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## Evening.

BY THOMAS D. FORD.

INTO the crimson west the sun is sinking,  
The chimes from yonder ivied towers sound;  
Earth and sky in rapturous beauty linking  
O here a heaven come down to earth is found!

## The Present Condition of American Catholic Literature.

BY ROBERT CUSHMAN CARR, '16.

IT has become the fashion—or one might say “fashionable,” almost in the sense that the wide skirt and high boots have become fashionable among women—to deplore the barrenness of contemporary American Catholic literature. The wail goes up from every side. “Give us a great Catholic writer,” the critics plead, “give us a Newman if you can, but if not then give us someone worthy of our praise. Develop for us a Catholic literature, a body of writings which we may place beside the masterpieces of the world.”

And the magazines and the newspapers have re-echoed the cry of the critics. They, too, mourn the decadence, the wretchedness of Catholic literature. They seek in vain for someone, or better some school that will stand out as Catholic through and through, and be at the same time readable and popular.

But why this mourning? Let us raise one voice at least which shall be a discordant note in this great volume of sound, a note of joy in this funeral dirge over the prematurely made grave of things Catholic and literary. To what do the pessimists object? For what cause do they weep? Is it not because Catholic literature does not compete for popular favor with *Hearst's* and with the *Green Book*, the *Red Book* and the *Blue Book*? Do these men think that Catholic

literature, constituted as it is and must be, can ever enter the race against magazines of this type? Would they have authors create a heroine of the kind favored by such periodicals, and calling that heroine Catholic, seek vulgar favor through the salaciousness of her adventures in doubtful surroundings?

The pessimistic critics must come to see that this is a field which Catholic literature cannot invade. Catholic writers can never say of their heroine: “How beautiful she looked as she stood there, the breeze blowing her hair about her cheeks, which were slightly flushed by the exercise of the tennis game. Her strong young body still trembled with the excitement of the court, and as she moved along the path with a grace, a suppleness, a strength that Diana might have envied, her companion of the contest gazed after her, drinking in her beauty longingly, and slowly sighed the sigh of the rejected. But her thoughts were far from him. She turned into the sequestered path that led into the garden of this beautiful estate recently bequeathed to her by her wealthy grandfather. In a quiet spot, where the flowers seemed to her to emit some new and unaccustomed incense, she knelt before a statue of the Blessed Mother. She made the Sign of the Cross, and began—for she was an accomplished Latinist—“Ave Maria, gratia plena, Dominus tecum,” and her voice sank to a whisper.”

No, dear critic, this heroine was never meant to say prayers. You may by the tyranny of your pen force her to pray, but if you do, other critics will soon lay flowers upon the modest elevation of ground where lie your literary aspirations in peaceful, perpetual death.

But Catholics should rejoice rather than weep because their field of endeavor lies outside that of the *Cosmopolitan* and its allies. It is impossible for them to enter the lists against *Hearst's* and its numerous fellow-warriors, and they should be glad that such entrance is not necessary. Let them turn their eyes towards a

much greater, a more useful, and a more permanent field than the popular magazine. They know, even though they are the merest dabblers in things literary, that this age has produced a species of writing unique in its attributes, prominent before the public eye, and most serviceable in the defence of Catholicity. As authors, they cannot ignore this powerful element in the contemporary literature, and as Catholics, they dare not ignore it. It is the problem novel.

What comes to one's mind when he hears the words "problem novel?" Possibly he thinks first of that shameless abuse of genius and perversion of literary utility which Hall Caine called "The Woman Thou Gavest Me." Surely there is honor, and high honor, awaiting the author who puts his pen to paper in a problematic defence of the indissolubility of marriage. Hall Caine did not dare to take an ordinary marriage for the subject-matter of his book. He combined all the unfavorable conditions in matrimony that his ingenious mind could conceive, and from their consequences drew his defence of divorce. His unthinking readers never realize that a marriage such as Caine portrays is one of ten million, so if not completely converted to his cause, they are willing to look with lenient eye upon the divorce-mills of the world.

The book is from the hand of a master—we cannot question that. The development of its plot, considering only its adherence to the laws of the novel, is well-nigh perfect. The change from narration by the author to extracts from the girl's diary, then to extracts from her lover's, varies the appeal and heightens the effect of a plot formally excellent, and materially—it is an advisedly chosen word—materially rotten.

Against this unashamed defence of divorce, Catholic authors should direct their antidote. They could without a great amount of difficulty write and answer to "The Woman Thou Gavest Me," in which they would bring their married pair over seas as tempestuous as those of Caine's story. It would not be a difficult matter for writers like Maurice Francis Egan or Christian Reid, and, had he been spared, the late Monsignor Robert Hugh Benson could have crushed Caine forever.

But this attack upon marriage is only one of the many indications of a state of things so prevalent that no one can deny it. This is an age of the material, and truly the exalter of matter and its myriad formations is great in

mouths of wisest censure. Not only is the cult of matter rampant in secular pursuits, but it has even thrown its victorious cohorts against the realm of the spiritual, and coming under the specious pseudonym of "Liberty, Culture, and Progress," has so deftly entangled many of the unwary in its meshes that they do not know that they are caught.

And one of the authors captured—whether knowingly or not we cannot say—is he whose "Richard Carvel," "The Crossing," and "Coniston" are known as classics in the halls of great universities. Winston Churchill has become an incense burner at the shrine of Modernism. His latest book, "The Inside of the Cup," is permeated with all the "freethinking" and spurious "independent investigation" which "scientists" call "science." What a field lies in that book for the sharp plow of some Catholic author to dig up and expose to the world! Churchill must have been overwhelmed by his previous successes, and must have thought that the people would accept anything he would condescend to write. And very largely this is true. But it is time, and long past the time, for a masterly and decisive refutation in a problem novel of those silly untruths which Pius the VII once called "hundred thousand times refuted calumnies."

There is another branch of literary endeavor which awaits the touch of the masterhand. It needs that touch, not so much for development as for the marshalling of its forces, as a general marshals his army before a battle. The magazines of Catholic literature are surely plentiful enough. If number is to count for anything, Catholics may be satisfied so far as number is concerned. And from the standpoint of quality, they have no reason to be ashamed. In missionary activities, they have *The Missionary* and *Extension* devoted exclusively to that work. If we exclude the rather cheap cuts which disfigure the pages of the latter magazine, we may give both high praise. If one has any doubt as to the comparative merit of these and non-Catholic publications, let him peruse the pages of *The Missionary Review* (Baptist), *The Christian Standard* (Campbellite or Christian) and *The Christian Advocate* (Methodist-Episcopal). The only magazines that can be compared to *The Missionary* and *Extension* are the *Christian Science Journal* and the *Christian Science Sentinel*, which, however, through an unfortunate attempt to imitate the stilted,

difficult sentences of Mrs. Eddy's "Science and Health," lose much of the force and vigor that their compactness and orderly arrangement would otherwise give them. After reading these periodicals of their separated brethren, Catholics may gratefully thank Minerva that their magazines are not as other magazines.

The other fields open to labor of this kind are as well cultivated as that of missionary work. There are no journals in Protestantism to compare with *America* as a commentary upon contemporary occurrences, and none in the secular field can surpass it. It compares well with *Current Opinion*, and the *Outlook*, and for vigor of editorial style is far their superior.

In the line of research work and scholarly writing, does not the *Catholic World* compare favorably with *Scribner's* and the *Nineteenth Century*? Who could ask for better articles than the series just completed by Edmund T. Shahan, S. T. D., entitled "Completing the Reformation," and the series on scepticism now in the course of publication? The *Catholic World* does not adopt an air of sympathetic superiority toward those who disagree with it, as does its Protestant colleague, the *Hibbert Journal*. Its articles are at least as good as essays of the latter, and its style of polemic writing is much more worthy of praise.

The *American Catholic Quarterly Review* presents papers, which while comparatively restricted in their scope, indicate a scholarship equal to that of its secular neighbor, the *American Historical Review*. It is true, of course, that the limited nature of its subject-matter necessarily confines it to a smaller circle of readers. But that is not to be deplored. It is to be accepted as in accordance with the extent and nature of the field to which it has voluntarily restricted its efforts. It would be cause for astonishment if the situation were any different.

For depth of thought and clearness of presentation in matters religious, the *Ecclesiastical Review* equals the excellence of the *North American Review* and the *Atlantic* in the world of secular pursuits. One may object that the *Ecclesiastical Review* is so limited in its appeal because of its profound, intellectual attributes that it may be dismissed with a mere mention. Then let us dismiss also the *North American Review*, the *Atlantic* and all of their companions. The *Catholic World*, the *Hibbert Journal* and the *Christian Advocate*, we must dismiss them

too. And after that, let us devote our time and attention to *Film Fun* and *Reel Life*, for they are surely wide in their appeal. Finally, in the words of the popular song, "Come, let's take a trip to the movies."

No! Let us not dismiss all that is good and praiseworthy in sacred and profane endeavor by saying that it is limited in its appeal. Of course it is limited. Everything that requires thought is limited—very limited—in its appeal.

In the field of the Catholic newspaper, that species of literature (if we may call it literature) is more than well supplied with material. Catholics have ventured so willingly into the realm of newspaperdom that there are now more papers than the demand requires. This may surprise the reader. Yet, because he has felt the influence of persistent weeping over the decline of Catholic literary endeavor, and possibly not regarding newspaper work as literature, he soon roused himself to the presence of a great opportunity for the Church's advancement by newspaper writing of enduring worth.

While very good, and worthy of commendation, Catholic journalism does unfortunately possess certain undesirable marks. Do not the majority of Catholic papers contain practically the same news, presented in a disappointing sameness of style? There is always "Our Letter from Rome," or something similar, and the announcement of the death of one bishop and the appointment of another. All these items indicate clearly that they come from a few sources of information, or possibly only one. It is not unusual for one to read the same article four or five times in the Catholic papers to which he devotes a part of his time and attention.

The "Question Box" is an excellent example of this. It would seem that "*Extension*" is almost the only publication which makes a systematic attempt to record the questions that come to it, and from its answers the other papers choose parts which the editors regard possibly as of interest to their readers. Sometimes the whole "Question Box" is taken bodily, and appears word for word in several Catholic periodicals. Without wishing to fall into the chronic pessimism of the majority of contemporary critics, one may well ask whether or not an editor utilizes this information solely for the benefit of his readers. May he not possibly have in mind what reporters in their inelegant terminology call "space-filling?"

And there is another department of the Catholic newspaper which might well be considerably decreased in size. It might even be eliminated entirely, because it is unnecessary and out of place in a religious periodical. This department is the woman's page, which sometimes includes a page for the children. If the women of the household wish to know the latest fashions, they do not go to their Catholic paper. They read, and rightly so, a magazine which deals primarily with fashions. What strange creatures they would be, if they turned over the pages of a religious journal seeking its two slender columns of fashions, when they can utilize the sources of that meagre display, and revel in the gorgeous designs of the *Style Book*, the *Fashion Book*, the *Delineator*, and the *Pictorial Review*!

What of the children? Do they read the worse than Horatio Alger stories in the Catholic papers about the good little boy who loves his papa and mama? Most certainly not, and probably the editor knows it as well as his readers. If the child is very young, he is delighted to listen to his mother's stories. If old enough to read, he prefers the books of Father Finn, Ralph Henry Barbour, G. A. Henry, or Mrs. Mary T. Waggaman. Nor do the girls read of the mundane angel who is presented to them as a model. They select instead a little light fiction, more or less romantic and utterly useless. So let us deliver ourselves from the error that the fashion page and the children's page are of real importance to the Catholic newspaper. Then let us draw across them the blue pencil of our disapproval, and do our best to remove them from Catholic journalism. The only service they ever render is to give an appearance of prosperity and an abundance of news, a delusion quickly dispelled when one notes the quality of their offerings.

There is one more elimination to be wished for in Catholic papers, and that is doubtful advertising. It is a shame to see that excellent little paper, which does more service to Catholicity than this world dreams of, carrying underneath the reassuring title of *Our Sunday Visitor*, *The Harmonizer*, advertisements of questionable nature. It sanctions by permission to use its columns the most transparent of "Catholic insurance" schemes and projects of "Catholic colonization" in the swamps of Texas and Florida.

With regard to positive measures for the improvement of Catholic journalism, why would

it not be a good move to establish a bureau of correction, which would subscribe to the leading periodicals of the day, and whenever an error appeared in one of them, write a correct explanation of the point in question? The magazine which erred would be glad, we may be certain, to print the correction in an early issue. One example of this need will suffice. About two years the ago, *Ladies' Home Journal* printed a series of articles written by the Princess Eulalia (an aunt of Alphonso the Thirteenth), in which the late Leo XIII. was conclusively proved not to be infallible because he gave the princess Communion when she had not previously been to confession. If he had been infallible, said the princess, he would have known that she had not received absolution, and so would have refused her the Sacrament. One blushes to say that this stupid argument went unanswered, and no doubt assisted the Church's enemies in their nefarious work time and time again.

With these improvements, Catholic journals would be equal to secular ones, and certainly superior to many of them. They do not need to fear the paucity of literary men and women among Catholics, for Catholics are as able as non-Catholics, and why should they be incapable of literary work? But this is not the only difficulty. "If a Catholic paper offers me \$15.00 for a story," said an author who has had much experience in the examination of Catholic manuscripts, "and the *Cosmopolitan* offers me \$100.00,—why I'll write for the *Cosmopolitan*!" Catholic publishers, take heed of these words, even though they are half-ironical. You must remember that this Catholic and all his colleagues are human, and naturally wish to deal with generous business men, not parsimonious ones.

Come then, Catholic novelist, Catholic journalist, and Catholic publisher, and listen to the words of the truly Catholic poet, Longfellow:

Let us then be up and doing  
With a heart for any fate,  
Still achieving, still pursuing,  
Learn to labor and to wait.

Rest assured that the fate will not be adverse, for the laborers are eager and able for their tasks. And the field, consider it. It is the greatest open to human endeavor, and Catholics who expend their energies upon it shall make for themselves bags which grow not old; they shall perform a work which shall endure even to the consummation of the world.

## Varsity Verse.

## THE MORNING AFTER.

Oh, the sport awakes  
 As the morning breaks  
 With a head like a ton of brick,  
 And his eyes are red  
 In his aching head  
 And his poor old stomach's-sick.  
 His mouth is furred  
 And he thinks some bird—  
 A buzzard—has roosted there.  
 His throat is dry  
 And he swats a fly  
 In the free lunch in his hair.  
 He notes with dread  
 That he went to bed  
 Attired in his shoes and hat;  
 And he sees a bear  
 On his bedroom chair  
 But it's only the Thomas-cat.  
 He groans and sighs  
 As he tries to rise  
 From his couch of misery,  
 "This lets me out  
 From the festal rout,  
 It's never again," says he.  
 To the joint he slinks  
 For some saving drinks  
 The hair of a dog, you know;  
 A few good jerks  
 For his weakened works  
 He'll quit when the tremors go.  
 But a slug of gin  
 When it's safe within  
 Calls loud for a running mate;  
 And the poor old sport  
 Takes another snort  
 And hits up the same old gait.  
 And the sport awakes  
 When the morning breaks  
 As sick as a glandered horse;  
 His eyes are red  
 In his swollen head  
 His comrade's R. E. Morse.

Julius G. Henry.

## SNOWFLAKES.

Why does snowflakes look like fedders  
 Afriskin' an' whiskin'-cross de medders?  
 Lemme think—'peahs as tho  
 Mah mem'ry's frostbit, gettin' slow  
 Some folks 'llow dat snowflakes come  
 Off angels' wings, de preenin's from

De hebbenly roost. But dat ain't so,  
 Dey don' molt like hens, I know!  
 W'en dew on de rubble's froze as fine  
 As de bead on massa's purtiest vine;  
 W'en de tellyphome wiahs begin to sing  
 Wif de col', an' de fields begin to ring  
 Wif de huntin' houn's loud ballyhoo,  
 An' de "flar-flar" is echoin' thru  
 De woods from de guns; denr it's cleah  
 An' de hebben folks know dat winter's heah.  
 Den dey wants a bed mo' warm an' snuck  
 So dey goes an' says to mammy Duck:  
 "Dese cotton clouds ain't warm enough.  
 Whar's our fedder bed? Dat's de stuff!"  
 Den you see de grey clouds spreadin' low  
 All ober de sky. An' dat means snow!  
 Jes' like yo' mammy makes yo' beds  
 So Mammy Duck scoots out an' spreads  
 'Em fo' de hebbenly crowd. She takes  
 De bed, an' de pillers too, an' shakes  
 Dem up like dis; spruff, bam, piff!  
 An' say, de fedders fly! Sometimes so fast  
 Dey're still a whistlin' as dey goes past.  
 An' so de snow is fedders dat ar' struck  
 From the sky folks' bed by Mammy Duck.

F. Jennings Vurpillat.

## The Prima Donna.

BY SPEER STRAHAN '17.

There was the scent of early autumn in the air this morning as John Trevers sat at his desk: before him was the morning paper upon which lay a pile of closely type-written pages of theatrical matter. He reached for the type-written matter, turned in his chair, and then with feet high on his desk contemplated the different numbers.

"Second—Calvé in Carmen; Fifteenth, Miss Howard in Cronweart; Seventeenth, Tetrastini; Twenty-third,—well, what was this?"

Trevers paused, ventured a low whistle, lowered his feet from their dizzy altitude, and sat still. Then he rose, and hands in pockets, walked to the window. Certainly the name was the same as hers, though there might be a mistake. He had not heard of her for six years now,—perhaps it was she after all. . . . Margaret McKie! . . .

He stood there for a long time in thought, his eyes filled with memories. Three years ago he had heard the girl sing at a parish program, where he had been detailed to report the speech



of some Congressman. Even in those days of cub-reportership, he had realized the artist that lay in the young singer, a genius that need only be aroused to make the whole artistic world listen in silent wonder. He knew he had been sentimental and impressionable to a fault. Dick Phillips, his better half, had told him so. That time he had allowed his feelings to get the upperhand. After the program, he introduced himself as Trevers of the *News* and congratulated her on her gift. But Margaret McKie was much too sensible a girl to believe what a cub-reporter told her. She said the proper thing, thanked him politely, and tantalizingly disagreed with him. And he, realizing his inability to carry the subject further, went away feeling it was an unkind cut that this girl who might sing Elsa was wasting her life among parish clubs and embroidery societies.

Here after two years, she had reappeared, the realization of his dreams, the new prima-donna in Lohengrin. During the intervening years, he had advanced from reporter to dramatic-critic, but she had risen from needle clubs to the opera stage.

Finally he turned about. Well, he must call on the young woman, and renew his acquaintance. He was glad she had learned to sing,—that she was to become so bewildering a personage as an opera singer, and not a little pleased with himself at the fulfilment of his prophecy.

A few days before New Year's, Trevers happened in at the Metropolitan while rehearsals were going on. He had some business with the director, and on his way out, paused and listened. From within the theatre came the sound of the orchestra accompanying a voice. He wondered who it could be, mounted the stairs softly, and coming forward in one of the boxes looked down toward the stage. The orchestra was playing, but just as Trevers stood there, the curtain rose. Then almost before he knew it, there she stood, her slight form transfigured with melody as she leaned forward in an aria, singing like a bird at joy of the northland in spring. The critic stood spellbound until the part was finished, then grasped his hat, and made his way out of the box. "Miss McKie," he told the boy at the back of the stage. He wanted to see Miss McKie when rehearsal was over.

The impressionable cub-reporter again. Trevers met the girl and introduced himself. She remembered him questioningly until his name and the circumstances of their last meeting

were mentioned. Then they shook hands, and he congratulated her so warmly that she was uncertain whether he wished to pass as an old school-chum, which he never was, or to establish an acquaintance on professional grounds. But Margaret did her best to understand him (she managed men well), and soon the two were discussing her education, her prospects, the grand "hit" she would make in January.

The evening before the great twenty-third, Trevers was in his study, head in hands, thinking what the critic must say in the morning paper day after next. The other grand events had passed by well. Calvé was a tradition: Caruso had been sufficiently praised and scored, but he knew that to-morrow night was to really show the test of his ability. Even Quinn, the city editor, had hinted at it the other day.

He reached for a book, cut a cigar and stretched out in his chair. Phillips had just gone. What had the two talked about? Margaret McKie. His thoughts wandered away again, and he wondered what she was doing now. The new prima-donna, absent though she was, engrossed his interest more than the latest volume of Wackeieff's plays. He had got to know her rather well these last few weeks. A couple of times he had met her at the theatre, once at her home, and here he was thinking about her when, if he expected to keep his position, he should be heart and soul in his work. He knew he did not love her—he did not know her well enough for that. Besides he had no time for such foolishness. He had a name and place to make.

At this point, like the very sensible young man he was, Trevers got up, laid the book on the desk, and started for bed. If this thing was going to get sentimental, well, he was going to bed; that was all.

He went to his room, leaving the book uncut, and the cigar untouched. The janitor, coming along the corridor three hours later, was surprised to find the newspaper man's light on so late, glanced discreetly in, and seeing no one about stepped in softly and pulled the switch. Then he went away down the hall toward the stairway. But Trevers was oblivious to all this. He was dreaming that the young lady had scored a success such as New York had never known before, that John Jacob Astor had immediately proposed to her and had been as instantly accepted, while he himself had for his criticism been given a hundred shares in

the business, a life salary, two assistants, and a residence in Morningside.

Trevers thrilled with the delight of listening to grand opera from a great box near the stage. Phillips and he went together. As the performance began Trevers leaned forward. Ah, there she was singing with all her heart. And here in the box he waited looking across that darkened multitude of hearers to where her voice rose exultant with joy and beauty.

The next morning the *News* contained the article on Miss McKie. 'She was the real triumph of the season,—ah!' It was about eleven the next morning before Trevers reached the office. He had risen somewhat late, sensible that the young lady's genius had spoken for itself, that henceforth he was the carping critic and she the goddess at whose feet lay New York like a great good-natured dog. He sent a box of flowers, and congratulations to the goddess and leisurely took his way to work.

He had been at his desk but a few moments when a boy came up, saying the critic was wanted by Quinn. Trevers went down at once. Obviously there must be something wrong, otherwise Quinn never called for him. But this morning of all mornings, it jarred Trevers's romanticism to be sent for. As soon as he had entered the office, Quinn dismissed his stenographer, and when she had gone, turned to Trevers.

"Come here," he said. "Sit down!"

He turned about in his chair and handed the younger man half a dozen newspapers, each opened at the theatrical page.

"You see that," from Quinn. "Every other paper in town has told the failure she made last night. She's no good. Tell her to go back teaching school, but as Elsa! You might as well have her for Toreador. You didn't notice the nervousness in the second act, did you, and how she forgot the trill in the last duet? You didn't notice those things? You see, Trevers, you won't do, you won't do. Why we're the laughing-stock of the papers this morning. Here are your wages. Now let's just shake hands,—and good luck."

Before Trevers rightly knew what had occurred, his hand had been shaken, a pay envelope thrust into his hands (even dramatic critics get pay envelopes), and he was already on the stairway back to his office. When he was once upstairs, he took hat and coat, and mechanically went outside and started for his rooms.

It was a day or two before he could realize what had happened. Surely there must be some mistake. He hadn't been let out altogether? It wasn't possible that Miss McKie had failed. Yet he knew better, too. She had talked to him over the phone, laughed very kindly, told him he should have been truthful instead of flattering, and said that, if he wished, he might come over and see her at the end of the week.

On the morning of the next Thursday week, Max lay in bed listening to the roar of the traffic a few blocks away, his mind wandering from one to another circumstance of the past week. Miss McKie had been dismissed and a retired prima donna was now playing Elsa to the crowds that thronged the Metropolitan. Miss McKie was to go south for the winter. In the fall she might think of music, but not now. Above him King George IV looked placidly down from his gilt frame, and on the other side of the room a little sculptured boy perpetually played with a swan. Suddenly an idea came to Trevers. He rose immediately, and in an hour was on the street. Three hours later he had persuaded Bannard, the director of the Metropolitan, to give the girl another chance. He had come to ask Bannard to intercede for him that he might get back on the *News*. But as he heard the old man's troubles, a new plan perfected itself. The retired prima-donna had just sent word of sudden illness. She could not sing to-morrow night. Why not give Miss McKie another chance.

The next day the papers heard that the first Elsa was to reappear at the Metropolitan. Then New York remembered kindly the nervous young girl who had broken down in the second act. She had redeemed herself, they said, in the last aria.

And the girl redeemed herself that night like pure gold. Again and again she was called back before the curtain and encored; again and again she smiled and bowed and disappeared, and the thunders of applause broke forth afresh. Trevers was there in a box near the stage, living the operas she did, for her triumph was, in a way, his triumph. She came back for the last time now, a slender young woman, with wondrous eyes that laughed to the enthusiastic audience who deafened her ears with their noisy approval.

That night, too, the *Sun* found out how Bannard had been persuaded by Trevers to

give Miss McKie another trial. They discovered also that the girl would sing the remainder of the season in "Lohengrin" at the Metropolitan, and that the retired lady would go once more into retirement.

The next day Trevers happened around at the *News* office to see Quinn. Everything seemed rather small and old-fashioned now as he mounted the stairway and found himself again in the corridor leading to Quinn's office. Quinn was inside. 'Yes, he would see him.'

"No," said Trevers, "I didn't come back to beg you to give me another job. I don't want any more cub-reporting or dramatic criticisms. I just called around to tell you I have been offered the position of critic by the *Sun*, and intend to take it up. Also, this may be of interest to you. I have applied and have been accepted as Miss Margaret McKie's manager.'

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### The Popular Song '19.

BY CHARLES MOONEY.

Some twenty years ago the sensitive ears of the artistic world were badly shocked when a song, chockfull of discords and forced rhymes, was played by every pair of hands of acrobatic turn in all the leading music halls of New York City. Soon everybody was trying it on his dollar-down piano or rosewood organ. This song was the requiem of the old-fashioned ballad. Its title was as void of meaning as its music was of harmony. The name of this solar-plexus blow to old man Orpheus was "Ragtime."

Soon other writers began to turn out songs after the fashion of the one just mentioned. They were all classed under the head of "Ragtime" and were easier to sell than to sing. But this new kind of song was destined to last only a decade as there was not enough originality in it. Then some person with six inches of forehead and one-half inch of chin called for the shovel and wheelbarrow, claiming that the Hoi Polloi were through being imposed upon by song writers. Before long the American people were clamoring for the return of "Sweet Alice," and "Annie Laurie," and would have had their way, had not it been for the intervention of one Irving Berlin, the man who revolutionized the song world.

Ten years ago Irving Berlin, otherwise Stanislaus Balin, a young Jew just over from

Russia was singing in "Nigger Mike's" grog joint for gratuities he received from the still groggier denizens of that dive. One day he wrote a parody and was given five dollars for it from a small-time actor with a big-time-soul. Then his ambition to write "rag" came, and two years later he was acclaimed by the song world as their messiah.

Berlin's big hit came when he composed "Alexander's Ragtime Band"—you remember it, do you not?—for which he received two hundred thousand "kafiltres," a sum large even in these days of munition contracts and "War Babies." Following this he wrote a series of Italian love songs, such as "Rose Marie" and "Sweet Italian Love," which helped his popularity immensely.

But soon the fickle Americans developed a yearning for something new and immediately took Berlin to task for ruining the popular song. They dubbed him and his kind as "rot-writers," and hoped that the new song-writers would lift up the standard of art that he had desecratingly torn down. Berlin's ruin seemed inevitable as the lovers of music declared they would no longer stand for the everlasting rhyming of "Silvery moon, In June, marry pretty soon, stewed prune," and he must also give that phrase, "promise to be true," its unconditional release.

After this ultimatum was delivered, the song-world was once more knocked off its feet by none other than Mr. Irving Berlin, the "rot-writer." This blow below the belt was the greatest song ever produced in Tin-Pan-Alley, its title being "When I Lost You." What Berlin received for this song remains unknown as it was written for a purpose greater than that of merely being sold. Very few people know the meaning that lies behind those few words which compose the verses of "When I Lost You." Just one month before this song was published, Berlin's bride of a year had passed away, and this was the means he used for expressing his deeply felt grief. Since the composing of "When I Lost You" Mr. Berlin's ability as a song-writer has never been questioned. This song set the standard for the other residents of Tin-Pan-Alley. With it as an example, writers began to turn out better songs, and for a while it looked as though the ballad were coming back into its own. This second renaissance produced such songs as "To Have, To Hold, and To Love," "The Harbor of Love,"



and "The Curse of an Aching Heart," all of which were of the better and uplifting kind.

Now there's a negro down in Memphis town who is trying his best to ruin the art of song writing. His name is W. C. Handy, composer of the famous "Memphis Blues." He and his band of "Easy-Riders" are turning out songs of the mongrel type which are a cross between the old-time ballad and the futurist song. These songs, called "Blues," are popular only around Memphis, although some of them have worked their way up north. They cannot, however, be a success, because their fascination lies only in the music, the words being wholly void of meaning. Whenever a Tennessean comes north, he whistles "Blues" to let everybody know he lives in Memphis, which town is "Blue"-mad.

Lately the popular songs are fast degenerating. Out of twelve hundred songs handed to the innocent public last year only one hundred were accepted; of these very few provoked any demonstration. The popular song has sunk to the lowest level and only a change for the better can possibly come. Critics throughout the country have declared that the popular song must die out, and some of them have already prepared its requiem. But as Berlin has twice saved the popular song, who knows but that he will once more return to reclaim it and carry it back to the heights?

### The Heart of the Blizzard.

BY JAMES H. McDONALD, '19.

An old broken-down house near a railroad yard is poor shelter against a February blizzard. The gale drives down the broad fields surrounding the hut; sweeps the snow, pebbly and frozen in the blast, and banks it in great piles against the doors and windows of the place. The walls creak; now and again the wind in its rage drives a shower of sleet and snow through the broken panes. The timber structure of the house crackles and groans, as the day drops precipitously into night and the temperature lowers.

"Gust" Branders moved across the cold floor to the window; and once more he looked out to see if the storm was abating. His long ragged coat was tightened over his breast, and a bandana handkerchief covered his ears; his hat was pulled down over his forehead. He wore no gloves, but warmed his hands by

gripping them viciously in his pockets. His body was warm—even if he was a tramp; but his thoughts grew colder as they dwelt on the past.

Far out, some place on the horizon, he could discern through the mist and the snow the red glow of a light. Perhaps it was only a signal in the railroad yards, much nearer than it looked, and yet again, it might be from the window of a little home, where it was warm within doors and where there were cheery hearts and charity and love and something to live for.

"O well," he thought, "of course it was fortune for some and miserable and aimless existence for others. Only a hanging on,—a struggle where there were no gains to count, only weariness, cold, barrenness and then the end. It had always been that way.

The wind crushed against the walls with renewed vigor; the storm grew fierce as the night came down, and engineers as they passed through the yards in their cabs, saw the frozen sheet bear down on the country and blind the huts from view. Branders pulled his coat tighter across his chest.

A flutter of wings broke the silence of the shack. He looked around; and at his feet lay a white dove, fallen from its house in the rafters, frozen and almost dead. He stooped down, and picking up the tender frozen thing, opened his coat and placed the little creature near his warm body.

Even as it is ordained that the least among birds may not fall to the earth without His will, whose mastery is over men and birds and beasts and all things, so was it decreed by the supreme Wisdom that this night, though the storm might blow and no fruit of man's labor be produced, should not be without its harvest and its good thing. For as he huddled the poor bird to himself, until it groaned a little from the pressure laid upon it, and then cooed when the warmth touched it, and while he looked out to the flickering far away, the chill of the night sent a flush of heat to his cheek and the cold was no longer cold. With his dying breath Branders repeated his resolution, that if he should live all would be as it should be, and no more would he offend. But the temperature did not rise all the next day, and continually the snow and sleet flew until all traffic through the railroad yards ceased, and men in their hearts prayed for the healing warmth of a returning sun.

## THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC

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—The Dominican order celebrates in Washington, D. C., this week its seventh centenary. The occasion has a special historic interest for every university; for

**The Order of Preachers.** it was largely through the labors of professors drawn from the Order of Preachers, that the universities of the middle ages developed so magnificently and set a standard of scholarship that has won the admiration of the world. The great Catholic principles enunciated by an Albert the Great and a Thomas of Aquin still serve as the surest safeguard against the attacks of modern error, and are a falchion to hew to death philosophies that would destroy the Christian framework of our civilization. In this country the Dominicans have labored as missionaries and professors for over a century, and have cast fire upon the earth with unabating zeal,—the heritage of a saintly founder and the trademark of centuries of achievement. *Ad Multos annos!*

—That rare student who has applied himself diligently, during the course of two months, to an intensive study of magazine fiction finds it difficult to understand

**Flowers and Regrets.** how, in the face of two days' hard cramming, he has received so atrophied an examination mark. In making a cursory self-examination for the last two months, he can distinctly recall a day here and there like mile posts on the way, when he had dipped into subjects relevant to his classes, but can distinctly remember, too, that he had found the matter dry, uninteresting

and utterly lacking in the thrills that waited him in the pages of a current monthly; for there stood his heroine, her face radiant with strange light, resolving to win her Harold, though it cost years of disappointment and most inconvenient drudgery. But after all, he thinks, he *has* lived, he has experienced something of the poetry of life, the truant will that

Owens no gyve, no cincturing wall  
No thrall at all.

And why will not others—those in high places—see that these spring days of youth ought not to be dulled with the monotony of uninterrupted class, and the sameness of study and the continual application to unpronounceable volumes and musty subjects? Then comes the little craped card announcing to fond parents that those academic aspirations of their son, that looked so vigorous and long-lived in September have been formally entombed. A letter from home follows full of homeliest prose, and then the conference with the Prefect of Discipline, terribly unrhythmic too—full of short but accented syllables—and our poet comes back to earth to find that his fellows have been marching on while he has been a willing prisoner in the “dream-duess of idleness.” Study and class are plain prose, though they do move with a regular tread, and the poetry,—the high feeling and sweet emotion—comes to the real worker only when the test is over and he has come out on the mountain top victor-crowned. Look ahead! The second age is already begun.

## Book Notice.

Of special interest is the announcement that the Devin-Adair Company are soon to bring out the “Songs of Creelabeg,” a volume of Irish poems by the Rev. P. J. Carroll, C. S. C. Father Carroll is already widely known as the gifted author of numerous Irish sketches, a volume of which,—“Round About Home,” appeared two years ago. THE SCHOLASTIC hopes that the “Songs of Creelabeg” will achieve the success they so well merit. For a number of years Father Carroll taught English at the University. From 1910 to 1913 he was editor of THE SCHOLASTIC, and since that time has been pastor of St. Joseph's Church, South Bend, Ind. “The Songs of Creelabeg,” we may be safe in saying, will command a wide interest and a sure welcome.

## Personals.

—Francis J. Kilkenny (Elected 1912) of Chicago has an article in the *National Banker* on Private Bank Regulations.

—George and Mrs. Stilling of McHenry, Ill., visited old friends at the University last week. George was a student here in 1908-11.

—Raymond T. Miller (LL. B., '14) is a member of the machine gun corps now encamped at El Paso. In a recent inspection, the company of which Ray is a member was pronounced the best drilled and most efficient.

—James Redding (Lit. B., '10) is the star reporter on the *El Paso Times* and recently took a trip through Old Mexico with Bud Fisher. Jim played a very conspicuous part in the heroic rescue of "Mutt" and "Jeff" from the hands of the Villistas.

—Quite the most welcome tidings of the week were contained in the announcement that Jeremiah A. McCarthy, '16, was to become the private secretary to Father Cavanaugh. "Jerry" is too well-known at Notre Dame to be introduced. He has already assumed his duties in the President's office.

—W. Harold Keenan, who has been in business at Akron, Ohio, since leaving Notre Dame last June, was married this morning to Miss Katherine Douds of Akron. The ceremony was performed in St. Joseph's Church, at Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio. Friends of the groom at the University received invitations.

—A former student and a regular reader of the SCHOLASTIC writes as follows:

Father O'Donnell is a true artist, and I have read his verses as one who listens to the murmur of the dusk in a lovely garden, with the sunset glow suffusing the world. His imagery is exquisite. I had seen his poem, "The Dead Musician," very highly commended in an issue of the *Literary Digest*, but the elegy contains an intimately personal note for me; for I have many times sat entranced in the dear old Sacred Heart Church while Brother Basil "sometimes was idle at the keys."

—The following newspaper clipping will be of interest to readers of the SCHOLASTIC:

Mr. Leo Coontz (LL. B., '07) will appear on the Chatauqua platform at Monroe City, Mo., August 23, 1916, the subject of his lecture being "Purpose and Power." This deals with conditions in the United States, the country's opportunity and her potential power of development. Mr. Coontz has delivered several lectures, and is a pleasing speaker. He is well equipped for lecture work in his line, has read widely and deeply and is a close student of the times.

## The Glee Club.

After the strain of two days' examinations, the concert of the Notre Dame Glee Club came as a genuine tonic, and put everyone in fine fettle for the second lap of the school course. This is one concert that all seem thoroughly to enjoy; first, because there is a close bond of sympathy between the gleemen and their audience, and secondly, because last year's entertainments had made us expectant. And we were highly satisfied. The character of the whole program was high-class and rendered with fine artistry. Mr. Hugh O'Donnell held the baton and the chorus responded beautifully to his chifonomy. Among the new features of the program were a recitation by Mr. Emmet Lenihan with piano accompaniment, and a violin solo by Mr. Harry Denny. The quartet gave a number of selections and were warmly applauded. The Mandolin Club, with an entirely new personnel, excepting George O'Loughlin, did well, but were in great haste to get through their part of the program. The inimitable Scott and McCauley infected the whole audience with a rhythm that kept them swaying all the way home. Howard Parker is a superior accompanist and is largely responsible for the general good effect of the evening's entertainment. Mr. Ward Perrot was among the audience and must have been highly pleased with this first performance of his club—pleased, yes; but Ward is a real director and has ideals that are reached even by an N. D. Glee Club only after long practice.

## Local News.

—The proposed excursion to Lansing for the M. A. C. game was called off yesterday.

—Next Saturday the Varsity will appear on Cartier Field in the last home game of the season.

—Will the student who borrowed the paper-punch from the SCHOLASTIC printing-office, kindly return it immediately.

—Next week the columns of the SCHOLASTIC will be filled by the twelve men who are to receive journalism degrees next June. Order your copies early.

—Charles McCauley and John Reuss have been appointed by the governing board of the Glee Club to act as assistants to President

Daley and Secretary Shanahan in handling the business affairs of the organization.

—The Polish students attending the Holy Cross Seminary have organized a Literary Circle and hold meetings every Sunday. The officers of the circle are: Stanislaus Bielecki, president; Casimir Witucki, recording secretary; Joseph Weiss, critic.

—At a meeting of the Junior Law Class held a few weeks ago the following officers were elected: Thomas Healy, president; John Raab, vice-president; Joseph O'Hara, secretary; Max Kazus, treasurer; Robert McGuire, sergeant-at-arms; Frank Hurley, historian.

—Through the efforts of Alexander A. Szezepanik, sophomore journalist, two of the most influential Polish publications, the *Dziennik dla Wszystkich* in Buffalo, N. Y., and the *Dziennik Chicagoski* in Chicago, Ill., publish Notre Dame news regularly.

—The Glee Club concert on Wednesday evening came as an exhilarating let-up on the strain attendant upon the quarterly examinations. Next Wednesday the gleemen will journey over the interurban route to St. Joseph, Michigan, where they scored a decided success last season.

—The Freshmen journalists held their weekly gathering during the first class hour Thursday morning instead of at the usual time of Saturday morning. The first-year scribes plan to do great things during the year. Among others is the project of sending forth an issue of the SCHOLASTIC.

—The Senior Class met recently to talk over a plan for celebrating the Jubilee Commencement next June. John Riley proposed that the class start work at once to prepare for a Senior week to supplement the commemorative program to be staged by the University. President Bosshard appointed a committee of five to confer with the Senior Lawyers in order that the two classes may consolidate in observing Senior Week.

—Brother Raphael of the SCHOLASTIC printing office has set up an ingenious piece of clock-work in the composing room. He has constructed a clock on the plan of the famous "cuckoo," but instead of the musical bird, two miniature figures emerge from a little hut on the top of the time-piece—Father Time and Mortal Man—

and the gray-beard, holding his scythe in one hand, counts off the hours with the other. The clock has attracted much attention and has brought frequent visitors to the printing-office at the noon hour to see the long count. On a scroll above the clock is the phrase: "Remember man that thou art dust and into dust thou shalt return."

—A recent copy of the Pittsburgh *Sun* quotes the following letter and an answer:

In a letter to the *Sun*, expressing regret over the discontinuance of the interesting football games between the University of Pittsburgh and University of Notre Dame, and urging that the relations of a few years ago be resumed, a Pittsburgh gridiron enthusiast writes as follows: "Since your sporting columns are always open to fair discussions by your readers, I take the liberty of addressing this query and comment to you, and trust for an early reply through your columns. Why is it that Pitt and Notre Dame never meet any more in any branch of athletics? Here are two schools whose athletic paths should cross, but don't, and we followers of the games are the sufferers. What is the explanation? I am a former Indian and personally acquainted with a number of former Notre Dame athletes. They always told me with pleasure of their games against Pitt here, and as I judge the relations between the two schools were always friendly, I am at a loss to figure why one dropped the other. If I am not mistaken, Notre Dame has always been victorious in football games here with Pitt, so it is doubly regretful that the two did not meet last year nor this, in order that Warner's men might secure revenge and even up the tables. I am a firm 'Notre Damer' in every respect, except when they meet Pitt—if they ever do. This year Notre Dame has a very good team; in fact it's still good enough to keep them out of the 'Big Nine' conference. Michigan took Notre Dame on in 1908, but after vainly trying for two years to cross the Notre Dame goal line, dropped them from their schedule. Now, in the West, Notre Dame is in the same position as a fellow who's 'all dressed up and hasn't any place to go.' She has the teams, but not the opponents, except Nebraska, which defeated her last year by one point after Referee Walter Eckersall had refused to allow three Notre Dame touchdowns, and even after the goals had been kicked for two of them. Even the Nebraska students admitted they weren't highly pleased with the result. But I suspect I'm growing 'narrow' now, so we'll let ancient history remain on the shelves. But the purpose of this is to see if the ball can't be started rolling to bring Notre Dame and Pitt together on the gridiron in the very near future. Pitt has the teams—yes indeed!—and so has Notre Dame, so why not bring the Hoosiers here and let us exiled native sons let off a little excess steam and possibly have our bankrolls flattened by the loyal sons of Pitt? Think it over and see if an article dealing with Pitt-Notre Dame athletic relations won't strike the popular chord among your readers. Invite comment on the question for a 1917 game and see if there are not many, very many, who think like I do:

That Pitt and Notre Dame quit a highly interesting game in the second inning."

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When Karl E. Davis, graduate manager of the University of Pittsburgh athletics, was informed to-day of the contents of the above letter and asked as to the reason why relations with Notre Dame were severed, as well as the possibility of their being renewed, he explained that Pitt finds it inadvisable to play such a strong team as Notre Dame on account of the fact that the Panthers' schedule already contains so many hard games. "It is because our annual schedule already includes as many hard contests as our team can stand that Notre Dame is not being met," said Manager Davis. "Even without counting the Annapolis event, which is not easy by any means, we have four very hard games on our list with University of Pennsylvania, Syracuse University, Washington and Jefferson and Pennsylvania State College. This is about as much hard going as any team could well stand. Notre Dame always has one of the best elevens in the country, and its popularity everywhere as an attraction cannot be denied, but it would be unwise for us to take on so hard a game in addition to the difficult contests that already are fixtures. I do not see how we can do it as long as the present arrangement stands."

### Coyotes Easy.

The 21 to 0 trimming that the Varsity handed South Dakota last Saturday was consoling, and made up, to some extent, for the trouncing we received at the hands of the West Pointers. What afforded greatest consolation was the fact that these Coyotes held Michigan Aggies to a 3 to 3 tie a few weeks ago. However, it must not be taken as certain that this afternoon's battle with the Michiganders will be soft sailing. The two schools are foes-of-old on the athletic field, and a tight game is sure whenever they meet. It is a good guess that the fellows who accompanied the team to Lansing will see a battle royal.

The following account of the South Dakota game is from the *Sioux Falls Press*:

To the tune of 20 to 0, the South Dakota Coyotes once more bowed down to the fast Notre Dame Hoosiers yesterday afternoon when the two rival teams, representing the east and west, locked horns on the Sioux Falls field in their annual clash. The veteran Catholics presented a combination of speed and science to South Dakota's inexperienced men which at times fairly took them off their feet.

The cold snappy day, although it made an appreciable difference with the size of the crowd, was ideal from the standpoint of the players, keeping them full of pep and up on their toes. The bulk of the South Dakota line presented an impregnable wall to the Notre Dame backs who were forced to rely on short end runs and open plays for their gains. The South

Dakota backfield also found a stone wall when it attempted to go through the Catholic line and was also forced to use the forward pass quite extensively. In this department the South Dakota men excelled, and it was largely by means of forward passes that they were able to work the ball to within striking distance of their opponents' goal. The Coyotes' two chances of scoring were frustrated by having passes blocked when they were near the Notre Dame line.

### CAPTAIN COFALL SPECTACULAR.

To Captain Cofall, of the Notre Dame team, is given a large portion of the credit for the victory. He was the heart and backbone of the Catholic machine, and time after time brought the stands to their feet by his spectacular runs. On each of the three occasions when the ball was carried across the Dakota line it was in the arms of Cofall. Twice when the ball was sent soaring between the goal posts for a goal from a touchdown it was from the trusty toe of Cofall. Whenever a gain was needed the ball would be given to him and usually he made it. In fact, some of the spectators asserted that South Dakota played against one man and he was Cofall.

On the South Dakota team McKinnon at fullback and McCormack at right half were the most prominent figures. McKinnon especially recalled to the minds of the Sioux Falls fans the days when he was starring on the high school team by his many spectacular catches of forward passes.

### FIRST QUARTER.

Phelan for Notre Dame kicked off to Duncan, who fumbled the ball which was recovered by Harmon on his 27-yard line. McKinnon failed to gain through center. McCormack around left end made three and Riegel punted to Fitzpatrick who received the ball on his 35-yard line and was downed in his tracks. Fitzpatrick began by circling his left end for a gain of thirty-three yards. Cofall added four around right end through the line. South Dakota penalized five yards for off side play. Cofall made four on a short right end run and was followed by Slackford through center for two yards. Notre Dame penalized five yards for off side play. A pass, Cofall to Fitzpatrick, netted ten yards. Phelan hit center and forced it back for four yards. Fitzpatrick gained two through left tackle and Cofall off right tackle added four, placing the ball on the South Dakota 2-yard line. The Dakota line held Phelan's smash for a gain of but one yard, but on the next play Cofall put the ball over the line for the first touchdown of the game just seven minutes after the beginning of play. Cofall failed to kick goal. Score, Notre Dame, 6; South Dakota, 0.

Phelan kicked off to McKinnon who received the ball on his 28-yard line and advanced it eleven yards before he was downed. Harmon went around right end for five yards and Notre Dame was penalized for five yards for off side play. South Dakota first down. McKinnon drew four yards going through left guard, but McCormack lost one attempting to circle left end. Notre Dame was again penalized five yards for off side. South Dakota first down. A pass from McCormack to McKinnon gained eight yards. Left guard fell back before McCormack's onslaught for six yards.



South Dakota first down. Three incompletd forward passes left the ball in the possession of South Dakota on the Notre Dame 38-yard line when time in the first quarter was called.

#### SECOND QUARTER.

Riegel opened the period by punting to Phelan on his 1-yard line. He advanced it three yards and was dropped. Cofall punted, the ball going outside on his 24-yard line. South Dakota's ball first down. McCormack's pass to McKinnon caught by Slackford on the 25-yard line who ran fifteen yards before he was successfully tackled. Cofall off right tackle gained seventeen and Fitzpatrick added five off left tackle. A loss of one yard resulted when Slackford hit the line, but Cofall compensated for this by making thirteen yards around right end. Notre Dame penalized five yards for off side. A pass, Cofall to Fitzpatrick, was fumbled by the latter after he had caught it but he regained the ball. Cofall punted, the ball going to Harmon who signaled for a fair catch, but he fumbled and Coughlan recovered on Dakota's 22-yard line and ran the distance to goal. Cofall kicked goal. Score, Notre Dame, 13; South Dakota, 0.

Notre Dame kicked off to McCormack on his 4-yard line. He made a beautiful return of thirty-six yards before he was tackled and held. McKinnon punctured the line for two yards and around left end, McCormack added two more. Riegel punted to the 40-yard line. Notre Dame penalized fifteen yards for holding. Degree's punt blocked by Seeley but the ball was recovered by Degree on his 13-yard line. Degree punted, the ball going outside on South Dakota's 40-yard line. McKinnon gained two yards through left tackle and around right end, Harmon added two more. A forward pass failed and Riegel punted, the ball going outside on Notre Dame's 35-yard line. Time was called before play could be begun.

#### THIRD QUARTER.

Manary kicked off to Slackford who received the ball on his 15-yard line and returned it twenty-seven yards. Cofall off right tackle gained four yards and Fitzpatrick in two left end runs netted thirteen yards. Cofall again hit right tackle but gained only one yard. A Notre Dame pass was incompletd and Degree punted to Riegel on his 13-yard line. Riegel at once punted, the ball going to the 34-yard line. Fitzpatrick went around right end for a gain of six yards and a short pass, Dorais to Fitzpatrick, added one more. After two incompletd forward passes the ball went to South Dakota on their 32-yard line. Two incompletd forward passes preceded a five yard gain around the left end by Duncan. Riegel punted to the Notre Dame 25-yard line. Cofall went off right tackle for three yards and Slackford added four through left tackle. Cofall again gained three yards off right tackle. Cofall punted to the Dakota 24-yard line. A pass from McCormack to McKinnon made five yards. McKinnon hit left guard for one more. Another pass, McCormack to Coffey, netted four and Riegel made the necessary yards through center. South Dakota first down. Time was called in the period with the ball on the South Dakota 37-yard line and in their possession.

#### FOURTH QUARTER.

Duncan got a bad start and lost eight yards attempting to go around left end. Cofall intercepted a South Dakota pass on the 40-yard line and ran five yards. Bergman around right end for seven yards and around left end for four. A line smash failed to gain, two forward passes were incompletd. Notre Dame was penalized five yards for off side and the ball went to South Dakota on her 25-yard line. South Dakota was set back five yards for off side. Riegel punted the ball, going outside on his 37-yard line. Bergman then staged one of the prettiest plays of the game. With the ball stowed away under his arm he zig-zagged in and out among the entire South Dakota team for a gain of twenty-one yards. Miller gained six at right end. Cofall took the ball on the 12-yard line and by a wide right end run placed it over for the third and last touchdown of the game. Cofall kicked goal. Score, Notre Dame, 20; South Dakota, 0.

Miller kicked off to McKinnon on his 10-yard line who returned it fifteen yards. At right guard McKinnon gained one yard. Notre Dame penalized five yards for off side. A pass, McCormack to Riegel, netted thirteen yards. An attempt at the line resulted in a loss of one yard. McCormack forced right guard back for six yards. A pass McCormack to McKinnon made a gain of seven yards. McCormack around right end gained three. Miller caught a South Dakota pass on Notre Dame's 29-yard line. Miller off right tackle gained ten and time was called with the ball in Notre Dame's possession on the 39-yard line.

#### Lineup and summary:

NOTRE DAME		SOUTH DAKOTA	
Whipple.....	L. E.....	Frankenfield.....	
Coughlan.....	L. T.....	Seeley.....	
Bachman.....	L. G.....	Allmond.....	
Rydzewski.....	C.....	Bergh.....	
Degree.....	R. G.....	Manary.....	
McInerny.....	R. T.....	Ellis.....	
Meagher.....	R. E.....	Duncan (capt).....	
Phelan.....	Q.....	Riegel.....	
Cofall (capt).....	L. H.....	Harmon.....	
Fitzpatrick.....	R. H.....	McCormack.....	
Slackford.....	F.....	McKinnon.....	

#### Score by periods:

Notre Dame.....	6	7	0	7—20
South Dakota.....	0	0	0	0—0

Notre Dame scoring: Touchdowns, Cofall 3, goal from touchdown, Cofall 2.

#### Time of periods fifteen minutes.

Substitutes: South Dakota, Coffey for Harmon, Brown for Coffey. Notre Dame, Dorais for Phelan, Meagher for Whipple, King for Meagher, Philbin for McInerny, Andrews for Coughlan, Ward for Degree, Bergman for Fitzpatrick, Miller for Slackford.

Officials: Referee, Wood, Yale; umpire, Graham, Michigan; head linesman, Carberry, St. Thomas.

#### Interhall.

Corby Hall romped away with a 26-0 victory from Brownson Hall on last Saturday afternoon. For the first quarter there was no score, but

after that Corby had everything its own way. Kasper made frequent gains through the line and around the end, and Brandy, darting in and out like a shuttle, advanced the ball repeatedly. Fitzgerald played his usually good game at fullback. For Brownson, Reilly and Glynn played exceptionally well. Tommy introduced a new "dropkick" but failed to score with it. Murphy and Holmes decided the arguments.

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Walsh Hall defeated Sorin on Sunday last by the score of 6-0. The game was a see-saw for the first half, but in the third quarter Walsh by end runs carried the ball over for a touch-down. Vogel, O'Neill and Dorwin played exceptionally well on the Sorin team, while Bader and Haberer, with Fucik meeting the backfield sandwich, were there with their usual drive.

### Safety Valve.

Holyoke, Massachusetts.

DEAR EDITOR OF THE VALVE:—

I note with apprehension and alarm your offer of \$1000 for a song that Kanaley and Cartier could sing. Let me implore you to change it at once to \$10,000 reward for the capture, dead or alive, of any one found with such a composition in their custody or on their person. As the Teutons would say "Gott Strafe" the unharmonious wretch who, even in the silence of a Minnesota wilderness, could wish for such a howling calamity. Such a man would confound a song with an artillery duel. Does he not know that Warren Cartier killed all the San José scale in the Michigan peninsula by merely humming a lullaby; and that there has been *discord* in the G. O. P. ranks ever since the Weedsport siren had a voice in its councils. At all events, I stand ready to shoot the vandal who would precipitate such a musical crisis, and I may say there are thousands of other peaceful, law-abiding N. D. men who, having heard what I have heard, are only too willing to sacrifice their lives on the altar of harmony.

JACK SHEA.

P. S.—As a measure of precaution I have notified "Mike" Fansler to have the Indiana National Guard in readiness to quell any such disturbance at the Seventy-Fifth Anniversary.

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Corby Haller:—"Honest to goodness, Jim, I feel rotten. I really believe I'm in love."

Jim:—"Well, I don't see why you should feel so bad about it—how does it feel to be in love?"

C. H.:—"Why, you poor boob, weren't you ever in love—don't you know anything about it? Did you ever eat a peck of earrings and sleep in the ice box? Did you ever fast three days and when you were starving, have some one put a fine cut of steak before you, and just as you were about to plunge your fork into it, have it turn into a postage stamp? Did you ever go out hunting with a mouth organ instead of a

gun or go into an ice-cream parlor to buy automobile tires? Did you ever look through the cook book for your friends' telephone number or lock yourself in a vegetable cellar to look for the North Star? I could eat brick houses and have paper weights for dessert and I wouldn't feel so bad—it's an awful feeling. It's——"

\*\*\*

Oh, she was a dear  
So I bit off her ear  
And I put kerosene on her nose  
And I called her my all  
Took her out to a ball—  
She had corns so I stepped on her toes.

And I watched her eye close  
Like the leaves of a rose  
I had never before seen such grace;  
As I moved my head near  
To caress a white tear  
She bit a wart off of my face.

And she stroked my black head  
With an old feather bed,  
Ah, the feeling brought naught but surprise.  
And to show me that she  
Could affectionate be  
She gouged out the both of my eyes.

And to show her that I  
Could not eat rhubarb pie  
I tied a white string on my thumb,  
And behind the white ear  
Of the cute little dear  
I plastered my peppermint gum.

But why should we dwell  
Anymore, why the—  
Can't we stop when we start to go mad.  
Just to show you we can  
We'll end where we began,  
Oh she was a dear—but her dad!

\*\*\*

The election as far as we know so far was not a Hughe(s) success.

\*\*\*

HEARD IN A GROCERY STORE.

"Them individual votes ain't a darn bit o' use, it's the blamed old electrical vote that counts."

\*\*\*

A GOOD RIDDLE.

What's the difference between a brick house, seven elephants and a half a yard of baby ribbon.

[Ans. The fellow who made this up never told us the answer and we can't see no difference.]

\*\*\*

[We offer a ten dollar prize to anyone who will give the correct answer to the following riddle.]

Why is a bathtub like a can of condensed milk or a hair shirt.

(Answer in next week's issue.)

\*\*\*

(We offer a volume of Coventry Patmore's "Angel of the House" to anyone who will tell offhand what play of Shakespeare contains the following:)

"Accursed as I was I plunged in and bade him follow;

so indeed he did. The torrent roared and we did bluff at it."

\*\*\*

He:—"Those are two things every good man should have."

She:—"What are the two?"

He:—"The hives and chivalry."

She:—"I agree with you as to one of the two."

He:—"Well he ought to have chivalry too."

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