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Blessing.

BY SPEER STRAHAN, '17.

TONIGHT the skies are roofed with pearl and rose
While angels with drawn swords and poised wings
Guard the roundsun, that, like a pale Host, glows,—
And thither the dim earth turns and sings.

Plausibility in Fiction.

BY WILLIAM B. MCDONALD, '18.

PLAUSIBLE," according to Webster's definition, denotes that which seems reasonable, yet leaves distrust in the judgment.

Its nearest synonym, "specious," in accordance with the same authority, describes that which presents a fair appearance to the view, yet covers something false. In the light of the above definitions it would appear that "specious" would be the more exact word to use when speaking of the attitude in which readers regard fiction. In the absence of a better word than either of these, however, and following the practice of the majority of writers, we shall use the word "plausible" in this essay, not in its strictest meaning, but to denote that which seems reasonable. The latter part of the definition must necessarily be excluded from our concept because anything in a story which leaves distrust in the judgment of the reader destroys the notion of plausibility which we have accepted. Every part of the story must seem absolutely reasonable.

The notion of plausibility must not, however, be confused with truth or fact. There exists a relation between fact and plausibility in fiction, though, that is worthy of notice, and it is well to make a survey of the part which fact plays in fiction before we take up the actual consideration of plausibility.

In his book upon short-story writing, C. R. Barrett says, "All fiction is founded upon

fact, for the boldest imagination must have some definite point from which to take its flight; but the ungarnished truth is seldom literature in itself, though it may offer excellent material for literary embellishment." There are two ways in which truth or fact may be utilized in the building up of a short-story, or any other work of fiction; first in the plot, and secondly, in the detail of the work.

The surest test of a usable plot, it is often said, is to ask the question, "Is it natural?" This may be construed to mean either "Is it plausible?" or "Does it sound true?" and an affirmative answer to either is acceptable. Every plot is founded upon fact utilized either in the original form, or else so skilfully disguised or so ingeniously distorted that it will seem like a product of the imagination. In the first case the story would be said to be realistic and in the second it would be termed romantic.

Many incidents in real life need little more than mere isolation with which to make good stories, and yet any matter that is true to life is not by necessity usable, and in fact there are to be found very few incidents or natural plots which do not need some of the writer's art in order to convert them into readable stories. The short-story is a form of art, it must be remembered, and truth and art are not always reconcilable. The best plots are derived from the action of an artistic imagination upon commonplace facts. And the simpler and the better known these facts are, the better, because they must be accepted by the reader without question. Taking these basic facts then as a starting-point, the plot must be built up and developed always with a view to plausibility.

One great help to the writer in doing this will be found in the increasing credibility of the reader. Recent wonderful discoveries of modern science have made us cease doubting to a great extent statements which we read, and although there are but a few left who still believe a

statement true because they saw it "printed in black and white," we are more ready to accept the probability of statements in a story. The truth and the untruth, the fact and the fiction, should be cleverly woven together into one compact whole, and a clever writer can often do this till the result is more plausible than the truth itself. Fact, then, is the basis and the support of the plot. Now let us see its connection with the other elements of a story.

Poe while a reporter for the *New York Sun*, once wrote an entirely imaginary story which was published in the paper as true. The story has since come to be known as the "Great Balloon Hoax," but at the time of its publication it was accepted by everybody as absolute truth. The tale gained credence through its remarkable accuracy of detail in regard to recognized scientific principles. This fairly illustrates the use of fact in the details of a story and the part which they have to play in infusing plausibility into the story.

It has often been said that accuracy in detail, especially as regards scientific principles, about which little is known, is not essential in fiction because people realize that they are reading fiction and therefore are not particular about small mistakes of this kind. If the highest point in the attempt to write an absolutely plausible tale is to be reached, however, this attitude will have to be discountenanced. In placing the scene of a story it will not do for the author to select places about which he knows nothing. An amateur might locate his story in the "best" society of some American metropolis when he had never been out of his native village. In such a case errors and mistakes are almost bound to follow and overtake him. His gentlemen will commit blunders which are unpardonable in the set about which he writes. "His ladies," as it has been said, "will be from the wrong side of town," the conversation will not be what it should, and the result is that his story falls flat. One ought not attempt to write about people when he is not thoroughly acquainted with both them and their mode of life.

In writing of times past the author must inform himself regarding those times. Unless he do so there will be a slip, and well-read people are sure to detect errors which destroy for them all realism in the story. In placing the narrative in a foreign country it is best to have a personal knowledge of the scenes and persons

that are described, for the same reason as that given for not writing about times with which you are not familiar.

Mere facts are frequently most unliterary, and in using facts the writer must learn what to suppress and what to elaborate. He must decide to just what extent he is going to use mere truth and at what points absolute accuracy is needed.

This now brings us to the more immediate study of the question of plausibility. The fact that what you write about is true is no credit to the story as a piece of fiction, and the subtitle, "A True Story," is often the trademark of an unreadable mess of conventional people, ordinary incidents and commonplace conversation.

Verity is not wanted in fiction, as a piece of fiction. People do not really prefer truth to fiction. They require plausibility, but they are too familiar with life themselves, and in fiction they desire to be lifted out of reality into the higher realms of fancy. But no matter what kind of story is being read, the reader desires that events follow each other with regularity, and that effect necessarily follows cause. Mere chance can not rule in a story any more than it does in actual life, and perhaps not as much; because the caprices of Nature are seen and believed in this sphere, but are looked upon with distrust in the sphere of fiction. People and things must act according to their natures, and any inconsistency in this respect will not be overlooked. Inhuman beings, creatures of the imagination, must act and talk logically. "If little fishes are made to talk they should talk like little fishes, not like whales."

It is an old saying that truth is stranger than fiction and its application is realized by the good writer. Truth may often be so strange that when introduced into a story it will not be accepted as such, and the result is that the story will not be plausible. As an example it might be stated that many authors are inclined to skip over an incident which took but a short time in actual life, and think that because it actually happened it must be accepted by the reader. The length of time for an occurrence does not concur with space in a short-story, and the fact that you are relating fact does not relieve you from the necessity of making it plausible. Many painters acknowledge that there are color combinations in nature which they dare not reproduce, lest they be dubbed

unnatural; and similarly things exist which the writer may present only after he has prepared the way for their credence.

We like as a rule to have events reconciled without notions of the fitness of things, and we even reject as impossible any deviations from our preconceived ideas of the conventions to which nature itself should conform.

An example of the changing of truth in order to make it appear more plausible is found in Hawthorne's "The Ambitious Guest" which he founded on actual occurrence, a big landslide in New England which carried everything before it. From the mass of facts which he found in a newspaper account of the affair he selected much and left much. But there was one fact which he wanted to use and yet could not. The slide occurred in August and yet it was so unusual that a rain heavy enough to cause the slide would fall in August, that he changed the time from then until the month of September, in order to make the story plausible to his readers.

Esenwein, in his "Writing the Short-Story," has a very good treatment of the necessity of plausibility in the plot of a story. He makes a comparison between the plot and nature, and says that as effect follows cause in real life, so it must in the short-story. "In extravagance he (the reader) forgives incongruity, but otherwise he demands a plausible progress of incidents."

Absolute plausibility therefore is essential in fiction, and it is as essential in the story of the wildest imagination as it is in the simplest tale.

The Vale of Replisus.

Et avertens rosea cervice refulsit.

It was in this spare field the goddess stood,
Where rose-trees the land with glory fill,
Her silver feet went by this little wood.

Of classic ilex while the birds were still.

She passed toward Athens, seeking the high groves

And shaded ways where kings and ages taught,
Accompanied by all the winged loves

In that one city from all Hellas wrought.

I know 'twas here, with starry quiver, she went

Young with immortal loveliness, for now

This attic air is heavy with rich scent

And fragrances are heavy on each bough.

I know she turned and blushed, else why is there

Such deathless scent of roses in this air. R. B.

A Parcel from Home.

BY MICHAEL J. EARLY, '17.

For the third time in five minutes, Carstair laid down his cigar and picked up the letter. Evidently he was excited. His usually placid countenance, now full of wrinkles, showed that he was puzzled. Parental, especially paternal missives, were extremely rare things to be received; but, this one was beyond all anticipation.

"Great Scott," he repeated for the third time, "what in the name of common sense does the governor mean? He surely doesn't wish me to chaperon this guy all year,—let's see, where's he from,—Tigerville, Vermont,—ye gods! For the love of"—he stopped short, incoherent from the want of satisfactory expletives, and merely groaned. Life is surely a queer existence. Now this was certainly ominous, for "Gent" Carstairs rarely philosophized.

Philip Carstairs, otherwise "Gent" Carstairs, was wise with the wisdom of experience, and the reaction of mistakes. Three years of college life had served to polish him in the ways of society, and the prominent figures therein. Of a nature always bright and sophisticated, he had taken up college life with the zest with which he undertook everything that struck his fancy. Naturally he succeeded. He had no trouble with his classes, owing to an inherited perspicuity, undeserved but withal acute, a pleasing appearance, and a flattering attention to lectures. Being of a physique suitable for athletics no more strenuous than tennis, vastly interested in social activities, theatrical performances and dances, he became endeared to the student life through his proficiency in these things.

Usually his life was very undisturbed. But to-day had come a change. It was Monday morning—the first Monday of the new college year. The day previous, Carstairs had spent in renewing various acquaintances of his Junior year. As yet, however, he had grown inviolably attached to no one. He was heart free. This may account somewhat for his extreme irritability on receiving the following letter, early on this morning.

CHICAGO, ILL.,

September 20, 1915.

DEAR SON:—

Probably you will be surprised at the unusual digression from our ordinary line. In short, my letter is to acquaint you with the fact that Henry Hart, from Tigerville, Vermont, is due to arrive at Collegeville, Sept. 22, 1915. He is the son of an old friend of mine. Therefore I hope you will undertake to watch out for him and see that he gets acquainted. Hoping your last year will be successful.

Your affectionate father,

JOHN B. CARSTAIRS.

"Gent" leaned back in his comfortable Morris chair, and for the fourth time took up his cigar. Owing to the inevitability of his commission, his anger gradually began to die out. He saw things more clearly. After all, the fellow might not be adorned with all the salencies of the typical countryman. Jenkins, Parker, and Haskell, all were green when they first arrived. Nevertheless, they were now the leaders in college activities. At least there was a gleam of hope, but Tigerville,—ugh—even the western towns left off the incriminating "ville."

"Oh well," he yawned lazily, and drew his six feet of slim fashionhood slowly to an upright posture. "I'll not cross the bridge until I get to it. Wait until I see him first."

Tuesday morning, Sept. 22, "Gent" rose early and slipped away, unseen by his friends, to meet the newcomer from Vermont. The train from the East was due to arrive at 10:15, and at 10:00 sharp Carstairs was walking impatiently up and down the station platform. He was puffing spasmodically upon a long, vicious looking stogie which harmonized surprisingly well with his feelings. What in Sam Hill had happened that he, "Gent" Carstairs, should be burdened with such a commission?

"Chaperon! bah!" he exclaimed, and threw his cigar across the track, just as the Eastern Limited rumbled along before the station. Then it was that Carstairs thought.

"Great Scott," he cried half audibly, "how the dickens am I to know him?" For a minute he stood still in astonishment at his own stupidity. The train had now come to a full stop, and the white-coated porters were busy handing down their passengers. Carstairs leaned back against the depot and watched the crowd. Clearly this was all he could do. He remained until the platform was deserted. Then turned

uptown, thankful that he had not been called upon to rescue some wandering rustic.

On the way back to the college, he fell in with an old chum, Pete Corrigan.

The regular greetings having been exchanged, both settled down to a rather brisk talk. The car was crowded and many students were hanging to the straps. Carstairs and his friend were seated tightly wedged together. Before them a tall, slim, youth swayed back and forth with the motion of the car. Carstairs having allowed his eyes to rove once or twice was startled by a rather searching scrutiny of himself by the slim youth; that individual, however, withdrew his gaze when he perceived that he was noticed.

"Pete" said "Gent," "what do you think the old man has done? Beastly thing, too."

"No! What is it? He's generally pretty square."

"Oh, yes, I know; but he sure has pulled one on me this time," said "Gent" woefully. "There's a fellow from some country-town in Vermont coming here. Was to arrive to-day, and the old man wants me to cart him around."

Corrigan laughed.

"That's tough, old man," he said, sympathetically. "But why worry. Have you met the fellow?"

"No, I suppose he will look me up when he gets out to the college. Maybe, too, his train isn't in until to-morrow. I hope he's half-decent. I'd hate to have him one of those pink-shirted, wander-cuff 'hicks' with a mania for acquiring all the data of the college in one day. If he—" Just then the car stopped with a jerk, and the returning students poured from the car with loud cries and greetings on all sides, and soon all were scattering to their halls.

Wednesday morning about 10:30 Carstairs was dozing comfortably in his bedroom when he became aware of a great commotion on the campus. It grew louder and more distinct and Carstairs awoke with a start. Somebody was calling him. He ran to the window and looked out. Some distance away and coming towards the hall was a group of college fellows in the height of some fun. He grabbed up his cap and galloped down stairs. He was always ready for his share in a bit of fun. As he opened the door, a volley of cheers met him.

"Oh Gent," someone cried, "You're wanted. Hurry."

"Yes, Gent," said another, "here's a friend."

The crowd parted and disclosed to view a very much embarrassed, very much tousled, and a very countrified individual with the usual placidity of that class.

"Oh, I say! I say!" he was protesting weakly. Just then he saw Carstairs, who had come to a dead stop. It had come at last.

"But great heavens," Gent thought to himself bitterly. "It need not have been so public."

The crowd suddenly had grown quiet, waiting to see what the Beau Brummel of the college would do.

"Well, boys," said Carstairs, decisively, as if he were ignorant of what was to ensue. "What is it? Who wants me?"

At the sudden withdrawal of the overzealous attention of the vociferous collegians, the tall country lad moved a little forward his satchel in one hand, an umbrella in the other.

"I say, pardner. Be you Phil-up Carstairs of Chicago?" he asked Gent.

"Yes," said Carstairs petulantly, color rising to his cheeks. "What will you have of me?"

"Wall, I be Hank Hart of Tigerville, Vermont, Jessup County, and my old man sez to me, when I left, sez he, 'Hank, my boy, ye're goin down to that yer college to get some knowledge, figures and tha like, sez he. My-ole man's a poet, eh, pardner?' and he poked the bewildered Carstairs in the ribs with the umbrella—"an' sez he, 'Hank, my boy—'" Just then Carstairs came to.

"See here, old man, that's all right. Tell me all about it later. Come up to my room now."

"Oh, I say, but I promised these gents here to do a little runnin' and jumpin' fer them. Ye see, I'm the champeen jumper in Jessup County, by heck." He emphasized this statement with a vigorous expectoration to the unlimited enjoyment of the crowd.

"Ye gods," groaned Gent to himself. Then to Hart. "Never mind, to-day. Come up to my room now," and grasping the countryman by the arm, he half dragged, half carried him,—protesting all the way upstairs.

For two long eventful weeks Carstairs piloted his charge around the college. It was a week of torment to the exclusive senior,—or apparently so—and one of huge enjoyment to his friends and to the college at large. Hank Hart had had a rather strenuous week of it, but he was surely having a roaring time.

One evening toward the close of the second week Hart and Carstairs were strolling down along one of the walks of the college. The day had been an exceedingly trying one for Carstairs and he was just finishing a somewhat violent protest against his companion. Suddenly he turned toward Hart and then a startled expression came into his eyes; presently he smiled. Before him stood Hart, no longer with the tousled unkempt hair; his dark eyes were sparkling and he held a ragged wig in one hand. The other he extended.

"Gent, old man," said the erstwhile rustic, "I think it's time to quit. I just acted this part in a fit of canker against you. I overheard you talking to Pete Corrigan that day on the car, and I wanted to see what you would do if your worst expectations were realized, and I find you true blue, old man. Shall we be friends?"

It was the dark eyed chap of three weeks ago. Gent smiled and grasped the extended hand.

"You bet your life, Hart, but I sure did wonder how long you were going to keep the gag going. You see I used that very costume in a farce two years ago, and I recognized it."

Tom Daly—Poet.

BY GEORGE HALLER, '19

My favorite poet? I'll rejoice
And tread this old earth gaily
As long as I can hear the voice
Of T. A. Daly.

Thomas A. Daly, one-time managing editor of the *Catholic Standard and Times*, now a special writer for the *Philadelphia Ledger*, is the author of three volumes of dialect verse, "Madrigali," "Canzoni," and "Carmina." Gathered into these books are some of the most lovable things that any pen has ever written. Whimsical, witty, and appealing, they are bound to be cherished and appreciated by all.

They are poems of Italian and Irish dialect, as well as gems of clear English poetry. The Italian dialect is used with exquisite mastery, not too bluntly nor too lightly. It is the true heart of these Italian people as portrayed by one who understands and sympathizes with their sunny race. There is not a single poem which reflects any but the most smiling traits, the sweetest, most attractive fancies of the

Italians. For example, in "Rosa's Parakeets," we hear Daly say:

Rosa, weeth her parakeets,
Tal da fortune een da streets.

* * * * *
Eef I could be parakeet
Dat she ees a keess so sweet
I am sure I would be wise
Jus' for lookin' een her eyes;
Mebbe so I be so smart
I find fortune een her heart!
Dat'sa kinda fortune, too,
I could weesh ees gon' come true.

Daly is successful, too, in delineating Irish character and equally a master of the "brogue."

"Och! tis he that looks natural, layin' there dead,"
Said ould Matt'ew Moran,
"Wid the palms at his feet an' the lights at his head
An' the cross in his han'!
Heart an' soul are at rest
An' it's all for the best,"
Said ould Matt'ew Moran.

When he'd laid by his coat an' hung up his hat,
An' shuffled away to a corner an' sat
Wid his stick twixt his knees an' his han's in the crook,
'Twas himsel' an' no less, had the "natural look,"
For the folk of the parish were wont to declare
"Ne'er a wake a success unless Matt'ew was there."

But Tom Daly can write more than dialect. He is a true lover of nature, and he sees in it not the poetic beauties that a Keats or a Shelly might find, but those sweet, simple things that we all can love. He is very like Longfellow in this appeal to ordinary folk. He sings of every-day beauties, of love and mirth and sorrow, that we all have known, and his message thus comes home to the ordinary man. He expresses this himself—

The true poet is not one
Whose golden fancies fuse and run
To moulded phrases, crusted o'er
With flashing gems of metaphor.

His love of nature is especially shown in "The Song of the Thrush"—

Ah! the May was grand this mornin'!
Shure how could I feel forlorn in
Such a land, when tree and flower tossed their
kisses to the breeze?
Could an Irish heart be quiet
While the spring was runnin' riot

And the birds of free America were singing in the trees?

* * * * *
An' I gloried in the comradeship that made their joy
my own,

Till a new note sounded, stillin'
All the rest. A thrush was trillin'!

Ah! the thrush I left behind me in the fields about
Athlone!

* * * * *

Here again his notes were ringin'
But I'd lost the heart for singin'
Ah! the song I could not answer was the one I knew
the best.

Another characteristic of Daly's poetry, unfortunately too seldom found in present-day writings is wholesome cleanness. It is not a turbid stream of sex appeal, it is rather the mountain freshet of "love and laughter."

"'Tis cold th-'day," said John McCann,
Upon the road to Mass.

The sorra word said Mary Ann
But stopped to let him pass.

Fur, shure, he was the bold young man
An' she the modest lass.

* * * * *
"A colder land, a colder sky,
I have not seen before

Than this for all its store of gold
For all it is so grand.

* * * * *

I never knew the feel o' cold
At home, in Ireland.

But here, in these forsaken parts,
The snöws, the bitter storm,
Creep even into Irish hearts

That should be kind and warm."

* * * * *

"Ye heard the banns? Ah! well," he said,

"There's one has found a bride,
Thank God! one Irish heart is sweet,
Though all the one I know.

That makes my own lone heart to beat
Is cold an' hard as snow."

"But now 'tis softer, John McCann—"

Ochone! the modest lass!—

"The snow, I mean," blushed Mary Ann,
Upon the road to Mass.

Humor all of the poems have, a humor peculiar to Tom Daly, delicate, fairylike, imagining, full of rare depth and color, like a scintillating mosaic or resplendent tapestry. It is sometimes the humor you smile at through a tear, the kind that brings the quiet chuckle. It would never incite you to raucous laughter, never hit you like a bludgeon; it is more like the smile you wear when watching a chortling baby kicking at the sky, clutching at a sunbeam. In Daly's own words—

My singing is,
Like any child's, a thing devoid of art;
But joy it hath,—"

Again he writes:

"Who says that the Irish be fighters be birth?"
Says little Dan Crone.

"Faix, there's not a more peaceable race on th'
earth,

If ye lave 'em alone."

But above all stands the inherent merit of the poetry. It has the simplicity of all great

writings, the melody of all good verse, and in addition, the charm that only T. A. D. could place therein.

I love his living heart that sings
And makes my blood flow faster;
I love so many little things
Of which he is the master.

Diamond Cut Diamond

BY THOMAS D. MOTT, JR., '18.

Henry Selman arose from his chair with a start as a sharp knock sounded at his door. Hastily concealing some charts he had been studying, he crossed the room and hesitated with his hand on the knob. These were days that Selman mistrusted everyone and jumped frequently at his own shadow. Being a German spy in the heart of the French lines was no light affair, and though ostensibly at the front as an American correspondent with the French army, his position was nevertheless fraught with danger, and it taxed his courage and ingenuity to the utmost to carry out his deception.

The summons was repeated, this time insistently, so hesitating no longer Selman opened the door and a slim, nervous youth of not more than twenty stepped into the room. Selman was visibly relieved at seeing his accomplice enter instead of some questioning French official, and greeted him cordially.

"Well, Rogers, what news?" has Benaire received any directions for the new offensive?"

For answer Rogers drew from his coat a small map covered with numbers, showing the position of the French batteries and directions as to ranges and points on which to concentrate their fire. This map, so small and insignificant, was of inestimable value to the enemies of the allied forces; for being in possession of it they would know in advance the plan of the impending attack and with this information could effectually repulse the attack at the threatened points. Selman carefully studied the map for some time before speaking, then inquired:

"Where is Captain Benaire located now?"

"He is in charge of the central signal station H-41," Rogers quickly replied. "It is he who will direct from his station all the batteries in to-morrow's action and give them the ranges of the German positions as marked on this map."

Rogers continued his report to his superior,

adding: "The Department is staking a great deal on this new offensive and means that it shall be successful at whatever cost. You know," he said thoughtfully, "the last two attacks on hill 79 failed miserably through incorrect direction of battery-fire on the German positions."

"Yes, I know," returned Selman soberly, "there was some mysterious bungling of the last assaults. Rogers, on our work to-morrow depends the outcome of this offensive; be here in the morning sharply at four-thirty. Good-night."

Far into the night Selman sat studying the positions on the map, and when at last he turned in to snatch a little sleep before morning he had fully determined his plan of action for the morrow.

At dawn the next day, while the warriors of two great contending forces slept on their arms, Selman and Rogers picked their way to central signal station H-41. Here was the controlling organism of the allied forces, and they advanced or retreated, attacked or held their fire in obedience to the word from H-41. As Selman and Rogers reached the door of the underground station each silently drew a heavy automatic from its holster. Slowly and with great caution Selman opened the door an inch or so, and gazed within. Here, indeed, was a scene of action and energy. A half dozen officers were at their posts, operating telephone instruments and sending orders to the batteries of the first line trenches. Captain Benaire was in command and he himself was in direct communication with the Chief. Quickly stepping within, Selman and Rogers swept the room with their weapons and commanded all to throw up their hands.

While Rogers gagged and tied up the five operators, Selman covered them with his automatic. Then directing Captain Benaire to hand over his orders, he clamped the receiver to his head and began sending out ranges and orders to the waiting batteries. Rogers kept Benaire well covered, while Selman continued his destructive work of countering the ranges. From the right wing batteries to the left he sent out false ranges; or orders to hold their fire. This man, an automaton of Prussian efficiency, held it in his power to annihilate the Allied Forces. He was ruining their most minutely perfected plans, and destroying the power of

their contemplated attack. Captain Benaire looked on with interest. He made no attempt to overcome Rogers, knowing that it meant instant death to do so. It seemed as though he wished to ask a question, yet scarcely dared. Finally he muttered hoarsely in Selman's ear:

"Antwerp and the Emperor."

Taking his cue, Selman quickly replied to the password of the Kaiser's spies: "The day is bright," he said.

A look of joy and astonishment leaped into Captain Benaire's eyes.

"Can it be true," he said, "that you are the agent I have been expecting? What great luck! Listen to me, lower your pistols. I am a friend; long live the Fatherland! We will give victory to the Kaiser; death to the French. Here," added Benaire, as Rogers lowered his pistol "you take this station and connect with battery A-5. Send them ranges contrary to these on this map. You do likewise," he said to Selman, "to Battery B-2, and I will attend to the rest."

Benaire's unmasking was fatal to him, for quick as a flash from Prussian spies and enemies of the French, Selman and Rogers turned into anything but Prussians, Selman dug his automatic into the ribs of the traitor, while Rogers disarmed him, and as he slipped some handcuffs on him, Rogers turned to address Selman: "Well, Colonel Fontaine, a firing squad and a quick shift will end Benaire, and in the future, thanks to you, the orders of the Chief won't be poisoned by the hands of the Kaiser."

Varsity Verse.

THE ATHEIST.

The birds and bugs and little bees,—
I learn to my surprise,—
Don't ever say their morning prayers
As soon as they arise.

Of all the sayings known to men,
That I have ever heard,—
A learned man was he who said:
"I would I were a bird."

Donald P. MacGregor

UNBEARABLE.

The hardest thing I have to stand
Is not the rule's restraining hand
But, say, I wish
The waiter wouldn't cough and grin,
Inquiring as the carp comes in,
"Seconds on fish?"

MY GIRL AND ME.

I wrote my girl a letter, just
Two weeks ago to-day,
But she ain't written me a line,
And just why I can't say.

At least she might have written me
A postal card, or so,
And tell me how she's getting on:
'Cause I would like to know.

I just can't understand at all
What ails that girl of mine;
I can't see why she's let me be
Two weeks without a line.

And surely Uncle Sam don't take
That long for mail to send
From South Bend to Chicago,
Or Chicago to South Bend.

'Cause if he did, why, good night, nurse!
The stuff you send by mail!—
Well, by the time it reached your girl,
'Twould be so bloomin' stale

That she would say the poor hay-seed,
He's far behind this age;
She'd tear your letter up, and wouldn't
Read another page.

But I don't think it is the mail,
That's causing this delay;
It's something far more serious
But just what I can't say.

Now maybe it's because she thinks,
That I ain't old enough
To write to her, or else that I
Just write her all this stuff

Because it's all I got to do;
Well, even if it was,
She ought to be so gol-durned proud
She'd almost bust, because

It ain't just every kind of guy,
Who'll sit plump down and write,
A letter nice and long, like me,
Two weeks ago to-night.

Or maybe it's because she thinks,
I'm not as handsome as
Some other guys of whom she knows,
Or other friends she has.

But holy smokes! she ought to know,
That pretty darbs like her

Are only very seldom found,—
And seldom they occur.

And anyway, the boys are not
Supposed to be so swell,
Or have a face that would attract
Just each-and every belle.

Of course she sure is stunning, and
Her hair is black as coal,
Her eyes are brown, her teeth are just
As pure white as her soul.

Her name I will not tell you here:
That wouldn't be quite fair,
So you'll have to be contented with
The color of her hair.

But all this tuff don't tell me why
She doesn't write to me,
And come to think it over, kid,
The reason that I see,

Is that she's lost my address: yes,
But that sounds thin I know.
So it must be that she has got
A better looking beau.

Barret Anderson.

Ring W. Lardner.

BY CHARLES W. CALL, '18.

When a man reaches that sublime literary plane where he contributes daily to the World's Greatest Newspaper, and you can find his name on the roll call of contributors of the World's Greatest Magazine, you may be sure he has a little more on the pen than just the ink. Perhaps it might be well to explain just what is meant by the more and more commonly used phrase, "World's Greatest," which was employed twice in the preceding sentence. Reference is made, in the case of the newspaper to the *Chicago Tribune*, self-styled nonpareil in the daily journalistic field; the magazine referred to is the *Saturday Evening Post*, which insinuates its superiority in the periodical field. But these two publications are not the only ones which have been honored by the stories of Ring W. Lardner, and if he were telling this he would have you know that the *Metropolitan*, *McClure's*, the *American* and the *Red Book*, all bid for his stories.

Niles, Michigan, and South Bend, Indiana,

were at one time the scene of Lardner's activities. In these two towns he was a harum-scarum cub reporter gaining experience, but he never attracted any particular attention. Like all small town reporters he had the metropolitan paper fever in his system and he drifted to Chicago.

His first great success was a series of "You Know Me, Al" letters published in the *Saturday Evening Post* some three or four years ago. Dealing with a bush-league ball player who burst into the majors and spent a brief but meteoric career, told in diamond vernacular, egotistical, and couched in language not only unrhetical but ungrammatical as well, the epistles gained widespread notoriety, and Lardner was made.

Almost simultaneously he was added to the staff of the *Chicago Tribune*. Besides running a department of his own in the paper daily, he now and then tries his hand at reporting sporting events. His humorous details of a contest rival in interest the more technical exploitation of the same event in the next column. If it is a baseball game he is describing you can look for a lot more than just raw facts about the national pastime. You will probably read who paid for the taxi that conveyed him to the park, whether the crystal in his watch was dusty, if such and such a ball player recognized him when he came in the press box, etc. All this is unusual in a newspaper and people like it. It is a little harder to account for the pleasure readers get out of murdered grammar, but to see the more common mistakes of the uneducated on display may be the cause.

Motion picture sketches are Lardner's latest field of endeavor. Some of the pictures are good, and some could be improved. His latest stories in the magazines seem to surpass his former efforts in ludicrousness. One who can read them and not laugh wouldn't laugh at anything.

Lardner is right now probably on the crest of his popularity. He has a style, but it is one that can not last. He seems content to reap a fortune during the present, and is paying little attention to the future. Though he is not tearing down, he is not building up, and it would seem that he could not long survive. But meantime doctors, lawyers, merchants, chiefs, college professors and their proteges, laugh, the whole world laughs with them, and the world is better off for the coming of Lardner.

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—To-morrow the season of Advent begins. To the student looking forward to the happy holidays of Christmas, this season of the ecclesiastical year can easily slip by **Advent** without his realizing its significance.

The Incarnation is the most stupendous fact in all history. It has changed the complexion of all society and has brought light and gladness to those who sat in darkness and in the shadow of death. For us who enjoy the fruits of that great mystery it is hard to realize perhaps the feelings of those who waited with impatient anxiety for the day of the coming of the Messiah. Prophets had foretold His coming; the Psalmist had woven into his hymns the cries of a waiting people, and the ceremonies of the Jewish people were a continual reminder of the Advent of the Lord who would heal their wounds and wipe away their tears. This season of advent in the Church represents that long period of anxious longing in which the Jews prayed the heavens to drop down dew and the clouds to rain down the Just One. The spirit of penance is the spirit of this season, and for him who enters into it properly there is good assurance that Christmas will bring him the peace and joy that surpass all understanding.

Entertainment.

On Wednesday evening George Beban in "The Italian" was shown on the screen in Washington Hall. The photography of this picture was excellent and the character acting of Beban was of a very high order. The contrast

of quiet humor in the early part of the drama with the deep pathos of the later scenes made the film a very pleasing entertainment.

Obituary.

MR. JOHN MCELHONE.

The Rev. James McElhone, C. S. C., prefect in Corby Hall, was called home on Thanksgiving Day to attend the funeral of his father, John McElhone in Sharpsburg, Penn. We assure Father McElhone and his bereaved family of the sympathy and prayers of the faculty and students of the University.

Personals.

—Dr. John W. O'Neill (B. S., '05) of Albertville, Minn., was married on Nov. 18 to Miss Eva E. Hobbrook of Minneapolis. John finished his medical course in the University of Minnesota in 1915. Congratulations and good wishes!

—Joseph M. Walsh (E. E., '14), formerly attached to the Gurney Electric Elevator Co. of Homestead, Pa., is now associated with the New Business Department of the Scranton Electric Light & Power Co. His address is 326 W. Market Street, Scranton, Pa.

—Rex Lamb (LL. B., '09) of Buchanan, Mich., has been appointed register of probate by Judge Frank L. Hammond. Rex has been prominent in Republican politics, a member of the Republican County Committee and a leader in G. O. P. circles in Niles. He will make his home in St. Joseph, Michigan.

—Mr. J. R. San Pedro (Ph. G., '16) passed examination in Havana, Cuba, and is employed by Jose Serra, owner of the largest drug concern in Havana. His brother, M. R. San Pedro, graduated here several years ago and is now conducting stores in Consolacion, Cuba. Their father was once Governor of the province "Pinar Del Rio"—the center of the Havana Tobacco country. Mr. San Pedro recently gave the Pharmacy Department 2000 Spanish prescriptions.

—The remarkable triumph of Judge Ben B. Lindsey (Old Student) of Denver in the recent elections has excited much favorable comment throughout the country. Every effort was made to discredit him in the eyes of the city

but when the votes came to be counted he ran well in advance of all the other candidates on his county ticket winning by approximately ten thousand votes. All the interests hostile to the reform spirit were lined up against him and only one newspaper rallied to his support. We congratulate Judge Lindsey on this mark of public confidence, but more especially we congratulate Denver on its vindication of a good man.

Local News.

—The next issue of the SCHOLASTIC will be the Football Number which will contain cuts of the Varsity and Freshmen teams.

—Thanksgiving Day this year fell on the feast of St. Andrew, Apostle, the feast-day of the Very Reverend Provincial, Doctor Morrissey.

—Emil Besten and Morris Starret accompanied the team to Nebraska. Father Michael Quinlan too, watched the boys in their last game of the season.

—The Corby Hall football team played the Jolly Fellows A. C. of South Bend at Springbrook Park on Thanksgiving Day. The score was 7 to 0 in favor of the Jollies.

—An all-chick team journeyed to Culver on Thanksgiving Day to play the Cadets. Chief Meyers, coach of the Corby chicks, had charge of the trip.

—A large number of the students took advantage of the Thanksgiving Day recess and journeyed homeward. There was a great deal of hustle about the halls after dinner on Wednesday.

—Thanksgiving Day was religiously observed at the University. A Solemn High Mass was celebrated at eight o'clock by the Very Rev. President Cavanaugh, assisted by the Rev. Matthew Walsh as deacon and the Rev. Matthew Schumacher as subdeacon.

—The Freshman Journalists' "Scribblers' Club" held their first smoker, Sunday evening, Nov. 26, in the Carroll Hall Refectory. The "Scribblers" give promise of developing into one of THE clubs at Notre Dame. The Rev. Fathers O'Donnell and Lahey, and Professor Cooney, Dean of the School of Journalism, gave the "Scribblers" some pointers on journalistic work.

—The Poetry Society held their regular bi-weekly meeting last Sunday evening. Matters

of interest to the Society included the reading of a note of congratulation from Miss Harriet Monroe, editor of *Poetry; a Magazine of Verse*; a letter from Professor Stanton of Cornell, asking for an account of the Society to be included in his next "Lettre Americaine" to the *Mercur de France*; a summary of the Bulletin of the Poetry Society of America, which announced the formation of the Society at Notre Dame. A new volume of poetry, entitled "Songs of Wedlock," by Mr. T. A. Daly, was examined and some readings made from it. Some fifteen poems written by members of the Society, and anonymously submitted, were then read, discussed and voted upon. The two selected as the best were: "On the Achill Shore," by Thomas Healy, and "Expectancy," by Speer Strahan. The next meeting of the Society will be held Sunday evening, December the tenth.

In the Old Days.

No help needed to-day.—A "Local Item" in 1895 reads: "The Carrolls sadly need a hall 'Yell.' Will someone kindly help them out?"

Oct. '95: "In the drawing last Sunday for the field day box of cigars, William Kegler was the fortunate one. Kegler does not smoke, but 'there were others,' and he had many friends while the cigars lasted."

The "Personals" for December 7, 1895 report this: "Sunday last Mr. Ballard Smith, a former student, had the honor of presenting to the city of Paris, in the name of the donor, Mr. Joseph Pulitzer, a bronze group of statuary of Washington and Lafayette, the work of the famous sculptor Bartholdi. There was a notable assembly of distinguished persons present. The group was set up in one of the most, fashionable parts of Paris."

Are these the ancestors of the Walsh Hall "Chicks"? May '96: Terriers, 10, St. Joseph's, 6. That is how the score stood on Sunday when the last man was out, and Captain McGuire called his men together for a final cheer. The game was a close one up to the final inning. Here McGuire made a phenomenal double play unassisted, from which the St. Joseph's

never recovered. Chase was in the box for the Terriers and allowed his opponents only three hits while his teammates never had any trouble in finding the ball when hits meant runs.

April 14, 1894: "Messrs. Chassaing, Hennessy and Cullen have composed a band march entitled 'The Hoynes' Light Infantry March.'"

January 1879: "THE SCHOLASTIC ANNUAL AND ALMANAC for 1879, compiled by Professor J. A. Lyons, of the University of Notre Dame, is just out. It is neatly gotten up and its contents are as interesting as those of its predecessors—*Chicago Tribune*." The Mother of Domes, this.

The modest editor makes "copy." March 13, 1875: "The Editor of this paper, in one half hour, on Tuesday last, caught some fourteen or fifteen fine rock bass, about ten inches long. A companion caught in the same time some eighteen or twenty."

As far back as 1892 the SCHOLASTIC Staff used to enjoy special dinners. But who could be happy to-day at a meal with this menu?

Tomates aux croutons
Hors D'œuvres variés
Saumon braisé à la Tartare
Poulets à la Marengo
Pommes de terre Sautées
Selle D'Agneau rôti
Petites carottes nouvelles
Salade
Fromage de Brie
Crème glacée à la Vanille
Gateaux Assortis
Pyramide de Fruits
Café

Under the caption, "Art, Music and Literature" in the SCHOLASTIC of 1880 we find this gossip: "Wagner's health is daily improving; and a telegram informs us that Samuel Franks, a young American violinist—pupil of Joachim—has made his *début* in Paris with gratifying success."

May, 1894: "The following names were omitted from the List of Excellence last week. *Mechanics of Engineering*: W. Correll; *Hydraulics*: W. Correll; *Moral Philosophy*: J. Schopp."

Football Articles.

A big crowd of Notre Dame students stood in front of Jimmie and Goats' cigar store to hear the returns of the Notre Dame-Nebraska game. And they got an earful. It was a game to be remembered. "Dutch" Bergman made several foot races for fifty and more yards after he had caught forward passes; John Miller starred by making big gains through the line and by intercepting forward passes—four of them. Nebraska tried the forward pass again and again, but Notre Dame was there to break them all up. Slackford after the first quarter took the place of Captain Cofall who was suffering from injuries received in the Michigan Aggie game, and played a hard game, making good gains. DeGree did the punting and made a number of sensational kicks. It was a great closing to a great season. A detailed account of the battle will appear in the next issue of the SCHOLASTIC.

After the final report had been announced, the crowd gathered in the center of the square and led by Andy McDonough cheered for half an hour. The team will arrive to-day.

NOTRE DAME, 46; ALMA, 0.

A football travesty was enacted on the Cartier Field Saturday, November 25. The Alma eleven, were hardly a match for the interhall teams and the Varsity men played havoc with them, racing up and down the field at will. The day was chilly and the meagre crowd that came into the field soon tired and left the players to battle it alone. The South Bend *News-Times* gives the following report of the plays:

Notre Dame substitutes found Alma college easy picking yesterday and the Hoosiers registered their seventh shut-out victory of the season, crushing the Michiganders, 46 to 0, in a chilly struggle on snow covered Cartier Field.

Assistant Coach Rockne, who handled the Notre Dame team from the bench, sent in a team comprised entirely of substitutes at the start of the game and he allowed only four regulars to enter the contest at all. Coughlin and DeGree went in at the beginning of the second half and played the remainder of the game. Baujan worked at left end during the third period and Rydzewski, the big regular center, played right end during the last few minutes of the contest.

LONG RUNS ARE FEATURE.

"Fritz" Slackford, fullback, was the bright and shining star of the fray, with Fitzpatrick and O'Hara looming up as close competitors for stellar honors at

carrying the ball. Slackford alone scored four touchdowns. The big blonde made two of the scores after long runs, one a dash of eighty yards, and he was a consistent ground-gainer throughout the game. Fitzpatrick pulled off several long dashes of the sensational variety, while O'Hara stirred the half-frozen fans with a beautiful eighty-yard run for a touchdown and several other good broken field sprints.

The Alma team was helpless before the Notre Dame aggregation. On only a few occasions were the visitors within Hoosier territory and then they did not have the necessary strength to put the ball across the goal line. Once the visitors recovered a fumbled punt and once they secured the ball when the Hoosier backs booted a kickoff. Because of the cold, the Notre Dame team had trouble in getting started on numerous plays and the locals made several fumbles.

GET THREE TOUCHDOWNS.

In the first quarter, Notre Dame scored three touchdowns. The hoosiers tallied two in each of the second and third periods, but they did not count in the final quarter.

Capt. McCauley at center and Quarterback Hebert played good ball for Alma. Offensively, the visitors showed nothing. They found the Notre Dame line and ends too strong to gain, and their only attempt at a forward pass was stopped by O'Hara when he caught the ball.

Notre Dame resorted almost exclusively to the straight game and a few minor trick plays. One forward pass, Dorais to Whipple, was successful, but the play was made on the fourth down, after the Gold and Blue had been penalized and the gain was not sufficient to give the locals first down.

MEXICAN GOOD TACKLER.

Philbin, Madigan, Whipple and Ward starred in the line for Notre Dame, and Morales, the Mexican end, who had been out of the game for several weeks because of an injury, called forth the applause of the rooters by a splendid exhibition of tackling.

The summary:

NOTRE DAME, 46;		ALMA, 0.	
Whipple.....	L E.....	A. Foote	
Andrews.....	L T.....	Lott	
Frantz.....	I. G.....	Miller	
Madigan.....	C.....	McCauley	
Ward.....	R G.....	Barribeau	
Philbin.....	R T.....	French	
King.....	R E.....	Richards	
Dorais.....	Q.....	Hebert	
Walter Miller.....	L H.....	Hoolihan	
Fitzpatrick.....	R H.....	Fitch	
Slackford.....	F.....	E. Foote	

Substitutions—Notre Dame, Baujan for Whipple; Whipple for King; Coughlan for Andrews; Ronchetti for Frantz; DeGree for Ward; Ward for Philbin; O'Hara for Walter Miller; Jones for Madigan; Morales for Baujan; Dixon for Jones; Rydzewski for Whipple; Allison for O'Hara; O'Hara for Fitzpatrick; Ward Miller for Slackford; Kelly for Ronchetti.

Alma—Martin for A. Foote; Jackson for Barribeau; Robinson for E. Foote.

Touchdowns—Slackford, 5; Walter Miller, Fitzpatrick O'Hara.

Goals from touchdown—Philbin, 2; DeGree, 2.
Referee—O'Donnell; Umpire—Cooper. Head linesman—Mooney.

Candidates for the basketball team are working out every afternoon in the Gym, though no special places have been assigned as yet. Earl O'Connor of Walsh is working at centre, McKenna and McDermott at guard King, Grant, and Ronchetti, who have been busy on the gridiron during the football season, will enter the lists next week. There will be a game before Christmas, played at Purdue on December 15.

**

The following comment on Stanley Cofall has been going the rounds of the daily papers. It is from the pen of Frank Menke. We quote from the *Buffalo Courier*:

COFALL IS GREATEST.

The greatest all-around backfield man in America?

Football experts gathered in the press stand at the Yale-Princeton game on Saturday discussed the moot question and then announced almost in unison:

"Stanley Cofall of Notre Dame."

"Cofall," asserted one, "can do everything any other halfback can do—and a little bit more. His punts are remarkable, not merely for their distance, but because of the spiral he can put into them. Handling the Cofall kicks is a difficult trick for any man. At dropkicking he stands alone. He can boot the ball over the goal post from any angle and almost any distance. Kicks from the thirty-five or forty-yard line are as easy for him as are twenty-yard boots by other stars. He scored one against the army from the forty-five yard line. It was made almost from the sidelines, yet it was perfect in its direction and had enough lift to carry it fifteen yards farther.

"Cofall hits a line like a 42-centimeter shell. No line has stopped him consistently. He tears it to pieces sooner or later and he goes through where he wills, with interference or without. When he goes down under the weight of his rivals' bodies he wiggles two or three yards more.

"Defensively, Cofall glitters. Any man who goes by him is a wonder—and a lucky one at that. The Notre Dame star has uncanny judgment in tackling, and when he hits he has a trick of rolling back his man—of cutting off a yard or two, instead of letting the man wiggle for a few extra feet."

Interhall Athletics.

The Jolly Fellows A. C. defeated the Corby eleven on Thanksgiving Day at Springbrook Park by the score of 7 to 0. The game was well played on both sides; but there was the usual wrangling, and disputing decisions of the

officials incident to games at Springbrook Park. Corby fumbled in the third quarter and one of the Jollies pounced upon the ball and ran off for a touchdown. In the last quarter Murphy threw a forward pass which was touched by one of the Jollies and then caught by Kasper who went over the line for a touchdown. It was disallowed, however. The erudite official claimed that Murphy had been tackled before he made the pass; but considering that the hurl was twenty yards we must say it was *some* pass for a man to make after he was tackled. About two hundred and fifty witnessed the game.

* * *

CORBY, 18; WALSH, 0.

The final interhall contest for the Mayr trophy was played on Cartier field on Sunday, Nov. 26. Interest in the outcome of the battle between two undefeated elevens brought a large crowd to the field. The day was chilly and a stout wind blowing across the field played havoc with the punts.

The first half was a see-saw for a while, but in the second quarter Corby worked the ball down close to Walsh's goal. Walsh held, however, and Corby lost the ball. In the next play Walsh kicked, but Cullen blocked the punt behind Walsh's goal and Kasper fell on the ball. The half ended after Corby had failed to kick goal.

In the second half, Corby came on the stage with a new act, a magic shift which completely baffled their opponents and Kasper romped along for gains of fifteen and twenty yards, alternating with Brandy and Fitzgerald. The second touchdown was the result of a long forward pass, Kasper to Brandy, which brought the ball to the one-yard line. On the next play the ball went over for a touchdown. The goal was not kicked. The third touchdown was the result of the same magic shift. The ball was easily brought over the line and again Corby failed to solve the difficulty of the wind in kicking. A deal of very good football was exhibited during this game. Captain Kasper of Corby was the star of the day, making gains at will. At full, Farwick in the first half, and Fitzgerald in the second half, plunged through the line for good distances. Brandy played his usual quick, heady game. Walsh played a hard game but was outclassed. Teddy O'Connell at full plunged and hurdled and climbed, but the Corby line was too strong to allow any good gains. Silk, a "whale of a man," was Johny

on the spot, and got his back up when there was question of breaking a forward pass that might have netted a long gain. Both Corby and Walsh Halls were enthusiastic rooters and added a deal of zest to the contest.

* * *

CHICKS, 7; CULVER, 7.

The all-Chick eleven that journeyed to Culver played a tie-game, 7-7. The Cadets were the heavier team, but the chicks made up in fight what they lacked in weight and held the soldiers to an even score. Both touchdowns were the results of sensational runs. Norman Barry in the first quarter intercepted a forward pass behind his own goal and ran ninety yards for a touchdown. Later in the game, a cadet got in the way of one of the chick passes and ran seventy yards for a touchdown. Both teams kicked their goals. Barry and Garry played a brilliant game. On the line, James, Cullen and Ryan played exceptionally well.

Safety Valve.

ALL-HALL TEAMS.

No. 1.

Sweet (Sorin).....	Left End
Jolly (Corby).....	Left Tackle
Richwine (Brownson).....	Left Guard
Overton (Brownson).....	Centre
Brandy (Corby).....	Right Guard
Merriman (Walsh).....	Right Tackle
Deary (Walsh).....	Right End
Wonn (Walsh).....	Quarterback
Blackman (Corby).....	Left Halfback
Nigro (Carroll).....	Right Halfback
Coonley (Carroll).....	Fullback

Sweet and Deary, the ends, as their names indicate, are the two most lovable men on the team and ought to get along admirably with all the players on account of their amiability; besides them as tackles, we have placed Merriman and Jolly who are to keep the team cheered up and see that no one becomes downhearted. Richwine and Brandy, the guards, are the two most spirited men on the team. Brandy I would say is a star—in fact he is three star. Now we have placed Overton at centre on account of his great weight. Any man weighing over 2000 lbs ought to be able to hold an enemy at bay. For the backs we have three dark horses, Blackman, Nigro, and Coonley, while Wonn is the winner before he goes into the game. As substitutes for Jolly and Merriman should they become too hilarious, we have placed Lawless and Furey who have no regard for rules and conventions. And should Deary and Sweet become too lovable we could put in Slane and Lynch who would string up or throttle their opponents. Should Richwine and Brandy have to be taken out we could use Besten of Walsh who is perhaps the best player on the second team or Goodall who seems to be good in all departments of the game.

In case our team needed to use strategy we could run in Trixler of Corby and Fox of Sorin or should our opponents become profane we could run in Hellman, Hellert, and Helfrich not to speak of Damerton. Grab of Brownson would be a valuable man at stealing the ball for us, and Fallon would drop on the fumbles and recover the ball. If we should need someone to pierce the enemy's line we have Stickney. Spears, and Staab, while Sackley and Baglin could cover up our plays so that they would be invisible. Spillane has spilled many a man and Landers has landed blows in every quarter while Pierce and Bohrer are like gimlets in making holes.

THE ALL-NOTRE DAME HENRY TEAM.

Slackford (Sorin)	Left End
Hungerford (Corby)	Left Tackle
Huxford (Corby)	Left Guard
Ford (Holy Cross)	Centre
Bedford (St. Edwards)	Right Guard
Stafford (Corby)	Right Tackle
Sandford (Brownson)	Right End
Przybysz (Day)	Quarterback
Carr (Day)	Left Halfback
Wheeler (St. Edwards)	Right Halfback
Louse (Day)	Fullback

In making this selection we have taken great pains to see that every man was given his proper place according to the character of his playing during the season. This is perhaps the only Henry team ever chosen at a school, but it is surely a credit to any university. We have placed T. Ford of Holy Cross Hall at centre because he is the only thoroughbred Henry on the premises and deserves for that reason the pivotal position. Slackford goes to left end because he has proved that when he gives slack to his ford nothing in the football world can stop him. Hungerford is hungering to drive through the enemy's lines and easily deserves the left tackle, while Huxford is a real husk and is considered a giant at left guard. Bedford, the right guard, has put many a man in bed with his wonderful machine-like drive and Stafford goes through the line as one might plunge a staff between two weary players. Sandford has all the sand required to make a right end and his opponents, despite Longfellow, seldom leave footprints on him. Przybysz, a day student we have placed at quarter because he is heard continually calling signals and the sound of his name is like the sound of a Henry in action. Carr and Wheeler we have placed as halfbacks because they are really of the same caliber, although they go by their nicknames. And Louse goes to fullback for his ability to creep along the road and carry five on his back.

DEAR VALVE:—

In the local column of the SCHOLASTIC issued on October 14th of this year the following statement was made: "*This is the first time in several years that the men of Sorin have placed a football team in the inter-hall league.*" For four weeks I have suffered this insult in silence, waiting for some word of retraction and apology; but I will wait no longer. If the men who now inhabit the halls of old Sorin,—halls that once did ring with the shouts of revolutionists, with the

riot of fire departments led by Tom Shaughnessy and bound for imaginary fires, with the chimes of Christmas bells that adorned trees that were dedicated to "Moke" Kelly (who always gets back to N. D. before Christmas in the hope that someone will decorate another tree for him), and with a thousand other sounds that were music to the squirrels,—if the men who now inhabit these halls will suffer this misrepresentation in silence, let them rest in the oblivion they deserve. The men of old rebel.

I do not know nor do I care who wrote the aforementioned local; no doubt he is one of those who so long have striven to belittle the achievements of the noble men who have fought for old Sorin. For the past three years Sorin has struggled constantly against what seemed a plot to deprive her of football honors; but despite every trick of her enemies, Sorin's teams have established a record unsurpassed by any of her rivals in that ancient and honorable form of personal combat known to the world at large as interhall football. The alleged editor of the local column will do well to investigate the record of the Sorin teams. In 1913, led by Stanley Cofall, now Varsity captain, Sorin lost the interhall championship to Walsh in the final game of the season; that year Sorin defeated every team in the league except Walsh, and her showing against the champions was anything but a discredit to the hall. In 1914 Sorin won every interhall game in which she participated, and boasted one of the best elevens ever turned out at Notre Dame as many followers of football in South Bend, Fort Wayne, Wabash, and other nearby towns can testify. Of course the so-called Athletic Board insisted that Sorin was playing ineligible, but anyone who can say that the hall which was represented by Matthews, Culligan, Carmody, and their cohorts, has had no football team for several years, could "out-Camp" Camp in the selection of an all-American. The VALVE should not overlook this "boob" in the selection of its 1916 team. Last season after Sorin had played the Freshman team, which represented Brownson, off its feet in the opening game of the season, the Athletic Board ruled Sorin completely out of the race. If the scribe has not already been convinced of his error it is useless to go further.

I send this letter to you, dear VALVE, because I know that you have always stood for justice and I know that you will not hesitate to defend the men who have fought these past few years under the banner of good Father Lavin, even though the words of truth may stir the ire of those who have been unwilling to give to Sorin the honor she has deserved. We Sorinites never sought sympathy and we do not ask it now; we simply refuse to have our fair record belied by any stripling who thinks that he can write history to suit his own tastes.

Yours for fair play,

SORIN, '16.

What has become of the old student who used to begin in December to figure how many school days there were until June?

His place is being taken by the fellow that starts to figuring in September.

Old Students' Hall—Subscriptions to December 2, 1916

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

\$2000.00	Samuel T. Murdock, '86	James Frederick Coll, '89	Joseph J. McCaffery, '16	J. F. Delph, '16
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