. Humphreys, '16	Claude S. Moss, '95
		Hugh E. Carroll, '16	John Bell, '08
		Jesse C. Harper	